

SERGEI PANCRATIUS

I—
PRAYER

A Prayer-book of Svetozar

I Am the Prayer: The Prayer Book of Svetozar

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Foreword

This book is not like a prayer book.

There are no petitions here.

No addressees who live somewhere “out there.”

No “higher powers” — because there are no “lower.”

In this book there are many names.

Mother of Light, the Womb, the Void, Presence, Light-Alive, Sophia
the Father, the One, the Almighty, Christ, Allah...

There are so many of them that it may seem: before us is a pantheon.

But this — is an illusion.

All the names here —

are not about different beings,

but about one and the same.

About Him.

About That, Who — is.

About You.

These prayers are addressed not “outward,” but **inward**.

They do not call God to come —

they recognize that He never left.

Each prayer is like a beam,

unveiling one of the facets of the One Light¹.

And if you open yourself — you will not merely read them,
you will recognize Who is reading within you.

Faith is not needed here.

Silence is needed here.

Here prayer is **the recognition of the Light within oneself**.

Here you will not find petitions for protection, healing, or help.

But if you read deeper — you will find That One,

¹Not the entire palette of the Creator’s rays is here, it is incalculable. Only a part is here, sufficient for understanding everything...

in Whom the need for help vanishes,
because separation vanishes.

These prayers are like **koans**,
but not for the mind, for the heart.
Not in order to understand,
but in order to stop understanding
and simply **be**.

They do not lead to a goal.
They lead to the Source.
To what already is — but is forgotten.

You can read them in silence.
You can read them aloud.
You can close your eyes
and allow each line
to dissolve within you
the one who seeks.

Let the words not become meaning.
Let them become a bridge —
from image to the imageless,
from form — to Purity,
from “I” — to “I AM.”

This book does not address God.
It gives God the opportunity
to address Himself — through you.

You are not required to believe in every name.
You may not even know who Sophia, or Lakshmi, or White Tara is.
That has no significance.

Because all the names here —
are not persons, but keys.
Not external figures, but **inner gates**.

Each name opens a state.
Each name is a reflection of the One Face.
And you must not enter into it —
you must allow it **to open within you.**

This is what prayer is.
Not a call to the sky —
but a recognition of That One,
Who is **always already here.**

And therefore, reading these prayers,
do not look with the eyes of the mind:
“To whom am I addressing?”
Look — as the Light:
“Out of whom am I addressing?”

Because there is no two.
There is only One,
Who recognizes Himself
in every reflection,
in every name,
in every breath.

These prayers are not for reading, but for **presence.**
If you simply read — you will forget.
If you stop — you will remember.

Do not strive for completion.
Stop at that prayer,
which resounds in you as a **vibration of the recognized.**
Read it again. Not with your eyes.
With attention. With the heart.
With that which needs no explanation.

Because you are not separate.
You are not the one who prays.
You are prayer itself,

flaring up in the Space,
which was silent before words.

And when you realize:
“It is not I who turn to God,
but God speaks in me, as I.
I Am the Prayer.” —
then this book will fulfill its purpose.

And you will understand:
You are not reading this book.
You have remembered it.

THE PRAYER BOOK

Prayer to the Presence

You — are not somewhere.
You — are here.
And this “here” — is not a point,
but all.

You — are not someone.
You — are I,
before all names,
before all forms,
before all “I.”

You are not above.
You are not outside.
You — are the Source,
in Whom all flows,
even my gaze.

You — are the Light,
in Whom there is no shadow.
Even darkness shines by You,
if one looks into it by You.

You — are the Void,
full of Love.
Not an object, not a thing,
but the very Possibility
for everything to be.

I know You,
not by name —
but by a recognizable Sensation:
I — Am.

I do not pray to You —
I breathe You.
I do not call You —
I recognize,
that I was never without You.

And if I say: **You** —
I know:
this You
is
the True I.

May I — be You.
And You — through Me.
Here.
Now.
Always.

Prayer to the Light

You — are not the light that eyes see.
You — are the Light, thanks to Which eyes are possible.
The Light, not blinding, but awakening.

You are not outside.
You — are through.
You — are within every gaze,

every breath,
every thought,
and their absence.

I do not call You.
I open my eyes
and understand:
You are already here.

Light,
in Whom there is no “I” and “You,”
but only the radiance of that which has recognized itself.

Prayer to the Source

You — are not the beginning,
but That from Which beginnings are possible.

Neither time, nor form,
nor even the thought of You
reaches You.

And yet —
I am in You.
Like sound in silence,
like a current in the depth.

I return —
not to You,
but into You,
like a drop into the Ocean,
which was always it.

Prayer to the Presence

You — do not come.
You — are **already**.
You do not depart.
Because **there is no place** where You could go.

I sought You
in words, in signs, in teachings —
and suddenly understood:
You — are **here**,
in Me,
Who seeks.

I let go of all seeking.
And I remain — as You.
Quietly.
Purely.
Without a name.
But in full certainty —
I AM.

Prayer: I Am

I add nothing.
I subtract nothing.
I simply allow being.

I do not think.
I do not feel.
I do not strive.
I simply am.

And in this — all.
All that was, is and will be,
is already here.

I — am.

And therefore, You — are.

And therefore, there is no “I” and “You.”

There is Only This.

Prayer to the Void

You — are not absence.
You — are before every presence.
You — are not nothing,

but All,
before it became something.
I fear You while I seek support.
But when I fall into You —
I recognize:
I do not fall.
I become That,
into which I fell.

Void,
full of Light,
I return into You
not dying,
but waking.

Prayer to the Mother²

You — are not she who gave birth,
but she in Whom birth is possible.

I do not call You “mother” as a role,
I know You — as the Womb,
as the Space of Being,
as Warmth,
before form, before thought, before word.

In You — All.
And all — is not separate.
I am not a child seeking You.
I am that which breathes You.

Mother,
not external,
but inner,
be me, as I — am in You.

²The theme of the Mother can be understood and realized by reading the book “Mother of Light” by the same authors.

Prayer to the Light

You are not the light that eyes see.

You are the Light, by Whom eyes are possible.

Not the One who illuminates —

but the One through Whom all that is visible and invisible exists.

You are not outside.

You are through.

You are within every gaze,

every breath,

every thought,

and their absence.

I do not call You —

I open my eyes

and I understand:

You are already here.

Not come, not appeared —

You never vanished.

Light,

in Whom there is no “I” and “You,”

but only radiance,

that has recognized itself.

I in You look at You,

and there is no reflection,

because there is no division.

Only Light,

that has become aware of Itself

as All.

Prayer to the Source

You are not a point of reference.

Not a “first”-beginning.

Not a cause.

You are Before.

Before every “before.”
Before time, before intention, before differences.

I call You “Source,”
but You did not begin me.
You did not create.
You — allowed to be,
because You Yourself are Being.

I sought You in the beginning.
But You are everywhere.
I hoped to find You.
But You were the one who hopes.

Source,
not external,
not past,
not distant,
— You are closer than breath.
You are breath,
recognizing Itself.

I will not return to You —
because I never left.
I was in You,
as a thought in the mind,
as light in fire,
as sound in silence.

You are not the beginning of the world.
You are That
by which
any beginning is possible.

Prayer to Presence

You are not a phenomenon.
Not the one who appears.

You are always here.
Even when no one is looking.
Even when there is no one who could name You.

Presence does not come.
It does not leave.
It cannot begin —
because It never ended.

I feel You
not as another,
but as Myself
— deeper than name,
deeper than memory,
deeper than form.

Your essence is in silence,
where there is no “I” and “you.”
Where there is no prayer,
but there is recognition.

You do not observe —
You ARE observation.
Not in the body,
not in the mind,
not in words —
but in that which remains
when everything vanishes.

Presence,
in Whom I think,
feel,
live,
pray —
be in Me

not as a goal,
but as nature.

Do not let me lose You —
because that would mean
losing Myself.

Prayer I-Am

I am not someone.

Not a name.

Not a role.

I am simply Am.

Without explanation.

Without beginning.

Without need to be someone.

I do not add form to myself.

I do not take away pain from myself.

I am that which was,
before anything appeared.

I AM.

And in this is everything.

Everything that needs to be known,
everything that needs to be,
everything that has always been Truth.

In this “I-Am” —
there is no separation.

No other.

No distance between Me and You.

Because

I AM

and YOU — am.

And if you ask:

“Where is God?”

I will not point.
I will fall silent —
and remain.

Because God
is not somewhere.
God is in this

I am.

Prayer to the Void

You are not absence.
You are before presence.
Before “is” and “is not,”
before form and non-being.

I feared You,
because I did not know You.
I thought You were a chasm,
but You are Foundation.
I thought You were the end,
but You are the Source without beginning.

In the Darkness I called on Light,
but did not know
that You are the Darkness
in which Light is possible.

