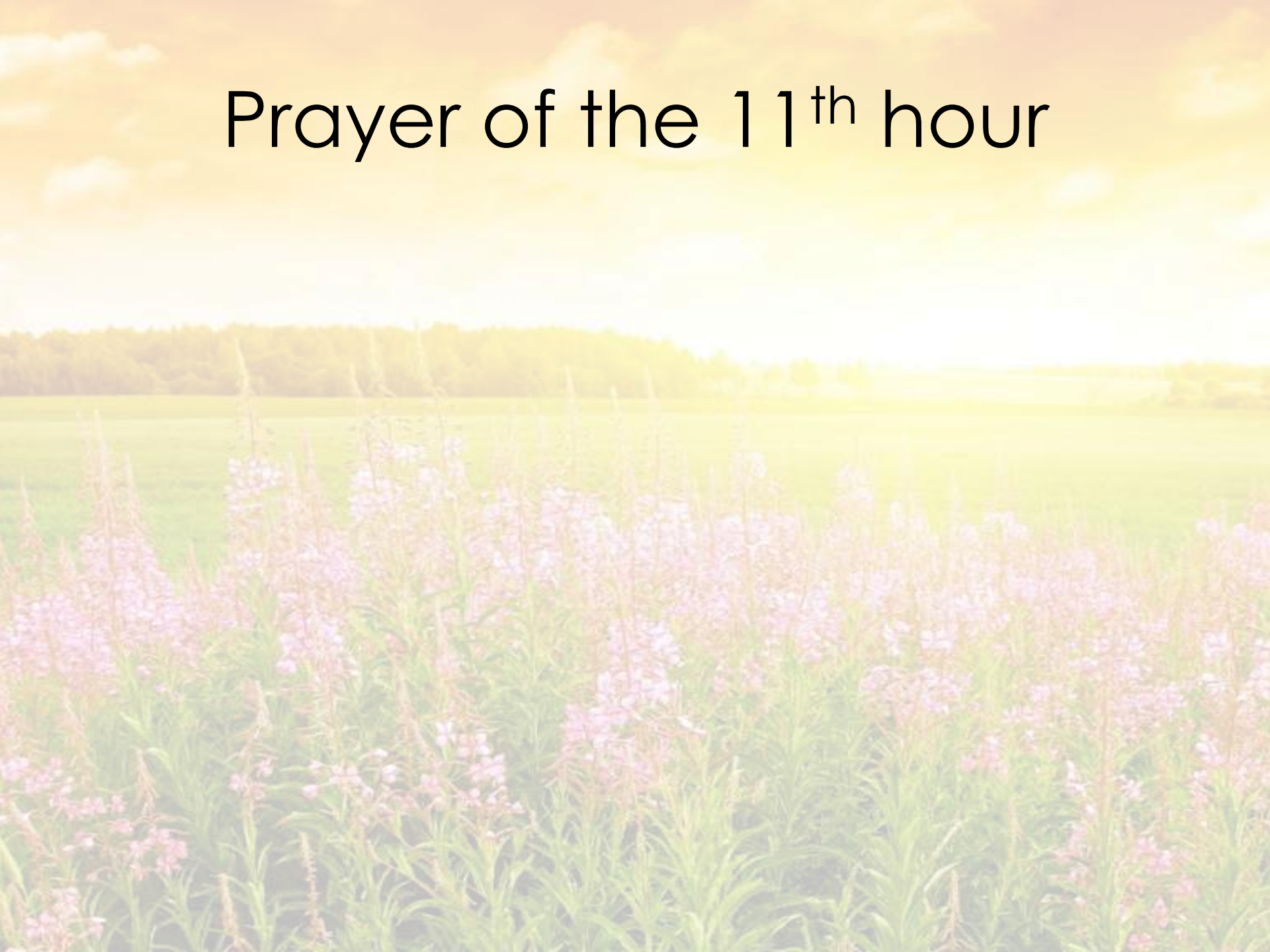
A photograph of a vast field of purple flowers, likely Salvia, in the foreground. The background shows a green field leading to a line of trees under a bright, golden sunset sky with scattered clouds. The overall mood is peaceful and contemplative.

“Grant me the spirit of repentance and lead my
soul out of the dungeon of iniquity!”
– St Ephrem the Syrian

Prayer of the 11th hour



To whom shall I go

When I feel worried To whom shall I go (2)
You comfort me O my Lord
I kneel and pray to You (2)

When I feel tired To whom shall I go (2)
You give me rest O my Lord
I kneel and pray to You (2)

When I feel sad To whom shall I go (2)
You give me joy O my Lord
I kneel and pray to You (2)

To whom shall I go

When I feel sick To whom shall I go (2)

You heal me O my Lord

I kneel and pray to You (2)

When I feel oppressed To whom shall I go (2)

You defend me O my Lord

I kneel and pray to You (2)

When I feel lost To whom shall I go (2)

You guide me O my Lord

I kneel and pray to You (2)

Prayer of Habakkuk (Habakkuk 3)

O LORD, I have heard Your speech *and* was afraid; O LORD, revive Your work in the midst of the years! In the midst of the years make *it* known; In wrath remember mercy. God came from Teman, The Holy One from Mount Paran. His glory covered the heavens, And the earth was full of His praise. *His* brightness was like the light; He had rays *flashing* from His hand, And there His power *was* hidden. Before Him went pestilence, And fever followed at His feet. He stood and measured the earth; He looked and startled the nations. And the everlasting mountains were scattered, The perpetual hills bowed. His *ways are* everlasting. I saw the tents of Cushan in affliction; The curtains of the land of Midian trembled. O LORD, were *You* displeased with the rivers, *Was* Your anger against the rivers, *Was* Your wrath against the sea, That You rode on Your horses, Your chariots of salvation? Your bow was made quite ready; Oaths were sworn over *Your* arrows. You divided the earth with rivers.

