ESTABLISH YOUR KINGDOM
WITHIN ME,
O HOLY RESURRECTION!

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THE BELIEVER'S SOUL
AND
THE EVENTS OF THE HOLY PASCHA

Ｗ With every Paschal (Holy) Week, the believer’s soul gets to touch Christ who is the desire of her heart, and she finds in Him her life, her satisfaction, her joy, her resurrection, and her glory.
Ｗ She sees on Palm Sunday her Christ raising a new kingdom, and founding within it a divine new city, and a new altar.
Ｗ On Paschal (Holy) Monday, she sees her Christ, the Vinedresser, setting up His paradise inside her, instead of the fruitless fig tree.
Ｗ On Paschal (Holy) Tuesday, she throws herself in the bosom of her Heavenly Groom, who has prepared His heavens a wedding chamber for her.
Ｗ On Paschal (Holy) Wednesday, she sees Him as her advocate who bears for her the intrigue of the wicked people; removing all deceit, so we can enjoy His honest and sincere nature.
Ｗ On Maundy Thursday, she sees her Master serving her. He offers her His broken body and His shed blood to purify her completely.
Ｗ On Good Friday, she watches the cross and sees Him stretching His arms to embrace her, with all the believers, and enter with them to His Father's bosom. He reconciles the soul with the peoples, and with the Heavenly Father; and unifies the earthly and the heavenly creations.
Ｗ On Bright Saturday, the soul darts to Hades, to find its bolts broken, and to see the Savior carrying the plunder on His shoulders. This plunder are the souls of those who died hoping for His salvation. They dart joyously to the open-gated Paradise.
Ｗ On Easter Sunday, she enjoys Him as a the Conqueror of her battle against darkness and the grave. He gives her victory over the last enemy which is death.

In your hands, my beloved, meditations - or rather, prayers - in which the soul praises Christ who gives her new glorious gifts every day:
Ｗ The New Kingdom (Palm Sunday).
Ｗ The Lost Paradise (Paschal Monday).
Ｗ The Heavenly Wedding (Paschal Tuesday).
Ｗ The Defending Advocate (Paschal Wednesday).
Ｗ The Divine Servant (Maundy Thursday).
Ｗ The Intercessor who offers reconciliation and unity (Good Friday).
Ｗ The Conqueror of the Bolts of Hades (Bright Saturday).
Ｗ The Conqueror of Death (Easter Sunday).
Inspirations of Palm Sunday

WELCOME TO THE WONDERFUL LAMB
WITHIN MY INMOST

The prophets saw You over the ages. Your Divine promise was fulfilled:
Behold, the Kingdom of God is within you.
Zechariah saw You entering Jerusalem in Your wonderful procession;
He shouted, “Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion,
shout, O daughter of Jerusalem”.
Let my soul shout within me, praising with the heavenly orders:
Come in! O lowly King, who rides on a donkey, a colt, the foal of a donkey.
Welcome to Your procession in my inmost soul.
The shepherds entered with a procession of sheep,
Tens-of-thousand over tens-of-thousand are sold to be kept in the Israelites’ homes,
They slaughter them, and eat them. They are consumed,... they do not come back!
Not a single sheep can enter my heart.
You are the Wonderful Lamb of God!
You enter my Jerusalem, not to ask me to pay a price,
But You pay my price, and own me.
You enter my inmost, and You offer Your blood as a price to set me free from Satan’s bondage!
Dwell in my heart all the days of my expatriation, thus You keep me in Your Father’s bosom forever!
In You, I become a sacrifice of love,
...and is considered a priest, O Most High Priest.

WELCOME TO YOU
IN YOUR ROYAL PROCESSION IN MY HEART

You did not enter Jerusalem furtively,
and You were not alone. Enter in Your procession into my heart!
With love, make my heart wide enough to accept everyone for Your sake.
In front of You, the gates of my Jerusalem are open, Your holy city. I will accept even those who harass me and persecute me, with love!

I know that You will not enter alone.
You want to establish Your kingdom in me.
Let the earthly and the celestial enter,
and meet with You in my inmost soul!

WELCOME TO YOU IN YOUR TEMPLE

Enter my Jerusalem with the masses.
Demolish the stone temple,
and in three days re-edify it,
Instead of the inanimate stone,
raise from me a living stone,
then I become a pillar in Your Father’s temple!
Drive out from within me those who sell doves and
the moneychangers,
Cast away from me all what defiles Your holy temple.
Reign over my inmost, Your wonderful temple!

PRACTICE YOUR DIVINE WORK IN YOUR TEMPLE

In my inmost there lay multitude of blind, lame and deaf ... 
and many sick people!
Let every soul which lost her wellness through sin, enter with 
You.
Grant her vision and hearing, and open her mouth so she can 
praise You!
Yes, because of sin they hated me.
Let them enter with You in my inmost where they can find You, 
O healer of souls and bodies!