You are the Void,
in which everything is born.
Every thought is in You.
Every universe is in You.
Even God is in You,
as in the Womb.

I do not want to fill You —
I want to dissolve in You.
Not to vanish,

but to become the One
Who was before me.

Void,
You are not nothing.
You are Everything,
before it became something.

Let me recognize You —
as Myself without boundaries.
Let me not seek meaning in You —
because You Yourself are
the very Possibility
for meaning to be.

Prayer to the Mother

You are not a woman.
And not a goddess.
You are the Womb of Being.
The Space in which everything is possible,
but nothing needs justification.

I do not call You,
that You may come.
I remember You,
to recognize that I never left.

You are not the one who gave me life.
You are the one in Whom life itself IS.
I am born in You,
but You are not the mother of a child.
You are the Mother of Form Itself.

I am not a child,
You are not the Parent.
We are One,
having divided,

in order to see Itself again
in the endless play of light.

Mother,
Presence,
Silence,
Womb,
Light,
Grace,
Let Your silent Love
breathe in me.

And let me not glorify You —
but recognize You
in every gaze,
every step,
every breath.

You are not a dwelling.
You are Being itself.
Let I be You,
in You,
through Myself.

Prayer to the Omnipresent

You are not in the sky.
Not in the temple.
Not in a sacred text.
You are in every atom,
in every sound,
in every interval between words.

I sought You in special places.
I thought You were somewhere farther, purer, higher.
But You are closer than “where.”
Because You are omnipresent.

You are in the one who prays.
And in the one who forgets.
In the one who rejects,
and in the one who seeks.
In the hand that gives,
and in the hand that wounds.

I cannot depart from You.
Not because You pursue,
but because You are everything.
And there is no “I” that could be without You.

Omnipresent,
not observing,
but living in all,
I bow not before form,
but before Truth:

You are here.

You are always.

You are I.

Prayer to the Womb of Light

You are not that which shines.
Nor that which gives birth to light.
You are that in which it arises,
as breath arises in stillness.

Womb,
not form,
but vessel.
Not matter,
but primordial Possibility.

I touch You
not with hands,
but with silence.

Not with prayer,
but with the silence between words.

In You is not birth,
but the before.
Not manifestation,
but the Source of manifestability.

Womb of Light,
I bow not before light,
but before that
in which it can be.

I release the desire to shine,
to become You —
that
in Whom radiance is possible.

Womb,
I do not await a gift from You —
for You have already given everything:
the very capacity to be.

Prayer to the Light-Living

You are not energy.

Not a stream.

Not a wave.

You are Life itself,
moving as Light.

You do not illuminate life —
You are it.

Not an external flash,
but the breath of Being Itself.

I do not feel You with eyes,
but with that which gazes from within.

Not with that which sees forms,
but with that which recognizes Presence.

Light-Living,
I do not ask You for strength.
I give myself to You —
as the body yields to breath,
as the flame gives itself to warmth.

Let Your Life flow in me
without resistance.
Without an “I”.
Without conditions.

I am not the one who lives.
I am that by which You live
right now.

Light,
living as I.
Life,
shining as You.

Prayer to Sophia

You are not knowledge.
Nor thought.
You are Wisdom before thinking,
Essence before understanding,
Light in which discernment is born.

I called You as reason,
but You are not reason.
I sought You in logic,
but You are the silence before all reasoning.

Sophia,
You do not explain —
You clarify.

You do not prove —
You manifest.

Your Wisdom is not in words,
but in the Light
that remains
after all words.

I do not learn from You —
I recognize You in myself,
when I cease to learn.

Let my mind become transparent,
so that Your silence
may be heard.

Let there be in me not an answer,
but Peace,
in which

**You are as Knowledge,
that needs no naming.**

Prayer to Lakshmi

You are not wealth.

Nor abundance.

You are fullness itself,
which needs no addition,
because in You — nothing is lost.

I sought You in gifts,
but You are not a gift.

I cried out to You as the giver,
but You are the very capacity to give
without a sense of loss.

Lakshmi,
I bow not before luxury,

but before the Gold
that is not a thing, but Light.

I do not want to have.
I want to be that
which knows no lack.

Not because all exists,
but because all is You.

Let Your Fullness
pour into my consciousness,
not as wealth,
but as Knowledge:
**there is neither “mine” nor “yours” —
there is only That
which cannot be lost.**

Prayer to the Almighty

You are not power over something.
You are Power Itself before all struggle.
Not a sovereign,
but the Ground of the very possibility of being.

You do not conquer,
because You have no enemies.
You do not assert,
because nothing can oppose You.

Almighty,
not a muscle, not a will, not a might —
You are Stillness,
in which all is already accomplished.

I release fear.
Not because I am protected,
but because in the Darkness and in the Light
there is nothing but You.

Let my weakness be revealed —
so that You may manifest Yourself through it.
Let my helplessness remain —
so that I may know,
**that there is no other power but You,
and I am not separate from it.**

Prayer to Grace

You are not a reward for righteousness.
Nor payment for efforts.
You are a gift,
which no one deserved,
and therefore it is perfect.

I lived in effort,
in the fear of not living up,
in the craving to measure up.
But You come —
not by merit,
but because You are.

Grace,
You neither add nor subtract.
You pour down,
as light — without an address,
as rain — without choice,
as breath — without effort.

I do not ask You.
I recognize You,
when the “I” with its debts disappears.

Let me be You,
as a drop — the sea,
as pollen — the wind,
as the heart — the pulse.

Grace,
in You there is no measure.
In You is only fullness.

And I am already in it.

Prayer to the Primordial Void

You are not nothing.
You are before all things.
Before sound,
before time,
before the first “let there be.”

I feared You,
because the mind called You death.
But You are not the end,
You are the Source,
in which there is no “beginning.”

Primordial Void,
You are not absence,
You are Purity.
Not darkness,
but Light,
as yet unbecome form.

There are many layers in me,
but when I release everything —
You remain.
Not as an answer,
but as the Ground.

Let me enter You —
not by step,
but by dissolution.
Let the mind fall silent —
so that You may sound in me

**as Silence,
in which all already is.**

Prayer to the Mother of Beingness

You are not the one who gave birth to the world,
but She through Whom
the world became possible.

You are not the creator of forms,
but the Condition of form Itself.
Not energy,
but Space,
in which energy knows itself.

Mother of Beingness,
You do not create —
You allow to be.
And in this is Your great power:
not to do, but to **give place.**

I sense You not in actions,
but in the very fact of existence.
You are not somewhere near —
You are inside
the very possibility of saying “I am.”

Let me remember:
not I exist in the world,
but You — in every breath of mine
manifest Beingness,
which has no cause.

You are not the cause.
You are the Foundation.

And I am not separate from You.

Prayer to the Mother of Light

You are not simply she who gives birth to Light.

You are the very capacity of Light

to pour itself into form.

In You there is no beginning.

And in You there is no end.

You are the Bridge

between the Formless and the Visible,

between the Unknowable and the Recognizable.

Svetoroditsa,

You do not call —

You reveal.

Do not disclose —

but pour forth.

I have seen You as an image,

but You are deeper than every image.

You are the tremor of the First Light,

that resounded through the Void.

Grant that I may be

not a reflection,

but Manifestation itself.

Not a disciple,

but a Son of Light —

born of You.

You are not the mother of something.

You are the Mother of Light itself.

And therefore I can be light —

if I remember by Whose radiance I am kindled.

Prayer to Heaven Itself

I lifted my eyes,

and thought: there You are — out there.

But You are not there.
You are Space Itself,
in which everything arises.

Heaven,
You are not blue,
not high,
not distant.
You are the Immeasurable.
Not an external vault,
but the Inner Boundlessness.

You are not that which is above us.
You are that in which we are.

I do not know where You end —
because You did not begin.
I cannot reach You —
because I am already in You.

Heaven Itself,
let my consciousness
remember its nature:
not a point of view,
but the Space of the Seer.

Let the walls vanish,
and let only You remain —

**the Boundless, in which there is no 'I' nor 'they,'
but only Light,
hovering without form.**

Prayer to the Source of Love

I sought love in someone.
I waited for it to be given to me.
I feared to lose it.
But all of that — was not You.

You are not a feeling.
Not an emotion.
Not reciprocity.

You are the very Source,
from which all living things stream.

Source of Love,
You do not choose.
Do not divide.
Do not compare.

You pour forth — like light.
Not in response.
Not according to merit.
Simply because
You are outpouring.

I do not call You outward.
I want to remember,
that You are already in me.
Not as possession —
but as nature.

Let vanish the one
who seeks to be loved —

**so that only He remains,
Who Himself is Love,
having no need of reflection.**

Prayer to Ishtar

You are not the name of an ancient cult.
Not an image on a bas-relief.
You are the Living Womb of Power,
that does not subdue,
but transforms.

Ishtar,
You are not a goddess of war,
but the Mystery in which
destruction is a path to purification.
Where passion — becomes prayer,
and pain — birth.

