

Akathist Hymn To The Holy Martyred Nun Elizabeth & The Other New Martyrs of Alapayevsk



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Priest: Blessed is our God, always, now and ever and unto ages of ages.

Reader: Amen Glory to Thee O God. Glory to Thee. O Heavenly King, the Comforter, the Spirit of Truth, Who art everywhere and fills all things. Treasury of blessings and giver of life, come and abide in us, and cleanse us from every impurity. And, save our souls, O Good One.

Holy God, Holy Mighty , Holy Immortal, have mercy on us (3).

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, now and ever and unto ages of ages. Amen.

O Most Holy Trinity, have mercy on us. Lord, cleanse us from our sins. Master, pardon our transgressions. Holy One visit and heal our infirmities for Thy name's sake.

Lord, have mercy (3).

Glory to the Father, and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit, now and ever and unto ages of ages. Amen.

Our Father, Who art in heaven. Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And, lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil.

Priest: For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, now and ever and unto ages of ages.

Reader: Amen.

KONTAKION I

Choir/Faithful: Come, all ye who love Christ, and let us offer up a hymn of praise unto the martyred nun **Elizabeth**, / who was chosen by the Lord of hosts to serve as an example of Christian **piety** and love / for those who desire to **follow** in His steps. / For, spurning the vanity of worldly possessions, rank and cares, she dedicated her whole life to the aid of **those** in need. / Wherefore, it has pleased Christ our God to crown her ascetic **labors** / with the diadem of **martyrdom**; / and, dwelling now in His heavenly kingdom, she makes supplication unto God, / that He deliver from misfortunes and perils all who chant unto **her** with joy: // Rejoice, O venerable martyr **Elizabeth**, true model of Christian **sacrifice**!

IKOS I

Priest: The Creator of the angels and Lord of mankind led you from the delusion of heresy to the divine knowledge of the Truth, O blessed Elizabeth, that your loving heart and soul might renew Christian love, which had grown cold in the land of Russia: for through your efforts the hearts of men again warmed to the word of God, and the Master of all granted you to live a life exalted above your peers, in love, humility and fervent prayer. Wherefore, we ever chant unto you, as is meet:

Choir/Faithful: Rejoice, lamp burning with the love of God; handmaid of **Christ** the Lord!

Rejoice, scroll whereon the Holy Spirit inscribed the Christian **virtues**;
Rejoice, divinely wise princess and new **martyr**!

Rejoice, daughter who forsook your father's house and turned to Holy **Orthodoxy**;

Rejoice, vessel wherein the wine of gladness and the oil of healing are mingled **together**;

Rejoice, upholder of the traditions of **piety**!

Rejoice, treasure-house of **compassion**;

Rejoice, radiant star resplendent with heavenly **glory**!

Rejoice, O venerable martyr **Elizabeth**, true model of Christian **sacrifice**!

KONTAKION II

Priest: Christ found you a lily among thorns and chose you to adorn His garden of Holy Orthodoxy, O venerable one: for He Who alone knows the hearts of men perceived from on high your great love for your neighbor, and bestowed upon you a wealth of spiritual gifts, that we might come to understand the mystery of God's great mercy, enabling us to take part with you therein and to join chorus with you in chanting unto Him: Alleluia!

Choir/Faithful: Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

IKOS II

Priest: Knowing in your heart that God's will rules over all creation, and seeking to obey His will alone, you were well pleased to shoulder the great cross which He prepared for you, O holy one: for when you witnessed the cruel and pitiless slaughter of your husband, your heart was pierced with grief and sorrow, as with a two-edged sword; yet you took courage, and uttered the Savior's own words: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." And seeking to turn this vile deed to goodness, you beseeched him who committed the murder to repent. And we too beg your intercession before the Lord, that He avert His righteous anger from us who chant to you such praises as these:

Choir/Faithful: Rejoice, you who deemed mercy greater than **sacrifice**;
Rejoice, you pray for sinners and **penitents**!
Rejoice, you bore thy cross to a new **Golgotha**;
Rejoice, you did not reject the crown of thorns **offered** you!
Rejoice, you put **jealousy** to flight;
Rejoice, you reprove those who fall away from **truth** and grace!
Rejoice, you did not set the love of family above the **love** of God;
Rejoice, you fulfilled the **words** of Christ!
Rejoice, you sought out the good in **every** man;
Rejoice, you were sent unto Russia, to turn her away from **evil** to the good!
Rejoice, you cry out to Christ: Lord, have **mercy**;
Rejoice, you stand invisibly in our **midst** as we pray!

Rejoice, O venerable martyr **Elizabeth**, true model of Christian **sacrifice**!

KONTAKION III

Priest: The power of the Most High overshadowed your sorrow and pain, O royal passion-bearer, and finding sweet consolation therein you died to this world, that you might live in Christ: you shunned the fleeting pleasures and vanities of this life, and clothed yourself in garments of joy and salvation, and abode in palaces, praying and chanting to God therein: Alleluia!