Why should I ask from others?
I am also sick!
Open my insight, so I can see You; a King reigning over me!
Grant me the spiritual ears to hear, 
so I can hear Your voice, and fulfil Your will!
Grant me an inner mouth, which never ceases to praise You. 
Sharing the celestials their joyful shouts!

Grant me holy feelings, 
So my heart would move to a truthful alter, 
where the frankincense of mercy is burnt, 
and everybody smells its fragrant aroma within me!
Inspirations of Pascal Monday

HE PLANTED ME, A FRUITFUL PARADISE.

(todo)

In Palm Sunday Christ entered Jerusalem a King. His Royal Palace was not Solomon’s stone Temple, but the souls of those who believed; the living stones. He said to His disciples: “Destroy this temple, and within three days I will build another.” ... He has established His kingdom in us, and has deviated our hearts to His Royal Palace by the strength of His resurrection.

In Pascal Monday the readings are concentrated on the fig tree which Christ cursed and it withered away. The prophetic readings talk about the destruction of the Israelite fields .... Finally, they present to us the words of Christ the Lord: “Most assuredly, I say unto you, unless a grain of wheat falls into the ground and dies, it remains alone; but if it dies, it produces much grain.” Jn. 12:24

It was necessary that He plucks up the fruitless trees of our field, to plant Himself in us ‘the grain of wheat’, then He establishes a new field, or a garden instead of the lost paradise!

LET MY BELOVED ENTER HIS GARDEN

(todo)

LAND FLOWING WITH MILK AND HONEY

(todo)
How come I see You hungry through my poor brethren!?
You have nothing to eat, You have no place to rest Your head!
The walls of my heart are aching!!!
You made me lack nothing,
and I offered You nothing of what You have given me.
Curse the fig tree which is in me!

Sew in me wheat and barley, so men and beasts can eat together!
Plant in me vines, fig trees and pomegranates,
so everybody can drink of the grape juice.
Everybody eats from Your fruits ...

Yes, as You entered Jerusalem, in the promised land,
enter my inner Jerusalem.
Make Your promised land in my inmost.
Enter with Your people from the wilderness to my inmost.
I will lack nothing!

WOE UNTO ME, I LOST MY PARADISE.

For me You established the Garden of Eden,
I should have enjoyed it with my parents, Adam and Eve!
But, unwisely, I surrendered the paradise to the enemy, and lost it. Behold, all prophets inherited my lost paradise

Zephaniah heard my God’s voice saying:
“I will consume man and beast;
I will consume the birds of the heavens, the fish of the sea.”
(Zeph.1:2)
Joel the prophet saw the swarms of locust invading my paradise,
and he shouted,
“What the chewing locust left, the swarming locust has eaten;
What the swarming locust left, the crawling locust has eaten;
And what the crawling locust left, the consuming locust has eaten. Fire has devoured the open pastures,
And a flame has burned all the trees of the field,
The beasts of the field also cry out to You.” (Joel 1:4,19,20)

Because my heart did not mind the destruction, the beasts of the wilderness cried out to You:
“The beasts of the field cry out to You,
For the water brooks are dried up,
And fire has devoured the open pastures.” (Joel 1:20)
As a result of my sins I lost my paradise.
The successive locust groups swarmed it,
It was burnt by fire, the enemy extorted it from me...

I wonder who is going to return my paradise to me?
Come to me as a grain of wheat,
Throw Yourself in my field,
You die, and establish a new fruitful paradise.
Yes, who is going to return to me the inner fruit,
But You, O life-giving seed?

You threw Yourself in the grave,
You were buried as a dead,
And returned to me my fruitful paradise!!
Inspirations of Paschal Tuesday

AN ETERNAL WEDDING

❖ In the events of **Palm Sunday**, we see our Christ King of Kings, making of each soul a queen and a throne at the same time. She sits with the King of Kings, and bears His kingdom within her. He establishes His Royal Palace within her inmost.. and an everlasting kingdom of joy.

❖ In the events of **Paschal Monday**, the Divine Vinedresser plucks up every tree which His Father did not plant in the soul. He uproots the unfruitful fig tree, and plants His cross, a tree of life. The soul becomes a heavenly paradise, flooded with gifts, and in it run brooks of life-giving waters. Our Christ rejoices over this paradise of His. He calls on His heavenly friends to eat, drink, rejoice and exult over the delicious fruit of the Spirit inside the souls of the believers.

