

A READING FROM THE ELEVENTH ODE OF SOLOMON

My heart has been pruned and its flower has appeared, and so goodness has sprouted up in it, and my heart has borne fruit for the Lord.

For the Most High had pruned around me through His Holy Spirit, and so laid open toward Him my innermost being, and so filled me with His deep affection.

And so His pruning around me became my salvation; and I made my way quickly in His peace, along the Way of True Realization.

From the beginning to the end, I received His knowledge, and I was established solidly on the rock of True Reality, the solid rock where He had set me up;

and speaking waters touched my lips from the spring of the Lord, which does not hold back, and I drank and became drunk from the Living Water That Does Not Die.

And my drunkenness was not the kind that does not lead to knowledge. Did I not leave behind useless things?

And I turned back toward the Most High, my God, and I was made rich by His gift of goodness.

And I left behind the foolishness that is broadcast upon the Earth, and then I took it off and cast it away from me.

And the Lord renewed me with His raiment, and so acquired me with His Light; and from above He revived me with what cannot be corrupted, and so I became like a land that blossoms and laughs in its fruits, and the Lord became like the Sun upon the face of the land.



My eyes lit up, and my countenance collected the dew, and my breath laughed with the sweet fragrance of the Lord.

And He led me away into His paradise, where is the wealth of the Lord's delight. And I revered the Lord because of His glorious radiance.

And I said, "They are good, O Lord, are they not, those who are planted in Your land, and have a place in Your paradise, and who sprout up in Your trees' sprouting growth, and have transformed from Darkness to Light?"

See, all Your laborers are beautiful, they who work good works, and turn away from what is useless toward Your sweetness.

And by themselves the trees have changed from bitterness, once they were planted in Your land; and they all exist as a remnant of You, and an eternal remembrance of Your faithful servants.

How great is the space in Your paradise! And what place in it lies idle? Is it not all filled with fruit?

Radiant splendor is Yours, O God, the everlasting delight of paradise!

Hallelujah

From the Odes of Solomon
Translation by the Reverend Father Robert Petrovich

