

The First Sunday Antiphon

Shout to the Lord, all the earth: sing now to His name, give glory to His praise.
Through the prayers of the Mother of God, O Savior, save us.

Say unto God, "How awesome are your works! Because of the greatness of
Your strength Your enemies will flatter You."

Through the prayers of the Mother of God, O Savior, save us.

Let all the earth worship You and sing to You, let it sing to Your name, O Most
High.

Through the prayers of the Mother of God, O Savior, save us.

The Third Sunday Antiphon

Come, let us sing joyfully to the Lord, let us acclaim God, our Savior.
Son of God, risen from the dead, save us who sing to You: Alleluia.

Let us come before His face with praise, and acclaim Him in psalms.
Son of God, risen from the dead, save us who sing to You: Alleluia.

For God is the great Lord and the great king over all the earth.
Son of God, risen from the dead, save us who sing to You: Alleluia.

*****Entrance*****

Come, let us worship and fall down before Christ.
Son of God, risen from the dead, save us who sing to You: Alleluia.

Tropars

Let the heavens be glad, let the earth rejoice,* for the Lord has done a mighty
deed with His arm.* He trampled death by death. He became the first-born of
the dead:* He saved us from the abyss of Hades and granted great mercy to the
world.

Today the bonds of childlessness are unfastened,* for God has heard Joachim
and Anne.* Against all hope he promises openly that they will give birth to a holy
child* from whom the Infinite One himself will be born.* And thus, having made
himself known as human,* he bade the angels to sing to her,* Hail, Full of
grace,* the Lord is with you.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit.

You rose from the tomb, O compassionate Lord,* and led us out from the gates of death.* Today Adam exults and Eve rejoices, * and the prophets together with the patriarchs unceasingly acclaim the divine might of Your power.

Now and for ever and ever. Amen.

Today the universe celebrates Anne's conceiving,* brought about by God* for she gave birth in a way for which we have no word* to her who gave birth to the Word.

Apostolos (Colossians 1: 12-18)

Prokimenon: Sing praise to our God, sing praise!* Sing praise to our King, sing praise!

Stichon: All you peoples, clap your hands!* Shout to God with cries of gladness!

Prokimenon: God- the God of Israel* is wonderful among his holy ones.

Stichon: Praise God in the assemblies,* praise the Lord, you descendants of Israel.

Reading from the Epistle of St. Paul to the Colossians:

Brethren, we thank God the Father who has enabled us to share in the saints in light. He had delivered us from the power of darkness and transferred us to the kingdom of his beloved Son in whom we have deliverance, the remission of sins.

He is the image of the invisible God, the first-born of all creation; for in him all things were created, those in heaven and those on earth, the seen and the unseen, whether Thrones or Dominations or Principalities or Powers: all things were created through him and for him. And he is before all things, and in him all things hold together; and he is the head of the body, the Church. He is the beginning, the first-born from the dead, so that he may be first in all things.

Alleluia: The salvation of the righteous is from the Lord,* and he is their defender in troublesome times.

Stichon: And the Lord shall help them and deliver them, and he shall rescue them from sinners,* and save them, because they have hoped in him.

Gospel: (Luke 14: 16-24)

Jesus replied: “A certain man was preparing a great banquet and invited many guests. At the time of the banquet he sent his servant to tell those who had been invited, ‘Come, for everything is now ready.’

“But they all alike began to make excuses. The first said, ‘I have just bought a field, and I must go and see it. Please excuse me.’

“Another said, ‘I have just bought five yoke of oxen, and I’m on my way to try them out. Please excuse me.’

“Still another said, ‘I just got married, so I can’t come.’

“The servant came back and reported this to his master. Then the owner of the house became angry and ordered his servant, ‘Go out quickly into the streets and alleys of the town and bring in the poor, the crippled, the blind and the lame.’

“‘Sir,’ the servant said, ‘what you ordered has been done, but there is still room.’

“Then the master told his servant, ‘Go out to the roads and country lanes and compel them to come in, so that my house will be full. I tell you, not one of those who were invited will get a taste of my banquet.’”

Instead of: “It is truly right...”

Extol,* My soul,* the most glorious conception of the Mother of God.

She is a life-giving fountain,* one that never runs dry!* She is a candelabra a gleam with the radiance of grace,* and the Tabernacle filled with life,* and because she is that most pure vessel that contained God,* she became more spacious than the parameters of the earth and the vast expanse of the heavens.* And so we faithful* extol the Mother of God.

Kinonikon

Praise the Lord from the heavens,* praise him in the highest.

Rejoice in the Lord, you righteous ones.* Praise from the upright is fitting.

Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.