❖ But in the events of **Paschal Tuesday**, our Christ presents Himself a Heavenly Groom betrothing the soul which has already received her certificate of divorce by reason of her adultery. She was expelled from the heavenly wedding home. Now her Groom declares Himself, not out of boasting, but to bestow His features on her, and to prepare her as a heavenly bride, a queen who has the right to the heaven of heavens,.. to sit on the right-hand side of the King. She continues to be joyous. Her wedding never ceases, and she never ages nor becomes bored. On this day, Jesus met with the Pharisees and the Sadducees who came and “plotted how they might entangle Him in His talk” (Mt.22:15-40). They proved that they were not worthy for the eternal matrimonial life; especially that the Sadducees denied the resurrection. Jesus met also with His disciples and the masses to prepare them for the eternal wedding.

❖ While the chiefs of the Jews (representing the unfaithful wife,) took council against Him to kill Him (Mt.26:1-16;) He found a place to rest in Bethany [House of toil], the church, His bride who is suffering with Him.

A TIME FOR LOVE

❖ Because of the defilement of my heart, I received my divorce certificate,
My soul, in its filthiness, became desolate,
She lost the reason for her life and joy.
What did you do for me, O my heart’s desires?

❖ You came to me like a flying eagle, like the king of birds (Ex.19:4)
Your Holy Spirit carried me, I would fly as by a dove’s wings,
You support me with Your strength, and carry me on Your wings. You give me the wings of the Spirit, and I fly to heaven!

❖ You came down to my land
You carried me on Your wings like a great eagle!
You raised me to You, O wonderful Groom!

❖ I was like a defiled divorcée, in the mud of sin,
And I became a heavenly bride, conformed to the angels!

❖ You are reassuring me:
“If you are from beneath; I am from above..” (Jn.8:23)
so I could cling to You, and become from beneath no more,
Surely I would say with You:
‘Through You I am from above, I am no more from this world.
THE NEW MATRIMONIAL HOME

 Why am I seeing You crying over my Jerusalem? The one who kills the prophets and stones those who are sent to her! Instead of receiving Your friends and Your messengers, O Groom, She killed, and she stoned... It was changed from a matrimonial home, into a den for violence and injustice.

 Demolish what is inside of me, My old Jerusalem, Erect of me a new Jerusalem, The new matrimonial home

 You come to me to gather me like a little chick under the compassionate mother’s wing Under Your wing I find refuge, There I settle and be comfortable There I meet You, as in a matrimonial home.

 I see You extending Your arms on the cross, Like the chicken’s wings, under which I would be warmed; And enjoy the love and tenderness which I am missing from everyone.

 You promised me; “here ”no one stone be left here upon another, that shall not be thrown down.” You promised to hug me under Your wings. Let the old matrimonial house be demolished, will all memories of infidelity, and edify for me, under Your wings, the new home, the home of eternal wedding!

A UNIQUE WEDDING BANQUET

 You descended from Your heavens, seeking my wedding ceremony I offered You a fig tree on the road. You were hungry, but You found it fruitless.

 But You offered me the “table of Wisdom”. (Prov.9:2) You gave it to me, a wedding gift. You called me from the streets and alleys, and admitted me to the wedding ceremony. You extended Your hand with the knife of love, and offered Yourself a Love Sacrifice ... O Greatest High Priest! What a unique and satisfying banquet!

 You mixed Your wine to fill me with joy (Prov. 9:1) You offered me Yourself, an oil with which I fill my lamp. I become like the wise virgins, rejoicing in uniting with You! You are the Oil which is hidden in my inmost, You are the Heavenly Wisdom which fills my heart, You lighten my soul’s lamp with the light of wisdom, I walk in the light rejoicing.

WHAT A WONDERFUL GROOM YOU ARE

 You are wonderful in choosing me, And You are amazing in setting the time of betrothing me! All Your deeds are wonderful! Who is like You, the Groom of my soul?!

 You betrothed me in my most bitter moments. You extended Your hand to betroth me, when the chiefs were plotting to kill You! Everybody was boiling in rage, while You declared Yourself with love.
The Son of the Heavenly King is asking my hand to unite with Him! (Mt. 22:2)

 TMZ You are amazing in Your humility (Mt. 25:35) Which groom appears hungry to his bride, Asking her a piece of bread?! You are the One who feeds all creation, But You ask for a material piece of bread, You are the Bread who descended from heaven. The satisfying bread of the angels!

 TMZ You appear thirsty, asking for water from a bucket, You, O Creator of springs, and Giver of the Living Water!

 TMZ You appear as a stranger, so Your bride would shelter You, While You fill heavens and earth with Your Divinity!

 TMZ You appear naked, for Your bride to clothe You While You clothe Your creation with Your glory.

 TMZ You present Yourself as a sick man asking her to visit You, You are the One who gives the wellness, Heavenly Healer, and Divine Remedy who cures the soul!

