

Lambdin Apophthegmata Patrum

31. ΝΕ-ΟΥΝ-ΟΥΑ ΔΕ ΝΤΕ ΝΕΤ ΟΥΑΔΒ ΕΨΑΥΜΟΥΤΕ ΕΡΟϞ ΧΕ ΦΙ-

There was one who was holy called

ΛΑΓΡΙΟϞ ΕϞΟΥΗΖ ΖΝ ΘΙΛΗΜ, ΕϞΡ-ΖΩΒ ΖΝ ΟΥΖΙϞΕ ΨΑΝΤΕϞΧΠΟ ΝΑϞ Μ

Philagrios who lived in Jerusalem, and he labored hard until he acquired

ΠΕϞΟΕΙΚ ΜΜΙΝ ΜΜΟϞ. ΝΖΩϞΟΝ ΔΕ ΕϞΑΖΕΡΑΤϞ ΖΝ ΤΑΓΩΡΑ Ε † Μ

his own bread for himself. While he stood in the market to sell

ΠΕϞΖΩΒ Ν ΔΙΧ ΕΒΟΛ, ΕΙϞ ΖΗΗΤΕ ΖΝ ΟΥΨϞΝΕ ΑϞΔΙΝΕ Ν ΟΥΒΑΛΛΑΤΙΟΝ

his handiwork, behold suddenly he found a purse,

ΕΥΝ-ΜΗΤ Ν ΨΕ Ν ΖΟΛΟΚΟΤΤΙΝΟϞ ΖΙΩϞϞ. ΑϞΑΖΕΡΑΤϞ Μ ΠΕϞΜΑ, ΕϞ-

there being a thousand gold coins in it. He stood in his place, and he

ΧΩ ΜΜΟϞ ΧΕ, “ΖΑΠϞ ΠΕ ΕΤΡΕ-ΠΕΝΤΑϞϞΟΡΜΕϞ ΕΙ.” ΑΥΩ ΕΙϞ ΠΕΤ

said, “It is certain that he who lost it comes.” And behold that

ΜΜΑΥ ΑϞΕΙ ΕϞΡΙΜΕ. ΑϞΔΟΠϞ ΔΕ ΝΔΙ ΠΖΛΛΟ, ΑϞΧΙΤϞ Ν ϞΑ ΟΥϞΑ,

there he came weeping. The monk grasped him, and he took him aside,

ΑϞΤΑΔϞ ΝΑϞ. ΠΕΤ ΜΜΑΥ ΔΕ ΑϞΑΜΑΖΤΕ ΜΜΟϞ, ΕϞΟΥΩΨ Ε † Ν ΟΥ-

and he gave it to him. The one there took it, wanting to give a

ΟΥΩΝ ΝΑϢ. ΠΖΛΛΟ ΔΕ Μ̄ΠΕΦΟΥΩΨ Ε ΧΙ. ΤΟΤΕ ΔΑϢΙ-ΤΟΟΤḲ̄ Ε ΧΙ-
portion to him. The monk however did not want to accept it. Then he began to

ΨΚΑΚ ΕΒΟΛ, ΕΦΧΩ Μ̄ΜΟC ΧΕ, “ΔΜΗΙΤḲ̄ Ν̄ΤΕΤḲ̄ΝΔΥ ΕΥΡΩΜΕ Ν̄ΤΕ ΠΝΟΥΤΕ
cry out, saying, “Come and see what a man of God

ΧΕ Ν̄ΤΑϢḲ̄-ΟΥ.” ΠΖΛΛΟ ΔΕ ΔΑϢΩΤ Ν̄ ΧΙΟΥΕ, ΔΦΕΙ ΕΒΟΛ ΖḲ̄ ΤΠΟΛΙC
did.” The monk stealthily slipped away, and he came out of the city

ΧΕ Ν̄ΝΕΥCΟΥΩΝḲ̄.

so that they should not recognize him.

