



FESTAL SERVICE
TO OUR FATHER AMONGST THE SAINTS
EATA
BISHOP OF HEXHAM & LINDISFARNE
Patron of Atcham in Shropshire.

Composed by *Presbyter David Somalis*
in the 2022nd year of our Lord





Month of October, the 25th Day

Commemoration of our Father amongst the Saints Eata, Bishop of Hexham and Lindisfarne, Patron of Atcham in Shropshire.

AT GREAT VESPERS

After the Introductory Psalm, we chant "Blessed is the man", the first stasis. On "Lord, I have cried...", we chant 6 stichera of the Saint. Mode IV. Spec. Mel.: "Εδωκας σημειωσιν.

Come, all you of godly mind, * and let us honour the memory * of the reverend hierarch; * who shared in the Apostles' toils * by preaching the Gospel *, in Bernicia's kingdom * with tireless efforts, full of zeal * and vanquished idols' rituals and worshipping, * who taught the godless to believe * and the degenerate to repent, * the most luminous Eata, * the instructor of piety. (twice)

In the isle of Lindisfarne, * you were indeed trained most thoroughly * in devotion and abstinence * obeying in humility * Aidan the most blessed; * hence, along with Cuthbert * he sent you, Eata, to found * another abbey close to the river Tweed * in Melrose, which most prudently * yourself did lead and most graciously * you did govern and oversee * being a model to all the monks. (twice)

Hexham's flock was privileged * indeed and favoured as hierarch * to obtain you, Eata, * both holy and innocent * undefiled and gentle, * who not by compulsion, but willingly and humbly ruled * as imitator of Christ the Merciful; * whom we beseech you supplicate * those led astray by the heresies * to bring back to the Faith you preached * day and night most laboriously.

Though not famed nor prominent * Atcham is blessed and notable * as in England exclusively * it has a most seemly church * that is dedicated * to God's faithful servant * and godly leader of His flock * the peer of Angels, the glorious Eata; * therefore his gladsome memory, * it celebrates now with gratitude * and proclaims his most speedy help * in all harmful adversities.

Glory, in the second mode:

Eata, * the abbot of the monastery of Melrose, * a man most reverend and gentle, * the pastor of Lindisfarne * and prelate of Hexham, has sanctified this day * by his most blessed repose; * for having purified himself by ascetic labours, * he cleansed the consciences of many from dead works * to serve the living God; * and having himself become wise, by obedience to Aidan the imitator of the apostles, * he made many wise for salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus. * Wherefore, * hymning him at length as is meet, * let us cry aloud: * Protect us who honour you * with your intercession * and pray to the Lord* that our souls may be saved.

Both now. Theotokion.

At the coming of grace, the shadow of the law passed away. Just as the bush that burned was not consumed, so have you given birth and remained a virgin. Instead of a pillar of fire, the Sun of Righteousness shone forth; instead of Moses, Christ, the salvation of our souls appeared.

Entrance, Joyful Light...

Prokeimenon of the Day, and the Old Testament readings from the Vespers of St. Nicholas.



At the Liti, Idiomelon, mode 1.

Rejoice in the Lord, * little village of Atcham, having the only church in England * dedicated to blessed Eata; * invite the Scottish hamlet of Alvie * that enshrines his holy well * to join in the celebration, * together with the town of Hexham, * whose rational flock the godly bishop guided * and with one voice with them exclaim: * through the hierarch's intercessions, * save us, Master, * from all calamities.

Glory, in the 4th mode.

Let us praise with songs * Eata the venerable Hierarch, the adornment of Lindisfarne * and bishop of Hexham * for having excelled in the ascetic life * and shone forth like a good shepherd * he has been numbered to the choir of God's elect; * with whom he prays without ceasing * for the salvation of our souls.

Both now. Theotokion.

Guard your servants from dangers of every kind, O blessed Theotokos, so that we may glorify you, the hope of our souls.

Aposticha.

In mode II; Spec. Mel.: "Ὅτε εκ του ζόλου σε νεκρόν." –

When you went to live in Lindisfarne, * under holy Aidan's instruction, * your own will you gave up * and obedient utterly, * in all humility, * you were taught, blessed Eata, * God's law and commandments * and in the ascetic life * and combats you did excel; * therefore, to the County of Roxburgh * you were sent with Cuthbert and founded * by the river Tweed a new monastic house.

Verse: My mouth shall speak wisdom, and the meditation of my heart, understanding.