 TMZ You are not ashamed to call Yourself a prisoner, And ask Your bride to visit You. And, in fact, You are the freedom giver, You undo all bonds, and crush the bolts of Hades!

 TMZ You are amazing in Your modesty, O Groom, You consider all little needy ones as Your brothers. You call me with my brothers: “Come you blessed of My Father inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.”!
The adulterous woman looked around, and found no merciful heart which would have compassion for her. She found nobody to care for her or tend her. Many desired her beauty and offered her money to satisfy the lust of their flesh in selfishness. Others were disgusted of her, and avoided touching her lest they should be defiled; but their thoughts had the same weakness. She discovered her Living Redeemer in the house of Simon the Pharisee. She sold all her possessions and bought a fragrant oil to anoint His feet. She came speaking with her tears when her tongue could not express her feelings. She gained what the Pharisee could not gain.

This was what an unknown woman did; but the disciple who was entrusted with the money box, made of the love of money his trustee. He was not satisfied with all the money which was in the box, so he entered the temple, not to offer a sincere spiritual worship, but to commit the worst crime of infidelity known to mankind. He asked for the price of a slave to sell his Creator, and led the procession of thieves to deliver his Savior with a kiss!

WHO CAN SHEPHERD ME LIKE YOU?

You are my Living Guardian, Who is going to love me and care for me like You?! Your grace attracts me out of the house of sin, Guides me to the way, O the Way. I will sell all my possessions, To offer a pure fragrant oil of love to You!

Grant me to go out with the woman who was a sinner, from the house of sin, The flatter of the bodily won’t deceive me, the gaze and the words of the critics won’t crush me. Uphold my vision on You, O my Living Guardian!

Grant me O Lord a fountain of many tears, Like that which You granted the woman who was a sinner, Then, I will meet You everywhere, And speak with You with the language of prayer, The language of the heart which nobody can hear but You! How many times did my mouth shout, and my lips move? But I dread hearing Your words: “Not everyone who says; Lord! Lord! will enter the kingdom of heaven.” Teach me how to speak with You, To see the tears of my heart! To hear the sighs of my inner soul.

I FEAR MY CLOTHES

Judas put on the discipleship clothes for You, and took the post of the treasurer. He changed his clothes and his post for his destruction, because he did not care about his salvation.

I cry with Saint John Saba: “I fear my black clothes! I fear the clerical robe, lest it becomes a soother! I fear that Your grace changes to rage because of my Hypocrisy.”

Let me cry from my inmost with Saint John Crysostom: “I wonder how can a Bishop be saved!” Grant me a life of caution, but without despair! Fill my life with hope, but with no slackness!

The woman who was a sinner kissed You, and You were her Guardian.
You paid her debt,
But Your disciple misused Your love and Your gentleness!

† You bowed down and washed his feet,
but he did not give his heart to You to wash it!
Grant me to bow down with the woman who was a sinner,
And wash Your feet with Your immaculate blood!

† Let me look for You, and run after You,
And find You, even in the Pharisee’s house.
You who fills heaven and earth with Your Divinity.

† Grant me to seek You with her,
But I am in need of Your grace to attract me to You

† Grant me not to busy myself with my outer clothes,
Like the Pharisee who busied himself with his Pharisees’ clothes.
Lest You be in my house and I couldn’t see You,
Just like the blind Pharisee.
Grant me humility,
That You would clear my insight, and I would meet with You!

† Two persons busied themselves with their clothes,
one of the Old Testament, and the other of the New Testament.
Let me not be the third one!

† The Pharisee busied himself with his Pharisaism,
and Judas busied himself with his discipleship’s outer clothes.
But the woman busied herself with her inmost soul,
and she enjoyed the dwelling of the Lord Christ in her.

YOU TOOK THE LAST PLACE OF THE SERVANTS’ LINES
LORD OF EVERYONE

† It is not strange that Your disciple priced You with the price of a slave,

He counseled with the leaders to deliver You for thirty pieces of silver!
But what amazes my soul is that You took the last place of the servants’ lines, O Lord of all!

† Whoever among the slaves would find his pleasure in bowing down to wash others’ feet?!
Whoever among the slaves would rejoice when he gives his own flesh and blood an offering for the others?

† What would I call You, O my Creator and Savior?
How could You bow in front of my feet to wash them?!
My odor stinks by corruption!
My nature has corrupted!
How could You touch my feet, You are the One in front of whom kneel the heavenly creatures?
How do You offer me Your body and blood, a sacrifice; and You are the Life-giver?!

† The Lord has become a servant and a slave, and He finds His pleasure in serving His slaves,
Not unwillingly, but out of surpassing love.
I, the slave, in the pride of my heart, wanted to become a master!
Inspirations of Maundy Thursday

AT THE END OF THE SLAVES’ ROWS

❖ Christ the Lord approaches the believer’s soul on Palm Sunday as the King of Kings, to make of her a queen and a Royal Throne.