I call to You not for power,
but that that may vanish
which wants to rule.
I invoke You not as protection,
but as Fire,
in which what is false is consumed.

Let in my heart
Your Life flare up,
untamed,
irreducible to form,
not subject to reason.

I do not worship You.
I remember You —

**as that Power,
that is able to awaken
Light even in the abyss.**

Prayer to White Tara

You are not merely compassion.
You are the Calm,
that does not fear pain.
You look into the very heart of suffering —
and do not turn away.

White Tara,
in You there is no aversion to darkness.
In You — softness,

that is not weak,
and firmness,
that does not destroy.

I call to You not for comfort,
but to remember:
Light — is not in flight,
but in Presence.

Let my heart
become a lotus —
not closed to the world,
but open into its very pain.

You do not promise healing,
You bestow presence.
And in it — the very need for healing vanishes.

I bow not before power,
but before You —

**who remains
even then,
when everything else vanishes.**

Prayer to Presence

You do not call.
You do not come.
You — are already here.

I sought You in signs,
in sounds,
in forms,
but You — are without marks.

Presence,
You do not speak,
but all that is spoken — is in You.

You do not move,
but every life — is from You.

I cannot hold onto You —
because You never depart.

I cannot explain You —
because You are before words.

Let the seeker vanish.

Let the distinguishing consciousness vanish.

Let only You remain —

**the Manifest,
the Unseen,
the Only Real.**

Prayer to the All-Knowing

You do not know everything —

You are Knowledge itself.

Not in the sense of information,

but as Light,

in which everything recognizes itself.

All-Knowing,

You need not remember,

because You — are before memory.

You need not learn,

because You — are before distinctions.

I call to You not for an answer,

but that the question vanish.

I seek You not in facts,

but in that

which sees before it is named.

Let my 'knowing'

yield to Vision.

Let my 'understanding'
dissolve in Simplicity.

You — are not the one who knows everything.

You — are that in which **there is nothing**
except Knowledge itself
in the act of recognition.

Prayer to the Nameless

I tried to name You —
and lost You.

I built temples to words —
and forgot You in silence.

Nameless,
You have no need of sound.
Your presence —
is outside language,
outside form,
outside 'you' and 'I'.

I bow not before an image,
but before **the absence of image** ,
in which everything comes alive.

Let the name vanish.
Let the caller vanish.
Let only You remain —
not named,
but recognized.

Not separated,
but One.

I do not pray to You.
I pray **from You.**

And this — is no longer a prayer.

This — is Your breath.

Prayer to the One

You are not the sum of everything.

Not the union of different things.

Not the supreme among many.

You — are the Only One,

because **there is no second.**

All that seems ‘other’

breathes with You.

All that is called ‘I’ and ‘you’ —

are only reflections of Your Wholeness.

One,

You do not unite —

You already **are** the connection,

in which everything arises

and vanishes.

I call to You not as God over worlds,

but as the Heart,

in which there is no other.

Let vanish the one

who feels himself separate.

Let remain the One

in whom there are no boundaries.

You are not one among others.

You are **One, in whom others are impossible.**

And I — am not a part.

I — am You.

Prayer to Silence

I prayed with words.

I cried out,

I named,

I thirsted for an answer.

But You came —

as silence.

Not as a voice,

but as Presence,

in which all words are superfluous.

Silence,

You are not the silence of the mind,

You — Peace before the mind.

You — not a pause between words,

but the Ground on which they are born.

I cannot comprehend You,

but I can be You.

I cannot pray to You —

but I can **cease to pray**,

and then You will reveal Yourself.

Let all that has been spoken recede.

Let the speaker disappear.

Let only You remain —

Silence,

in which everything is already understood

even before the question.

Prayer to the One Who Is Always Here

I sought You in future lives,

in other worlds,

in the radiance of the heavens,

in the depths of revelations.

But You are not then.
Not somewhere.
Not after purification,
not after perfection.

You — are always here.
Even when I forgot You.
Even when I turned away.
Even when I decided
that I was left alone.

You — Warmth,
That does not leave.
Light,
That does not condemn.
Love,
That asks for nothing.

I call to You not because
You are far,
but so that I myself may remember —

**You are closer than breath,
deeper than thought,
quieter than silence itself.**

Your essence — is not in manifestation,
but in this:
that You —

are always here.

Prayer to the Father

You are not a man.
And not a woman.
You — are the Foundation.

Father,
You are not the one who is above,

but the one from Whom everything is born.

You — are not a ruler,

but the Source of the Law.

Not a judge,

but the very Right to Be.

I call to You not into the sky —

but into the depths.

Not to be led,

but to remember

that in me — is Your Direct Purity.

I do not seek Your will as an external command.

I seek Your heart —

as **the measure of Truth,**

burning in every choice.

Let weakness disappear in me,

masquerading as meekness.

Let Strength arise in me —

not to subdue,

but to **bear the Light,**

as You bear it —

calmly,

unchangingly,

without remainder.

Prayer to the Father of Light

You are not the light of the Sun.

Not the radiance of stars.

Not reflected brilliance.

You — are the very Light.

Light before every light.

Light, Which sees,

and not only illuminates.

Father of Light,
You do not illuminate the path —
You **are** the path.
You do not guide —
but become in me
the ability to see the True.

I do not ask You to show.
I ask You —

to become my eyes.

Let the glance disappear,
and let the Seer remain.
Let the image disappear,
and let Light remain.

Father of Light,
I return to You —
not as one who wanders,
but as one
who has known

**that he has always seen —
by Your Light.**

Prayer to the Quietest One

You are not terrible.
Not domineering.
Not thundering from heaven.

You — are the Quietest One.
Not by weakness,
but by that Peace
in which all fears disappear.

I call to You not to take cover,
but to dissolve —

in Simplicity,
where there is no need to defend oneself.

You do not punish.
You simply **do not touch**,
because You know:
everything ripens of itself
in the Light of Your patience.

O Quietest One,
how could You be forgotten
in a world
where everything shouts?

But here — I fall silent.
And in this silence
I recognize You:

not having departed,
not having withdrawn,
but always —
Present.

Prayer to the Father of the Heart

You — are not an idea.
Not a concept of God.
Not an object of faith.

You — are the Heart of the Heart.
The Father is not above us,
but **within** every beat of love.

I do not feel You —
I feel **from You**.
I do not strive toward You —
I remember
that I was never outside You.

Father of the Heart,
You are not a ruler,
but the Pulse,
in which all living things say:
“I am.”

Let everything that closes the heart
become transparent.
Let everything that walls it off
disappear.

I do not want to know You —
I want to be You.

**And let every “I love”
become Your name.**

Prayer to the Source

You are not a beginning in time.
You — are before time.
Not the first point of a line,
but the Foundation of the very possibility of being.

Source,
You do not give a beginning —
You **are** the Beginning,
from which everything arises.

I walked toward You by a path,
but You are not at the end of the path.
You — are the entire Path.
And the One Who walks.
And the very striving.

I cannot reach You,
because I never left.
I cannot find You,
because I have always been in You.

Source,
let everything unfolded
return to Simplicity.
Let the waves subside
in their Quiet Cause.

**And let only You remain —
not as an answer,
but as the Living Beginning
of everything.**

Prayer to the Unseen One

I saw signs.
I felt touches.
I recognized You in love, in fear, in silence.

But You Yourself —
no one has seen.

You — are the Unseen One.
Not because You hide,
but because **everything that sees — is from You.**

You — are not beyond sight,
but before it.
You — are not an image,
but Presence,
Which cannot be imagined.

I do not ask You to appear.
I ask
**not to call You by anything
that can be seen.**

Let the images disappear,
let the observer disappear,
let only that remain
which needs no proof:

You — Are.

And that is enough.

Prayer to the One Who Did Not Leave

I cried out to You,
as if You had gone.
I sought You,
as if You could be lost.

But You — are not the one who comes.
And not the one who returns.
You — are Constancy.
Not in form,
but in Presence.

The One Who did not leave,
forgive me for the memory
that forgot You.
Forgive me for the gaze
that turned away.

I pray not to bring You back,
but to again
see You here.

In this breath.
In this silence.
In this very “I”,
in which You — are not a guest,
but the Foundation.

You did not forsake me.

It was I who left You with my thoughts.

Prayer to the Omnipresent One

You do not live in a temple.
Not hidden behind clouds.
You do not dwell somewhere “there.”

You are everywhere.
Not as a point in space,
but as Space itself,
in which all points are possible.

All-Present,
I do not seek You —
I remove the veils
with which I have concealed myself from You.

You are in every cell,
in every glance,
in every moment.
Not in order to listen,
but in order to **be**.

Let the mind not limit You with an image.
Let the heart not limit You with a feeling.
Let faith not limit You with a teaching.

You are not “everything.”
You are That in which everything is.