When a time of quarrels and affrays * did arise amongst
England's churches, * then, as a servant of God, * you
avoided all disputes, * and full of meekness and love *
you endeavoured concord to bring, * and heal the divisions; *
therefore Theodore the most wise * Eata, chose you to lead *
Christ's rational sheep in Bernicia; * and now pray with him to
the Saviour * for those who observe your sacred memory.

*Verse: The mouth of the righteous shall meditate on wisdom, and his
tongue shall speak of judgment.*

Having pleased your Master in your life * you received
from him, glorious father, * the grace of miracles * heal-
ing painful illnesses * and granting vigour and health *
and delivering many souls * from devil's possession, * Hexham's
shepherd Eata; * hence, we beseech you in faith: * save us from
manifold ailments * and all demonic oppression, * that we may
with gladness hymn your memory.

Glory, in the plagal 2nd mode.

Cheir of God, * fellow communicant of Christ, * minister
of the Lord, * holy Eata: * your name was according to
your life. * You were fortunate in virtues * and radiant
with the shining splendours * of the Comforter's gifts; * from
childhood you did follow your Master, * having crucified your
flesh; * and, having been adorned with the priesthood, * you did
offer unto God unbloody sacrifices*, sacrificing unto Him, * Who
for our sake was slaughtered like a lamb. * And now, divinely
blessed hierarch, * as one dwelling with the angels * pray to the
Saviour with them, * that He grant remission of sins to all * who
celebrate your sacred memory.

Both now. Theotokion. Mode pl. 2.

Theotokos, you are the true vine that produced the fruit
of life. Lady, we fervently entreat you to intercede along
with the Hierarch and all the saints, that our souls be
treated mercifully.

Troparion in the fourth mode. Spec. Mel.: - “Ταχὺ προκατάλαβε”

He abbot of Lindisfarne * and Hexham’s shepherd and guide, * the teacher of piety, * and Atcham’s patron and help, * with hymns let us gladly praise, * Eata the most blessed, * holy Aidan’s disciple, * the meek and just peacemaker, * and subduer of quarrels, * who to all that reverence him, * gushes forth streams of cures.

Glory. Both now. *Theotokion in the same mode.*

Theotokos, through you became manifest to us on earth the mystery, which was hid from eternity, and which the Angels themselves knew not: that God, uniting natures without confusion, becomes a man and accepts crucifixion for our salvation voluntarily. By virtue of this, resurrecting man whom He had first created, He saved our souls from death.

Dismissal.



AT MATINS

After the first reading from the Psalter, the Sessional Hymn, in the first mode: Spec. Melody: - “Τὸν τάφον σου Σωτήρ.”

He hierarch of Christ, * the peacemaker and humble, * the banisher of strife, * the promoter of concord, * Atcham’s guardian and succourer* rising early let us all praise * Eata the wise * today with hymns that befit him * supplicating him * to intercede with the Saviour to grant us abiding peace.

Glory...Both now. *Theotokion.*

Take pity on my soul, which is wretched, and steer it, * O Pure one, for I slipped beneath my many offenses * and into the deep abyss of perdition, O blameless one. * I implore you, save me from divine retribution * in that frightful hour of my death, as the demons * are hotly accusing me.

*After the second reading from the Psalter, the Sessional Hymn,
in the fourth mode: Spec. Melody: - "Ο Ὑψωθεῖς."*

With blessed Cuthbert your companion and fellow, * with John of Beverley, with Wilfrid and Acca* and Alchmund who succeeded you * do not cease to pray * for us who now honour you * and invoke your protection * Eata, glory of monks * and adornment of bishops, * and from all dangers do deliver us, * granting us, Father, your help in adversities.

Glory...Both now. *Theotokion.*

Who can relate my many sordid ideas * and my unseemly thoughts that rage like a blizzard, * for they should not be uttered, All-blameless One? * Also the disturbances from my bodiless opponents, * and their awful wickedness: who can fully describe them? * But I implore you to deliver me * from them, O Good One, * by your intercessory prayers..

After the Polyeleos, Sessional Hymn, in the plagal fourth mode: Τὴν Σοφίαν.

As a pupil of Aidan in Lindisfarne * you partook of his virtues and many gifts * and then you were sent by him * to build Melrose and shepherd it; * and then you were elected * as pastor and hierarch * of Hexham, and your sheepfold * you did govern prudently; * wherefore, blessed father, * God rewarded you richly * and gave you, Eata, healing power and dominance * over all pains and maladies. * Intercede with him, we pray you * that He grant forgiveness of iniquities * to those with longing observing * your most holy memory.

