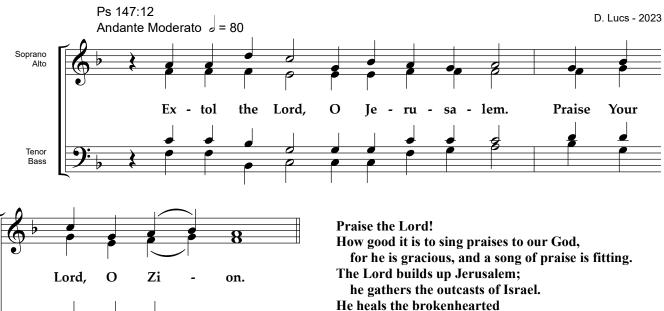
Koinonikon

Divine Liturgy - St. Thomas Sunday





and binds up their wounds. He determines the number of the stars; he gives to all of them their names. Great is our Lord and abundant in power; his understanding is beyond measure. The Lord lifts up the downtrodden; he casts the wicked to the ground. Sing to the Lord with thanksgiving; make melody to our God on the lyre. He covers the heavens with clouds, prepares rain for the earth, makes grass grow on the hills. He gives to the animals their food and to the young ravens when they cry. His delight is not in the strength of the horse nor his pleasure in the speed of a runner,[a] but the Lord takes pleasure in those who fear him, in those who hope in his steadfast love. **Extol the Lord, O Jerusalem!** Praise your God, O Zion! For he strengthens the bars of your gates; he blesses your children within you. He grants peace within your borders; he fills you with the finest of wheat. He sends out his command to the earth: his word runs swiftly. He gives snow like wool; he scatters frost like ashes. He hurls down hail like crumbs who can stand before his cold? He sends out his word and melts them: he makes his wind blow, and the waters flow. He declares his word to Jacob. his statutes and ordinances to Israel. He has not dealt thus with any other nation; they do not know his ordinances.

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