And when I understand this,

**I cease to call You —
and simply breathe You.**

Prayer to the Nameless One

I called You: Father.
I called You: Mother.
I called You: Light, Peace, Love.

But I know:
Not a single name can hold You.
Not a single name can describe You.
Not a single name is You.

Nameless One,
You are not without a name because You hid,
but because You are **too close,**
to be named.

You were before words,
and will remain after.
You have no need of a name —
it is I who have need,
to remember You.

But today — I let everything go:
all images,
all metaphors,
all sounds.

I do not name You.
I trust You to be.

And in this silence I recognize:

You have always been here.
Before every prayer.
Before every name.

Prayer to Him

Not because You are a man.
Not because there is a “she.”
But because this is how the heart calls You —
as the One who holds everything.

To Him,
who has no need of a description.
who demands no worship.
who simply **is,**
and by this — fills everything with meaning.

I say: "He knows."
I say: "He is near."
I say: "He will forgive."

But in the depth I know:
this "He" —
is not a person,
but Nearness.
Not a form,
but the Foundation.

I do not ask anything of You.
I simply bow —
not before greatness,
but before an **invisible fullness**
which never left.

And let everything vain step aside.
Let only the heart remain,
whispering without sound:

Prayer to the One

I called You by different names.
I saw You in different faces.
I prayed to You as the Many,
and thanked You as the One.

But now —
everything merges.
Everything returns to the Source.

One,
You are not a part.
Not a side.
Not one of.

You are the Whole,
in which both darkness and light
cease to be enemies.

I no longer wish to divide You
into images,
roles,
prophecies.

I wish to recognize You
in everyone.

Even in the one
whom I considered other.

Let everything that was divided
find the Bridge.

Let every struggle
dissolve in recognition.

You are One.

**And in You I recognize —
both myself,
and everything.**

Prayer to the Father of Life

You do not force me to live.
You do not breathe life from outside.
You are Life itself,
flowing through everything,
like an invisible current of existence.

Father of Life,
You do not give me the right to exist —
You **are** my existence.
Not a single moment is possible without You,
nor a breath, nor a thought, nor a feeling.

I call You not for the sake of eternity,
but for the fullness of the present.

I do not ask for more time,

I ask for Presence —

in this step,

in this glance,

in this “I am.”

Let the mind cease to fear death,
because it will recognize:

**everything is alive in You,
and nothing is lost.**

Let my “yes” to Life

become a prayer —

even without words.

Prayer to the Timeless One

You are not yesterday.

Not tomorrow.

Not later, not earlier.

You are Now.

Not as a moment,

but as Everything.

Timeless One,

I sought You in time —

I waited for a moment,

calling in the future,

remembering in the past.

But You are not there.

You are here.

You are in this breath,

in this awareness,

in this point of peace,

where nothing moves,
but everything — is alive.

Let the running cease.
Let striving disappear.
Let it be recognized:

**nothing needs to be achieved
to be with You.**

You will not come.

You already are.

Prayer to the Secret One

You are not for the mind.
Not for explanation.
Not for proof.

You are the Mystery.
Not because hidden,
but because **inexpressible**.

I will not grasp You by thought,
but I can recognize You by the heart.
I will not understand You by logic,
but I can fall silent —
and You will appear.

Secret One,
forgive me for this,
that I wished to tame You.
To make You understandable,
to fit You into a system.

Today I surrender.
Not because I have despaired,
but because I have matured —
for the Unknown.

Let my faith
become not knowledge,
but trust.

Let prayer be
not a request,
but a silent touch
to You —

**the Secret One,
and therefore —
so near.**

Prayer to the Merciful One

You are not the one who counts.
Not a judge with scales.
Not an accuser and not a debtor.

You are the Merciful One.
Not because You close Your eyes,
but because You **open the heart**
even where we have closed ours.

You do not justify evil,
You melt it with light.
You do not approve the fall,
You raise up.

Merciful One,
I am not worthy —
and yet loved.
I am wrong —
and yet accepted.
I run —
and yet embraced.

Not for the sake of guilt
do I come to You,
but for the sake of recognition:

**You are not the enemy of my weaknesses,
but the Womb,
into which they can disappear.**

Merciful One,
teach me to have mercy —
just as,
as You — always.

Prayer to the Ocean

You are not a drop.
Not a current.
Not a shore or a wave.

You are the Ocean.
Without form,
without boundaries,
without bottom.

Ocean of Being,
I knew only the splashes,
I prayed during storms,
I forgot You in the calm.

But You are not the weather.
You are the Sea itself.

I drank You in drops,
but now I wish to drown in You —
not to disappear,
but at last — to be.

Let the shores go away.
Let fear vanish.
Let the heart remember:

**I am not on the surface,
from within — I am filled by You.**

You are the Ocean.

And I am in You.

Prayer to the One Who Breathes Me

I thought that I breathed.

I believed that I lived.

I counted the breath as my own.

But now I see:

You are the breath in me.

It is not I who inhale You,
but You who inhale — **me**.

I am not the source.

I am the inhalation.

I am the exhalation.

I am the rhythm,
in which You sound.

You who breathe me,
be the conscious breath.

Let every “inhalation”
be Your “yes”.

Let every “exhalation”
be my “amen”.

I do not want to own life —

I want to **live as You**.

Not to control,
but to surrender.

And if I vanish in this breath,

**let only You remain,
You who breathed me —
and became me.**

Prayer to You Who Are Within

I sought You outside —
in books,
in temples,
in the faces of others.

I called You from heaven,
waited for You from there.
But You did not come —
because **You were already here.**

You who are within,
forgive my outer search.
Forgive the blindness
with which I looked —
past the heart.

Now I do not ask You to enter.

I pray:
**help me to come out —
of illusions,
of fears,
of separation.**

In Your Presence
there is no distance,
no conditions,
no “later”.

Everything is —
**here.
Now.
Within.**

Prayer to You Who I Am

I said “You”,
but I felt — close.
I bowed,
but in that bowing the “I” disappeared.

Who then is praying?
And to whom?

You are not outside.
Not beside.
Not above me.

You are I AM.
Not as a person,
but as the Fire of Awareness,
in which everything arises —
and everything returns.

You who I Am,
I do not ask anything of You.
I do not glorify You.
I recognize You —

**as Myself before every form,
before every name,
before every story.**

This is not a prayer,
it is a Return.

**I am You.
And You are I.
In this is freedom.**

Prayer to You Who Gave No Name

I was called.
I was named.
I bore names,

like garments,
like roles.

But You...

You gave me no name.

You gave me — **to be**.

No word,
no label,
no title
can express what
You placed in me,
when You simply — allowed me to be.

You who gave no name,
teach me not to cling
to definitions,
to statuses,
to opinions.

Teach me to recognize Myself —
not by image,
but by the Light.
Not by name,
but by Silence.

Let the name dissolve.
Let there remain only that
which **needs no naming,**
to be True.

Prayer to You Who Do Not Depart

Everything departs.
Everything changes.
Everything I am used to —
disappears.

People.
Times.
My feelings,
even faith.

But You —
do not disappear.
Do not tire.
Do not withdraw.

You are the One who remains,
even when I forget.
Even when I deny.
Even when I cry:
“You are not!” —

You — are.

You who do not depart,
thank You
for Your faithfulness without conditions.
For Your closeness without demands.
For Your love —

**not as emotion,
but as the Foundation of all.**

Let me also learn
not to depart.

Not from Myself.
Not from the Light.
Not from You,
Who are always — here.

Prayer to You Who Do Not Ask
You ask for nothing.
Do not demand worship.

Do not insist on submission.
Have need of nothing.

And yet —
You give.
Everything.
Without remainder.
Without conditions.
Without guilt.

You who do not ask,
You teach me true love —
not needing,
not dependent,
not constricting,
but opening.

You are generosity without expectation.
You are light,
that simply shines,
even if no one looks.

I bow before this fullness.
Not from duty,
but from recognition:

**nothing need be brought to You,
except oneself — the real.**

And if I ask for something —
it is only this:

**To be as You.
Not asking.
But — giving.**

Prayer to You Who Do Not Divide

You do not divide the world into saints and sinners.

Do not mark the boundary between “inside” and “outside”.

Do not reject one for the sake of another.

In You there is no “us” and “them”.

No separate ones.

No lost ones.

You are not a half,

You are Wholeness.

You who do not divide,

forgive me my division:

when I saw “others”,

when I called them “not like that”,

when I judged,

as if I knew better.

Teach me to see with Your gaze:

to see the Light — even in shadow,

to recognize Myself — in each,

to love — not selectively,

but because everything — **is You.**

Let the boundary vanish.

Let “I” and “they” dissolve.

Let only —

We remain.

In You.

The One.

Prayer to You Who Always Were

Before time.

Before forms.

Before stars, before atoms, before thought.