Glory...Both now. *Theotokion.*

Remember the judgment and I am scared. * Of the close inquisition I am afraid. * I fear, trembling at the thought of the verdict and punishment, * and of the pain of fire, the darkness, and Hell's abyss. * Alas! What shall I do in that hour on Judgment Day? * There will be the Judge's seat and books will be opened. * And there will be inquiry of the actions of everyone. * O my Lady, I entreat, * be to me a helper then, * I beseech you, and an ardent advocate. * For I, your servant, have you as my only hope.

Song of Ascents, the first antiphon of the fourth mode.

Prokeimenon, in the fourth mode:

My mouth shall speak wisdom, and the meditation of my heart, understanding. (2)

Verse: Hear this, all you nations; give ear, all you inhabitants of the world.

Let every breath praise the Lord Gospel according to John (See Matins of December 6th). Psalm 50 is read.

Glory. Mode ii.

At the intercessions of the holy hierarch, O Lord of mercy, blot out my many offences.

Both now.

At the intercessions of the Theotokos, O Lord of mercy, blot out my many offences.

Idiomelon. In the plagal second mode. Verse: Have mercy on me, O God...

Holy Hierarch Eata, * shunning envying and strife, * you did show by your good conduct * that your works were done in the meekness of wisdom; * hence you shone forth like the sun in the land of Bernicia, * and, filled with the doctrine of the apostles, you rightly divided the word of truth, * doing and teaching God's commandments. * And now cease not in your supplications to the Lord, that He preserve in peace those who honour your sacred memory.

Save, O God, your people etc.

Then follow the Canons:

The Canon of the Theotokos with 6 troparia (with the Irmos) and the Canon of the saint, with 8 troparia, the acrostic whereof is "Atcham does rejoice in you, O Eata. David" in Tone VIII –

Ode I. "Let us chant unto the Lord"

Atcham's speedy protector, * Eata the blessed let us all now praise; * for his commemoration * has today shone forth like a most radiant star.

Go Lindisfarne you were sent * the ascetics' island, glorious Eata, * and there by holy Aidan * you were taught God's commandments most thoroughly.

Carnal desires and passions * you did mortify and crucified your flesh, * and duly imitated * in your life the angelic hosts, Eata.

Theotokion.

Hear now my supplication, * Thetokos Virgin, and deliver me * from the assaults of demons * granting me peace abiding, most holy Queen.

Ode III. "You are the stronghold"

Aidan did most perfectly * teach you the Faith, that delivered was * once to the Saints * and to shun the fables * of malevolent heretics.

Weekness and humility, * prudence and temperance you did show * and you did guide * by your example * souls that God had entrusted you.

Demons' traps you did destroy * armed with the Cross, holy Eata * and like a sword * God's word having richly, in you dwelling, as Paul had said.

Theotokion.

How carelessly I live! * how enslaved have I been to sin! * Mother of God, * lead me to repentance, * your suppliant and shelter me.

Sessional Hymn. Mode plagal first. "Let us worship the Word."

You were frequent in prayers, * intent on works of alms * in season and out of season * you ardently preached the word * with longsuffering and love, * patience and fortitude; * wherefore the crown you received * from the hand of Christ our God, * Eata, shepherd of Hexham; * and now you pray without ceasing * for us who honour your illustrious feast.

Glory...Both now. Theotokion.

Impassable gateway of God the Lord, rejoice; * wall and shelter of those who take refuge in you. * Stormless haven, rejoice, O Maid who knew not man * and yet physically gave birth to your Creator and God. * Never cease interceding * on behalf of those extolling and worshiping the Son you bore.

Ode IV. "I have heard the report."

Eata was to Melrose sent * to create a new haven for the souls of men * who disdain the tumult of this world * and desire to follow Christ wholeheartedly.

Superstitious philosophies * and doctrines you vanquished, Eata, and did teach * to those steeped in sin and ignorance * God's holy commandments and imperatives.

Rippon praises joyously * your ascetic labours, Eata, and exults * in you and in Cuthbert who did aid * you to found it with the Almighty's help.

Theotokion.

Arnestly I entreat you now, * Mary Ever-Virgin, from my iniquities * and transgressions cleanse me thoroughly * and grant me contrition and humility.

Ode IV. "Sovereign Lord our God"

Jeremiah was * from his youth called by the Lord of Hosts; * and like him and Samuel, Eata, you were * also summoned by the Most High to preach the Good News.

Generous indeed * were your tasks and duties, Eata; * yet you could do all things strengthened by the Lord * who has chosen you to be a shepherd of his flock.

Implore Christ the Lord, * Eata most blessed hierarch, * to have mercy on us all who honour you * and who lovingly observe your sacred festival.

