Glory to God for
All Things!

A Nature Journal
Praising God’s Creation

Including the Akathist Hymn

by Protopresbyter Gregory Petrov

Paideia Classics
This Akathist, also called the "Akathist of Thanksgiving," was composed by Protopresbyter Gregory Petrou shortly before his death in a prison camp in 1940. St. John Chrysostom was the first to say the words, "Glory to God for all things," as he was dying in exile in the 5th century. This Akathist is a moving song of praise composed in the midst of great hardship and suffering.
Kontakion I

Everlasting King, Thy will for our salvation is full of power. Thy right arm controls the whole course of human life. We give Thee thanks for all Thy mercies, seen and unseen. For eternal life, for the heavenly joys of the Kingdom which is to be. Grant mercy to us who sing Thy praise, both now and in the time to come. Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age.
I was born a weak, defenseless child, but Thine angel spread his wings over my cradle to defend me. From birth until now Thy love has illumined my path, and has wondrously guided me towards the light of eternity; from birth until now the generous gifts of Thy providence have been marvellously showered upon me. I give Thee thanks, with all who have come to know Thee, who call upon Thy name.
Glory to Thee for calling me into being!
Glory to Thee, showing me the beauty of the universe!
Glory to Thee, spreading out before me heaven and earth like the pages in a book of eternal wisdom!
Glory to Thee for Thine eternity in this fleeting world!
Glory to Thee for Thy mercies, seen and unseen!
Glory to Thee through every sigh of my sorrow!
Glory to Thee for every step of my life’s journey!
For every moment of glory!
Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age!
Kontakion 2

O Lord, how lovely it is to be Thy guest. Breeze full of scents; mountains reaching to the skies; waters like boundless mirrors, reflecting the sun's golden rays and the scudding clouds. All nature murmurs mysteriously, breathing the depth of tenderness. Birds and beasts of the forest hear the imprint of Thy love. Blessed art thou, mother earth, in thy fleeting loveliness, which awakens our yearning for happiness that will last for ever, in the land where, amid beauty that grows not old, the cry rings out:

Alleluia!
Iкос 2

Thou hast brought me into life as into an enchanted paradise. We have seen the sky like a chalice of deepest blue, where in the azure heights the birds are singing. We have listened to the soothing murmur of the forest and the melodious music of the streams. We have tasted fruit of fine flavor and the sweet-scented honey. We can live very well on Thine earth. It is a pleasure to be Thy guest.
Glory to Thee for the Feast Day of life!
Glory to Thee for the perfume of lilies and roses!
Glory to Thee for each different taste of berry and fruit!
Glory to Thee for the sparkling silver of early morning dew!
Glory to Thee for the joy of dawn's awakening!
Glory to Thee for the new life each day brings!
Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age!
Kontakion 3

It is the Holy Spirit who makes us find joy in each flower, the exquisite scent, the delicate color, the beauty of the Most High in the tiniest of things. Glory and honor to the Spirit, the Giver of Life, who covers the fields with their carpet of flowers, crowns the harvest with gold, and gives to us the joy of gazing at it with our eyes. O be joyful and sing to Him: Alleluia!
Iкос 3

Hoco glorious art Thou in the springtime, when every creature awakes to new life and joyfully sings Thy praises with a thousand tongues. Thou art the Source of Life, the Destroyer of Death. By the light of the moon, nightingales sing, and the valleys and hills lie like wedding garments, white as snow. All the earth is Thy promised bride awaiting her spotless husband. If the grass of the field is like this, how gloriously shall we be transfigured in the Second Coming after the Resurrection! Hoco splendid our bodies, how spotless our souls!
Glory to Thee, bringing from the depth of the earth an endless variety of colors, tastes and scents!
Glory to Thee for the warmth and tenderness of the world of nature!
Glory to Thee for the numberless creatures around us!
Glory to Thee for the depths of Thy wisdom, the whole world a living sign of it!
Glory to Thee; on my knees, I kiss the traces of Thine unseen hand!
Glory to Thee, enlightening us with the clearness of eternal life!
Glory to Thee for the hope of the unutterable, imperishable beauty of immortality!
Glory to Thee, O God, from age to age!
Kontakion 4

How filled with sweetness are those whose thoughts dwell on Thee; how life-giving Thy holy Word. To speak with Thee is more soothing than anointing with oil; sweeter than the honeycomb. To pray to Thee lifts the spirit, refreshes the soul. Where Thou art not, there is only emptiness; hearts are smitten with sadness; nature, and life itself, become sorrowful; where Thou art, the soul is filled with abundance, and its song resounds like a torrent of life:

Alleluiad!
Ikos 4

When the sun is setting, when quietness falls like the peace of eternal sleep, and the silence of the spent day reigns, then in the splendor of its declining rays, filtering through the clouds, I see Thy dwelling-place: fiery and purple, gold and blue, they speak prophet-like of the ineffable beauty of Thy presence, and call to us in their majesty. We turn to the Father.