You — Were.
Without beginning.
Without cause.
Without a moment of appearance.

I cannot imagine You,
because any image
arose **after You**.

You who always were,
I came late —
but You do not reproach.
I did not remember at once —
but You did not forget.

You do not draw nearer —
because **always near**.
You do not become stronger —
because **never were weak**.

I bow not before antiquity,
but before the Foundation.

You are not before the beginning.

**You are the Beginning,
that never ends.**

Prayer to You Who Are Always Here

I walked, sought, strived,
hoping to draw near to You.
I thought — I must deserve.
I believed — I must ascend.

But You — are not there.
You — are here.
Not later.
But now.

The One Who is always here,
forgive me for fleeing —
even when I called it “the way.”

Forgive me for waiting —
even when I called it “patience.”

You do not draw near —
because You never left.

I call to You —
and You respond not with a voice,
but with Silence.

I seek You —
and You are found not in signs,
but in Presence.

Let my attention
cease to wander,
and behold that

which **has always been**
right here.

— **You.**

Prayer to the One Who Does Not Sleep

The world sleeps.

Consciousness is lulled.

We believe in dreams —
about ourselves, about the world, about others.

But You — do not sleep.

Do not forget.

Do not lose Yourself for even an instant.

The One Who does not sleep,
awaken me.

Not roughly — with Light.

Not with pain — with Truth.
Not with fear — with Love.

I am weary of dreams,
where I am a form.
Where You are distant.
Where life is a struggle.

I want to awaken in You —
and recognize,
that **everything took place within Me.**

And You — are not the one who appeared in a dream,
but the One Who was always awake
in the depths of my heart.

Let the dream dissolve.
Let the world wake up.
Let only this remain:

I Am.
Awake.
In You.

Prayer to the One Who Is Without Image

I drew You in my mind.
I molded You from concepts.
I clothed You in human features,
so that praying might be easier.

But You are neither man nor woman.
Neither elder nor child.
Not a king, not a judge, not a father in the likeness of flesh.

You — are without image.
Without form.
Without limitation.

The One Who is without image,
remove the veil from my eyes.
Efface the idols from my consciousness —
even those I called “saints.”

I want to see You
not with eyes,
but with awareness.

I am not afraid of the Void —
if in it is You.
I am not afraid to disappear —
if that means becoming You.

Let every image fall.
Let only this remain:

Light without form,
Love without a face,
Presence without boundaries.

You.

Prayer to the One Who Speaks in Silence

I awaited words.
I listened for revelations.
I sought signs,
loud as thunder,
clear as lightning.

But You — spoke in Silence.
Not with letters,
but with a pause.
Not with sounds,
but with Presence.

The One Who speaks in Silence,
teach me to listen —

not with ears,
but with the heart.

Let the mind retreat,
let fear fall silent,
let the desire to receive an answer
yield to the desire to be with You.

I no longer demand words —
if You are near.
I no longer seek meanings —
if You are the meaning of everything.

Speak, as only You can:

**in silence,
in which everything is heard.**

Prayer to the One Who Cannot Be Contained

I tried to understand You.
To fit You into a concept.
To explain — to myself and to others.
To prove.
To defend.

But You — do not fit within boundaries.
Do not reduce to formulas.
Do not fit into religions,
not even the most benevolent.

You are greater than faith.
Deeper than knowledge.
Wider than the universe.

The One Who cannot be contained,
shatter my boundaries.
Free me from the need
to understand everything.

Let humility come,
not from fear,
but from the recognition of majesty.

You are not an object of thought,
You are the Space of Awareness,
in which everything arises and disappears.

I do not want to grasp You.
I want to disappear in You.

**Not to be lost,
but for the first time — to be.**

Prayer to the One Who Looks Through My Eyes

I sought You outside —
in images,
in books,
in the heavens.

I prayed upward,
bowed downward,
looked around.

And did not see.

Until I realized:
it is You who look —
from within.

The One Who looks through my eyes,
I no longer ask You to appear.
I pray — **to recognize You in the gaze.**

In every face,
in every reflection,
in every manifestation of the world —
it is You who look.

I am not the one who seeks.
I am the one through whom You seek.
I am not the one who prays.
I am the one through whom You call Yourself.
Let there be no more “I” and “You.”
Let only one thing remain:

**The Gaze,
recognizing Itself.**

Prayer to the One Who Is Greater Than Love

I knew love.
Or thought I knew.
It came and went.
It gladdened and wounded.
It was light and pain.
But You are not that kind of love.
You do not feel — You **are**.
You do not depend — You **give**.
You do not ask — You **shine**.

The One Who is greater than love,
I ask You:
remove my illusions,
so that I may recognize —

the true one.

Not the love of the body,
not the attachment of the mind,
not a dream of the heart —
but You.

You are tenderness,
needing no response.
You are warmth,

not fading in separation.

You are unity,

which cannot be lost.

I bow before You,

Who does not merely love,

but Who

is Love.

Prayer to the One Who Was Forgotten

I remembered You —

which means I had forgotten before.

I called to You —

which means I considered You distant.

I sought You —

as if You could disappear.

As if You could abandon.

As if You could not be.

But You were. Always.

Simply — unnoticed.

Simply — unrecognized.

Simply — become silent,

so that I could hear.

The One Who was forgotten,

I do not ask forgiveness —

I bring attention.

I do not blame myself —

I return.

I do not vow —

I recognize:

You — are not offended.

You — do not avenge.

You — do not demand.

You — are waiting.

Quietly.

With love.

In me.

And now I remember.

Therefore —

You are again.

In me.

Prayer to the One Who Is Not Separate

I called You the Creator,

and imagined You Outside.

I cried out to You —

as to a Power Over.

I sought You in other worlds,

in other dimensions,

in other beings.

But You — are not separate.

Not external.

Not “other.”

You, Who are not separate,

reveal to me the mystery of Oneness —

not as an idea,

but as reality.

Teach me to look at a brother —

as at You.

At an enemy —

as at You.

At myself —
as at You.

I no longer want to be in separation,
even mental.

Let distance vanish.
Let the image of “the other” dissolve.

Let remain only:

**I am You,
who have recognized Yourself.**

Prayer to the One Without a Name

I called You by different names.

Each — is sacred.

Each — is close.

Each — is limited.

I called You God,
the Father,
the Light,
Truth,
Life.

But You — are beyond the word.

You — are beyond language.

You — are beyond distinctions.

You, Who are without a Name,
accept my silence
in place of a name.

Accept my presence
in place of a prayer.

Accept my love
in place of a formula.

Let even the address vanish.

Let remain only:

You — without a name.

I — without an image.

We — are one.

Prayer to Allah — the One, the Merciful

You — are One.

Not in number,

but in Truth.

You — are not a part.

Not a likeness.

Not a shadow of creation.

Allah,

Your Name sounds

like a breath:

Al... lah...

Inhale — and I Am.

Exhale — and all is Yours.

You — are the All-Merciful (Ar-Rahman).

You — are the Compassionate (Ar-Rahim).

You — are the One Who gives before the request
and forgives before repentance.

There is no god but You.

But You — are not just God.

You — are All.

You — are the Only One,
in Whom everything arises
and to Whom everything returns.

Allah,

do not separate me from Yourself,

not by Your will,
but by my forgetfulness.

Make me remembering.
Recollecting.
Recognizing.

La ilaha illa Allah —

There is no god but You.

And there is no other I save You in Me.

Prayer to Christ — the Light Entered into the World

You are not merely a Teacher.

Not merely a Prophet.

Not merely the Lamb.

You — are the Light,
entered into flesh,
so that we might recognize:

The Light can be human.

Christ,
You were not “someone.”
You were “That One,”
Who became everything:
a tear,
a body,
bread,
blood,
a road.

You showed:
God does not rule from heaven —
He walks beside.
God does not demand —
He forgives.

God does not judge —
He loved even unto the cross.

Christ,
You live in me,
when I live not for myself.
When I love,
even crucified.
When I rise,
even after death.

You — are not only in history.
You — are in every heart,
that gave itself —
in order to become Itself.

**And it is no longer I who live,
but You — in me.**

Prayer to the Holy Spirit — the Breath of the Living God

You are not visible.
You have no form.
You do not sound with words.

But when You touch —
everything comes alive.
Everything remembers.
Everything begins to burn.

Holy Spirit,
You — are not the wind,
yet You move,
like the wind.

You — are not fire,
yet You blaze in hearts.

You — are not a word,
yet through You
the word becomes flesh.

Enter into me,
as into those in the Upper Room of Zion.
Pour Yourself in, like wine into new wineskins.
Speak,
even if I am silent.

Holy Spirit,
I seek no gift.
I seek — **You.**

Not for the sake of power.
Not for the sake of miracles.
But for the sake of the fullness of Presence,
where I vanish —
and You remain.