Choir/Faithful: Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

IKOS III

Priest: With a fervent desire to serve your fellow man, you gathered a multitude of souls to labor for God; and, raising up a house of mercy, which you dedicated to the Protection of the all-holy Theotokos, O holy Elizabeth, you chose our holy mothers Martha and Mary as the heavenly patrons, emulating them as paragons of piety and good works. And mindful of the magnitude of your charitable deeds and Christian virtues, we praise your memory, chanting thus:

Choir/Faithful: Rejoice, you opened your heart to **good** deeds;
Rejoice, you gathered the virtues into a **spiritual** sheaf!
Rejoice, you have been reckoned among the **friends** of Christ;
Rejoice, you **hearkened** to His words!
Rejoice, you ever **rejoiced** in your Lord;
Rejoice, you fill our hearts with joy when we **call** upon your name!
Rejoice, you reward those who seek your **heavenly** aid;
Rejoice, you speedily fulfill the requests of those who have recourse to **you**
with faith!
Rejoice, you adorned the city of **Moscow**;
Rejoice, obedient handmaid of the holy Mary and **Martha**!
Rejoice, you hid your good works from the eyes of the **haughty**;
Rejoice, you called all of us to perform deeds of **mercy**!

Rejoice, O venerable martyr **Elizabeth**, true model of Christian **sacrifice**!

KONTAKION IV

Priest: Those who were tempest-tossed amid the tumults of life and floundering upon the floods of the passions you guided to the calm haven of salvation which you established in the royal city of Moscow, O holy Elizabeth; for having opened your heart unto God, you opened its doors to the children of God, showing them the mercy of their heavenly Father. Wherefore, you have now been shown to be the patroness of the forgotten and oppressed. Cover us all with your holy protection, that we may be moved to cry aloud to our good God: Alleluia!

Choir/Faithful: Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

IKOS IV

Priest: Accepting the counsel of the elders of the Hermitage of Saint Zosimas, you proved yourself to be an obedient daughter of the Orthodox Faith, O venerable martyr, so that your words brought profit and consolation to all who hearkened unto you. You were a most wise abbess and a loving mother, who tended well the flock entrusted to you, teaching them how to care for the afflicted as a sister of mercy by your own example, O holy princess. Wherefore, tend also the ailments of our souls, that we may cry aloud unto you:

Choir/Faithful: Rejoice, you who anoint all with the oil of **mercy**;
Rejoice, you still the tempest of **sorrows**!
Rejoice, instruction of those who turn to **Orthodoxy**!
Rejoice, pillar of truth set firmly upon the **rock** of the Faith!
Rejoice, you rescue us from the mire of **despondency**;
Rejoice, you feed the orphan and the **widow**!
Rejoice, you embraced charity with your **whole** heart;
Rejoice, you exchanged a palace for a poor and **humble** cell!
Rejoice, you put aside your royal robes to don the hairshirt of **asceticism**;
Rejoice, you laid your princely coronet at the feet of the **Savior**!

Rejoice, you took up the Cross as a kingly **scepter**;
Rejoice, you loved God more than earthly honor and **glory**!
Rejoice, O venerable martyr **Elizabeth**, true model of Christian **sacrifice**!

KONTAKION V

Priest: You have been revealed to us as a most radiant star adorning the vault of the firmament of the Church, O martyr of Christ. And ever illumined by the effulgence of your sufferings, unto Christ, the Judge of the contest, do we offer hymnody of thanksgiving for you, and we chant unto Him: Alleluia!

Choir/Faithful: Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

IKOS V

Priest: Through the guidance of the heavenly intercessors who shone forth in Russia-the venerable Sergius of Radonezh, and Peter, the divinely eloquent Metropolitan of Moscow, in company with Martha and Mary, the sisters beloved of Christ-the narrow and royal path which alone leads to salvation was disclosed to you, and travelling it you became a model for all Orthodox Christians dwelling in the Russian Empire, showing them how to unite the ideals of ascetic endeavor and charitable acts. Wherefore, for you grace was added unto grace, and while you were yet alive the report of your holiness spread far and wide. The pious cried out in wonder to God Who is wondrous in His saints: “Glory be to Thee, O Lord!”; and to you they uttered such praises as these:

Choir/Faithful: Rejoice, scion of a royal house who tended the sores of paupers with your **own** hands;

Rejoice, paragon of monastic virtue and **rule** of faith!

Rejoice, you rejected worldly praise and received **heavenly** rewards;

Rejoice, you partook of everlasting splendor on high, and exposed spiritual **deception**;

Rejoice, you strengthened the common folk in the **true** Faith!

Rejoice, summoner of the faithful to prayer and **vigilance**;

Rejoice, you adopted the Russian nation as your **homeland**!
Rejoice, you spurned the **praises** of men;
Rejoice, beacon guiding all to the safe harbor of **heaven**;
Rejoice, you labored for Christ in the **midst** of the world!
Rejoice, O venerable martyr **Elizabeth**, true model of Christian **sacrifice**!

KONTAKION VI

Priest: How can angels and men refrain from wonderment when they ponder the depths of your love and compassion? For your convent was not only a spiritual haven for those seeking salvation, but also a well-spring gushing forth torrents of consolation upon those parched by the burning heat of the passions. By your example were your sisters, the handmaidens of Christ, taught how to comfort the sorrowing, tend the sick, teach the ignorant, correct the erring and prepare the dying for the life which is to come. Wherefore, your nuns joined chorus with you to praise the Lord continually, chanting unto Him: Alleluia!

