



Coptic Orthodox Diocese of the Southern United States

Monthly Message for the Monastic and Consecrated Servants

April 2015

My Lord, my Beloved God –

I bow before You in awe of Your love and I thank You from the depth of my heart for the abundance of Your blessings. O Lord, what can I, Your poor servant, offer You for all Your benefits towards me?¹ The gift of Your love humbles me and empowers me, and by Your grace, I declare that, *“I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.”*²

As the reenactment of Your glorious resurrection begins, I close my eyes and contemplate that while we were still sinners, You died for us.³ O Lord, how great is Your love. *“You have brought my soul up from the grave”*⁴ and I ask You, my Beloved, to grant me the strength to put off the old man and rise, renewed in the spirit of my mind.⁵ Grant that I may let go of yesterday’s sorrows and renew my strength⁶ in You. Help me lift up my cross that I let fall behind me, and allow me to carry it once again, walking in the footsteps You have imprinted for me with Your blood, my Beloved Lord and Savior.

O Lord, I desire to take up my cross and carry it with all my heart, with all my soul, with all my mind, and with all my strength⁷ and to declare my love for You with every step that I take. Grant me the grace to rise when I fall and to persevere through adversity until the end, for if we are united together in the likeness of Your death, certainly we also shall be in the likeness of Your resurrection⁸ and I desire nothing more than to do Your will and to serve You.

O Lord, grant me to rise from fear, to live only one day at a time and to live that day at its fullest for You. Grant that I should rise from the hardness of my heart and to love my brethren – to continually deny my will for the sake of theirs. Grant Lord, that I should

¹ Ps. 116:12

² Ps. 23:6

³ Rom. 5:8

⁴ Ps. 30:3

⁵ Eph. 4:23

⁶ Isa. 40:31

⁷ Mark 12:30

⁸ Rom. 6:5

rise from the death of pride and serve every soul with a humble and cheerful heart regardless of whether or not the circumstances are what I desire.

Help me Lord, to rise from the death of routine and grant me the grace to praise you with my heart, not just my lips.⁹ Grant me the gift of silence so that no words or thoughts may prevent me from hearing Your will. Keep me far from the glory of this world for its evils are quick to separate me from Your love.

Grant me, O my Beloved, the gift of being always in Your presence – that in all times, whether in service or in solitude, I may glorify Your Holy and Blessed name. Keep me from the devastating sin of despair – cover me with Your feathers and allow me refuge under Your wings¹⁰ so that when I stumble, I may pick up my cross and press on,¹¹ for there is no servant without sin, nor master without forgiveness.¹²

Grant Lord, that I may not desire to hide my weaknesses, but that I may humbly expose to You the secrets of my heart – *“Search me, O God, and know my heart; □try me, and know my anxieties; and see if there is any wicked way in me, □and lead me in the way everlasting.”*¹³

O Beloved, how greatly You suffered so that I may be resurrected with You. I ask You Lord, to grant me the grace to rise and to live worthy of my calling so that everyday I may say, *“it is no longer I who live, but Christ lives in me.”*¹⁴

My only desire is You.

Glory be to You, O God, forever. Amen.

⁹ Matt. 15:8

¹⁰ Ps. 91:4

¹¹ Phil. 3:12

¹² Taken from a hymn chanted during the Great Lent

¹³ Ps. 139:23-24

¹⁴ Gal. 2:20