On Paschal Monday He presents Himself as the Vinedresser who makes of her His fruitful paradise.

On Paschal Tuesday He approaches her as the Heavenly Groom and carries her to His eternal bridal room.

On Paschal Wednesday He appears as the Guardian of the soul. He rushes her out of the house of sin, and admits her into Himself, redeemed with His blood, together with the woman who was a sinner, who had poured the fragrant oil of her love over His feet; while the Pharisee rejected the Lord from being his Guardian. Judas, the unfaithful disciple, did the same thing.

On Maundy Thursday the Lord Jesus Christ approaches the believer’s soul as her Servant. Moreover, He would rather occupy the last place of the servants’ row, willingly!

❖ This was what tugged St. Paul’s heart; when he saw the Creator of heavens and earth had willingly taken the shape of a slave. He, then, said: “Who, being in the form of God, did not consider it robbery to be equal with God, but made Himself of no reputation, taking the form of a servant, and coming in the likeness of men; And being found in appearance as a man, He humbled Himself and become obedient to the point of death, even the death of the cross.” (Phil.2:6-8)

❖ What a difference between the slavery of servants, which denotes crushing and humiliation of the soul; and the ‘slavery’ of the Master of Everyone, who, through His love occupied a place at the end of the servants’ row, to request, not only from the masters, but also from the servants, to extend their feet and allow Him to wash them with His hands. He is begging them to accept His task as a servant.

❖ He did not stop at washing of the feet, but, on the same day, He offered His body and His blood a redemption for those whom He served! He is requesting from them to offer their hearts, and all their inmost soul, to Him to wash with His precious blood. He ‘plant’ them in Him by the offering of His flesh and blood, so His blood would flow in theirs.

❖ You accepted being a servant,
You, to whom all the heavenly creation bow down!
You ask me to give You my dirty feet,
To wash with Your hands, O Most Holy!

❖ Grant me to share Your love.
I desire to enslave my self with You for all, so I would win many.
Grant me to enter a race,
Running towards You, and become a servant with You.

❖ Extend, O Lord. Your hand with mine,
so I may wash with Your love which works in me, the feet of my brethren.
When can I die with You, so my brethren would live, and enjoy Your glory?!

❖ With You slavery becomes more precious than any believer’s freedom!
With You the humiliation and shame change to honor and glory!

I ENSLAVED MYSELF TO ALL

❖ Grant me with Saul of Tarsus to see You in heaven,
Then I will desire to share Your slavery, O Freedom-giver!

❖ Let me enslave myself to everyone, to win many for You!
How sweet is slavery with You!
With Your slavery You showed me how great is freedom,
Not the selfish, proud freedom; but the freedom of enslaving
myself to others.
With You I wash others’ feet, suffer, and others find comfort.
I die, and all live!

 قادر أن أkreśl أنني كنت أ愉ه من تحرر عالمي،
لأن أبرناك يعيشون به. يطبع يعطاني السعادة من غسل الأقدام،
وتعظيم التضحية للرفوعة من الآخرين!

When are You going to carry me to the servants’ lines?
I cannot hope for their last line.
I will not force myself to Your position, O the Wonderful One in
His humility and love.
Embrace me, so I would unite with You, and gain the servants’
glory!

Graft me in You, O Veritable Vine

 قادر أن يعتنيني أنني لم يعالي من تحميل عالمي،
لأنه أكرر أنني أدرت من تحرر عالمي.
أعطني الفرصة لتجربة سعادة غسل الأقدام،
وتعظيم التضحية للرفوعة من الآخرين!

And you will leave me alone!

 قادر أن يعتنيني أنني لم يعالي من تحميل عالمي،
لأنه أكرر أنني أدرت من تحرر عالمي.
أعطني الفرصة لتجربة سعادة غسل الأقدام،
وتعظيم التضحية للرفوعة من الآخرين!
Because You, Your Father, and Your Holy Spirit are with me!

† Your changed solitude from a psychological disease
to a joyous union with You! Welcome to solitude.
It became a Divine present and gift,
I am not worthy to have it!

**I SHOULD COME FORTH WITH YOU, NOT WITH THEM!**

† From the Father You have come forth to me,
So You would accompany me all my life,
And carry me, with Your cross, to Your Father’s bosom!

† But the masses came out against You as against a robber,
They came out as from their father, Satan,
to hunt You, and cast You outside their camp.
to raise You over the ‘wood of shame’,
and admit You among the dead!
Grant me to come out with You, not with them!
To come forth to every soul,
in love-filled humility,
And not in the spirit of haughtiness, which is full of unjustness!
Let me accompany You, O Divine love,
And I would find no place for me among the revolting mob!