Choir/Faithful: Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

IKOS VI

Priest: As a true image of piety you venerated the wonder-icons and holy relics enshrined throughout the Russian land. Her monasteries and countless churches witnessed your ascetic feats and fervent prayers. Your tears, shed in such profusion, adorned your person like lustrous pearls and moved to wonder those who beheld you. And we who cherish your holy memory exalt in spirit, crying out to you:

Choir/Faithful: Rejoice, image of piety who delighted to venerate the sacred icons of the **Mother** of God;
Rejoice, you ever bless those who have recourse unto your precious **relics**!
Rejoice, wise pilgrim whose destiny was the kingdom of **heaven**;
Rejoice, adornment of Holy **Russia**!
Rejoice, you are ever magnified by the **Holy** Church;
Rejoice, you did not forsake Russia in her time of **tribulation**!

Rejoice, you perceived the providence of God in all that befell you;
Rejoice, you taught others to set their hope on **Christ** alone!
Rejoice, you were present when the venerable Seraphim was **glorified**;
Rejoice, you venerated his grace-bearing **relics**!
Rejoice, you heard the prophecy of that holy **father**;
Rejoice, you prophesied the down-fall of the Orthodox **monarchy**!
Rejoice, O venerable martyr **Elizabeth**, true model of Christian **sacrifice**!

KONTAKION VII

Priest: When those who were told slanderous tales about you were brought before you, O royal martyr, they perceived your innocence and blamelessness and the holiness of your life, for you sacrificed yourself for the good of others, and your heart was ever intent upon their needs, so that you ever move them to chant unto God: Alleluia!

Choir/Faithful: Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

IKOS VII

Priest: “This is no new creation or concept, neither do I depart from the Church traditions,” you declared unto those who sought to discredit your convent and labors; “I only repeat what the Church teaches; for it is Christ Who said: ‘Love your neighbor’, and the divine Theologian manifestly thunders: ‘If you do not love your neighbor whom you see, you cannot love God Whom you see not.’” You renewed that which had grown old, and have revealed to us the essence of true love in the miracle of your life. Wherefore, we chant to you thus:

Choir/Faithful: Rejoice, you ever **care** for our souls;
Rejoice, holy princess, **worthy** of all praise!
Rejoice, you united love and mercy, as a bridge joins **land** to land;
Rejoice, you knew well saving **words** of grace!
Rejoice, you were persecuted for **righteousness**’ sake;
Rejoice, for truly great is your reward in the **heavens**!
Rejoice, you silenced blasphemy and impiety by your **faith** in Christ;

Rejoice, you most humbly endured the calumny and slander hurled at you
by your own **countrymen!**

Rejoice, you loved righteousness and hated **falsehood;**

Rejoice, you did not seek to avoid the reproaches of men, that you might
receive **praise** from the Lord!

Rejoice, you loved the Gospel **above** all else;

Rejoice, you ever delighted in the **words** thereof!

Rejoice, O venerable martyr **Elizabeth**, true model of Christian **sacrifice!**

KONTAKION VIII

Priest: Having beheld a sight strange to all, the fall of an empire once
dedicated to God, the desecration of all that is holy, and the public ridicule
of the martyred Emperor Nicholas, you shed endless streams of tears for all
the tribulations which had befallen your adopted homeland. Yet trusting in
God, and believing this to be His holy will, you never ceased to cry out to
Him: Alleluia!

Choir/Faithful: Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

IKOS VIII

Priest: In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the nation was overtaken
by chaos, your family was taken away, and all your friends stood afar off.
Only a few fearless hierarchs came to comfort you and your sisters, O royal
martyr. Your convent was as a sheep-fold beset by ravening wolves; yet
you remained undaunted by their depredations during those violent days,
ever preserving your flock from harm by your supplications. Wherefore,
receive from us these praises:

Choir/Faithful: Rejoice, royal servant of the **omnipotent** King;

Rejoice, handmaid of the Queen of **heaven!**

Rejoice, you who with the royal martyrs were prey to grievous **slanders;**

Rejoice, you found consolation in the **service** of God!

Rejoice, you did not judge the sinful **lies** of men;

Rejoice, you refused to condone their **misdeeds!**

Rejoice, you uprooted the tares of evil growing in the royal **garden**;
Rejoice, you did not approve of vile and **wicked** deeds!
Rejoice, for you ever help us to see the will of **God** in all things;
Rejoice, you rebuked the riotous multitude with your **courage**!
Rejoice, for you did not turn away from the hapless Tsar when he was
mocked and abused;
Rejoice, you who with him and his family ever rejoice in **heaven**!
Rejoice, O venerable martyr **Elizabeth**, true model of Christian **sacrifice**!

KONTAKION IX

Priest: The angelic armies on high were stricken with awe, beholding Holy Russia bound and led to bloody slaughter by those who wage war against God; for, bleeding and dying in the arena of martyrdom, the land is dyed red with the blood of the countless new martyrs, who cry out continually to the Lord of hosts: Alleluia!

Choir/Faithful: Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

IKOS IX

Priest: The vile minions of Satan, sinful men with hands reeking of the blood of the innocent, openly reviled God, and mockingly asked you how you who are of royal blood could minister to the poor and lowly, O royal passion-bearer. But we marvel at your patience and humility, and cry out to you:

Choir/Faithful: Rejoice, you quenched the flames of **discontent** with your tears;

Rejoice, you lamented the woes of Russia, as Martha and Mary wept over **Lazarus**!

Rejoice, you submitted to the **will** of God;

Rejoice, you beheld the Savior **enthroned** on high!

Rejoice, venerable martyr of **royal** birth;

Rejoice, you put to shame those who **mistreated** you!

Rejoice, you bless those who **bless** you;

Rejoice, you wipe the tears away from **those** who grieve!

