



**The Holy Righteous Martyr Eudocia the Samaritan  
Whom the Holy Church Celebrates on March 1.**

This Saint, who was from Heliopolis (Baalbek in present-day Lebanon), was an idolater and led a licentious life. Being beautiful beyond telling, she had many lovers, and had acquired great riches. Yet brought to repentance by a monk named Germanus, and baptized by the Bishop Theodotus, she distributed to the poor all her ill-gotten gains, and entered a convent, giving herself up completely to the life of asceticism. Her former lovers, enraged at her conversion, her refusal to return to her old ways, and the withering away of her beauty through the severe mortifications she practiced, betrayed her as a Christian to Vincent the Governor, and she was beheaded, according to some, under Trajan, who reigned from 98 to 117, according to others, under Hadrian, who reigned from 117 to 138.

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*If Alleluia is not said:  
Dismissal Hymn. Plagal of Fourth Tone*

**I**N thee the image was preserved with exactness, O Mother; for taking up thy cross thou didst follow Christ, and by thy deeds thou didst teach us to overlook the flesh, for it passeth away, but to attend to the soul since it is immortal. Wherefore, O righteous Eudocia, thy spirit rejoiceth with the Angels.

*Kontakion. Fourth Tone  
Thou Who wast raised up*

**W**HEN thou wast brought up from the mire of transgression, \* like a most precious stone whose brightness is darkened, \* repentance made thee shine again with godliness; \* and when thou hadst reached the height \* of ascetical striving, \* Christ made thee illustrious \* with the glory of contest, \* and hath bestowed on thee His grace to heal, \* O wise Eudocia, thou rival of angel-kind.

## VESPERS

*For Lord, I have cried, we chant the following Stichera:*

*Fourth Tone. Unto them that fear thee:*

**F**IRST thou firmly strovest in ascetic toils and didst wither up \* all the uprisings of the flesh \* through fasting and temperance; \* then in open contest \* thou didst overcome the devices of the enemy, \* taking the vict'ry in triumph over him. \* Divinely-blest Eudocia, for thy twofold struggles, thou hadst been crowned \* by Christ Jesus, the Friend of man, \* the divine Saviour of our souls.

**O** ALL-LAUDED Martyr, thou, upon receiving the godly seed \* in the rich furrows of thy heart, \* didst flourish like fertile earth \* with martyric harvest, bearing fruit a hundredfold; and thou hast been treasured up \* now in the spiritual granaries in truth, \* empowered by the Spirit, Who transformed thee, changing thee with a change \* to the better by grace divine, O Eudocia inspired by God.



**H**AVING slain the body's passions with the labours of abstinence, \* thou didst verily raise the dead \* with thy life-creating word, \* O all-famed Eudocia; now that thou hast finished thy course of contest valiantly \* with the Good Spirit's co-working as thy help, \* thou dwellest with the Martyrs in the heavens, where thou dost intercede \* for all them that with fervent faith \* sing thy praise, O supremely-wise.

### SESSIONAL HYMN

*Plagal of Fourth Tone. By conceiving the Wisdom*

**B**EING lit with divine brightness from on high, \* thou forsook the dark'ning of error's gloom, \* embracing, while in the flesh, \* a sublime immaterial life; \* thou wast filled with the Spirit's divine gifts, O blest of God, \* and by merely pronouncing a word, thou didst raise the dead. \* Wherefore, at thine end thou wast divinely adorned with \* a bright crown of martyrdom, \* casting shame on the wily one, \* O Eudocia, the Angel's peer. Intercede with Christ our God \* that forgiveness of all their transgressions be \* granted to them that with longing \* keep thy holy memory.

### SYNAXARION

*The Month of March hath thirty-one days.  
The day hath twelve hours, and the night twelve.*

On the first of this month we commemorate the holy Righteous Martyr Eudocia the Samaritan.

#### *Verses*

This Samaritan woman Eudocia doth bring Thee  
Not water, but the blood of her neck, O my Saviour.

On the first Eudocia endured the sword.



IN WISDOM HAST THOU MADE THEM ALL

## The Change

Sometimes a song, sometimes a picture,  
A person, sunset or tree;  
Sometimes a chapter from the Scriptures  
May change your life and set you free.

A pretty girl lived in Samaria;  
To sell her beauty was her art.  
She was a wanton in her area  
But kind and loving was her heart.

She had a castle on a hillcrest,  
From far appeared its fancy dome,  
And wanderers liked it for a night's rest;  
She loved to share with them her home.

So, once a pilgrim was her neighbor  
In an adjacent sleeping room.  
His mission was to preach the Savior;  
To spread the light in heathen gloom.

He knew the sweetest rapture  
Which for a midnight prayer calls.  
This castle was an eastern structure,  
With openings on top of walls.

So when he started his devotion  
His chanting voice was soothing, calm.  
The girl wakened; without motion  
She listened to a David's Psalm.

And then he read aloud the Scriptures;  
He opened Matthew twenty-five.  
And while he read, a striking picture  
Grew before her and stood alive.

Text : Please order *In the Beginning* at:  
<http://www.katinamusic.com/links.html>  
The text is in the jacket along with the CD.

He read how Christ will come in glory  
To judge the living and the dead.  
To all the details of this story  
She listened, weeping, in her bed.

Something in her was testifying  
That every word of it was true.  
Who dies, will die, or who is dying,  
Will see the Lord and she will too.

Full of reproach and full of sadness,  
The gaze of Christ how will she bear?  
He bought for her eternal gladness  
With His pure blood—she did not care.

But if He is the sinner's Savior  
There is a hope for every soul.  
Her evil manner of behavior  
May change and she may have a goal.

The goal will be to be His lover,  
To please His will in every way.  
Under His grace she may recover—  
The night has gone; near is the day.

She was baptized. The blessed Savior  
Became her life, her light, her breath.  
For Him to suffer was a favor.  
And death for Him was life, not death.

Sometimes a song, sometimes picture,  
A person, sunset or a tree.  
Sometimes a chapter from the Scripture  
May change your life and set you free.

This poem is written by Prince Dmitry Mishetsky,  
published by Saint Nectarios Press, Seattle WA, 1988.