



**Our Righteous Father Botolph, Abbot of the Monastery of Ikanhoe,
Whom the Holy Church Celebrates June 17.**

Saint Botolph was born in Britain about the year 610 and in his youth became a monk in Gaul. The sisters of Ethelmund, King of East Anglia, who were also sent to Gaul to learn the monastic discipline, met Saint Botolph, and learning of his intention to return to Britain, bade their brother the King to grant him land on which to found a monastery. Hearing the King's offer, Saint Botolph asked for land not already in any man's possession, not wishing that his gain should come through another's loss, and chose a desolate place called Ikanhoe. At his coming, the demons inhabiting Ikanhoe rose up against him with tumult, threats, and horrible apparitions, but the Saint drove them away with the sign of the cross and his prayer. Through his monastery he established in England the rule of monastic life that he had learned in Gaul. He worked signs and wonders, had the gift of prophecy, and "was distinguished for his sweetness of disposition and affability." In the last years of his life he bore a certain painful sickness with great patience, giving thanks like Job and continuing to instruct his spiritual children in the rules of monastic life. He fell asleep in peace about 680. His relics were later found incorrupt, and giving off a sweet fragrance. The place where he founded his monastery came to be called "Botolphston" (from either "Botolph's stone" or "Botolph's town") which was later contracted to "Boston."

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Our Righteous Father Botolph, Abbot of the Monastery of Ikanhoe,

A SELECTION OF HYMNS FROM
THE MENAION

VESPERS

For Lord, I have cried, we allow for six verses and chant the following Stichera, repeating the first two.

Fourth Tone. Unto them that fear Thee

NOBLE birth and ease of life didst thou exchange for monastic toils * and the Lord's willing poverty. A fen was thy rich estate, * penury thy comfort; * thus didst thou ascend to the height of the love for God and man, * and thou wast given the grace of miracles. * Now having found a hundredfold in heaven all things renounced on earth, * Father Botolph, remember us, * who have gathered to sing thy praise.

STRANGE was all the weaponry, O valiant Botolph, that thou didst use * in the warfare that thou didst wage. * Thine arrows were want of food; * meekness was thine armour; * with thy sweet humility thou didst vanquish bitter sin, * and with thy prayers didst thrash Satan like a dog; * and with a death that pleased the Lord, thou didst besiege and lay hold of life * in the Kingdom that suffereth * a most strange kind of violence.

HAVING changed the stench of passions to the odour of sanctity, * thou becamest a fragrant rose, * delighting the souls of men * with the virtues' sweetness. * But thy thorns of abstinence pricked the demons through with pain * whene'er they grasped thee to pluck thee from thy Lord. * And when thy hallowed relics blossomed forth again to the sight of men, a divine sweetness filled the air, * and the earth smelled like Heaven's courts.

Glory. *First Tone*

NEITHER the fowls of the air, nor the cares of life, nor the deceitfulness of riches, could harm the good seed sown in thy heart, O Father Botolph. Thou didst bring forth a hundredfold, and thou becamest a great and spreading tree for thy brethren. Wherefore, give us rest in the shade of thy branches, that we might not faint under the burden and heat of the day; shelter our hierarchs from every wind of false doctrine; protect those dwelling in the city named for thee; and intercede with Christ that our souls be saved.

DISMISSAL HYMN

Plagal of First Tone

NEITHER the desolation of the fens, nor the depth of thy humility could hide the lamp of thy virtues, whereby thou becamest a lamp unto the faithful, O Botolph our righteous Father. Wherefore, we entreat thee: do thou also enlighten us who venerate thy blessed memory.

MATINS

First Tone. The soldiers standing guard

THE glory of the just, the protector of Boston, * the man of mighty prayer, our belov'd Father Botolph, * entreateth the Saviour that He show mercy to all of us. * Let us honor him with thankful praise, O ye faithful; * let us imitate his conversation and virtues, that God hear his prayers for us.

SYNAXARION

✠ On the seventeenth of this month we commemorate our righteous and God-bearing Father Botolph of Ikanhoe in Lincolnshire.

Verses

Though thy flesh was like the lean kine of Pharaoh,
Yet thy mind, O Botolph, was a king like Joseph.

The seventeenth crowned Botolph's labours.

By his holy intercessions, O God, have mercy on us.

EXAPOSTILARION

Second Tone. Hearken, ye women

NOT in the land of Galilee * didst thou seek Him that thou didst love, * but in His holy commandments, to which thou clavest, O Botolph. * And thou didst find within thy heart * the Light that lit the fishermen, * whom thou didst wisely imitate, * breaking the idols of the passions, * and showing men true religion.

For the Praises we allow for four verses and chant the following Stichera, repeating the first one:

Plagal of Fourth Tone. What shall we now call you

WHAT shall we now call thee, O man of God? * Imitator of the Angels who hast nought upon earth; terror to the demons who didst drive them from the very fens; * apostle that did preach the Gospel by thy ways; * the herald of the rule of the

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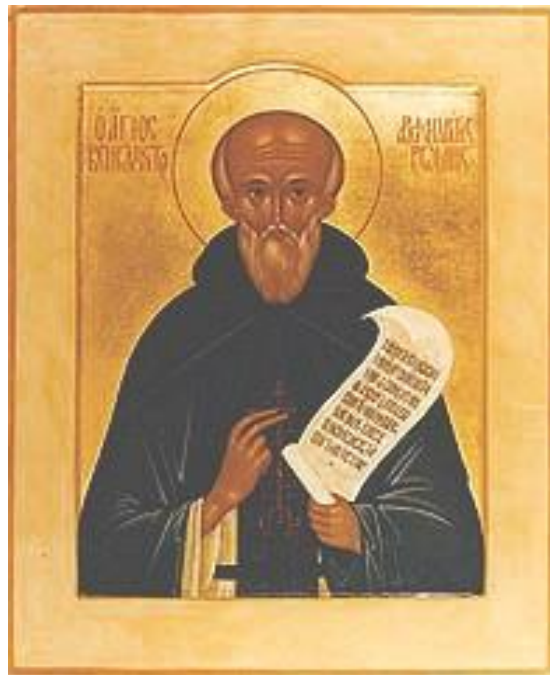
monastic life; * a second Job that didst thank the Lord * throughout the sickness that slew thy flesh. * O intercede, * Father Botolph, that our souls be saved. (*Twice*)

HOW shall I address thee, O man of God? Prophet that proclaimest things to come
as did the men of old; * the ruthless adversary of thy fallen clay; * a sea of mercy
weeping for thy neighbor's falls; * the cultivator of Ikanhoe; * the glory of all the
Orthodox. * O intercede, * Father Botolph, that our souls be saved.

DWELLING in the Kingdom with Anthony, * Benedict and Martin, yea and all the
children of the day, * thou, O righteous Botolph, revellest with exceeding joy. * No
longer dost thou fast nor yet deny thyself, * but makest merry, keeping feast with all the
Saints. * As thou rejoicest with joy untold, * remember us who entreat thee now * to
intercede * with the Saviour that our souls be saved.

Glory. *Same Tone.*

LET us rejoice, O ye faithful, for the annual memorial of Botolph is come again. In
asceticism, he was unyielding; in humility, he was unshakable; in sickness, he gave
thanks; in love, he was mighty. Wherefore, Christ hath crowned him with a crown of
majesty, and through his intercessions, He hath mercy on us all.



Saint Benedict of Nursia
Whom the Holy Church Celebrates March 14