38. ΔΑϢΩΚ Ν̄ΔΙ ΑΠΑ ΜΑΚΑΡΙΟC ΠΝΟC ΨΑ ΑΠΑ ΔΑΝΤΩΝΙΟC, ΔΥΩ

Father Makarios the elder went to Father Antonios, and

Ν̄ΤΕΡΕΦΚΩΛΖ Ε ΠΡΟ, ΔΦΕΙ ΕΒΟΛ ΨΑΡΟϢ, ΠΕΧΔΑϢ ΝΑϢ Χ(Ε), “Ν̄ΤḲ̄-
when he knocked at the door, he came out to him, and he said to him, “Who

ΝΙΜ?” Ν̄ΤΟϢ ΔΕ ΔΑΦΟΥΩΨΒ̄ ΕΦΧΩ Μ̄ΜΟC ΧΕ, “ΑΝΟΚ ΠΕ ΜΑΚΑΡΙΟC.”
are you?” He answered, saying, “I am Makarios.”

ΔΥΩ ΔΑΨΤΑΜ Μ̄ ΠΡΟ, ΔΑϢΩΚ ΕΖΟΥΝ, ΔΑΚΑΔΑϢ. Ν̄ΤΕΡΕΦΝΔΥ Ε ΤΕϢ-
And he shut the door and went in and left him. When he saw his

ΖΥΠΟΜΟΝΗ, ΔΑΦΟΥΩΝ ΝΑϢ, ΔΥΩ ΔΑΦΟΥΡΟΤ Ν̄ΜΔΑϢ, ΕΦΧΩ Μ̄ΜΟC ΧΕ,
patience, he opened it, and was happy with him, saying,

“ΕΙC ΟΥΝΟC Ν̄ ΟΥΘΕΙΨ ΕΙΟΥΨ Ε ΝΔΥ ΕΡΟΚ. ΔΙCΩΤḲ̄ ΓΑΡ ΕΤΒΗΗΤḲ̄.”

“For a long time I’ve been wanting to see you. For I heard about you.”

ⲁⲮⲱ ⲁⲘⲱⲟⲡⲉ̅ ⲉⲣⲟⲘ ⲓⲛ̅ ⲟⲩⲙⲓⲛ̅ⲧⲙⲁⲓⲣⲱⲙⲉ, ⲁⲘ ⲛ̅ⲧⲟⲛ ⲛⲁⲘ, ⲛ̅ⲧⲁⲘⲉⲓ ⲉⲁⲣ

And he received him with kindness, and set him at ease, for he came

ⲉⲃⲟⲗ ⲓⲛ̅ ⲓⲛⲛⲟⲥ̅ ⲛ̅ ⲓⲓⲥⲉ. ⲛ̅ⲧⲉⲣⲉ-ⲣⲟⲩⲓⲥⲉ ⲁⲉ ⲱⲱⲡⲉ, ⲁ-ⲁⲡⲁ ⲁⲛⲧⲱⲛⲓ-

in great weariness. Then evening occurred, and Father Antonios

ⲟⲥ ⲓⲱⲣⲡ̅ ⲛⲁⲘⲓⲛ̅ ⲓⲛⲛⲟⲩⲓ ⲛ̅ ⲃⲏⲧ. ⲡⲉⲭⲉ-ⲁⲡⲁ ⲙⲁⲕⲁⲣⲓⲟⲥ ⲛⲁⲘ ⲭⲉ,

wet a little palm leaf. Father Makarios said,

“ⲕⲉⲗⲉⲩⲉ ⲛⲁⲓ ⲧⲁⲓⲱⲣⲡ̅ ⲛⲁⲓ ⲙⲁⲩⲁⲁⲧ.” ⲛ̅ⲧⲟⲘ ⲁⲉ ⲡⲉⲭⲁⲘ ⲭⲉ, “ⲓⲱⲣⲡ̅.”

“Command me wetting for myself.” He said, “Wet.”

