Let us come together in joy
to praise the Apostle

of our land, whose wise preaching and selfless labors across the barren

North prepared good soil for the seeds of faith! These he planted with

loving care; and he nurtured the tender sprouts unceasingly,
pruning from them all deception and wickedness, watering them with truth and righteousness, until they grew into a sturdy vine, whose holy fruit we are called to be, // worthy of the Master’s table.

As we, the faithful, gather to celebrate your holy memory, O Father Innocent, we rejoice that, through your ceaseless toils,
the truth of the Gospel was rooted in our land. Pray that we, your unworthy servants, may remain firm in the Orthodox Faith //

and spread its truth to all people!

vs. Now, and ever, and unto ages of ages. Amen.

We bless you, O Virgin Theotokos, and glorify you,
as we ought, as the vine that blossomed the Sacred Fruit,//
from Whom we have great mercy.