



HOLY TRINITY ORTHODOX CHURCH

Parish Newsletter

RESTON

New Parish Center: 20937 Ashburn Rd., #110, Ashburn, VA 15 August 2020

He who loves his neighbor has fulfilled the Law.... "You shall love your neighbor as yourself." Love never wrongs the neighbor, hence love is the fulfillment of the Law. Romans 13.10 Hence, wearing a mask.

Readings for the Tenth Sunday after Pentecost—Tone I
Marking the Feast of the Dormition

READING FROM THE PROPHECY OF EZEKIEL.

Read as an allegory applying to the Virgin Mary.

43.1–7, 44.1–2 The Lord took me to the gate [of the Temple], the one facing east. I saw the glory of the God of Israel approaching from the east. A sound came with it, like the sound of the ocean, and the earth shone with his glory. This vision was like the one I had seen when I had come for the destruction of the city, and like the one I had seen on the bank of the river Chebar. Then I bowed down low. The glory of the Lord arrived at the Temple by the east gate. The spirit lifted me up and brought me into the inner court; I saw the glory of the Lord fill the Temple. And I heard someone speaking to me from the Temple while the man stood beside me. The voice said, "Son of man, this is the dais of my throne, the step on which I rest my feet. I shall live here among the sons of Israel for ever...."

He brought me back to the outer east gate of the sanctuary. It was shut. The Lord said to me, "This gate will be kept shut. No one will open it or go through it, since the Lord, the God of Israel, has been through it. And so it must be kept shut."

PROKIMENON, Tone II

Reader: The prokimenon of the third tone: **My soul proclaims the greatness of the Lord, * and my spirit rejoices in God my savior. [Lk. 1.46].**

CANTICLE OF THE THEOTOKOS Luke 1.46–55

My soul proclaims the greatness of the Lord, and my spirit rejoices in God my saviour. For so

tenderly has he looked upon his handmaid, humble as she is; from this day forth all generations will call me bless'd.

So wonderfully has he dealt with me, the Almighty! Holy is his name, and his mercy reaches out from age to age, to those who revere him.

The deeds his own right arm has done disclose his might: he routs the arrogant of heart and mind, he has torn imperial powers from their thrones, and raised the humble ones on high.

He has filled the hungry with everything good, and the rich he has sent away with empty hands.

He has ranged himself on the side of Israel, his servant, mindful of his mercy—in favor of Abraham and all his children, forever.

Reader: My soul proclaims the greatness of the Lord. People: And my spirit rejoices in God my saviour.

READING FROM PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE PHILIPPIANS.

BRETHREN:^{2,5} Have among yourselves the same attitude that is also yours in Christ Jesus, ⁶ Who, though he was in the form of God, [*unlike Adam—Ed.*] did not regard equality with God something to be grasped. ⁷ Rather, he emptied himself, taking the form of a slave, coming in human likeness; and found human in appearance, ⁸ he humbled himself, becoming obedient to death, even death on a cross. ⁹ Because of this, God greatly exalted him and bestowed on him the name that is above every name, ¹⁰ that at the name of Jesus every knee should bend, of those in heaven and on earth and under the earth, ¹¹ and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God and Father.

ALLELUIA

PSALM 131

NOTE: A messianic psalm (cf. vv.17,18 and Lk. 1.69) and song for a liturgical ceremony in which the ark, the throne of the God of Israel, was carried in procession to the temple in Jerusalem. From Christian antiquity the ark is looked upon as a symbol of the Theotokos in her wondrous maternity.

⁸Advance, O Lord, to your resting place; you and the ark of your majesty.

⁹Let your priests be vested in righteousness; let the faithful shout for joy. ¹⁰For the sake of David, your servant, do not reject your anointed one.

¹¹The Lord has sworn to David, and he will not go back on his word: One of your own issue will I set on your throne....

¹³For the Lord has chosen Sion; he wants it for his dwelling: ¹⁴This is my resting place forever; here I will dwell, for I prefer it.

¹⁵I will richly provide for its needs; I will satisfy her poor with bread. ¹⁶I will vest her priests in salvation, and her faithful will shout for joy.

¹⁷There I will make David's strength blossom forth, and a lamp shall burn for my anointed.

¹⁸I will cover his enemies with shame, while on him his crown shall sparkle.

READING FROM THE HOLY GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LUKE:

Read on Mary's feasts as a simile.

AT THAT TIME:^{10.38-42} As they continued their journey he entered a village where a woman whose name was Martha welcomed him. ³⁹ She had a sister named Mary who sat beside the Lord at his feet listening to him speak. ⁴⁰ Martha, burdened with much serving, came to him and said, "Lord, do you not care that my sister has left me by myself to do the serving? Tell her to help me." ⁴¹ The Lord said to her in reply, "Martha, Martha, you are anxious and worried about many things. ⁴² There is need of only one thing. Mary has chosen the better part and it will not be taken from her."

