Κεφάλαιο 1

Chapter 1

THE SWAN'S FEATHER

Monologue

My name is Maximus. They used to call me Michael. I have lived my whole life dedicated to the will of God whoI loved more than myself. I wanted to live a life full of meaning, to say that I passed from this land and left my mark behind. Whatever I was involved in, I gave my heart and soul. First, in the wisdom of my Greek ancestors, despite the fact thatI found my Greek roots indifficult times, just 17 years after the fall of Constantinople. After that, immigrated to Italy and immersed myself in the achievements of the West. But I quickly realized that my soul was yearning for the wisdom of another world. That's how I ended up as the last of the monks at the Monastery of Vatopedion on Mount Athos. I believed that it was there was going to finish my days. But a calling, like the one Paul heard from the Macedonian boy in his vision, came from the North, from the Russian order. They were seeking wisdom from the Greek tradition to support a new Orthodox Empire. Europe was changing, people were changing. In the new world, Russia would be the only free Orthodox country. But what kind of Orthodoxy would that be? A genuine Orthodox Patristic society or alienated one? And so, God found me and my elder mentor worthy to confront with our meagre powers the beast of ignorance and the deterioration of the Orthodox faith and the spiritual life of our Russian brothers. I arrived here bathed in glory, only to end being slandered, tortured and sentenced a life in prison. My crime? Only this: That I fought for a free and living Church.

I accept the price I have to pay. I will never see my beloved Vatopedi again. The Russians earth will soon accept my pain-wracked body. And when I stand before the terrible step before Him, I will invoke only one thing: that my faith is burns to obey His wise will. But I have a hidden hope: that my efforts will not be in vain. Because I did not fight for my own glory, but for the glory of the great God, who I am sure loved this people as well as mine. I will not live to see the future. I am here, in the present, with no friends, no books, not even ink. They left me with nothing, Only this, a swan's feather, with which I write on the walls of my cell using soot and my own blood for ink. Yet even so, His will be done, no matter what. I will pass away, but Orthodoxy, Europe and the world will all continue to need what Christ left us, unadulterated and true.

My beloved Christ, I dreamed of Your Church, unmoved by the purposes and the mechanisms of this world. That is why I struggled, that is why I did not keep silent, when I saw it excusing the sins of the strong and taking for cheap rewards of

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Μονόλογος¶
Με λένε Μάξιμο. Με λέγαν Μιχαήλ. Έζησα μια ολόκληρη ζωή παραδομένος στο θέλημα του Θεού, που αγάπησα πιο πολύ και από τον εαυτό μου. Θέλησα να ζήσω μια ζωή γεμάτη νόημα, να πω πως πέρασα από τη γη αυτή και άφησα πίσω μου ένα σημάδι. Με ό,τι καταπιάστηκα, έδωσα όλη μου την ψυχή. Πρώτα στη σοφία των Ελλήνων προγόνων μου κι ας γνώρισα τις Ελληνικές μου ρίζες σε καιρούς δύσκολους, 17 μόλις χρόνια μετά την άλωση της Βασιλεύουσας. Μετά, ξενιτεύτηκα στην Ιταλία και γνώρισα σε βάθος τα κατορθώματα της Εσπερίας. Γρήγορα όμως κατάλαβα πως η ψυχή μου ποθούσε τη σοφία ενός κόσμου άλλου. Κι έτσι κατέληξα ως ο έσχατος των μοναχών, στη Μονή Βατοπαιδίου του Αγίου Όρους. Πίστεψα πως εκεί θα τελειώσω τη ζωή μου. Μια κλήση όμως, σαν εκείνη που άκουσε στο όραμά του ο Παύλος από τον Μακεδόνα νέο, ήρθε από τον Βορρά, από το γένος των Ρώσων. Ζήταγαντη σοφία της Ρωμαίικης παράδοσης για να στηρίξουν πάνω της μια νέα Ορθόδοξη Αυτοκρατορία. Η Ευρώπη άλλαζε, ο κόσμος άλλαζε. Στον νέο κόσμο, η Ρωσία θα'ταν η μόνη ελεύθερη Ορθόδοξη χώρα. Μα τι Ορθοδοξία θα'ταν αυτή; Γνήσια Ορθόδοξη ...

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perishable and dishonest riches and a seat at the ruler's table, flattering his megalomania.

Soon I will stand before You. And if I have no excuse for my perversions, I will tell you this: I have been the most sinful Lord, but I have never been a heretic. And did not betray your plan for the world. I fought until my very last breath to ensure your Church does not lose its true flavor, even if the world rots away. Whatever Your lovewant for me, so be it.

So… Thy will be done.

Amen!

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Σύντομα θα σταθώ ενώπιον Σου. Κι αν δικαιολογία δεν έχω για τα κρίματά μου, ένα θα Σου πω: Υπήρξα ο πιο αμαρτωλός Κύριε, μα αιρετικός δεν υπήρξα ποτέ. Και το σχέδιό Σου για τον κόσμο δεν το πρόδωσα. Μέχρι τελευταία μου αναπνοή αγωνίστηκα για να μην χάσει η Εκκλησία Σου την αλμύρα της και σαπίσει ο κόσμος.Ό, τι θέλει τώρα ας κάνει η αγάπη Σου για μένα.¶
Γενηθήτω λοιπόν το θέλημα σου. ¶
Αμήν! ¶

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