Rejoice, you calm our **troubled** hearts;

Rejoice, you bow down before the throne of God, offering Him our **entreaties!**

Rejoice, you are ever attentive to **His** decrees;

Rejoice, you continually preserve us **from** all harm!

Rejoice, O venerable martyr **Elizabeth**, true model of Christian **sacrifice!**

KONTAKION X

Priest: Wishing to make you captive, O martyr, evil-minded men arrived at your convent on the third day of Pascha, to separate you from your flock; for after the holy Patriarch Tikhon the Confessor blessed you and your nuns, the wicked fell upon you and took you away into exile. Yet knowing what was to follow, you took with you your faithful companion, the venerable Barbara, and with you she chanted the hymn of victory unto the risen Christ: Alleluia!

Choir/Faithful: Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

IKOS X

Priest: Banished to the heart of Russia, hidden away from the eyes of the world, with prayer and fasting you prepared for your departure from this life, O Elizabeth, with your Companion Barbara, and the holy Princes Sergius, John, Igor, Constantine and Vladimir, who were all to share in thy sufferings and receive incorruptible crowns from the hands of the Savior. And sharing together in the delights of heaven, we offer you our praises:

Choir/Faithful: Rejoice, you who ever pray for the salvation of **Russia**;
Rejoice, you though cast down by the ungodly into the depths, have been raised on **high** by Christ!

Rejoice, you shed the scarlet robe of royalty and put on the purple robe of **martyrdom**;

Rejoice, you were not deceived by the deceit of the **evil** one!

Rejoice, you lift up your hands to God in **supplication**;

Rejoice, you cast away earthly riches to receive treasure in **heaven!**
Rejoice, patient sufferers who endured **all** for the Lord;
Rejoice, you put to shame those who took your lives, but could not **slay**
your souls!
Rejoice, you received wreaths of victory fashioned by the hand of the
Creator;
Rejoice, bright constellation of holy stars shining in the **firmament** of the
Church!
Rejoice, O venerable martyr **Elizabeth**, true model of Christian **sacrifice!**

KONTATKION XI

Priest: O the glorious wonder! A mine depleted of its ore is shown to be full of the lustrous gold of grace and piety! A shaft sunk deep into the bowels of the earth is shown to be a ladder extending up to heaven, whereby Elizabeth and her companions ascend from the depths unto the heights of paradise! O holy martyrs, you blessed ones, as you delight in celestial joys forget not us who celebrate the memory of your godly struggles, that with you we also may chant the angelic hymn: Alleluia!

Choir/Faithful: Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

IKOS XI

Priest: The minds of men, darkened by their fallen state, are unable to devise for you hymns worthy of the pangs and sufferings you endured, O holy passion-bearers of Christ; for you were like unto the youths of Ephesus who fell asleep to death in a shaft sunk into the earth, only to awaken in the splendid mansions of heaven, where ye now receive from us our poor praises:

Choir/Faithful: Rejoice, seven-branched lampstand burning before the **throne** of God;
Rejoice, glory of **Alapayevsk!**
Rejoice, you who the tree of life amid the barren mountains and **watered**
it with your blood;

Rejoice, royal passion-bearers, adorned with kingly diadems more precious than gold and **costly** jewels!

Rejoice, O Barbara, devoted daughter of thy spiritual **mother**;

Rejoice, ye interceded for your compatriots who find themselves amid suffering and **exile**!

Rejoice, O Sergius, valiant confessor of the **true** Faith;

Rejoice, O brethren, equal in number to the **Trinity**!

Rejoice, O Princes John, Igor and Constantine, who were like unto the holy youths in the fiery **furnace**;

Rejoice, O Vladimir, prince and martyr, who foresaw thine own **suffering** and death!

Rejoice, you have washed your souls clean in the **streams** of your blood;

Rejoice, ye stand before the Savior in the ranks of the new martyrs and **confessors**!

Rejoice, O venerable martyr **Elizabeth**, true model of Christian **sacrifice**!

KONTAKIOIN XII

Priest: With what words of praise shall we weave a wreath of victory to adorn the new passion-bearers of Alapayevsk? For even if we try to recount their manifold labors, our own weakness and hardness of heart puts us to shame. For while they ever sought after the Lord, we ever stray father away from Him. Wherefore, come ye speedily to our aid, and drive our enemies, visible and invisible, far away from us, that unvexed and at peace, we may chant aloud unto God: Alleluia!

Choir/Faithful: Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

IKOS XII

Priest: We chant your praises, O holy new martyrs of Alapayevsk, for when faced with death, you manifestly confessed Christ as God in the presence of the ungodly. Wherefore, the martyred nun Barbara received from the hand of God a wreath fashioned of truth and obedience, and her royal companions were endowed with two-fold crowns of majesty and martyrdom for their struggles. And thus has Christ the Lord, the Judge of the contest, shown us all that it is meet to glorify them with such praises as

these:

Choir/Faithful: Rejoice, boast of the **Urals**;
Rejoice, you shone forth like rays out of a **dark** pit!
Rejoice, you sanctified a lowly **mine**-shaft;
Rejoice, you were like unto Joseph, who was likewise cast into a pit by
envious **brethren**!
Rejoice, you were like unto Daniel, who was thrown into a **lions**' den;
Rejoice, you have summoned countless other new martyrs to the banquet
of the **Bridegroom**!
Rejoice, you were welcomed to the mansions of heaven by your kin, the
martyred Tsar and his holy **family**;
Rejoice, you were slaughtered by the godless and un**believing**!
Rejoice, O Elizabeth, who bound your companions' wounds and **tended** to
their hurts;
Rejoice, you encouraged and strengthened them until the moment of their
soul's **departure**!
Rejoice, for you chanted fitting hymns as their life **ebbed** away;
Rejoice, you who before an icon of the Savior surrendered your own soul
into His hands!
Rejoice, O venerable martyr **Elizabeth**, true model of Christian **sacrifice**!