ⲁⲮⲱ ⲁⲘⲧⲁⲙⲓⲟ ⲛ̅ ⲟⲩⲛⲟⲥ̅ ⲛ̅ ⲱⲟⲗ ⲛ̅ ⲃⲏⲧ, ⲁⲘⲓⲓⲣⲡⲉ̅. ⲁⲩⲓⲓⲙⲟⲟⲥ, ⲁⲩ-

And he made a large bundle of palm leaf, and he wet it. He sat and they

ⲱⲗⲭⲉ ⲉ ⲧⲙⲓⲛ̅ⲧⲣⲉⲘ ⲛ̅ ⲓⲛ̅ ⲧⲉⲩⲩⲭⲏ ⲭⲓⲛ̅ ⲙ̅ ⲡⲛⲁⲩ̅ ⲛ̅ ⲣⲟⲩⲓⲥⲉ. ⲁⲩⲛⲟⲃ-

spoke of what is beneficial to the soul throughout the evening. They

ⲧⲟⲩ, ⲁⲮⲱ ⲧⲓⲛⲏⲃⲧⲉ ⲁⲥⲃⲱⲕ ⲉⲡⲉⲥⲏⲧ ⲉ ⲡⲉⲥⲡⲩⲩⲗⲏⲟⲛ ⲉⲃⲟⲗ ⲓⲓⲧⲙ̅

wove, and the weaving went down to the cave out through

ⲡⲱⲟⲩⲱⲱⲧ̅. ⲁⲘⲃⲱⲕ ⲉⲓⲟⲩⲛ̅ ⲉ ⲓⲧⲟⲟⲩⲉ ⲛ̅ⲁⲓ ⲡⲙⲁⲕⲁⲣⲓⲟⲥ ⲁⲡⲁ ⲁⲛⲧⲱⲛⲓⲟⲥ,

the window. The blessed Father Antonios went in the morning,

ⲁⲘⲓⲛⲁⲩ̅ ⲉ ⲡⲁⲱⲁⲓ ⲛ̅ ⲧⲓⲛⲏⲃⲧⲉ ⲛ̅ ⲁⲡⲁ ⲙⲁⲕⲁⲣⲓⲟⲥ, ⲁⲘⲓⲣ̅-ⲱⲡⲏⲣⲉ, ⲁⲮⲱ

and he saw the amount of the weaving of Father Makarios, and he became amazed, and

ⲁⲘ ⲛ̅ⲧⲓⲥ̅ ⲛ̅ ⲁⲡⲁ ⲙⲁⲕⲁⲣⲓⲟⲥ, ⲉⲘⲭⲱ ⲙ̅ⲙⲟⲥ ⲭⲉ, “ⲁ-ⲓⲁⲓ ⲛ̅ ⲓⲟⲙ

and he kissed the hands of Father Makarios and he said, “Many great things

ΕΙ ΕΒΟΛ Ζ̄Ν̄ ΝΕΙΔΙΧ̄.”

came from these hands.

