



On the Occasion of the Sacred Repose of our Father and Elder,
Metropolitan Cyprian of Oropos and Phyle
Delivered May 19, 2013 (Old Style)

THE GOOD SHEPHERD, THE MAN OF GOD

Your Eminence, Metropolitan Vlasie; Your Eminence, Bishop Photii;
Most Reverend and Right Reverend Hierarchs; Honorable Presbyters;
Venerable Fathers and Mothers; Beloved brothers and sisters in Christ;
Light-wrought children of our Most Holy Orthodox Church:

Christ is Risen! Indeed He is Risen!

During these days, amid the Light of the Resurrection, now that creation, renewed, keeps festival; now that God, in His tenderness, receives us back into His Fatherly embrace, for which reason Heaven and earth and nethermost regions exult—it is precisely now that the loving right hand of our Savior has decided to transplant from the great turmoil of the earth to the Garden of Heaven an inflorescent, deeply-rooted, and much-cherished Flower, our much-revered Father and Elder, the greatly blessed Hierarch, Metropolitan Cyprian of Oropos and Phyle.

Glory to God for all things! Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit! Glory to the much-hymned Holy Trinity! As it seemed good to the Lord, so has it happened! Blessed be the Name of the Lord, henceforth and for evermore!

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This transplantation of our deceased Metropolitan seals and concludes a period in which the multifaceted activity of his enlightened presence has truly made history.

Like a shining star, he accomplished his heavenly and blessed journey from historic Agrinion, where he was born in 1935, to the illustrious city of

Athens, in the outskirts of which he founded, in the Year of Salvation 1961, this sacred cloister of Orthodox asceticism and mission.

Thenceforth, and always with the blessing of his Elder and spiritual Father, the revered and ever-memorable Father Philotheos (Zervakos), he allied himself with persons and places of light and Grace, from which he drew an abundance of Christian experience and wisdom.

His exceptional spiritual gifts became more pellucidly manifest, gushing forth as from a mystical wellspring, after his elevation to the Apostolic Throne of the Episcopacy.

At that time, from 1979 onwards, he truly proved to be “a sharer in the ways and a successor to the thrones” of the Holy Hierarchs who constitute the precious, glorious, and incorruptible chain of Orthodox Truth and Life.

His witness, both pastoral and confessional—a veritable martyrdom in Christ—transcended the borders of our blessed homeland and exercised a fertile influence on countries in Europe, Africa, America, Asia, and Oceania, where there now exist Old Calendarist Orthodox Ecclesiastical Communities in resistance to syncretistic ecumenism.

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His many-sided and gifted personality was built and established upon the unshakable foundation of the monastic frame of mind, upon the Hesychastic and Eucharistic Tradition of our Most Holy Orthodox Faith.

Although he was an energetic Pastor, he never forgot that he was a monk and that purification, illumination, and deification, as a vision of life, as action and as Divine contemplation, are constant priorities for an Orthodox Shepherd.

His authentic monastic mindset made him a true man of God, and his entire spiritual edifice emitted the mystical Light of compassion and freedom in Christ, of the creative holiness that stems from spiritual boldness.

What typified him was the ease with which he moved within this atmosphere of the monastic mindset, of compassion, and of freedom.

He was a perfect man of God, who bore witness to the Crucifixion and Resurrection of Christ; the embodiment of Evangelical self-abasement and renewal; a place in which the Holy Spirit revealed Himself; peaceful and a peacemaker; radiant and shedding radiance; rejoicing and making joyful; gentle and gladdening; free and liberating; compassionate and a herald of com-

passion in deed and word.

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Such was our Father and Elder, Metropolitan Cyprian, who has been transplanted during these days to the Garden of Heaven. And yet, his venerable body is now before us and will always be with us, as a precious fount of consolation and fortification for our lives, which are so replete with toil and duties.

The crowning glory, and also an indisputable indication that he was well-pleasing to God, was his truly venerable repose, after his purifying illness of many years.

All who had the exceptional blessing from God of being near him during his final moments saw, felt, smelled, and literally touched the great Grace of the venerable and blessed end experienced by the resplendent members of the Body of Christ.

“And he that saw it bare record, and his record is true.”

Our blessed Elder, from his youth, had one enduring wish: that God, in His love for mankind, would vouchsafe him to have a Christian end, a peaceful end, and a good defense. He would often recite or chant the well-known *Megalynarion*: “O Michael, Archangel of Christ, charge not against me as a fierce lion, nor snatch my soul as it were a sparrow, but at the hour of death come unto mine aid.”

In front of the Icon of the Archangel Michael, before the Chapel of the Archangel inside his humble cell, our much-revered and much-esteemed Elder and Metropolitan would commend his spirit peacefully into the hands of the Living God.

His blessed end, and especially during this Resurrectional period, is yet another proof that “Christ is risen and life is set at liberty.” Through the Cross and the Resurrection “the bounds of nature are overcome.” Death has become a wellspring of life and blessing. All things are now illumined by the ineffable radiance of the Holy Trinity. Even now we participate in the Feast of the Kingdom. The focus of our life is now preparation for the festival of our encounter with our Bridegroom, Who is to come and is yet already present.

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O our much-revered Metropolitan; O our most wise Elder; O our sweetest Father: now that you find yourself in the inexpressible Glory of the Kingdom and are a most mighty ambassador before God, permit us to place in your tender paternal and maternal embrace the flowers of our gratitude for what you conferred on us, the flowers of our repentance for not having responded to your affectionate solicitude for us, and the flowers of our promise to show ourselves faithful to your legacy with sensitivity and maturity.

May the threefold light of compassion, freedom, and the monastic mind-set, which your aristocratic dignity exuded and which disclosed to us the smiling countenance of God, illuminate our path towards the encounter with Him, the Unique One, the Lover and Bridegroom of our souls, the Crucified and Risen Christ.

Christ is Risen, O our much-revered Metropolitan!

Christ is Risen, O our most wise Elder!

Christ is Risen, O our sweetest Father!

May your memory be eternal, and may we meet again at the Great Feast, at the Supper of the Lamb that was slain, where there is the clear sound of those who keep festival and who give thanks to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit with never-silent mouths and unceasing doxologies, unto the ages of ages. Amen!

† Bishop Cyprian of Oreoi

