



**The Holy and Glorious Great martyr Photine, the Samaritan Woman,
Whom the holy Church celebrates on February 26**

Saint Photine was the Samaritan woman who encountered Christ our Saviour at Jacob's Well (John 4:1-42). Afterwards she laboured in the spread of the Gospel in various places, and finally received the crown of martyrdom in Rome with her two sons and five sisters, during the persecutions under the Emperor Nero.

*Dismissal Hymn of Saint Photine
Third Tone. Thy confession*

All illumined by the Holy Spirit, * thou didst drink with great and ardent
longing * of the waters Christ Saviour gave unto thee; * and with the
streams of salvation wast thou refreshed, * which thou abundantly gavest to
those athirst. * O Great Martyr and true peer of Apostles, Photine; * entreat
Christ God to grant mercy unto us.

*Kontakion of Saint Photine
Third Tone. On this day the Virgin*

PHOTINE the glorious, * the crown and glory of Martyrs, * hath this day ascended to * the shining mansions of Heaven, * and she calleth all together* to sing her praises, * that they might be recompensed with her hallowed graces. * Let us all with faith and longing * extol her gladly * in hymns of triumph and joy.

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VESPERS

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

Fourth Tone. As one valiant

WE now keep thy memorial, * O all-ven'erable Photine,* praising thee, the namesake and vessel of the light; * at Jacob's well, thou didst meet the God of Jacob, Who was athirst * for thy soul's deliverance. * Wherefore, from His Unwaning light, * thou didst draw forth light; * and on drinking thereof, thou didst enlighten peoples sitting in the darkness, * preaching the Wisdom and Word of God.

THE most bitter of martyrdoms * is the flaying of the flesh, * which, O wondrous Martyrs, ye suffered patiently, famed Photine with thy godly sons, wise Joses and Photinus; * with Photo, Paraskeve, * and Photis and Kyriake * and Anatole, * thy five marvellous sisters, with that hon'erable and godly Duke, Sebastian; * hence, ye have found glory in the heights.

A MARTYRIC festival and the venerable feast of a whole household dear to God do I see today, here in the illustrious temple of Photine the Great Martyr, and it shineth full of splendour like a heaven of many lights. For her five sisters and two sons with her, like the seven planets with the splendorous moon, pour their brightness and send down gifts of enlightenment upon all, who honour them and keep their yearly festival. Let us all with faith and longing extol them gladly in hymns of triumph and joy.



SYNAXARION

On the twenty-sixth of this month we commemorate the holy Great Martyr Photine the Samaritan Woman, with whom Christ spake at the well. We also commemorate those with her: her sisters Photo, Photis, Paraskeve, Kyriake, and Anatole; and her sons Joses and Photinus; Sebastian the Duke; and Theocletus the former sorcerer; all of whom were beheaded, except for Saint Photis, who was bound to two trees and rent asunder.

Verses

They cast Thy Samaritaness into a well, O Saviour,
Even her that once spake with Thee at the well of Jacob.

Receive, O father of Lights, Photo, Thy handmaid,
Coming to Thee from the sword some deal light-headed.

O Wisdom of God, unto Photis the tree-athlete,
Thou shalt give as prize the tree of delight in Eden.

Paraskeve had her neck completely ready,
In preparation for the sword and its cutting.

From Kyriake the fear of the sword
Could not cut out divine fear of the Lord.

When Anatole was beheaded with courage,
She found for herself the spiritual Dayspring.

O cutter of necks, lo, thou hast bared thy sword;
But the neck of Joses feareth not the sword.

What is this vapour that from warm blood thus riseth?
The Martyr Photinus was just now beheaded.

O blessed Sebastian, thou bastion of courage,
Thy head being severed, I do thee homage.

Thou Theocletus hath no head on his shoulders,
Lying prone on the earth, he is most majestic.

On the twenty-sixth Photine was drawn up to life everlasting.

By their intercessions, O Christ God, have mercy and save us. Amen.