48. ΝΕ-ΟῩΝ̄-ΟῩΣΟΝ̄ ΔΧ̄Ν̄ Ḳ̄ΡΑΖ̄Τ̄ Ζ̄Ν̄ ΟῩΖΕΝΕΕΤΕ. Ζ̄ΑΖ̄ ΔΕ Ν̄

There was once a brother without rest in a monastery. Many times

ΣΟΠ̄ ΨΑΚΙΜ̄ ΕΥΟΡΓΗ. ΠΕΧΑΚ̄ Ḳ̄Ε Ζ̄ΡΑῙ Ν̄ΖΗΤ̄Ḳ̄ Χ̄Ε, “†ΝΑΒΩΚ̄ ΤΑΔΩ

he was moved to anger. He said to himself, “I will go to stay

ΜΑΥΑΑΤ̄ ΕΙΑΝΑΧΩΡΕΙ. ΔΥΩ Ζ̄Μ̄ ΠΤΡΑΤ̄Μ̄Ḳ̄Ν̄-ΖΩΒ̄ Μ̄Ν̄ ΛΑΔῩ †ΝΑḲ̄ΡΑΖ̄Τ̄

by myself as a hermit. And as I will not contact anyone I will rest

ΔΥΩ ΠΠΑΘΟΟΣ̄ ΝΑΛΟ̄ Ν̄ΖΗΤ̄.” ΔΚΕΙ ΔΕ ΕΒΟΛ, ΔΚΟΥΩΖ̄ ΜΑΥΑΑΚ̄ Ζ̄Ν̄

and the suffering cease within.” He came away, and he situated himself in

ΟῩΣΠΥΛΑΙΟΝ. Ζ̄Ν̄ ΟῩΣΟΠ̄ ΔΕ ΔΚΜΕΖ̄-ΠΕΚΚΕΛΩΛ̄ Μ̄ ΜΟΟῩ, ΔΚΟΥΑΖ̄Ḳ̄

a cave. One time he filled his jar with water, and he dropped it

Ε ΠΚΑΖ̄, ΔΥΩ Ν̄ ΤΕΥΝΟῩ ΔΚΟΚΟΡΚ̄Ρ̄. Ν̄ΤΕΡΕΚΩΝ̄Τ̄ ΔΕ, ΔΚΚΙΤ̄Ḳ̄,

to the ground, and immediately it rolled away. When he became angry, he took it

ΔΚΟΥΟΔΠ̄Ḳ̄. Δ-ΠΕΚΖΗΤ̄ ΔΕ ΕΙ ΕΡΟΚ̄, ΔΚΕΙΜΕ Χ̄Ε ΠΔΕΜΩΝ̄ ΠΕΤ̄ †

and broke it. He came to his senses and he realized that the demon was the one who commanded

Ν̄Μ̄ΔΚ̄, ΔΥΩ ΠΕΧΑΚ̄ Χ̄Ε, “ΕΙΣ̄ Ζ̄ΗΗΤΕ ΟΝ̄ †ΑΝΑΧΩΡΕΙ ΜΑΥΑΑΤ̄ ΔΥΩ

him, and he said, “Behold yet even as I withdraw, I still

† ΔΟΝΤ̄. ΕΙΝΑΒΩΚ Ν̄ΤΟΟΥΝ Ε ΘΕΝΕΕΤΕ. ΟΡ̄-ΧΡΙΑ ΓΑΡ Ε ΜΙΩΕ ΕΡΟϞ

become angry. I will go next to the monastery. It is necessary that he (the demon) be fought

Μ̄ ΜΑ ΝΙΜ ΔΥΩ ΖΟΥΟ ΖΥΠΟΜΙΝΕ Ε ΤΒΟΗΘΙΑ Μ̄ ΠΝΟΥΤΕ.” ΔϞΚΤΟϞ

everywhere and moreover to submit to the help of God.” He returned

ΔΕ, ΔϞΒΩΚ Ε ΠΕϞΜΑ.

and he went to his cell.

70. Δ-ΟΥϞΟΝ ΣΙ Μ̄ ΠΕϞΧΗΜΑ, ΔϞΔΝΑΧΩΡΕΙ Ν̄ ΤΕΥΝΟΥ, ΕϞϞΩ

A brother took his monk’s habit, and he went to the desert immediately, saying,

Μ̄ΜΟϞ ΞΕ, “ΔΝΓ̄-ΟΥΔΝΑΧΩΡΗΤΗϞ.” ΔΥϞΩΤΜ̄ ΔΕ Ν̄ΔΙ Ν̄Ζ̄ΛΛΟ, ΔΥΒΩΚ,

“I am an anchorite.” The monks heard, and they went

ΔΥ†-ΤΟΟΤΟΥ Μ̄ΜΟϞ, ΔΥΩ ΔΥΤΡΕϞΚΩΤΕ Ε Ν̄ΡΙ Ν̄ ΝΕϞΝΗΥ ΕϞΜΕΤΑΝΟΙ,

and laid hold of him, and they made him go around to the cells of the brothers in repentance,

ΕϞϞΩ Μ̄ΜΟϞ ΞΕ, “ΚΩ ΝΔΙ ΕΒΟΛ. ΔΝΓ̄-ΟΥΔΝΑΧΩΡΗΤΗϞ ΔΝ, ΑΛΛΔ

saying, “Forgive me. I am not an anchorite, but rather

ΔΝΓ̄-ΟΥΡΩΜΕ Ν̄ ΡΕϞΡ̄-ΝΟΒΕ ΔΥΩ Ν̄ ΒΡ̄ΡΕ.”