Prayer of Habakkuk (Habakkuk 3)

The mountains saw You and trembled; The overflowing of the water passed by. The deep uttered its voice, And lifted its hands on high. The sun and moon stood still in their habitation; At the light of Your arrows they went, At the shining of Your glittering spear. You marched through the land in indignation; You trampled the nations in anger. You went forth for the salvation of Your people, For salvation with Your Anointed. You struck the head from the house of the wicked, By laying bare from foundation to neck. You thrust through with his own arrows The head of his villages. They came out like a whirlwind to scatter me; Their rejoicing was like feasting on the poor in secret. You walked through the sea with Your horses, Through the heap of great waters. When I heard, my body trembled; My lips quivered at the voice; Rottenness entered my bones; And I trembled in myself, That I might rest in the day of trouble.

Prayer of Habakkuk (Habakkuk 3)

When he comes up to the people, He will invade them with his troops. Though the fig tree may not blossom, Nor fruit be on the vines; Though the labor of the olive may fail, And the fields yield no food; Though the flock may be cut off from the fold, And there be no herd in the stalls, Yet I will rejoice in the LORD, I will joy in the God of my salvation. The LORD God is my strength; He will make my feet like deer's *feet*, And He will make me walk on my high hills. Amen.

The Tuesday Psali

Come to us today, O Christ our Master,
shine upon us, with Your exalted divinity.

Send to us, this great grace,
of Your Holy Spirit, the Paraclete.

**So that I may speak, with great honor,
about Your holy, and blessed name.**

**This is He who was glorified, by the mouths of,
Your righteous saints, who lived upon the earth.**

By those wandering people, in the barren mountains,
threatened by hunger and thirst, frost and cold.

They were needy and suffering, and afflicted,
according to, Paul the apostle.

The Tuesday Psali

**But Your holy name, O my Lord Jesus,
upheld and delivered them, in all their sufferings.**

**Your holy name, O my Lord Jesus,
saved them from all, their afflictions.**

For them it was, a living food,
which filled their souls, and their bodies too.

For them it was, a fountain of living water,
sweeter than honey, in their mouths.

**When they call upon it, their hearts rejoiced,
and their bodies, blossomed.**

**When they uttered it, their minds were enlightened,
and their hearts ascended, to the heights.**

Prayer by St Ephrem the Syrian

Before Your glory, O Christ my Savior, I will announce all my misconduct and confess the infinitude of Your mercies, which You pour out upon me according to Your kindness. From my mother's womb I began to grieve You, and utterly have I disregarded Your grace, for I have neglected my soul. You, O my Master, according to the multitude of Your mercies, have regarded all my wickedness with patience and kindness. Your grace has lifted up my head, but daily it is brought low by my sins. Bad habits entangle me like snares, and I rejoice at being thus bound. I sink to the very depths of evil, and this delights me. Daily the enemy gives me new shackles, for he sees how this variety of bonds pleases me.

The fact that I am bound by my own desires should provoke weeping and lamentation, shame and disgrace.

Prayer by St Ephrem the Syrian

And yet more terrible is the fact that I bind myself with the shackles that the enemy places upon me, and I slay myself with the passions that give him pleasure. Although I know how dreadful these shackles are, I hide them behind a noble appearance from all who might see. I appear to be robed in the beautiful clothes of reverence, but my soul is entangled with shameful thoughts. Before all who might see, I am reverent, but inside I am filled with all manner of indecency. My conscience accuses me of all this, and I act as if I wish to be freed of my shackles. Every day I worry and sigh over this, yet I ever remain bound by the same snares. How pitiful I am; and how pitiful is my daily repentance, of it has no firm foundation. Every day I lay a foundation for the building, and again with my own hands I demolish it.

Prayer by St Ephrem the Syrian

My repentance has not even made a good beginning as yet; yet there is no end to my wicked negligence. I have become a slave to passions and to the evil will of the enemy who destroys me. Who will give the water to my head, and the founts to my eyes for tears, so that I may ever weep before You, O merciful God, that you might send Your grace and draw me, a sinner, out of the sea, furious with the waves of sin, that hourly convulses my soul? For my desires are worse than wounds that cannot be bandaged.

I wait hoping for repentance and deceive myself with this vain promise until my death. Ever do I say, "I will repent," but never do I repent. My words give the appearance of heartfelt repentance, but in deed I am always far from repentance.

Prayer by St Ephrem the Syrian

What will happen to me in the day of the trial, when God unveils all things at His court!

Certainly I shall be sentenced to torment, if here I have not moved You to mercy, O my Judge, by my tears. I hope on Your mercies, O Lord; I fall at Your feet and beseech You: Grant me the spirit of repentance and lead my soul out of the dungeon of iniquity! May a ray of light shine in my mind before I go to the terrible judgment which awaits me, where there is no opportunity to repent of one's wicked deeds. Amen

Silent Personal Prayers