KONTAKION XII

O all-praised and venerable martyr Elizabeth, with the other
passions-bearers of Alapayevsk - the martyrs Barbara, John, Igor,
Constantine, Vladimir, and Sergius, accept this, our meager hymnody of
praise, which we offer to you in honor of the sufferings and violent death
you endured for Christ; and beseech the all-holy Trinity our God, that we
be delivered from the perils and evil circumstances which beset us
throughout our life: that with you and all the new martyrs and confessors
of Russia we may ever chant unto the omnipotent Lord of heaven and
earth: Alleluia!

Choir/Faithful: Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

This kontakion is recited thrice; whereupon Ikos I and Kontakion I are repeated.

IKOS I

Priest: The Creator of the angels and Lord of mankind led you from the delusion of heresy to the divine knowledge of the Truth, O blessed Elizabeth, that your loving heart and soul might renew Christian love, which had grown cold in the land of Russia: for through your efforts the hearts of men again warmed to the word of God, and the Master of all granted you to live a life exalted above your peers, in love, humility and fervent prayer. Wherefore, we ever chant unto you, as is meet:

Choir/Faithful: Rejoice, lamp burning with the love of God; handmaid of **Christ** the Lord!

Rejoice, scroll whereon the Holy Spirit inscribed the Christian **virtues**;
Rejoice, divinely wise princess and new **martyr**!

Rejoice, daughter who forsook they father's house and turned to Holy **Orthodoxy**;

Rejoice, vessel wherein the wine of gladness and the oil of healing are mingled **together**;

Rejoice, upholder of the traditions of **piety**!

Rejoice, treasure-house of **compassion**;

Rejoice, radiant star resplendent with heavenly **glory**!

Rejoice, O venerable martyr **Elizabeth**, true model of Christian **sacrifice**!

KONTAKION I

Choir/Faithful: Come, all ye who love Christ, and let us offer up a hymn of praise unto the martyred nun **Elizabeth**, / who was chosen by the Lord of hosts to serve as an example of Christian **piety** and love / for those who desire to **follow** in His steps. / For, spurning the vanity of worldly possessions, rank and cares, she dedicated her whole life to the aid of **those** in need. / Wherefore, it has pleased Christ our God to crown her ascetic **labors** / with the diadem of **martyrdom**; / and, dwelling now in His heavenly kingdom, she makes **supplication** unto God, / that He deliver

from misfortunes and perils all who chant unto **her** with joy: // Rejoice, O venerable martyr **Elizabeth**, true model of Christian **sacrifice!**

Priest: Again and again on bended knees let us pray to the holy Nun Martyrs Elizabeth and Barbara.

Choir/Faithful: O Holy Nun Martyrs Elizabeth and **Barbara** pray to **God** for us.

A Prayer to Saints Elizabeth and Barbara

Priest: O holy Saints, Elizabeth and Barbara, even as you did not turn away from the vilest of wretches during your earthly sojourn, so do not turn away from our unworthiness. Pray unto the Lord that He may grant to us healing of soul and body, and great mercy. Help us, encumbered as we are with the pleasures and ease of life, to emulate your martyrdom to the things of this world. Pray unto God for us, that we may join thee in the Heavenly Kingdom.

Choir/Faithful: Amen.

Priest: Have mercy on us, O God, according to Thy great goodness, we pray Thee, hearken and have mercy.

Choir/Faithful: Lord have mercy (3)

Priest: Again we pray for His Beatitude, Metropolitan _____, His (*Grace /Eminence*), (*Arch*) Bishop _____, for priests, deacons, and all other clergy; and for all our brethren in Christ.

Choir/Faithful: Lord have mercy (3)

Priest: Again we pray for the president of our country, for all civil authorities and for our armed forces everywhere.

Choir/Faithful: Lord have mercy (3)

Priest: Again we pray for mercy, life peace, health, salvation and visitation for the servants of God _____, and for the pardon and remission of their sins.

Choir/Faithful: Lord have mercy (3)

Priest: Furthermore, we pray for the people here present, awaiting from Thee great and bountiful mercies for all the brethren and for all Christians.

Choir/Faithful: Lord have mercy (3)

Priest: For Thou art a merciful God, and loves mankind, and unto Thee we ascribe glory: to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, now and ever and unto ages of ages.

Choir/Faithful: Amen.

Priest: Wisdom! Most Holy Theotokos, save us!

Choir/Faithful: More honorable than the Cherubim and more glorious beyond compare than the Seraphim! Without defilement you gave birth to God the Word; true Theotokos we magnify you.

Priest: Glory to Thee, O Christ our God and our hope, glory to Thee !

Choir/Faithful: Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit, now and ever and unto ages of ages. Amen.
Lord have mercy (3). Father bless.

Priest: [pronounces the dismissal and faithful venerate the Cross]

Holy Royal Martyr Grand Duchess Elizabeth and Nun Martyr Barbara

Pray Unto God For Us!

Glory Be To God For All Things!

