

The Prayer of Holy Silence (Continued)

Nothing needs to be achieved.
Nothing needs to be forced.
Only received.
A holy listening.
A quiet awakening.
A deep participation in Divine Life.



A Prayer of Holy Silence

Be still within me, O God.
Quiet the noise of fear and striving.
Teach me the silence that listens.
Let my heart become a small chapel of Your Presence.
Beyond words, beyond thoughts, beyond certainty,
awaken me to the mystery of Your Love.

Noli timere.
Be not afraid.

Amen. Alleluia.
The door to the Chapel of My Heart remains open.



**Addie and I wish everyone
healthy and holy times until
we meet again in the fall.**

**With Love,
Fr. Craig+**



*Prayers for Summer Musings
by Fr. Craig+*

THE CHAPEL OF MY HEART



The Chapel of My Heart

There are moments when the soul discovers a quiet inner sanctuary — a hidden place of stillness, prayer, gratitude, and Presence.

This is what I have come to call the “Chapel of My Heart.”

Not built of stone or stained glass, but of silence, attentiveness, compassion, and grace.

In this chapel:

- birdsong becomes prayer,
- ocean waves become psalms,
- sunlight through trees becomes blessing,
- and ordinary moments shimmer with holiness.

The contemplative traditions of Christianity remind us that God is often encountered not in noise or striving, but in stillness.

In silence, we begin to notice:

- the sacred within the ordinary,
- peace beneath fear,
- and Love quietly sustaining all things.

The Christian mystics understood this deeply.

Julian of Norwich once described seeing something as small as a hazelnut resting in the palm of her hand. She wondered how such a tiny thing could continue to exist.

The answer came:

“It lasts and ever shall, because God loves it.”

So too with us.

The smallest moments matter:

- a shared meal,
- a hand held in grief,
- morning light through a window,
- the hush before dawn,
- a simple prayer whispered in silence.

All may become transparent to grace.

Perhaps it is no coincidence that:

“Silent” and “Listen” contain the same letters.

In holy silence:

- fear softens,
- the heart widens,
- and the soul remembers it is already being held.

“Do not let your hearts be troubled.”

“Noli timere.”

Be not afraid.

The Prayer of Holy Silence



“Silent and Listen: The Same Letters”

There is a prayer beyond words.

A prayer not spoken, but received.

A prayer of presence, stillness, and holy listening.

I call this the Prayer of Holy Silence.

In the silence of the heart, something deeper awakens — not absence, but communion; not emptiness, but attentive presence.

The words silent and listen contain the same letters, as if offering a quiet teaching:

“True silence is not the absence of sound, but the presence of listening.”

In the Christian contemplative tradition, silence has long been understood as a sacred doorway into the Divine Mystery.

The Cloud of Unknowing teaches that God is encountered not merely through thought or language, but through a loving awareness beyond words.

And in the First Book of Kings, Elijah does not find God in the wind, earthquake, or fire, but in the “still small voice” — the sound of sheer silence.

Silence is not withdrawal from life.

It is receptivity to Life itself.

In the Chapel of My Heart, beneath the waves of thought and worry, there is a deeper stillness carrying everything toward God.

The contemplative journey becomes less about speaking to God and more about consenting to be held within God.

Like the ocean:

surface waves continue,
thoughts rise and fall,
joys and sorrows come and go,
yet beneath them remains a quiet depth — steady, vast, and filled with Presence.

Words can point toward mystery, but they cannot contain it.

At a certain depth, silence itself becomes praise.

The saints and mystics often speak in paradox:

- silence that listens,
- darkness that illumines,
- emptiness that overflows,
- surrender that becomes freedom.

And perhaps, in moments of Holy Silence, there comes a gentle recognition:

