



GREEK ORTHODOX ARCHDIOCESE OF AUSTRALIA

CHRIST IS RISEN

PASCHAL PRAYERS

Χριστός ανέστη ἐκ νεκρῶν, θανάτῳ θάνατον πατήσας, καὶ τοῖς ἐν τοῖς μνήμασι, ζωὴν χαρισάμενος.

Ἀνάστασιν Χριστοῦ θεασάμενοι, προσκυνήσωμεν Ἅγιον Κύριον Ἰησοῦν, τὸν μόνον ἀναμάρτητον. Τὸν Σταυρὸν σου, Χριστέ, προσκυνοῦμεν καὶ τὴν ἀγίαν σου ἀνάστασιν ὑμνοῦμεν καὶ δοξάζομεν· σὺ γὰρ εἶ Θεὸς ἡμῶν, ἐκτός σου ἄλλον οὐκ οἶδαμεν, τὸ ὄνομά σου ὀνομάζομεν. Δεῦτε πάντες οἱ πιστοί, προσκυνήσωμεν τὴν τοῦ Χριστοῦ ἀγίαν ἀνάστασιν· ἰδοὺ γὰρ ἦλθε διὰ τοῦ Σταυροῦ χαρὰ ἐν ὄλῳ τῷ κόσμῳ. Διὰ παντὸς εὐλογοῦντες τὸν Κύριον, ὑμνοῦμεν τὴν ἀνάστασιν αὐτοῦ· Σταυρὸν γὰρ ὑπομείνας δι' ἡμᾶς, θανάτῳ θάνατον ὤλεσεν.

Ἀναστὰς ὁ Ἰησοῦς ἀπὸ τοῦ τάφου, καθὼς προεῖπεν, ἔδωκεν ἡμῖν τὴν αἰώνιον ζωὴν, καὶ μέγα ἔλεος.

Christ is risen from the dead, trampling down death by death, and on those in the tombs bestowing life.

Having beheld the Resurrection of Christ, let us worship the Holy Lord Jesus, who alone is without sin. We worship Your Cross, O Christ, and we praise and glorify Your Holy Resurrection; for You are our God, we know no other but You, and we call upon Your Name. Come, all you faithful, let us worship Christ's Holy Resurrection; for behold, through the Cross joy has come to all the world. Ever blessing the Lord, we praise His Resurrection; for by enduring the Cross for us, He destroyed death by death.

Jesus, having risen from the tomb, as He foretold, has given to us Eternal Life and Great Mercy.

ΛΑΧΝΟΣ ΠΑΣΧΑ SPECIAL

GREEK ORTHODOX CHRISTIAN SOCIETY





ΕΓΚΥΚΛΙΟΣ ΤΟΥ ΣΕΒΑΣΜΙΩΤΑΤΟΥ ΑΡΧΙΕΠΙΣΚΟΠΟΥ ΑΥΣΤΡΑΛΙΑΣ Κ.Κ. ΜΑΚΑΡΙΟΥ ΓΙΑ ΤΟ ΑΓΙΟ ΠΑΣΧΑ 2026

ΜΑΚΑΡΙΟΣ

Ἐλέω Θεοῦ Ἀρχιεπίσκοπος τῆς Ἀγιωτάτης Ἀρχιεπισκοπῆς Αὐστραλίας, ὑπέρτιμος καί Ἐξάρχος πάσης Ὠκεανίας, τοῖς Θεοφιλεστάτοις Χωρεπισκόποις καί Ἐπισκόποις, τῷ εὐαγεῖ κλήρῳ, ταῖς μοναστικαῖς ἀδελφότησι, τοῖς Προέδροις τῶν ἐντίμων Ἐκκλησιαστικῶν Συμβουλίων καί Φιλοπτώχων Ἀδελφοτήτων, τοῖς διδάσκουσι καί τοῖς διδασκομένοις ἐν τοῖς Σχολείοις, τοῖς ἐργαζομένοις ἐν τοῖς φιλανθρωπικοῖς καθιδρύμασι καί παντί τῷ χριστεπωνύμῳ πληρώματι τῆς ἐν Αὐστραλία Ὀρθοδόξου Ἐκκλησίας, χάρις εἴη καί εἰρήνη παρά τοῦ ἐνδόξου Ἀναστάντος Σωτήρος Χριστοῦ.