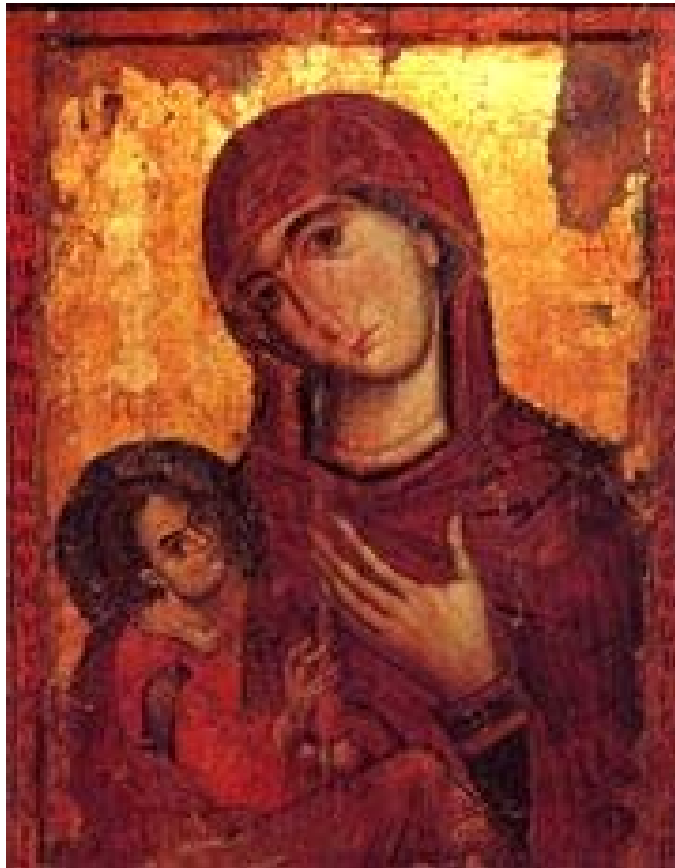
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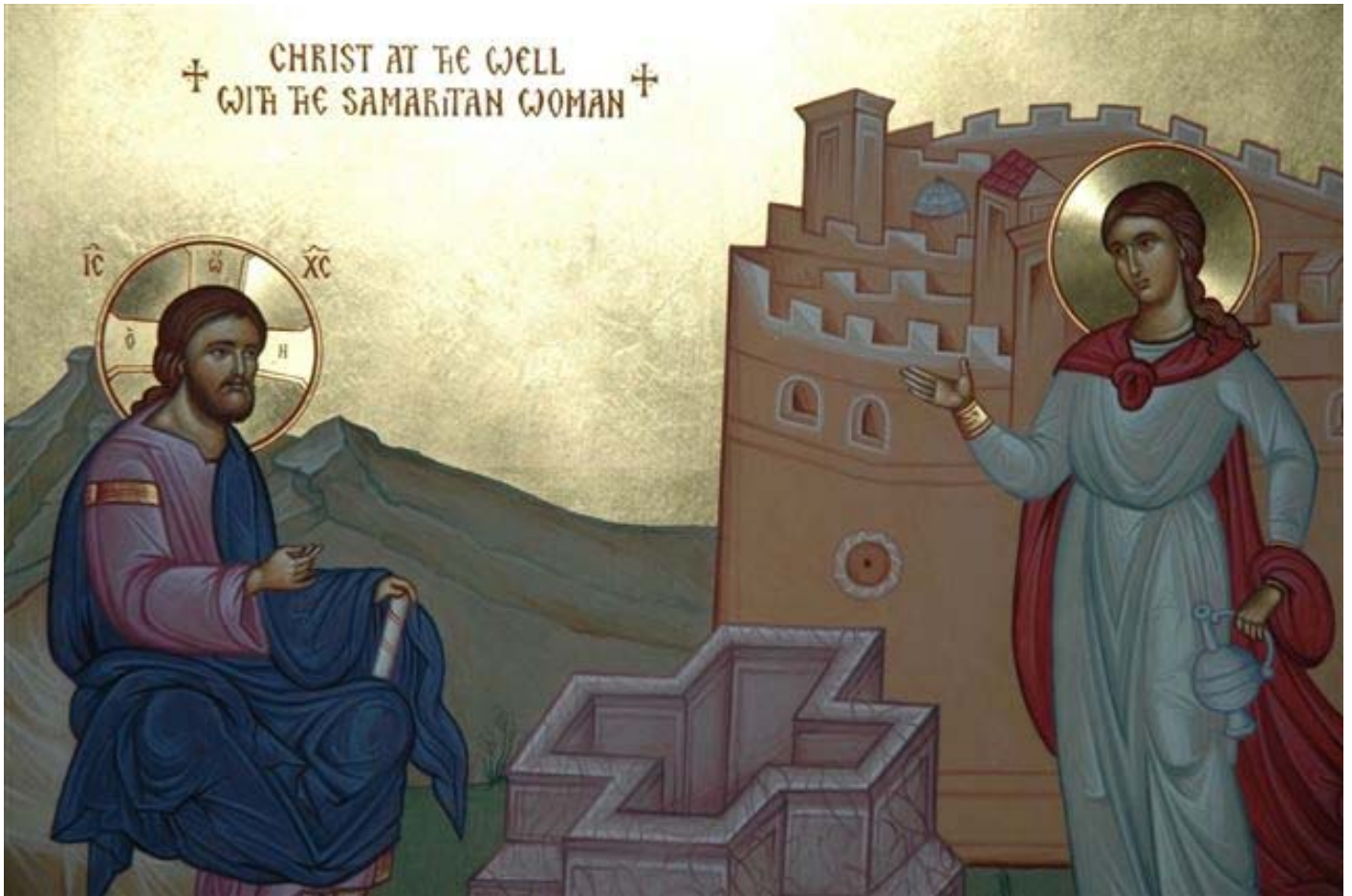
THOU hast bartered fleeting earthly beauty * for pureness of life and
punishments of martyrdom, living for the things on high, * since thou hast
been born anew, * regenerated at the Well and Font of Baptism, * O Photine, *
receiving a glory * that the Lord prepared for thee even ere the ages.