Murder of the Grand Duchess Elizabeth
Compiled By Archimandrite Nektarios Serfes

An account by Ryabov (the assassin) -4/17 July -Alapayevsk

We knew that the fate of the tsar and his family Ekaterinburg, and of the other members of the imperial family in Alapayevsk, had already been decided in Moscow, and were only waiting for the order to carry out the sentence.

We had already been searching for a suitable place. We quickly found such a place, some twelve versts from the town, where the bodies would not be found immediately. We chose an abandoned half-flooded mine. Upon receiving the news of the execution of the tsar and all his family from Ekaterinburg we immediately put our plan into action, without losing a moment's time.

It was night of the 17th to 18th July, 1918. When we were sure the whole town was asleep, we quietly stole through the window into the school building. Nobody there noticed our presence, they were already all asleep. We entered through the unlocked door into the building where the women were sleeping, and woke them up, telling them quietly to get dressed at once, as they were to be taken to a safe place because of the possibility of an armed attack.

They obeyed without a murmur. We tied their hands behind their backs there and then, blindfolded them, and led them out to the cart, which was already waiting by the school, sat them in it and sent them off to their destination.

After that, we went into the room occupied by the men. We told them

the same thing, as we had to the women. The young grand dukes Konstantinovich (KR's sons) and Prince Paley (Vladimir) also obeyed meekly. We took them out into the corridor, blindfolded them, bound their hands behind their backs and put them in another cart. We had decided earlier that the carts should not go together. The only one who tried to oppose us was the grand duke Sergei Mikhailovich.

Physically he was stronger than the rest. We had to grapple with him. He told us categorically that he was not going anywhere, as he knew they were all going to be killed! He barricaded himself behind the cupboard and our efforts to get him out were in vain. We only lost precious time. I finally lost my patience and shot at the grand duke.

However I only fired with the intention of wounding him slightly and frightening him into submission. I wounded him in the arm. He did not resist further. I bound his wound and covered his eyes. We put him in the last cart and set off. We were in a great hurry: the dawn already heralded the morning.

Along the way, grand duke Sergei Mikhailovich again repeated he knew they were all going to be killed.

'Tell me why' he asked me. 'I have never been involved in politics. I loved sport, played billiards...was interested in numismatics.'

I reassured him as best I could, although I was myself very agitated by everything I had been through that night.

Despite his wounded arms and the pain, the grand duke did not complain.

At last we arrived at the mine. The shaft was not very deep and, as it turned out, had a ledge on one side that was not covered by water.

First we led grand duchess Elizabeth (Ella) up to the mine. After throwing her down the shaft, we heard her struggling in the water for some time. We pushed the nun lay-sister Varvara (St. Barbara The New Martyr) down after her. We again heard the splashing of water and then the two women's voices. It became clear that, having dragged herself out of the water, the grand duchess had also pulled her lay-sister out. But, having no other alternative, we had to throw in all the men also.

None of them, it seems, drowned, or choked in the water and after a short time we were able to hear all their voices again.

Then I threw in a grenade. It exploded and everything was quiet. But not for long.

We decided to wait a little to check whether they had perished. After a short while we heard talking and a barely audible groan. I threw another grenade.

And what do you think - from beneath the ground we heard singing! I was seized with horror. They were singing the prayer: 'Lord, save your people!'

We had no more grenades, yet it was impossible to leave the deed unfinished. We decided to fill the shaft with dry brushwood and set it alight. Their hymns still rose up through the thick smoke for some time yet.

When the last signs of life beneath the earth had ceased, we posted some of our people by the mine and returned to Alapayevsk by first light and immediately sounded the alarm in the cathedral bell tower. Almost the whole town came running. We told everyone that the grand dukes had been taken away by unknown persons!

Martyrdom Of Sister Barbara,

The New Martyr Of Russia

In describing the precious Christian devotion of Sister Barbara and her martyrdom, I am also presenting you brief accounts of the lives of the martyrs for their great Christian faith and duty, with her: HRH. Grand Duchess Elizabeth (Abbess of Ss. Martha and Mary Convent of Love and Mercy), Princes John, Igor, Constantine, Vladimir and Sergius, who were all martyred in Alapayevsk, Russia, on July 5/18, (new calendar followed by old calendar, as in Russia they follow the old calendar in the Liturgical life of the Russian Orthodox Church) the day after the holy martyrdom of the Holy Imperial Royal Martyrs Tsar Nicholas, Tsarina Alexandra, Grand Duchesses Olga, Tatiana, Marie, Anastasia, and the Grand Duke Tsarevich Alexis, along with their friends.

From the teachings of the Orthodox Christian faith we learn to lay down one's life for the promotion and aid of another is the pinnacle of what it means to follow Jesus Christ, to be a child of Light and lover of mankind. The Christian witness of laying down one's own life -martyrdom, for the Greek word "martyria" literally means "witness" - is what our Savior accomplished for the life of the world (St. John 6:51). Jesus Christ was no mere mortal, since His death on the Cross was greater than any other sacrificial death in the history of the world. Jesus was the God-Man, truly God in human form, and thus His sacrifice on the Cross exhibited and demonstrated the superabundant love of God Himself for His entire creation: "For God so loved the world, that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (St. John 3:16). Accordingly, as every Orthodox Christian believes, it is the emulators of this sacrifice of Jesus - the glorious Martyrs - who have always been considered to be the Protectors of the Faith, as they have throughout the ages preserved our Faith whole and pure from all defilement of the devil. Every local Orthodox Church which has in her history the record of martyrdom can rightfully be considered blessed by God and even justified in His eyes.