Theotokion.

Over us we pray * with your holy veil and set us free * from our passions and desires, Mother of God, * and in paths of God's commandments safely guide us all.

Ode VI. "Be gracious to me, O Lord"

Enlightened by God's own light * and full of wisdom and godliness, * you loathed fights and affrays * and strove to maintain the peace * in love and humility * leading by example * your rational sheepfold, Eata.

In Hexham you came and worked * untiringly and assiduously * until Christ the Lord was formed * in those you were pastoring * and you were shown forth to be * a most skilful steward * of God's grace, most pious Eata.

No human word is enough * to hymn your toils and your steadfastness! * and nobody can acclaim * your most holy life appropriately; * yet being kind, accept our hymns, * Eata, and grant us your assistance in adversities.

Theotokion.

Your tenderness and your love * indeed soothe the aching souls; * and all generations bless * you, as you did foretell; * rejoice, tower made of gold, * higher than the heavens, * Theotokos, * source of charity.

Kontakion, in Tone plagal fourth «Ὡς ἀπαρχάς».

As a God-pleasing hierarch, * and teacher of Orthodoxy, * the church of Britain, Eata, honours you * Hexham's chief shepherd, and cries out: * through your prayers do scatter * all heretical doctrines, * strife, error, and discord * and keep in peace abiding * those who now chant, Alleluia.

Ikos:

From the rising of the sun * to its going down the Lord's name is to be praised; * and from the village of Atcham in Shropshire, * to the Scottish hamlet of Alvie, * Christ's faithful servant Eata is known and venerated; * the former boasts in having his church * and the later prides itself in his well, * a source of healings for all who have recourse to him with love. * Let us then lay aside all filthiness and overflow of wickedness * and ask in faith, with no doubting, * for the holy hierarch's intercession * glorifying God who glorified him and chanting, Alleluia.

Synaxarion.

On the 25th day of October, Commemoration of our Father amongst the Saints, Eata, Bishop of Hexham, Patron of Atcham in Shropshire.

Eata whose name means fortunate and happy did righteously lead Hexham's flock as a bishop.

Close to the end of October Eata entered into his Master's joy.

And the rest of the synaxarion from the Menaion.

Ode VII. "Servants, descendants of the Hebrews"

Orphans we are now you are leaving * did your flock exclaim * when you commended, father, * your pure soul in the hands * of God whom you had followed * and loved with all your heart, * Eata, most pious pastor.

Anto your fathers you were added * having kept the faith * and your race having finished; * hence the crown from the Judge * the righteous you were given; * and now beseech Him for us all * who observe your celebration.

Obstinate being Thomas the bishop * he had wished to move * to York your holy relics; * but you came in his dream * and with your staff you stroke him * and ordered him to leave your bones, * blessed Eata, in Hexham.

Theotokion.

Fagerly, Virgin, your protection * and your shield we ask * to grant us and to save us * from demonic attacks * and scandals and temptations * that we may praise your mighty works * and with gratitude extoll you.

Ode VIII. "O praise and bless Him".

Alvie is boasting * having your well and your chapel, * Eata, adornment of monastics * and your feast does honour * praising the Lord for ever.

To you I flee now * and crave your help and protection * Eata, most blessed wonder-worker * though I am unworthy * trusting in your compassion.

Andrew the First-called * whose church you had as Cathedral * bring with you, father, as intercessor * and ask Christ to grant us * remission of our errors.

Theotokion.

Do not forsake me, * Mother of God, Ever Virgin; * save me from the wiliness of demons, * for below your shelter * I fly now for refuge.

Ode IX. "You are the Theotokos"

Hexham today rejoices * and with Hexham offers * to you a hymn of thanksgiving and gratitude, * Eata most blessed Father, * for all your miracles.

Wile are my lips and wicked * is my soul entirely; * but, in your charity, Eata, do accept * the praise I wrote for you, father * and pray for me to God.

In times of need and sorrow * we ask you to help us, * Eata hierarch divine, and to set us free, * from all temptations and dangers, * through your benevolence.

Theotokion

Deliver me your servant, * Virgin Theotokos, * from everlasting damnation and punishment, * and grant me time for repentance * that I may give you thanks.

Exapostilarion. Mode 2. On the mountain

The river Severn does flow round * village Atcham and waters * its lands and meadows; yet a spring * there exists in that village * which comforts those who are craving * the truly living water; * let us then hasten to the church * of Eata the blessed * there to partake * of the grace he gushes forth from his icon * and celebrate his memory * chanting hymns that befit him.