Τιμώτατοι Ἀδελφοί συνεπίσκοποι καί ἀγαπητά μου παιδιά,

Μέ ἀφορμή τίς πολεμικές συρράξεις στή Μέση Ἀνατολή, γίνεται πολύς λόγος γιά τή μεταφορά τοῦ Ἁγίου Φωτός, κυρίως στήν Ἑλλάδα, ὡς εἴθισται τά τελευταῖα χρόνια. Πιά ἐμάς, βέβαια, ἐδῶ στή μακρινή Αὐστραλία, τό Πάσχα ἐορτάζεται μέ λαμπρότητα παρ' ὅτι δέν ἔχουμε τή δυνατότητα τῆς μεταφοράς τοῦ Ἁγίου Φωτός ἀπό τά Ἱεροσόλυμα, ὅπως ἄλλωστε συμβαίνει καί σέ πολλά ἄλλα μέρη τοῦ κόσμου καί ὅπως συνέβαινε γιά πολλούς αἰῶνες στή μητέρα πατρίδα μας, τήν Ἑλλάδα. Τό θαῦμα τοῦ Ἁγίου Φωτός εἶναι ἓνα γεγονός πού συμβαίνει στούς Ἁγίους Τόπους καί, συγκεκριμένα, στόν ζωοδόχο Πανάγιο Τάφο τοῦ Χριστοῦ. Ὅμως, δέν πρέπει νά λησμονοῦμε ὅτι τό φῶς τοῦ Χριστοῦ διαχέεται σέ κάθε ἄνθρωπο καί διαπερνᾷ τόν χρόνο καί τόν χώρο, καί αὐτό συνιστᾷ τό μεγάλο θαῦμα.

Διαπιστώνουμε ὅτι ὑπάρχουν ὀρισμένοι ἄνθρωποι οἱ ὁποῖοι εἶναι γεμάτοι φῶς καί ἡ παρουσία τους φωτίζει. Ἔχουν τόσο φῶς πού ἀκόμη καί τίς ἡμέρες, πού ἡ δική τους ψυχή εἶναι σκοτεινή καί παλεύει μέ τίς ἀποτυχίες τῆς καθημερινότητας, αὐτοί συνεχίζουν νά φωτίζουν τά πάντα γύρω τους. Πρόκειται γιά ἓνα φῶς ἐσωτερικό, πού δέν σχετίζεται μέ τήν ἐξωτερική μας ἐμφάνιση ἢ μέ αὐτά πού λέμε. Εἶναι τό φῶς τῆς καρδιάς, τό ὁποῖο δέν μπορεῖ τίποτε νά τό θαμπώσει, γιατί ἀκριβῶς προέρχεται ἀπό μέσα, ἀπό τόν ἕσω ἄνθρωπο. Ἐμεῖς οἱ Ὀρθόδοξοι Χριστιανοί λαμβάνουμε τό φῶς ἀπό τόν νοητό ἥλιο πού δέν δύει ποτέ. Κι ὅταν κάποιος ἔχει τό φῶς τοῦ Χριστοῦ, εἶναι ἡρεμος καί εἰρηνικός. Ἀποτελεῖ μιᾶ σιωπηλή δύναμη καί δέν πασχίζει νά ἀποδείξει τίποτα γιά τόν ἑαυτό του. Δέν ἀγωνίζεται νά ἐπηρεάσει καί νά ξεχωρίσει. Δέν προσφέρει γιά νά λάβει. Φωτίζει χωρίς προσπάθεια καί ἀγαπᾷ χωρίς νά προσδοκᾷ ἀνταπόδοση.

Σᾶς καλῶ ὅλους νά ζήσουμε τή μεγαλύτερη καί τήν ωραιότερη ἐμπειρία πού μπορεῖ νά βιώσει ἓνας ἄνθρωπος πάνω στή γῆ. Τήν ἐμπειρία τοῦ ἀνεσπέρου Φωτός, τήν ἐμπειρία τῆς Ἀναστάσεως. Χριστός Ἀνέστη! Ἀληθῶς Ἀνέστη!

Ἐν Σύδνεϋ, τῇ Ἁγίᾳ καί Μεγάλῃ Κυριακῇ τοῦ Πάσχα, 12ῃ Ἀπριλίου 2026,

Ὁ Ἀρχιεπίσκοπος

† Ὁ Αὐστραλίας Μακάριος
Ἐπέρτιμος καί Ἐξάρχος πάσης Ὠκεανίας



ENCYCLICAL OF HIS EMINENCE ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS OF AUSTRALIA FOR HOLY PASCHA 2026

MAKARIOS

by the mercy of God, Archbishop of the Most Holy Archdiocese of Australia, Primate and Exarch of All Oceania, to the God-loving Chorespiskopi and Bishops, the gracious clergy and monastic communities, to the Presidents of the honourable Ecclesiastical Committees and Philoptochos Associations, to the teachers and students in the Schools, to those who work in the philanthropic institutions and to all the Christ-loving plenitude of the Orthodox Church in Australia, grace be unto you and peace from our gloriously Risen Saviour Christ.

