

Quiet Prayer

By Brenda Korinek, Tending the Holy Graduate

“...when you pray, go to your inner room, close the door

And pray to your Father in secret.

And your Father, who sees in secret, will repay you.”

Matthew 6:6

A Prayer Meditation

Tranquil. Calm. Pleasant. Serene. Contented. Restful. Soothing. Peace and quiet. Alone yet, not alone.

Contemplation. Visualization. Meditation. Prayer.

Sitting alone in the still of the evening, eyes closed, breathing deeply at first, then quietly and evenly, a picture comes to mind: a favorite place, a fantasy place. Thoughts of a busy day slowly fade into complete tranquility. Gone are the telephones, pagers, and cell phones. Gone are the computers and the paperwork. Gone are the traffic and the noise.

The mind's eye slowly wanders over every detail of the landscape. Behold the shades of blues, oranges, pinks, purples in the sky, the ball of orange fire on the horizon, the stillness of the waters, the gentle swaying of the reeds in the cool and mild breeze. The ears hear nothing but the sound of silence. All of creation is quiet. It is as if time has stopped, if only for a little while. At peace at last.

The mind and the heart and the soul and every fiber of the being stretch, reaching out in hope, in love, in belief, with trust. The layers of humanness slowly dissolving until all that remains is the core, the essence of the being, and God. Naked. Vulnerable. Comfortable.

It is in this place where the soul lays bare. It is in this place where the Spirit dwells. It is in this place where God speaks. Inspiration. Revelation.

It is here where the words, “I will be with you always” are heard over and over again. No talking required. Listening is the only rule. Gentle. Loving. Consoling.

Touched. So deeply touched.