Theotokion

WITH longing, faith, and godly fear, * I kiss and honour thy divine * and all-
immaculate icon, * showing it relative worship. * For from it, there doth
overflow * a stream of healings for the souls and bodies of all them that praise *
thee as our God's very Mother, * O pure and all-blameless Lady.



OUR ΠΑΝΑΓΙΑ DIRECTRESS
OF MOUNT ΣΙΝΑΙ



OUR CHRIST AND SAINT PHOTINI AT JACOB'S WELL IN SAMARIA

"For the Father seeketh such to worship Him"
(John 4:23).

What have we to do with those who are sought of God?

Our Forefathers, sought of God,
"hid themselves from the face of the Lord God
in the midst of the trees of the garden" (Gen. 3:9 LXX).

They hid in the leaves of the trees
and their sin served as leaves, as their shelter,
so they hoped, from the face of God.

Our Saviour, travelling to Galilee, went through Samaria.
Stopping at a well, He sends His disciples to buy their food.

Photine, seeking water, comes to the well
and Christ, seeking her soul, finds His food.
He greatly desires this food.
Ever does He seek this food.

The Samaritaness saw His face,
the face of the knower of hearts, and she told Him all.
Her words were true; her spirit rising in her throat
with neither design nor deceit, spoke a truth known to her
and now confessed before His face.

Who, being sought, would run to be caught?
She sees His face and drinks truth from the Truth.
Untouchable Truth her heart embraces by the Water of Life.
With our Photine becoming our light may we, praying at her side,
all be transfigured in her radiance and so becoming those in whom,
no longer hiding, may this prophesy be fulfilled:
“They shall see His face” (Rev. 22:4).
Thus with Jacob may we cry,
“I have seen God face to face, and my soul is saved”
(Gen. 32: 30 LXX).

Stanzas of Blank Verse: Anonymous



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