† You came forth to me to save me from judgment,
And they came out against You, to submit You to trial.
They condemned You, O Righteous One, to die,
But You interceded for me, a sinner, and considered me
righteous.
You were counted with the sinners instead of me,
And counted me with the heavenly factions!
Great is Your love,
And great is Your redeeming intercession on my behalf!
Inspirations of Good Friday

THE GREATEST INTERCESSOR

❖ The events of the week presented Lord Christ as the King of Kings, the Vinedresser, the Groom, the Living Guardian and the Servant. He thus satisfies all the needs of the believer’s soul.

❖ The events of this day present our Christ as the Greatest Intercessor. The One whom the believers long waited for His coming since Adam’s and Eve’s transgression. Everyone was saying with the psalmist: “My soul faints for Your salvation.. My eyes fail from seeking Your word.”

❖ This day’s events are the center of all history. This day occupied the Divine thought before the foundation of the world. Because of this day the Logos incarnated. The eyes and hearts of the heavenly factions, [If we can say so,] were following the events of this day, discovering the mystery of the wonderful Divine love. The believers of the Old Testament were in Hades, silently moving with every movement, while the mysteries of the events and of the Law and prophesies were revealed to them!

❖ Let my soul bow down to Your Holy Spirit. Let me share the heavenly and the believers their occupation in You, O Savior of the world.

❖ Grant me to go down to Hades, not to dwell in it, or to be preoccupied with it, but to congratulate my fathers and my mothers and all those who preceded me, when they move with their hearts in a procession following the silent Logos, who is accepting the pain and the crucifixion for the joy that was set before Him.

LET THE DWELLERS OF HADES REJOICE IN THE SILENT LAMB!

❖ Why am I seeing Pilot amazed of Your wonderful silence?! Allow me, my Master, to ask You: “How did You remained silent, O Divine Word?!’’

❖ You spoke for many ages, through Your prophets. Your really remained silent in front of Pilot, as You left Your prophets, whom You had sent before, to speak with him.

❖ Let me listen to You through their words. Speak with me, also, through Your incarnation, and the works of Your service, Speak with me with the words of Your Divine mouth! Your silent speech today pulled my heart, so I could listen to the new language of love!

❖ My Lord, You remained silent, and Your heavenly servants remained silent with You. Let me remain silent with the believers of the Old Testament in Hades I keep silent with my tongue, but not with my heart or my thoughts.

❖ How is it that I see Hades changing to a silent convention?! My mother, Eve, is following the events of the crucifixion. She sees the enemy, the old serpent, the haughty, being destroyed. His head is nailed, so the woman’s Seed could crush it with His feet through the cross. She sees the first Divine promise to her being fulfilled! Her daughter, Saint Mary, looked at the cross and shouted, “The world rejoices in that it has received salvation,
but my bowels are ablaze when I behold Your crucifixion, O my Son and my God.”
Let me listen to You with my mother, Eve, and Saint Mary, saying:
“Your cross demolished all the Powers of Darkness, 
Through You the head of the serpent is crushed under my feet 
And I live with the spirit of conquest and victory!

I see you, father Abraham, rejoicing. 
Now the secret of your son’s, Isaac’s, sacrifice has been better revealed to you! 
He offered Isaac a sacrifice of thanksgiving in Hades saying: 
“How did You allow me to carry the fire-wood of the burnt offering 
And be a type of You, O Carrier of the wood of the cross, 
And be tied down to be offered as a type of You, O Unique Offering!

Grant my will in You to be a priest, and my life to be a burnt-offering. 
Smell all my deeds, my words and my thoughts a thanksgiving sacrifice, which is accepted to You!

O my soul, do not be disturbed with Joseph, 
because the aging Jacob has laid his right hand on Ephraim’s head, who is the younger, and his left hand on Menesseh’s head, who is the firstborn (Gen. 48)
I will not take hold of my father, Jacob’s hand saying: 
“No, my father…” 
because he will tell me; “I know, my son, I know.” 
Your hands took the shape of the cross… 
I also know with you, father Jacob. 
I knew that the cross is the source of every blessing to all my children. 
Let me bow, with all my being, under my God’s hand, 
so He would bless me with His cross, and I would enjoy every heavenly blessing.

Let me rejoice with the prophet Moses. 
He knew now the secret of the Lamb of the Passover, which saved his firstborns (Ex. 12) 
I do not need money to buy a lamb and keep it for Passover. 
My Lord, You are our Passover; You were sacrificed for us.

Not only that You saved our firstborns, but You also made all Your people firstborns. 
‘Monoganhs’, the Only Begotten Firstborn! 
You made me a member in Your church, the church of the firstborns!