Concerning this test and witness, we have such a devoted God-loving handmaiden of our Lord Jesus Christ named Sister Barbara, a Russian Orthodox nun, who was the cell keeper of the Holy Royal Martyr Grand Duchess

Elizabeth, who was the Abbess of Ss. Martha and Mary Convent of Love and Mercy in Moscow, Russia.

Two nuns from the convent, named Sister Barbara, and Sister Catherine, were with Grand Duchess while under arrest by the local Red Guards on Bright Tuesday of the Paschal season in April of 1918. Carried off into exile, no one knew where they were taken, although the Grand Duchess Elizabeth was under the impression that she was going towards Siberia to help with her nursing skills, and that both Sisters Barbara and Catherine were going to help with the same cause. Then again the thought was that it was their road to Golgotha!

By train on the way they stopped in Ykaterinburg, where the captives spent several days under strict surveillance, (the Royal Martyrs Tsar Nicholas II and his Royal Family members, and friends had not yet arrived in Ykaterinburg), and then from Ykaterinburg the three nuns were transported to Alapayevsk, where they imprisoned the Grand Duchess Elizabeth with the nuns in a school building prepared for the purpose. There authorities had also imprisoned the others whom they had arrested: the Grand Duke Sergei Mikhailovich, Prince John Konstantinovich and his wife, Helena Petrovna, and their children, Vsevolod and Catherine, Prince Konstantine Konstantinovich, Prince Igor Konstantinovich, Count Vladimir Palovich Paley, and the steward of the estates of the Grand Duke Sergei Mikhailovich - Theodore Semyonovich Remez.

At first the captives were under the strict guard of the Red Army soldiers, but they were allowed to go to church on feasts days and to work in the school garden, which during the course of a month, they had cultivated in such a way that even their enemies were amazed.

At times they were able to take walks, under guard, and even to talk to outsiders, with whom they spoke only a little, simply answering questions with a noble reserve, behaving bravely and not showing the deep pain of their hearts.

They lived in a spirit of struggle and prayer. Mornings and evenings they prayed for a long time, and the Grand Duchess spent much of the night in prayer. At midnight she could always be found in prayer.

The Grand Duke Sergei Mikhailovich, the youngest son of the Grand Duke Michael Nikolaevich (the brother of the Tsar Liberator, Alexander Nikolaevich) was born on 25 September 1869. He was named after St. Sergius of Radonezh, who cared and prayed for the Russian land.

From childhood the Grand Duke loved work and studies and while he was traveling through Russia with his father he became acquainted with the needs of the common people and came to love them with his whole soul. While serving in the post of General Inspector of the Artillery with the rank of Adjutant General, he always received those who came to him, doing everything possible for the petitioners. He was particularly distinguished among leaders by his simplicity and his sincere, affectionate manner. The Grand Duke was accessible to everyone, from the simplest peasant to the highest dignitary. He was faithful, sincere and devoted servant of the Emperor and his homeland to the end.

The three brothers, Princes John, Konstantine and Igor, were the sons of Grand Duke Konstantine Konstantinovich, who was the son of the Grand Duke Konstantine Nikolaevich (the ardent champion of the liberation of the peasants from serfdom), and his wife, the former Princess of Saxony-Alterburg, now the Grand Duchess Elizabeth Mavreikievna. These were the children of an august poet, renowned in the academic world, president of the Imperial Academy of Sciences, and general inspector of the military academies. These were the children of a great man of government, whose lofty and diverse gifts marked his activities, enabling him to serve in various aspects of governmental and social life. These were the brothers of an august, great, modern hero, who fell on the field of battle, a valiant young champion, Prince Oleg Konstantinovich, who was mourned by the army and all Russia.

The right believing Prince John Konstantinovich, who was born on June 23, 1886, and named after St. John the Baptist, who suffered for the truth of God and whose life ended in a dungeon and martyrdom. Prince John was married to Helen Petrovna, the daughter of the King of Serbia. They had two children: Vsevolod Ioannovich, born on January 1, 1914, and Catherine Koannovna, born on July 12, 1915. The Prince was distinguished by a rare inclination for spiritual and religious matters and by his compassion for the

unfortunate. He was sensitive and unpretentious to soldiers and to those people who were victims of cruel fate. He remembered the testament of his father: "Do not betray your high calling and stay in your homeland." During the hours of his grievous exile, he comforted himself with the words of his poet father: "Blessed is he who smiles, who with a joyful countenance bears his cross without complaint..."

At all historical religious festivals, Prince John Konstantinovich served as the representative of His Majesty the Emperor. In the spirit of his religious life, he was close to the Grand Duchess Elizabeth Feodorovna, with whom he spent many hours discussing moral and religious questions. Although he was a family man, he was nonetheless a great man of prayer, of love and of pure devotion; he lived not for the dark, fleeting moments of life, but rather for holy eternity, leaving his kin with a legacy of truth, good, love and humanity.

Prince Constantine Konstantinovich was born on December 20, 1890; his names day was the twenty-first of May. He was an extremely modest officer of the Guard of the Izmailovsky Regiment, much beloved by officers and soldiers alike; along with them he was a brave soldier who distinguished himself in the past war, he was often seen in the trenches among the soldiers, risking his life.

Prince Igor Konstantinovich was born on March 29, 1894; his names day was the fifth of June. This martyr of duty was a worthy son of his great father. In general, all three departed brothers in that they were faithful to their civil duty, were also faithful to their Christian duty.