I am a sinner and a newcomer.”

71. ΠΕΧΔΥ ΔΕ Ν̄ΔΙ Ν̄Ζ̄ΛΛΟ ΧΕ, “ΕΚΨΑΝΝΔΥ ΕΥΨΗΡΕ ΨΗΜ ΕΨΒΗΚ

The monks said, “If you see a youth going

ΕΖΡΑΙ ΕΤΠΕ Ζ̄Ν̄ ΠΕΨΟΥΨ Μ̄ΜΙΝ Μ̄ΜΟΨ, ΔΕΠ-ΤΕΨΟΥΕΡΗΤΕ, ΣΟΚ̄ Ε-

up to heaven of his own volition, take his leg and pull him

ΠΕΣΗΤ Μ̄ΜΔΥ Σ̄Ρ̄-ΝΟΒΡΕ ΓΑΡ ΝΔΨ ΔΝ.”

down there, for indeed it is not good him.” (To try to get to heaven prematurely)

102. ΕΡΕ-ΑΠΑ ΜΑΚΚΑΡΙΟΣ ΜΟΟΨΕ Ν̄ ΟΥΟΕΙΨ Μ̄ ΠΚΩΤΕ Μ̄ ΠΖΕΛΟΣ,

Father Makarios was journeying at one time in the neighborhood of the marsh,

ΕΨΤΨΟΥΝ Ν̄ Ζ̄ΕΝΒΗΤ, ΔΥΨ ΕΙΣ ΠΔΙΑΒΟΛΟΣ ΔΨΤΨΜ̄Ν̄Τ ΕΡΟΨ Ζ̄Ν̄

carrying some palm leaf, and behold he met the devil on

ΤΕΨΖΙΗ, ΕΡΕ-ΟΥΟΖ̄ Ν̄ΤΟΟΤ̄, ΔΥΨ Ε-ΝΕΨΟΥΨ ΠΕ Ε ΡΔΖΤ̄,

the road, a scythe in his hand, and it was his (the devil's) wish to kill him,

Μ̄ΠΕΨΔ̄Μ̄-ΣΟΜ. ΔΥΨ ΠΕΧΔΨ ΝΔΨ ΧΕ, “ΟΥΝΟΣ ΠΕ ΠΔΧΙ Ν̄ ΣΟΝ̄ ΕΒΟΛ

and he did not have the power. And he said to him, “Great is the constraint I feel from

Μ̄ΜΟΚ, ΧΕ Μ̄Ν̄-ΣΟΜ Μ̄ΜΟΙ ΕΡΟΚ. ΕΙΣ Ζ̄ΗΗΤΕ ΓΑΡ Ζ̄ΨΒ ΝΙΜ ΕΤΕΚΕΙΡΕ

you, and I have no power over you. For behold everything that you do

Μ̄ΜΟΟΥ †ΕΙΡΕ Μ̄ΜΟΟΥ Ζ̄Ψ. Ν̄ΤΟΚ ΨΔΚΝΗΣΤΕΥΕ Ν̄ Ζ̄ΕΝΖΟΟΥ; ΔΝΟΚ ΔΕ

I do also. You fast for days; I

ΜΕΙΟΥΨΜ Ε ΠΤΗΡ̄. ΨΔΚ̄Ρ̄-ΟΥΨΗ Ν̄ ΡΟΕΙΣ Ν̄ Ζ̄ΕΝΣΟΠ; ΔΝΟΚ ΔΕ

do not eat at all. At night you are awake sometimes; I

ΜΕΙΝΚΟΤῚ ΕΝΕΖ. ΟΥΖΩΒ Ν ΟΥΩΤ ΠΕΤΕΚΧΡΑΕΙΤ ΕΡΟΙ ΝΖΗΤῚ.”

never lie down. There is only one thing in which you surpass me.”

