Our Father Among the Saints John Maximovitch, Archbishop of Shanghai and San Francisco
Whom the Holy Church Celebrates on June 19.

The Holy Hierarch John Maximovitch was born in the Kharkov region in 1896, and reposed in San Francisco in 1966. In 1921, during the Russian Civil War, his family fled to Belgrade, joining the ranks of Russian exiles in Serbia, where he later became a monk and was ordained priest. In 1934 he was made Bishop of Shanghai, where he served until the Communists came to power. Thereafter he ministered in Europe, serving as Bishop first in Paris and then in Brussels, until he became Archbishop of San Francisco in 1962. Throughout his life he was revered as a strict ascetic, a devoted man of prayer, and a truly unmercenary healer of all manner of afflictions and woes. He served the Divine Liturgy daily, slept little more than an hour a day, and kept a strict fast until evening. It is doubtful that any one man gave so much protection and comfort as he to the Russian Orthodox people in exile after the Revolution of 1917; he was an unwearying and watchful shepherd of his sheep in China, the Philippines, Europe, and America. Through his missionary labors he also brought into the Church many who had not been “of this fold.” Since his repose in Seattle, Washington in 1966, he has been especially glorified by God through signs and miracles, and his body has remained incorrupt.
Likewise a spiritual daystar in heaven’s firmament, * thou didst encompass the whole world and didst enlighten men’s souls. * Hence, thy name is glorified throughout the East and West, * for thou didst shine forth with the grace * of the Sun of Righteousness, O John, our beloved shepherd. * Wherefore, cease not to entreat Christ, that he show mercy and redeem our souls.

Kontakion of the Hierarch.
Plagal of Fourth Tone. To thee, the Champion Leader

To thee, the pastor and protector of a countless host * of homeless orphans, widows, paupers, and afflicted souls, * do we offer anthems born of love and thanksgiving. * As a hierarch filled with grace and zeal for piety, * do thou save us from the foes of apostolic truth, * for we cry to thee: * Rejoice, O great wonderworker John.

Saint John of Shanghai and San Francisco
the Wonderworker
WHAT ascetical labours didst thou not undertake, O stouthearted John? Fired with ardent love for thy Saviour in vigils throughout the night, and by constant fasting and prayer unceasing, thou didst manfully subdue thy flesh to the Spirit, Who deified thee with an abundance of indwelling grace. Wherefore, sanctify us who venerate thy sacred relics.

PUTTING away the old man by arduous labours, thou didst put on the new Man, Christ our God, O thrice-holy Father. In virtue thou didst follow the Lamb and didst prove to be a good shepherd of His flock. Thou didst gather the scattered sheep of the Saviour from the ends of the earth and didst drive off the ravening wolves of heresy and atheism and that apocalyptic beast, ecumenism, with the rod of prayer and the fire of thine instructions. Wherefore, O righteous Hierarch John, join us also to the number of the saved.

TRULY, O John, thou didst prove equal to the Apostles, for receiving their grace by succession, by unsleeping labours thou didst multiply the talent that was given thee. As thou didst pass through countless lands seeking the Master's lost sheep, thou didst preach the divinity of Christ by the sanctity of thy life and didst fill the whole world with the witness of the truth. Wherefore, O bastion of the Church, keep us steadfast in the confession of the saving Faith.

WHO can enumerate the multitude of thy miraculous deeds, O John, great among the Fathers? Thine entire life was a miracle, and what surpasseth the nature of men proved natural for thee. Hence, thou wast
shown forth to be a river of God ever abounding with the waters of divine grace and making glad the city of the Church, for even after thy repose, men without number come to thy holy relics to draw the water of healing for their souls and bodies and consolation for their spirits. Wherefore, O wonderworker, cease not to intercede for us.

Glory. Plagal of First Tone.

LET us sound the trumpet of chant and let us praise our Godbearing Father John, the boast of hierarchs and the great luminary of the Church. With Paul, O blessed one, thou didst cry: Who is weak and I am not weak? Who is afflicted and I burn not? Thou wast a father of orphans, a refuge for helpless exiles, a relief for the insane, healing for the sick, a staff for the aged, a haven for those tossed in life’s tempest; thou wast gladness for the despairing, a sure hope for the repentant, a light for those in darkness, and a call to life for sinners. Wherefore, O summit of the virtues, hasten to dispel the cloud of perils which overshadow us in these last days and make intercession that our souls be saved.

Both Now Theotokion

WE the faithful bless thee, O Virgin Theotokos, and we glorify thee as is meet and proper; O unshaken city, impregnable battlement, invincible protection and sheltering refuge of our souls.