Most honourable Brother fellow bishops and my beloved children,

On account of the military conflicts in the Middle East, much discussion has arisen concerning the transfer of the Holy Light, particularly to Greece, as has become customary in recent years. For us, certainly, here in distant Australia, Pascha is celebrated with splendour, even though we do not have the possibility of receiving the Holy Light from Jerusalem—just as is the case in many other parts of the world, and as it was for many centuries in our motherland, Greece. The miracle of the Holy Light is an event that takes place in the Holy Land, and more specifically at the life-giving and all-holy Tomb of Christ. Yet we must not forget that the light of Christ is poured out upon every human person and transcends both time and space—and this is the great miracle.

We observe that there are certain people who are filled with light, and whose very presence illumines those around them. They possess such light that even on days when their own soul is darkened and struggles with the failures of daily life, they continue to radiate light to everything around them. This is an inner light, not dependent upon outward appearance or upon what we say. It is the light of the heart, which nothing can dim, precisely because it proceeds from within, from the inner person. We, as Orthodox Christians, receive this light from the noetic Sun that never sets. And when someone bears the light of Christ, that person is calm and peaceful. They become a quiet strength and do not strive to prove anything about themselves. They do not seek to influence others or to distinguish themselves. They do not give, in order to receive. They illumine without effort and love without expecting anything in return.

I call upon all of you to live the greatest and most beautiful experience that a human being can encounter upon this earth: the experience of the Light, that never sets, the experience of the Resurrection. Christ is Risen! Truly He is Risen!

In Sydney, on Holy and Great Pascha, 12th of April 2026,

The Archbishop,

† **Makarios of Australia**
Primate and Exarch of all Oceania

The Joy After Midnight

A short fictional story on experiencing the Paschal Divine Liturgy

Daniel stood outside the glowing doors of the parish of St Joachim and St Anna, checking his phone as he waited.

He came every year.

Not because he was particularly devout. Not because he fasted strictly, or attended the mid week services, or even fully understood the long hymns that seemed to stretch endlessly into the night.

He came because it was tradition. Because at midnight you held a candle, heard “Christ is Risen,” saw a few familiar faces, and went home to magiritsa.

That was the rhythm.

Inside, the church was full. The icons shimmered. The scent of beeswax lingered in the air. As midnight approached, the lights dimmed, and a hush fell. From the altar, a single flame appeared.

“Come, receive the Light...”

The flame moved from person to person. Daniel leaned forward and lit his thin white candle. The fire trembled at its tip, small but alive. They walked in a procession outside.

“Christ is Risen!”

“Truly He is Risen!”

The words burst from hundreds of voices. People smiled and embraced.

Daniel joined in, exchanging greetings, glancing at his watch.

12:07am.

He turned toward the gate, following the familiar flow of people beginning to leave. This was the moment he knew — the natural ending point of the Easter service.

But then he paused.

Through the open doors, he could see the priest re-entering the church, now vested in bright white. The chanting had begun again —

no longer solemn, but full of life, almost radiant.

He hesitated. He wasn’t sure why.

Perhaps it was curiosity. Or simply the sense that something was continuing — something he had never really stayed to experience.

I suppose it wouldn’t hurt to stay, he thought. He walked inside.

Inside, the crowd was thinner now. The vastness of the church felt different — less crowded, more intimate. The priest’s voice rang clearly:

“It is the day of Resurrection! Let us be radiant, O people!”

Radiant.

Daniel looked around. The remaining faithful were not many, but they sang with a fullness he hadn’t noticed before. No one seemed rushed. No one was checking a watch.

That Liturgy was the most beautiful Daniel had experienced.

Then came the homily of John Chrysostom.

“If any be devout and love God, let him enjoy this fair and radiant triumph...”

The reading was steady, unhurried.

“If any have come at the eleventh hour...”

Daniel gave a faint, almost amused breath.

That’s me, he thought.

Not distant from faith — but not especially close either. Always somewhere in between.

“Let no one weep... for pardon has shone forth from the tomb.”

There was no pressure, no expectation. Just an open invitation, offered without condition.

When the final proclamation came again —

“Christ is Risen!”

— he answered more deliberately this time.

“Truly He is Risen.”

Daniel thought of how quickly he had been ready to leave. To take the flame home, let it trace a soot cross above the door, and move on unchanged.

But here, staying — simply staying — he felt something shift.

When he stepped outside later, the night had settled into stillness. The crowds were gone. The street was quiet.

Nothing around him had changed. But something within him had.

He realised that for years, he had experienced Pascha as a beautiful moment — something to witness, to celebrate briefly, and then carry home.

Tonight, he had stayed a little longer.

And in doing so, he had discovered something just as beautiful: that the joy of the Resurrection doesn’t end at midnight. It unfolds, waiting for anyone willing to remain and receive it.

As he walked to his car, the words stayed with him — not as an obligation, but as a quiet invitation.

Tonight, Daniel discovered that the Resurrection was an invitation.

And for the first time, he had stayed long enough to hear it.

