



**Saint Dorothea of Caesarea  
in Cappadocia  
Whom the Holy Church Celebrates February 6.**

**THE ANSWER**

To the square from all directions  
People hurry up.  
Men and women are excited,  
And they do not stop.

On the square a wooden platform  
Is already built;  
On the platform Dorothea  
Will die for her guilt.

Dorothea was a Christian  
And this was her crime:  
She was living in a heathen,  
In a cruel time.

Theophil, the young centurion,  
Was there with his crew,  
He was forced to this by duty,  
As a soldier true.

But there was another reason  
Which had forced him to it—  
He had heard a lot of stories  
And they did not fit.

He was told that Christ and Christians  
Are as groom and bride.  
And this bridegroom has an orchard  
In a land of light.

There were fruit trees in this orchard  
An unearthly type.  
And especially the apples  
Were so sweet and ripe.

Yes, this orchard was a symbol  
But it meant this:  
After death comes life eternal  
And eternal bliss.

And the Christians in their madness  
Call it Paradise.  
And for this naïve idea  
Dorothea dies.

She believed there was a meeting  
In this fairy land.  
She believes the death of body  
Doesn't mean the end.

Dorothea was a beauty,  
Could enjoy her life.  
Could become a happy mother,  
And a charming wife.

But she did not want these blessings;  
She just did not care.  
Lo, the trumpet sounds—they lead her  
Through the crowded square.

Now he sees her striking beauty,  
But she dropped her eyes.  
She was praying; and she hurries  
To her Paradise.

O how foolish must be people  
To believe all that.  
He was now not only curious,  
He was getting mad.

“Don’t forget to send me apples  
From your Paradise,”  
He said roughly.  
Dorothea slowly raised her eyes.

And he saw a sea of beauty,  
And a sea of pain.  
Tears were coming out and trembling  
Like the drops of rain.

She was hurt more than he wanted;  
But she grieves for him  
For his soul, corrupt and selfish  
For his life of sin.

Yet, so looks sometimes a mother  
At her ailing child,  
Hurt by it through tears of sorrow,  
And still loving, mild.

And she passed, stepped on the platform.  
Bent her curled blonde head.  
The sword flashed: she swayed a second  
And fell bloody dead.

And the gauze of her white garment  
Is now soaking blood:  
And her head rolls on the pavement  
In the dust and mud.

All the spectators are awaking  
From this bloody dream:  
Men and women in a hurry  
To their life's routine.

Theophil walked to his chariot;  
He was feeling bad.  
He could not forget her last gaze,  
So reproachful, sad.

What is this? All of a sudden  
As a lightning bright;  
Stands a lad before him bowing,  
Dressed in dazzling white.

In his hands a tray of apples.  
He says, "Do not fear.  
It's a gift from Dorothea,  
Take it, brother dear."

In the crowd nobody saw him;  
Theophil alone.  
He lost consciousness, was carried  
In a coma, home.

Later on when he recovered,  
He amazed his friends.  
He was now another person  
So completely changed.

He confessed Christ as his Saviour  
True, eternal God.  
And he paid for his confession  
With his noble blood.



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**MOST HOLY THEOTOKOS**  
Pray for us.