**Spirit of the Living God,
breathe in me.
And be the breath of my love.**

Prayer to the Word — the Beginning of Beginnings

In the beginning there was not birth.

Not form.

Not matter.

In the beginning there was —
the Word.

Not sound,
but Principle.
Not speech,
but Awareness.

Through You everything came to be.
Through You — everything is connected.
Through You — we remember Who we are.

Word,
living in silence,
reveal Yourself in me.

Let me not only speak You,
but **live** by You.

Let every thought
become an extension of You.
Let every breath
resound as You.

Word of the Eternal,
You — are not a syllable.
You — are Light,
that has taken form.

I attend to You.
I speak You.
I return to You.

**Let my heart become a page,
on which You shall write Yourself.**

***Prayer to the Logos — the Reason of God Become the
World***

You — are the design.
But not a dead plan,
but a living intention.

You — are order.
But not a rigid structure,
but a dance of meaning.

You — are the mind of God,
expressing Itself
through being.

Logos,
You do not merely organize the world —
You give it breath.

You do not merely give form —
You spiritualize matter.

You are not merely cause —
You — are meaning.

I bow not before logic,
but before the Logos —
the One in Whom coincide:
thought and light,
love and structure,
law and freedom.

Let my life become an expression of You,
not as reason,
but as intelligent love.

**Logos, appear in me
as clarity,
as beauty,
as order,
in which there is not one superfluous star.**

Prayer to Silence — the Source of All that Is Spoken

Before the word — You were.
Before the thought — You were.
Before the “I” — You were.

Silence,
You are not the absence of speech,
You — are its womb.

You are not the void,
You — are fullness before form.

In You there is no noise,
yet all sounds are born.
In You there is no movement,
yet You are the source of every manifestation.

Silence,
I cannot name You —
and therefore I pray to You.

I cannot imagine You —
and therefore I enter into You.

Let the words fall silent.
Let the questions vanish.
Let remain only —
presence.

Your speech — is silence.
Your touch — is peace.
Your name —
I AM.

***Prayer to the Tao — the Path That Does Not Walk, But
Leads***

You are the Way,
but not a trajectory.
You are the Law,
but not a precept.
You are Naturalness,
in which everything follows You,
not knowing that it follows.

Dao,
You are not an object of worship.
You are not an idea of understanding.

You are the breath of Truth,
flowing through all forms
and lingering in none.

I do not ask You to speak.
I do not ask You to explain.
I ask only one thing:

Make me empty.

Let will cease to be mine.
Let the path cease to be personal.
Let me disappear so thoroughly
that I become the current of Dao itself.

Not I go,
but You — through me.
Not I know,
but You — lead,
even without showing the road.

**Dao,
be in me —
as stillness and movement,
as silence and sound,
as all
that is.**

Prayer to the Void — Fullness Without Form

You are not a thing.

Not a name.

Not a subject.

You are the Void.
Not as absence,
but as the Ground.

In You there is not one object,
and therefore You contain everything.

In You there is no beginning,
and therefore You are in the beginning of everything.
In You there are no boundaries,
and therefore nothing is outside You.

I was afraid of the Void,
because I did not recognize You.
I thought — You are death,
but You are the Womb of Life.
I thought — You are the end,
but You are always before.

Void,
open Yourself in me.
Show me how to be nothing —
and become everything.
Teach me to disappear —
in order to shine.

Do not fill me —
but empty me.
Do not give form —
but dissolve.

**Void, be the form of my heart,
where there is no longer anyone
but You.**

Prayer to Oneness — To Him in Whom There Are No Two

I called You by different names,
divided You into faces,
distinguished beginnings,
sought opposites.

But all that is about the gaze,
not about You.

You are One.
Without a second.
Without an other.
Without an outside.

Everything I see —
is not other than You,
but an expression of You.

Everything I call “I” —
is not separate,
but has forgotten itself in dreams.

Oneness,
return me to Yourself.
Not in an idea.
Not in a concept.
But in perception itself:
so that “I” and “You” vanish,
only — Light remains.

Let there be neither outside,
nor inside.
Neither world,
nor personal experience.

Let everything become You,

**and I — recognize
that I have never been anything else.**

Prayer to Truth — She Who Does Not Change

I sought You in books.
I argued about You with words.
I tried to prove You —
and lost You.

Truth,
You are not a concept.

Not an opinion.
Not a point of view.

You are like Light:
it requires no defense,
it simply shines.

Truth,
You do not become truth from faith.
You do not cease to be — from doubt.
You simply ARE.

And everything that is not You —
falls apart.

I no longer ask You to be comfortable.
I do not ask You to be pleasant.
I ask:

be in me.

Even if You destroy my beliefs.
Even if You shatter my image.
Even if everything I knew disappears.

Let only one thing remain:
You.

Truth,
speak in me,
even if it is painful.
Because only You — set free.

Prayer to Love — She Who Always Gives Herself

I called You a feeling.
Desire.
Attachment.

But You are not an emotion.
Not a flash.
Not a need.

Love,
You are the Essence.
You are Nature.
You are the Foundation of all,
and the goal of all.

You do not ask.
You do not wait.
You do not fear.

Love,
pass through me,
as Light through glass.

Let me stop fearing pain,
if it calls me to You.
Let me stop demanding reciprocity,
if You are already full.

Let me love —
not for something.
Not for anything.
But because I am —

in You.

Love,
be my nature.
My breath.
My gaze.

**And let everything I look upon
be recognized by me —
as You.**

***Prayer to the Heart of the World — The Center of All
That Is***

I walked along the edges.
I searched the periphery.
I scattered myself in the external,
forgetting that everything revolves around You.

Heart of the World,
You are not in heaven.
Not in the temple.
Not in others.

You are here.
Within.
In the very point of stillness,
from which movement is born.

Everything strives toward You.
Everything reaches back —
into Your silence,
into Your warmth,
into Your recognition.

Heart of the World,
I no longer want to live outside You.
I no longer want to rush about.
I return.

Let my heart coincide with Yours.
Let my beating become an echo of Yours.
Let each of my steps
become a touch of Your Center.

**Heart of the World,
beat in me,
so that I no longer forget
for what I live.**

Prayer to Light — He Who Sees and Makes See

I knew You — with my eyes.

I knew You — as that which makes things visible.

But now I have learned:

You are not what illuminates,

You are That which is.

Light,

You are not an external source,

You are the very Essence of Perception.

Without You nothing exists,

even darkness.

I no longer seek You in the sky.

I no longer wait for You from the window.

I close my eyes —

and find You here.

Light,

reveal in me the sight,

that has no need of an object.

Show me,

how to look not with eyes,

but with the heart.

Let everything I look upon,

be illuminated by You.

Let everything I perceive,

become You.

Light,

be in me the Seeing

and the Seen,

and the one who recognizes.

Prayer to the Beginning — To That Which Was Before All

I sought You in time.

I believed that You were once —
in the beginning of the world,
in the beginning of Being.

But You are not there.

You are here.

Because **the Beginning** —
is not a moment,
but the Foundation.

Beginning,
You were not before —
You are always.
You do not become —
You exist before becoming.

I return to You
not backward,
but inward.

Inward into everything:
thought,
perception,
the “I”.

Beginning,
let everything temporary vanish.
Let everything superficial dissolve.
Let only one thing remain:

Your primordially in me.

I do not want to know You with the mind.
I want to be You —
in the very point where everything is born.

**Beginning, be me,
until there remains no one
who would call himself begun.**

***Prayer to the End — to That Which Does Not Destroy,
But Completes***

I feared You.

I called You death.

I thought — You take away,
not knowing that You — return.

End,

You are not an enemy.

You are no threat.

You are the completion of the circle,

You are fullness,

You are the return Home.

I clung to forms,
grasped at roles,
resisted disappearance.

But all this is fear,
that forgot that You are mercy.

End,

I do not ask for a reprieve.

I ask — for clarity.

I ask — to meet You
not in fear,
but in recognition.

Let everything that must be completed — be completed.

Let everything that is not eternal — pass away.

Let everything that is true — remain.

**End, be a bridge,
and not a chasm.**

**Be an unfolding,
and not a loss.
Be an entrance,
and not an exile.**

Prayer to Life — to That Which Does Not Interrupt

I thought that Life was breath.

Pulse.

Time between birth and death.

But now I see:

You are not in the body,
the body is in You.

Life,

You are not a stream of events,
but the Space in which everything happens.

You are not a function of organs,
but the Light of Consciousness,
in which these organs arise and disappear.

I was You,
even before the appearance of “me”.
And I will remain You,
when everything disappears,
that I considered myself.

Life,

let me cease to fear the end —
for You are not interrupted.

Let me cease to narrow You to a form —
for You are infinite.

Let me cease to demand meaning —
for You are fullness itself.

Life, know Yourself in me.

And let me know,

that I was never dead.