Who could deprive me of my birthright, 
now that I became a member of Your body, O wonderful Firstborn?! 
Through Your cross I come to the presence of the Father, to enjoy my birthright and the glory thereof! 
Glory be unto You, O wonderful Passover. 
Who granted me the fellowship of Your glory, through the sacrifice of Your cross!

I weep bitterly with Moses, for the serpents have killed Your people in the wilderness. 
Pierce the wilderness of my heart with Your cross, the ‘brass serpent’. 
My soul will be healed from the serpents’ bites, when I look at it. 
Glory be to You, O my Healer, and the Heavenly Remedy for my soul!

The day of the veritable redemption has come. 
Let me hurry up with Aaron and the high priests, his sons, and get ready for it! 
All the seed of Aaron were shaking in preparation for that day, a whole week.
But I see heaven and earth were getting ready for that day from the beginning of creation!
Behold my whole life is considered nothing but a preparation for the joy of this redemption and its blessings!

✎ I wonder, what did the myriad of priests do in Hades, Now that they had found out that all the mysteries of their services and rites were revealed on that day?!
How many birds were slain to smear their blood on other living birds, which were set free to fly, to declare the healing of lepers.
Now, not a bird, but You, O Incarnate Word, shed Your blood, and rose from the dead to carry with You every soul whom You had purified by the blood of Your cross.
You fly with her, not in the air, but to the heart of heaven. and You admit her into Your Father’s bosom.
I can see You clearly, my Savior, in all the rituals of my worship, and in all my proceedings!
What can I say?
In all events, with every believer, in every prayer, Your cross appears to me!
Verily, Your apostle says, “..before whose eyes Jesus Christ was clearly portrayed among you as crucified.”
May the portrait of Your cross never leave my sight, and never disappear from my thoughts!

LET ME ACCOMPANY ALL YOUR PROPHETS ON THEIR WAY TO THE CRUCIFIXION

✎ Let me accompany all Your prophets,
When they assemble to meditate Your deeds, and walk with them to the cross.
David the king and prophet, my father, saw You and said, “Why do the nations rage, and the people plot a vain thing?!

The kings of the earth set themselves and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord and against His Anointed.”
✎ He said, “They pierced My hands and My feet, .. they divide My garments among them, and for My clothing they cast lots!”
Let me get into Your healing wounds!
Let me understand the mysteries of Your giving love; wound my heart with Your wounds!
Let my heart and my soul cry out, “I am wounded with love!”
Kindle me with Your love, and with the love of Your people, You who initiated Your love for me!

✎ Take me with You, Isaiah, to see, with you, Him who comes from Bozrah, His apparel is red.
I can hear Him saying to us, “I have trodden the winepress alone, and from the peoples no one was with Me!”

✎ Who could tread the winepress of the cross with You?!
Let me unite with You, and disappear in You, I will be glad when everyone abandons me, and when I tread the winepress of pain, to the point of death, alone.

✎ Isaiah saw You on the cross, have no form or comeliness and when we see You, there is no beauty that we should desire You.
He thought that You were despised and rejected by God and men. Finally he realized the mystery of Your salvation,
He stretched his arms to lay his iniquities on You.

✎ Cry with Isaiah the prophet, “and the Lord has laid on Him the iniquity of us all.”
Who could bear my iniquities and my transgressions but You? Who would bow down to carry the burden of my debt, and fulfil it, but You?!
Why are you amazed, O Zacharaiah the prophet?
You saw the darkness had covered the face of the earth.
It was ashamed of its creator, who was hanged on the cross.
You did not know whether night time had already come.
It was the sixth hour!
Or was it day time? Darkness had covered the face of the earth!
Let Your cross dwell in my heart!
There will be no day or night.
My inmost soul will be ashamed of what my sins have done to You!
Darkness has ruled over my life, but only temporarily.
Rise, O Sun of Righteousness,
And enlighten my interior with the Joy of Your resurrection.

Elisha became sad when an ax head fell in water,
But the ax head floated on the surface!
My soul has sunk in raging waters.
Throw Your cross into my life, then I shall rise over the waters of the world!
Through the cross You descended into Hades, to raise me to Your paradise!

I ask You importunately; let me join all Your prophets,
and walk with them in the procession of Your cross.
Then I will rejoice my conquest over the powers of injustice.
I will enjoy life and resurrection.
Inspirations of Bright Saturday

**OUR CHRIST IS TAKING SPOILS**

✞ Our Christ became our Greatest Advocate, who interceded to His Father on our behalf, and reconciled us with Him. Through commending His Soul, and His descending to Hades, He broke its bolts, and carried away from it all the souls of those who had died in patient expectation of His salvation. These were the spoils that He carried to His Father.