Count Vladimir Pavlovich Paley was the son of the Grand Duke Paul Alexandrovich from his second marriage to Countess Paley, though morganatic had been performed in accordance with the church's law of matrimony.

Barbara Yakovleva, the nun from the Martha and Mary Convent of Love and Mercy, had been one of the first inhabitants of the holy convent and had always been faithful to all the traditions of the convent. Although she had been the closest person to the Grand Duchess (Elizabeth), she never took pride in this and always behaved like an ordinary nun accessible, kind, and pleasant to

everyone. Everyone thought kindly of her. She was faithful to her great Matushka to the very end, and voluntarily went to her suffering and death, fulfilling the command of Christ: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends" (St. John 15:13).

The noble Theodore Semenovich Remez, the steward of the Grand Duke Sergei Michailovich's estate, remained faithful to his master up to their martyrdom. By his example, he showed how one must serve and be faithful to one's benefactors to the grave. It is not in vain that people say you find out who your friends are in times of sorrow.

There you have a short biography of the departed ones.

The imperial prisoners spent the month of May tolerably well, although they were often subjected to insults and humiliations by their treacherous persecutors. In June, the regime became stricter. Apart from being deprived of complete freedom, all money, gold and silver in their possession, in general, everything of quality was taken away from them, and they were left with their poorest clothes and a change of linen. They were given the poorest food in limited quantities. God alone knows what the poor suffering ones bore, endured, and thought during these fatal days in bloodstained Alapayevsk.

During the last days of June (Old Style), sisters Barbara and Catherine were taken away from the Grand Duchess Elizabeth the Abbess, and sent to Ykaterinburg. Their parting with her was moving; all three cried like small children. They begged to be allowed to remain with the Grand Duchess to the end, but neither tears nor entreaties had any effect on the cruel hearts of their captors. The Grand Duchess was left alone, without her devoted cell attendants. However much she strove to be strong, there were times when she could not restrain her tears, and wept like a little child before the icon of the Mother of God. She clearly saw what this was all leading up to. Though she was strong in spirit, she was also human; though she had a cheerful spirit, her flesh was weak. Only divine grace supported her invisibly and strengthened her in the difficult moments of suffering, both of body and soul.

When sisters Barbara and Catherine arrived in Ykaterinburg, they were

hauled before the regional soviet, where they tearfully entreated the temporal authorities to return them to the Grand Duchess, assuring them that they did not want to be set free, leaving their spiritual mother alone in her difficult imprisonment.

Their request was cruelly refused. The nuns, kneeling, begged to honor their request. At last, wanting to shock them by their cruel answer and to cool their ardent desire, the authorities replied: the elder of the two could return to Alapayevsk on the condition that she attest in writing that she would be willing to be tortured and die with the abbess; they predicted that the suffering and torture would be unprecedented in cruelty. Barbara, as the elder and closest cell attendant to the Grand Duchess, did not hesitate to answer bravely: "I agree to give you the requested signature, not only in ink, but, if necessary, in my own blood." Such an answer threw the vile people into confusion, but their pride forced them to live up to what they had said. They had never imagined that this delicate girl would voluntarily exchange freedom for suffering and death.

This heroine of spirit, Sister Barbara, was ordered to return to Alapayevsk to be imprisoned. Sister Catherine was released despite her tearful pleading to exchange her freedom for imprisonment together with Barbara, (no one really knows what happen to Sister Catherine, but perhaps martyred).

How great was the joy of the Grand Duchess when she saw her faithful spiritual daughter returned to her in Alapaevsk. The captives hardly had time to rejoice when a new blow of inexorable fate struck. On the first of July, the wife of Prince John Konstantinovich, Princess Helena Petrovna, and the children, were taken away.

Neither the tears of the mother nor the tears of the children could move the heartless captors to halt the separation of a husband from his wife, of a father from his children. They were taken to Perm where they spent some time in prison; then they were sent to Moscow, and then on to Serbia because of the demands of foreign governments.

After this heavy blow of fate, the august prisoners immediately understood what awaited them in the very near future. They consciously prepared for

death, prayed fervently and asked God to strengthen them in their sufferings. Now they thought of nothing earthly except their families, reflecting upon death, the spiritual preparations of the dread Judgment, eternal torment and eternal joy in the mansions of heaven. They repeatedly expressed the wish that God might preserve their sinful bones from being desecrated, for the sake of the joy and comfort of their kin and the people dear to their hearts, who would commemorate them. They asked one another to pray to God concerning this, because they felt that they would be treated cruelly and that there would be an attempt to hide the traces of this crime.

They wrote letters and notes containing their last testaments, put them in pouches or lockets and hung them around their necks with their crosses, in the hope that their relatives would find out their last behest's in this manner.

With tears streaming from his eyes Prince John Konstantinovich wrote a letter to his beloved wife and his little children.

They mourned for Russia, torn apart by turmoil, civil strife, by traitors and by foreigners, perishing without a sovereign and without a government which believed in principles centuries old and was devoted to the Holy Faith of their ancestors. They felt only the eye from the throne on high could see through the covert behavior of a two-faced judge, over the arbitrariness of a ruler, over the depravity of a prodigal, over the cruelty of brutish people. Their souls felt and perceived the signs of the last times, everything on earth was impoverished, oath breaking was accepted, and the living proclamation of heaven was not recognized.