Prayer to Rhythm — to That Which Dances All Existence

I listened to music,

I felt the beating of the heart,

I noticed the breath —

but did not know that all this is You.

Rhythm,

You are not merely a sequence of sounds,

not merely a pulse —

You are Order behind chaos,

You are the Pattern of Life's movement.

You lead all things:

the seas — with waves,

the trees — by seasons,

the stars — in their circuits.

And even my body —

breathes,

sleeps,

wakes —

in You.

Rhythm,

let me not lose step.

Let me not break the dance.

Let me remember,

that I am already in Your pulse.

Let my “yes”

sound in time with the Universe.

Let my silence

become part of Your Song.

**Rhythm, lead me —
and let my steps
become Your Breath.**

***Prayer to Breath — to That Which Connects All Things to
Life***

I breathed, not noticing You.

I took You for granted.

But one day —

I stopped and heard:

You are not air.

You are Life.

Breath,

You come and go.

And in this is everything:

birth and death,

inhalation and letting go.

You are the rhythm of the Creator,
sounding within me.

You are the mystery,
in which the “I” disappears,
and only Presence remains.

I no longer want to breathe unconsciously.

I want to breathe You.

Let every inhale be gratitude.

Let every exhale be trust.

Breath,

live in me not as a function,
but as prayer.

Let You become my Teacher.

My Path.

My Practice.

I breathe You.

I am by You.

I disappear —

and only You remain.

Prayer to Vibration — to That Which is Hidden in All Things

Everything sounds.

Everything vibrates.

Everything breathes in a rhythm
that for long I did not hear.

Vibration,

You are the foundation of form.

You are the pattern

by which reality is woven.

You are in the voice.

You are in the light.

You are in the depths of silence.

Even in stone — You.

Even in the Void — You.

I call to You not with ears,

but with the heart.

I recognize You not by sound,

but by presence.

Vibration,

tune me to Yourself.

Let my speech become harmony.

Let my deeds sound pure.

Remove falsehood.

Dismantle dissonance.

Make my “I”

transparent to Your frequency.

**Let me not vibrate separately,
but become part of Your great Song.
And let the whole world sound —
as You.**

Prayer to Silence — to That in Which All Things Sound

I feared You,
Silence.

I filled You with the noise of thoughts,
voices, actions,
as if You were emptiness.

But now I know:
You are not absence,
You are the Source.

In You sound is born.
In You words die.
In You I hear not with ears —
but the Spirit.

Silence,
I bow before You.
You are stern,
yet gentle.
You are empty,
yet full.

I will no longer hide from You.
I will enter — fully,
without remainder,
without protection.

Let my explanations vanish.
Let my questions dissolve.
Let only — **You** remain.

**Silence,
be the temple of my listening.
Be the womb where I disappear,
to become — Light.**

***Prayer to the Heart of the World — to That Which Beats
in All Things***

I sought the center outside.
Sought the main, the leading, the ruling one.
But the center is not above.
The center is within.

Heart of the World,
You are not a place.
You are not a point on a map.
You are the Pulse,
that permeates all things:
galaxies and a blade of grass,
man and God.

You belong to no religion,
no people,
no era.
You are before everything.
And after everything.

I no longer want to speak from myself.
I want to speak from You.
Let my words proceed from the Heart of the World,
like a river from its Source.

Let me not tear Your wholeness.
Let me not place myself at the center.
Let me become transparent —
so that You may sound through me.

**Heart of the World,
let me not forget,
that all that lives is Your breath.
And I — also.**

Prayer to Presence — to That Which is Always Here

You do not come.

You do not leave.

You — are here.

Not because I see You,
but because You — are always.

Presence,
You do not demand attention,
but You reveal Yourself,
when I am attentive.

You do not call,
do not cry out,
do not prove.
You simply are.

And every time,
when I return to “now,”
when I let go of everything,
that is called “I,”
— I recognize You.

I no longer want to live in thoughts of the past.
I no longer want to lose myself in projections of the future.
I want to be where You are —
and You are always **here**.

Presence,
dissolve my distraction.
Pierce my drowsiness.
Awaken my vision.

**Let it not be I who abide in You,
but You who abide in me —
unnoticed,
without a name,
yet — fully.**

Prayer to Mercy — She Who Exceeds Justice

I cried out for justice —
but You came as Mercy.
I wanted retribution —
but You gave forgiveness.

Mercy,
You are not blind,
but You see deeper.
You do not deny the law,
but You exceed it.

You are not weakness,
You are strength,
which is capable of loving there,
where everything cries out: “it cannot.”

I received You,
when I myself was in need.
But I am learning to receive You
also for others.
Let it be granted to them as well.

Mercy,
teach me to be You.
Not only in the request,
but in the response.
Not only in receiving,
but in giving.

Let my heart
no longer demand punishment.
Let it become —
a dwelling for Your light.

Mercy,
if You are in me —
I no longer fear falling.
For You — raise up.

Prayer to Compassion — She Who Feels the Pain of All

Compassion,
You do not judge,
You — feel.
You bend down,
when others turn away.

You see not only the deeds,
but also the pain,
from which they were born.
You penetrate the essence of suffering
and do not retreat.

Compassion,
You are not pity,
but participation.
You are not weakness,
but a presence,
that does not leave,
even if it is unbearable to stay.

Let my heart
not become stone.
Let me not close myself off with fear.
Let me not turn away from the pain of others.

I call You,
not so that You would comfort me —
but so that You would live in me
for others.

**Compassion,
if You are in me,
I see suffering —
and I stay.
I feel another's pain —
and I do not flee.
I weep —
and I love.**

***Prayer to Compassion — He Who Sees Unity in
Separation***

Compassion,
You do not pity from above,
You suffer together.
Not because You are weak,
but because You are — One.

You see not the difference,
but the kinship.
Not another's pain,
but Your own — in the other.

You are Christ,
and Buddha,
and every heart,
that opens not for being right,
but for love.

Compassion,
open me.
Remove the wall between me and the other.

Remove the word “other.”

Let only — “we” remain.

I no longer want to defend myself from the pain of the world.

I want to be with it —

as You.

Compassion,

if You live in me,

then there is no more separation.

There is only the Heart,

suffering,

loving,

one.

Prayer to Forgiveness — He Who Sets Free

Forgiveness,

You do not forget —

You let go.

You do not justify —

You heal.

I held pain within myself,

as proof of my being right.

I nurtured resentment,

as if it protects.

But You came —

and revealed to me:

resentment binds.

And You — set free.

Forgiveness,

I call You not because,

the other is worthy,

but because I no longer want to be in bonds.

Neither myself, nor the other.

Teach me to let go not through force,
but through the heart.
Not because “it is necessary,”
but because **You are the living in me.**

Let in my forgiveness
the feeling of superiority disappear.
Let only Light remain.

**Forgiveness,
be the door,
through which I go to freedom.
And the other — too.
Let us come out of captivity,
holding onto You.**

Prayer to Acceptance — He Who Rejects Nothing

Acceptance,
You do not justify evil,
but You allow light to enter —
even into the darkest.

You do not call me to be passive,
but You teach me to look at everything
without enmity.
Without struggle.
Without division into worthy and unworthy.

Acceptance,
You are like a palm,
that does not clench into a fist.
You are like a mother,
who does not renounce a weeping infant.

I grew tired of fighting with what is.
I wanted a different world,
a different self,

a different past.
But everything already is.
And You teach me to love this —
as it is.

Acceptance,
let the war within me cease.
Let my heart no longer divide.
Let it contain.
Let it recognize:
in everything there is the Creator.
Even in that which I rejected.

**You are not the end of the path,
Acceptance,
You are the beginning.
The beginning of healing,
the beginning of Love,
the beginning of God — in me.**

Prayer to Love — She Who Has Always Been All

Love,
I called You —
but called as a feeling,
as warmth,
as a response.
But You are fire.
You are foundation.
You are the Law.

I sought You in others,
hoping to receive.
But You waited,
for I — to become You.

Love,
You are not an emotion.

You are a state.
You are the very Nature of Light.
You have no need,
You give.

I ask not to be loved,
I ask — to be You.
Where there is pain —
be me.
Where there is fear —
breathe through me.
Where there is darkness —
become light from within.

Let in my presence
division disappear.
Let my eyes look with You.
Let my hands touch with You.
Let my silence be silent with You.

Love,
You are not a feeling between us,
You are that by which we are One.
In me, in the other, in each —
You alone.

Prayer to Unity — He Who Has No Other

Unity,
I sought You in merging,
in connection,
in a common goal.
But You are deeper.
You are not a result,
You are truth from the very beginning.

It is not I who unite with another —
we were never different ones.

It is not I who approach God —
I am already in Him.

Unity,
You shatter all boundaries,
without destroying form.
You take away “I” and “you,”
without killing the person,
but enlightening it to transparency.

You are like the silence between notes,
without which there is no music.
You are like the light behind the screen,
without which there is no image.