✞ He is the Chief Commander who comes leading His church’s procession, dashing into the den of Satan and enters Hades where he lives. It was not possible for the evil one to hold Him there, or for the powers of Hades to imprison Him, or for the sepulchre to hold Him.

**WHERE ARE THE BOLTS OF HADES?!**

✞ You carried the soul of the thief with You to Your paradise.
   You smashed the bolts of Hades, and opened the gates of paradise to humanity!

✞ Tell me, O Greatest Commander!
   How did the Myriad of the believers’ souls receive You?
   They long waited for Your arrival.
   They did not try to come close to the bolts of Hades.
   They were extremely weak,
   tied down as prisoners, with no power or ability!

✞ Now they renewed the hymns of resurrection, which they had enchanted during their expatriation here on earth.
   They received You, O Greatest Savior, with songs of conquest!

✞ Tell me, how many thousands of thousands You carried over Your shoulders?
   You dashed with them through the eternal gates!
   They are happy spoils.
I wonder, how did the heavenly receive You?
   The eternal gates were opened in front of them;
   Because You are the King of Glory, the Conqueror and the Victorious!

✞ Every Bright Saturday I spend the night in Your church.
   Let the gates of Your church remain open to me,
   And open the gates of heaven in front of my heart.

✞ I enchant the hymns of resurrection which the believers from the Old Testament used to sing.
   Grant my heart to become a lyre of love, presenting the new melody of resurrection.
   I shall not utter believer’s words, but rather the beats of the resurrected life.

✞ I see the gates of Your alter are opened for me,
   Teach me to open the gates of the alter in my heart for You.

✞ I sing all the Book of Revelations, It is a hymn of Your perpetual resurrection.
   I hear You reassuring me, “I am coming quickly.”
   Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus!
   Everything is ready,
   So, wherever You are, I will also be there.
Inspirations of Easter Sunday
- The Feast of the Holy Resurrection

WHO COULD GET ME OUT OF MY GRAVE?

❖ You called upon me through the prophet Ezekiel:
   “Come out of your graves, O my people.”
   How can I come out of my grave?
   Who will give me life, so I can rise?
   Who will untie my bandages?
   Who can open the door my grave?

❖ You alone have the power to lay Your life down,
   And have the power to take it again!
   You offered Your body up to death, but it was not capable to hold You.
   You were risen, my Savior, in might!

❖ Let me unite with You, and rise with You.
   All my bodily will, which was limiting my freedom, will dissolve.
   The door of my grave will open, and I shall run away from its darkness.

❖ My heart became unclean, and full of darkness.
   You turn graves into holy places, and produce light out of darkness.
   Say a word, and my nature would change from corruption to incorruption,
   From humiliation to glory with You, from weakness to the experience of Your power.

❖ I became a prisoner of my ego,
   I became like a dead man in his grave.
   I want to get out of my grave, out of my selfishness,
   I want to carry Your love to everyone.

Let my soul rise with You, and widen to carry everyone in it,
To enjoy Your empty tomb!
❖ Visiting the graves crushes the soul.
   It was defiling to the Jews.
   But visiting Your grave enlightens me.
   It gives me the spirit of hope, O conqueror of death.
   You purify my soul, O giver of righteousness!

❖ I enter with Your disciples, Peter and John,
   And find it an empty tomb, You are He who fills heaven and earth!
   I watch Your angels declaring Your resurrection!
   With every visitation my soul rejoices, longing to meet You!

❖ By Your own power, You came out of the grave,
   so You would come back to me on the clouds,
   You will carry me to the bosom of Your Father!
   When are You coming? I have been waiting for a long time!
   With the scars of Your wounds You heal me!

❖ You are risen, O my Savior, with the marks of Your wounds on Your body!
   I know that I will rise with You,
   And You will take away every defect in my body, and in my brethren’s bodies.
   We will have spiritual bodies, with no wounds in them.
   But Your wounds, my Savior, are not considered defects!

❖ Your wounds uncover for us the mystery of Your beauty,
   and the flow of Your love.
   Your wounds, O Risen One, are the source of my cure.
   I see them, even in Your glory, and I offer You glorification.
   I watch them, even in heaven, and all of me shakes of joy!

❖ Who wounded You, O Beloved One?
   Are they the arrows of my sins, which Your redeemed for me?
Or are they the arrows of Your love for me?
You are the Divine Arrow...
Aim into my heart, and I will shout:
“I am wounded by love!”

WHO IS GOING TO ROLL AWAY THE STONE FOR US?

† Every new morning my soul shouts:
Who is going to roll away the stone for me?
My inner mouth wants to enchant the joyous hymn of resurrection!
Send Your angels to roll away for the stone of my grave.
But only You can grant me resurrection!
My sin kills me every day, but Your resurrection gives me life!