^{11.27-28} While he was speaking, a woman from the crowd called out and said to him, "Bless'd is the womb that carried you and the breasts at which you nursed." ²⁸ He replied, "Rather, bless'd are those who hear the word of God and observe it." [*Which is how Luke describes the Mother of Jesus early in his Gospel—Ed.*]

TROPARION, Tone I

In childbirth, you remained a virgin,* and in your dormition you did not forsake this world, O Theotokos.* For you who are the mother of life,* have yourself passed into life.* And by your prayers, you deliver our souls* from everlasting death.

ΥΠΑΚΟË, Tone VI (PALESTINIAN TROPARION)

We join all generations in calling you blest, O virgin Theotokos,* for Christ, our God, who cannot be contained, was pleased to be contained in you.* But we too are bless'd, for we enjoy your constant help and protection:* Day and night you intercede for us,* and it is your prayer that strengthens us day after day.* For this we praise you today, crying out to you in song:* Joy to you, O Full of Grace, the Lord is with you.

KONDAKION, Tone II

In prayer, watchful and constant is she at all times,* and all who seek her help are soon consoled by her unfailing aid.* Neither death nor tomb held any power over her,* for, as the mother of Christ, the Life, she was taken into life* by that very one who deigned to dwell in her ever-virgin womb.

THE ÉKTENY or FERVENT PRAYER (Ancient Penitential Litany and Prayer)

Let us all say with our whole soul,
and with our whole mind let us say:
Lord, have mercy.

O Lord almighty! O God of our fathers!
We pray you. Hear us and have mercy.

Have mercy on us, O God,
according to your great mercy!

We pray you. Hear us and have mercy.

Again we pray:

For devout and Orthodox Christians.

For our Archbishop Tikhon.

For Emilia's daughter Elizabeth, and for all who have asked for our prayers: we pray for mercy, life, peace, health, salvation, visitation, pardon, and remission of their sins.

For Orthodox Christians who are made to suffer on account of Christ, and we pray for those who persecute them.

For Orthodox Christians and indeed all men who are victims of war and civil strife [and terror], of hunger and want, of intolerance and injustice.

For physicians, nurses, care-givers, and all serving those infected with the virus; and for the thousands who have succumbed to the disease—and for all who will die today.

PRAYER OF THE ÉKTENY

Lord our God, accept this fervent prayer from your servants, and have mercy on us according to the greatness of your mercy. Send down your compassionate help upon us and upon all your people awaiting the rich mercy that comes from you.

For you are God, merciful and loving to man, and we render glory to you—to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit: now and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.

Remembering Terry Peet. It's been a year.

We reprise the obituary sent out by his brother.

Father Deacon Simeon (we, of course, knew him as Terry) C. Peet, 74, of Binghamton, NY, born August 22, 1944 in Penn Yan, NY, fell asleep in the Lord on Friday, August 16, 2019 at Our Lady of Lourdes Hospital after a 23 year battle with cancer. Fr. Simeon was predeceased by his parents, Charles H. Peet Jr. and Grace L. Terry and friend of 45 years, Peter H. Bridge. He is survived by a younger brother, Charles H. III of St. Catharines, Ontario, a cousin Randy Bennett Robinson (Aaron) of Shohola, PA and many good friends. Fr. Simeon attended Johnson City secondary schools, was graduated from Georgetown University's School of Language and Linguistics in 1967 and did graduate work in biblical Hebrew and Aramaic for three years at The Catholic University of America's

Department of Semitic and Egyptian Languages and Literatures and Koine Greek at the University of Richmond; he studied and read many languages, but spoke only a few [*Terry was fluent in Italian, German, and Spanish—Ed.*]. He retired from the Library of Congress in April 2000 after 33 years of service having been head of the Hispanic Acquisitions Program for more than a decade. His interests included early ecclesiastical history, Byzantine studies, Middle American Indians, philately, genealogy, art, bicycling, birding, Carder Steuben glass, wine, single malt Scotch whiskies, art and classical music; with Peter Bridge he created a bequest of over 200 works of art and a complementary endowment to the Binghamton University Art Museum to support conservation and curation; he was an inveterate traveler in all 50 states and more than 50 countries, with a particular love for Italy and the American Southwest, author of nine books [specifically on the Peet/Peak family geneology—Ed.], editor of three, and author of numerous articles in various journals. He relocated to his hometown area in late 2004 and was ordained to the Holy Diaconate in 2012. In spite of his growing infirmities he continued an active schedule of his diaconal ministry up until a few days of his death.

His funeral, August 21, 2019, at Dormition of the Virgin Mary Orthodox Church, Binghamton, NY. Burial at Floral Park Cemetery, Johnson City, NY.

Grant eternal rest to your servant, the deacon Terry, Lord. Let his memory be eternal.

Terry commissioned this *epitáphios/ plaščanica* in 1984. And when he served as treasurer, he drew on his circle of friends to make for us a proper set of financial records. Terry came to us when we were still in Lake Anne Hall, having been a parishioner in the Romanian parish in Baileys Crossroads.