ΠΕΧΕ-ΑΠΑ ΜΑΚΑΡΙΟΣ ΧΕ, “ΟΥ ΠΕ?” ΝΤΟϚ ΔΕ ΠΕΧΑϚ ΧΕ, “ΠΕΚ-
Father Makarios said, “What is that?” He said to him, “Your

ΘῚΒΒΙΟ ΠΕ. ΔΝΟΚ ΔΕ ΜΕΙΔῚ-ΔΟΜ Ε ΘῚΒΒΙΟΙ ΕΝΕΖ. ΕΤΒΕ ΠΑΙ

humility. I am not able to be humble ever. Because of this

ῚΠΙΔῚ-ΔΟΜ ΕΡΟΚ.”

I did not prevail over you.”

124. ΔϚΧΟΟϚ ΝΔΙ ΑΠΑ ΖΩΡϚΙΗϚΙ ΧΕ, “ΟΥΤΩΩΒΕ Ν ΟΜΕ

Father Horsiasi said, “A clay brick (adobe)

ΕΥΨΑΝΝΟΧῚ ΕΥϚῚΠΤΕ ΖΑΤῚ ΠΙΕΡΟ, ΝῚΝΑΖΥΠΟΜΙΝΕ ΔΝ Ν ΟΥΖΟΟΥ Ν

if set in a foundation near the river, will not last a single day.

ΟΥΩΤ. ΤΤΕΡΠΟϚΕ ΔΕ ΨΑϚΜΟΥΝ ΕΒΟΛ Ν ΘΕ Ὶ ΠΩΝΕ. ΤΑΙ ΤΕ ΘΕ Ὶ

But the baked brick remains like a stone. It is like

ΠΡΩΜΕ Ε-ΟΥῚΤΑϚ ῚΜΑΥ Ὶ ΠΕϚΜΕΕΥΕ Ὶ ΜῚΝΤΚΩϚΜΙΚΟΝ. ΝῚΠΟϚΕ ΔΝ

The man who sets his mind to worldliness. He is not baked

ΖῚ ΘΟΤΕ Ὶ ΠΠΟΥΤΕ. ΕϚΨΑΝΕΙ ΕΖΡΑΙ ΕΥΜῚΝΤΝΟϚ, ΨΑϚΒΩΛ ΕΒΟΛ.

in the fear of god. If he rises to a position of power, he comes undone.

ΖΑΖ ΓΑΡ ΝΕ ῚΠΙΡΑϚΜΟϚ Ν ΝΑ-ΤΕΙΜΙΝΕ ΜΑΛΙϚΤΑ ΕΥΨΟΟΠ ΖῚ ΤΜΗΤΕ

Many are the temptations for those of this kind, especially as they are in the midst

ⲛ̅ ⲛ̅ⲣⲱⲙⲉ. ⲛⲁⲛⲟϥ ⲁⲉ ⲉⲧⲣⲉ-ⲡⲣⲱⲙⲉ ⲥⲟϥⲉⲛ-ⲡⲉϥⲱⲓ ⲛ̅ⲙⲓⲛ ⲛ̅ⲙⲟϥ,
of men. For it is good that the man knows his own limit (measure)

ⲉⲧⲣⲉϥⲡⲱⲧ ⲁⲉ ⲉⲃⲟⲗ ⲛ̅ ⲡⲉⲗⲣⲟⲱ ⲛ̅ ⲧⲙⲏ̅ⲧⲛⲟⲩ. ⲛⲉⲧ ⲧⲁⲭⲣⲏϥ ⲁⲉ ⲗⲓⲧⲛ̅
when he abandons the burden of power. For those who are strengthened in

ⲧⲡⲓϥⲧⲓϥ ⲗⲉⲛⲁⲧⲕⲓⲙ ⲉⲣⲟⲟϥ ⲛⲉ.

faith are not moved.