

*Selections from [They Speak by Silences](#), a book by anonymous Carthusian monk, in 1948, after World War II. – Thanks to Sara Winter!*

We all, at times, suffer from great illusions. We confuse not having peace with not being aware of the peace we possess. When our sensitive nature is all storm-tossed, we no longer perceive anything but the storm, because that occupies the most conscious part of ourselves. But that does not mean that we have lost our peace of soul, but only our awareness of it. (pg. 48)

All these things which are on the surface leave us empty and dissatisfied, even if they do not actually wound us. We need something else, and we turn instinctively to the only enduring reality here below – the inmost depth of our soul. (pg. 49)

Do not be surprised then if His presence in the depths of the soul does not make itself felt as in the case of created things. It is precisely the distinguishing sign of His action that He gives Himself to us under a form essentially hidden and incomprehensible. (pg. 66)

We have not lost our peace of soul; only the surface has been troubled. But we are so accustomed to live on the surface that these superficial storms make us think that the depths are troubled too.

But these things are necessary and do us good, for they teach us to live in those depths, and force us to love (and to desire and seek) the large serenity of those souls who know that God is All; that He love our souls, and that our very sufferings and trials become a means of union with His love.

We learn in these same hours the need to live united with Him, and we realize that this union does not take place in the realm of our feelings...but in the depths...which we neither see nor feel, and that it is none the less true and substantial love. (pg. 104) ❖