Theotokion.

All-holy Lady, Queen of all, * anticipate our perils, * anticipate our troubles all. * Be with us when we need you, * especially on our last day, * lest Satan or perdition * or Hades take us unopposed. * Rather may we without guilt on Judgment Day * stand before your Son's frightening tribunal. * For, as God's Mother, you can do * whatever you desire..

On the Praises, 4 Stichera, of the Saint, in the first mode: Spec. Mel:
“Τῶν οὐρανῶν ταχυδῶτων”

The little village of Atcham * in you rejoices today * having as priceless treasure * your own church, blessed father, * and Orthodox believers gather to praise, * your endeavours with holy hymns, * Eata, shepherd of Hexham * servant of Christ, *and subduer of the pagan myths.

Your modesty and your meekness * did make you glorious indeed; * your wisdom and your knowledge, * your devotion and kindness * convinced many to follow God's holy will, and forsake all the heathen gods; hence, you received from the Master and Lord of all *, Eata, the crown of righteousness.

Like the most blessed Elisha * you shew a similar sign: * for when they wished to transfer * your miraculous relics * from Hexham, you did chastise and twice you stroke * with your staff those who thus had thought; * and now, Eata, using again your staff * crush the demons' traps and snares.

With Aidan your holy teacher, * with Cuthbert whom you did train *, with Theodore the primate, * of God's sheepfold in England * and all the Saints who shone forth * throughout these lands * never cease to beseech the Lord, * Eata most holy pastor, to spare and save * your descendants who abandoned Him.

Glory, in the plagal first mode.

Having been trained in Lindisfarne * under Aidan the divinely wise * you were sent by him to found the Abbey of Melrose * assisted by Cuthbert the most venerable; * and when elected to shepherd Christ's rational sheep in Hexham * you chose as your cathedra * the abbey of Andrew * the first called Apostle of Christ; * hence, as a careful preserver of apostolic traditions, * you illumined with the Saviour's commandments * souls darkened by the vain conversation * received by tradition from their fathers; * and, having finished the good race, * you rested from your labours * and your works did follow you. * And now, Father Eata, standing before the throne of Christ * pray for those who honour you.

Both now. Theotokion.

Now we call you blessed, O Virgin Theotokos, and we glorify you, duty-bound as believers; the city unshakable, the wall indestructible, the firm and steadfast protection, and the place of refuge for our souls.

Great Doxology and Dismissal.



AT LITURGY:

On the Beatitudes, 8 Troparia from the Canon of the Saint (Odes iii and vi).

Apostle and Gospel of December 6th.

Communion verse: In everlasting memory...



Rubrics for the joint celebration of Saints Eata & Demetrios

At Vespers:

After the Introductory Psalm, we chant "Blessed is the man", the first stasis. On "Lord, I have cried...", we chant 4 stichera of the Martyr and 4 Stichera of the Hierarch. Glory... of the Martyr. Both now. Theotokion for the commemoration of the earthquake. OT Readings for the commemoration of the earthquake. At the Liti, the stichera of the Martyr, the stichera of the Hierarch and the doxastikon of the Saint who is more honoured locally.

At the Aposticha, the stichera of the Hierarch. Glory... of the Martyr. Both now. Theotokion. Dismissal Hymns: a) of the Martyr, Glory of the Hierarch, Both now. for the commemoration of the earthquake.

At Matins

Dismissal Hymns as at Vespers. After the 1st reading of the psalms, sessional hymns of the Martyr; after the 2nd reading of the psalms, sessional hymns of the Hierarch; after the Polyeleos, sessional hymns of both. Morning Gospel for the Hierarch and the following sticheron.

Canons: for the earthquake, the first canon of the Martyr and the canon of the Hierarch. After ode 3, kontakion and Ikos of the Hierarch, followed by sessional hymns of both. After ode 6, kontakion & Ikos of the Martyr and the Synaxarion. Catavasias "I shall open my mouth".

Exaposteilarion of the Martyr, then of the Hierarch and the Theotokion. At the praises, 3 stichera of the Martyr and 3 stichera of the Hierarch. Glory... of the Martyr. (or of the Hierarch if he is more honoured locally). Both now. Theotokion. After the Doxology, troparion of the Martyr (or of the Hierarch if he is more honoured locally).

At the Liturgy

At the Beatitudes, the 3rd Ode from the first canon of the Martyr and 6th Ode from the canon of the Hierarch. Kontakion "Protection of Christians". Apostle of the Martyr and Gospel of the Hierarch. Communion verse: "In everlasting memory"