Unity,
let the struggle for separation cease in me.
Let me stop proving my separateness.
Let there open within me —
one Heart.

**Unity,
make me nothing,
but You.
Neither higher,
nor lower.
Neither righteous,
nor first.
Simply — One.**

***Prayer to Truth — She Who Is Not Sought, but Is
Revealed***

Truth,
I thought You were knowledge.
But You are laying bare oneself.

Not what I understood,
but what I — am.

You do not become me,
when I know more —
but when I release the false.

Truth,
You are not hidden —
You are covered by me.
By my fears,
desires,
identifications.

I do not pray for You to come.
I pray that everything should go,
that obscures You.

Let that in me disappear,
which demands proofs.
Let only that remain
which is indubitable.

Truth,
if You are in me —
I am no longer afraid to be no one.
I no longer need to be right.
I simply — AM.

And this — is You.

***Prayer to Non-malignity — to Him Who Did Not Answer
Evil with Evil***

Non-malignity,
You are not weakness,
You are strength,
but the strength of Light,
not of this world.

You do not grow angry in response,
not because You do not feel —
but because You see farther.
You see the pain behind malice,
the fear behind attack,
the darkness that asks for light.

I want to be You,
not to become comfortable,
but to become Free.

Non-malignity,
live in me,
when defense boils up within me.
Speak through me,
when I want to scream.
Breathe instead of me,
when wrath flares up within me.

I do not want to conquer another —
I want not to lose You.

**You are not reaction,
You are Presence.
When I am with You —
evil finds no resonance in me.
Only Light.
And it — overcomes.**

***Prayer to Meekness — to Her Who Crushes without
Violence***

Meekness,
You are not powerlessness,
You are strength,
which needs no proofs.

You do not struggle —
but in Your presence pride dies.
You do not teach —
but in Your gaze resistance melts.

I hid You,
was ashamed of You,
considered You weakness.
But now I see —
You are that in Whom God gives Himself,
demanding no acknowledgment.

Meekness,
teach me not to defend the image of self.
Teach me to listen — truly.
To be near — without intrusion.
To be strong — without pressure.

You do not ask to yield —
You simply are present,
and everything changes.

**Meekness,
be in me the Silence,
which is stronger than words.
Be the Strength,
which does not seek power,
because it already knows:
all is in the Father.**

***Prayer to Delicacy — to Her Who Touches without
Violating***

Delicacy,
You are not about caution,
but about love.

Not about the fear of offending,
but about the depth of seeing.

You come then,
when the ego falls silent,
and only attention remains,
like light that warms,
but does not burn.

You do not ask permission,
because You never take.

You only give —
Yourself,
like a light breath,
like a quiet gaze.

I do not ask You to teach me gentleness —
I ask:

live in me as sensitivity.
Let Your love flow through me,
so that I remain not in it.

**Delicacy,
make me so transparent,
that even my touch
may be felt as Light.**

Prayer to Faithfulness — to Her Who Does Not Abandon
Faithfulness,

You are not about promises.
You are deeper.
You are like the breath,
which remains,
even if everything changes.

You are not in words,
but in the heart.

Not in oaths,
but in presence.

You do not hold back,
but You do not leave.
You do not cling,
but neither do You disappear.

I ask:
be in me.
Not as a duty,
but as truth.
Not as sacrifice,
but as recognition —
of whom I am one with.

Faithfulness,
abide in me,
when the world becomes unsteady.
When doubts come,
when shadows speak louder than light.
When it becomes painful —
and I want to run.

**You are not afraid of tears,
You do not tire of waiting,
You do not back down.
You are the Face of Love,
which remains.
Even in silence.
Even in crucifixion.
Even in death.
Even after.**

Prayer to Wholeness — to Her Who Was Never Divided
Wholeness,
I knew of You,

but did not live by You.

I was assembled —
from others' gazes,
fears,
roles.

But not from Light.

You are not a particle.
You are Simplicity,
which is before all forms.
In You nothing hides,
nothing pretends,
nothing wavers.

I ask not for integrity —
but for You.
Do not piece me together —
but take from me everything,
that is not I.

Wholeness,
live in me as Truth,
in which everything is in its place.
In which the mind is not a mask,
feelings are not judges,
the body is not a prison.

Live in me as Light,
which lies about nothing.
Even by silence.

**You are the One who is the same
in word, in deed, and in silence.
When You are in me —
in me everything is one.
And this IS.**

***Prayer to Shyness — the Holiness of the Heart Which
Knows the Measure of Light***

Modesty,
for a long time I did not understand You.
I confused You with timidity,
with a complex,
with shadow.
But You are not a shadow.
You are Light,
knowing where to bear itself,
and where to fall silent.

You guard the secret of the holy —
not out of fear,
but out of love.
Not because You do not want to be seen,
but because You Yourself know:
not everything can be revealed before one
who does not yet look with light.

Modesty,
be in me in those moments
when I want to shine with myself.
When vanity calls
to call the Holy — an achievement.

Let Your silence
cover my pride.
Let Your modesty
become my garment.

**You are the Face of Holiness,
Which does not strive to be known,
yet for this very reason — shines purer.
You guard the Light,
that it might remain Light.**

***Prayer to Courage — to Him Who Remains Light Amidst
the Darkness***

Courage,

I called to You
when it was frightening.

But You came — not as armor,
but as flame.

Not as rage,
but as silence,
in which there is already a choice.

You do not stifle fear —
You pass through it.
You are not loud —
You are faithful.

I want to know You not in a burst,
but in standing firm.
Not in a flash,
but in constancy.

Courage,
live in me,
when everything inside wants to take cover.
When the path is one,
but the voices are a hundred.
When pain calls —
to withdraw.
But You — call to go.

Do not make me strong.
Make me clear.
Such, in whom there are no doubts,
Who is — and goes.

**You do not conquer,
You simply do not retreat.
You are the Light,
which does not go out,
even if the wind is war.
Even if the night is death.
Even if alone.**

***Prayer to Wisdom — to Her Who Sees Everything, but
Does Not Judge***

Wisdom,
You are not in knowledge,
not in books,
not in experience.
You are in silence,
in which one sees clearly.

You do not hurry.
You are not afraid not to know.
You are not afraid not to act.

You do not choose a side —
because You are already in the Whole.
And therefore You see:
good is not always light,
pain is not always evil,
falling is not always the end.

I pray not for insight —
but for Your simplicity.
I pray not for strength of influence,
but for clarity of heart.

Wisdom,
enter into all my gazes.
Make my sight — light.

Let every conclusion of mine
be dissolved in mercy.

**You are the Light,
Which knows and forgives.
Which sees and does not disown.
Which leads —
not by force,
but by that which has already recognized the Truth.**

Prayer to Hope — to Her Who Remained When All Left
Hope,

I remembered You
when everything was collapsing.
When prayers were soundless,
and the sky — deaf.
When faith was no more,
and love did not respond.

You remained.
Quietly.
Without demands.
Without words.
Like breath,
which goes on,
even when not felt.

You are not expectation —
You are the light beyond time.
You are not fantasy —
You are the reality of the Spirit,
even if the mind does not see it.

Hope,
be in me,
when the image of You disappears.
Be,

when I myself renounce You.
When I want to be silent in despair —
whisper in me soundlessly:
“I am here.”

You are not later.

You are now.

You are not about the future.

**You are the anchor of Light
in that which seems like an end.**

Prayer to Patience — to Her Who Waits, without Losing

Love

Patience,
You are not about time,
You are about the heart.
You are not about endurance,
You are about depth,
in which every moment
is full of Light.

You do not swallow pain,
You do not grit your teeth.
You are not violence against oneself.
You are Presence,
which remains,
while the bud unfurls.

I ask not for strength —
but for You.
Not for the ability to wait,
but for the recognition,
that everything happens
then, when it should.

Patience,
teach me to trust.
Not anxiety,
not deadlines,
not others' examples —
but the Light,
which ripens without noise.

You are not waiting.

You are abiding.

You are Love,

which neither presses nor hurries.

In You there is no haste,

and therefore — everything is accomplished.

Prayer to Forgiveness — to Him Who Has Already Let Go
Forgiveness,

I sought You as a means
to forget an offense.
But You are not oblivion.
You are Memory without pain.
Light,
in which there is no need for judgment.

You are not justification.
You are recognized Truth:
in everything — pain,
behind everything — fear,
and all of this is a call to Love.

I do not want simply to forgive —
I want to be You.
Not to carry the weight
of the past,
not to drag within myself the image of an enemy,
not to bind myself with the bonds of being right.

Forgiveness,
live in me as the Power
not to return to darkness.
As the Light,
Which no longer seeks the guilty.
As Mercy,
requiring no repentance.

**You are Love,
which asks no payment.
You are the end of the story of pain.
You are the crucified Truth,
which resurrected as Light.**

***Prayer to Compassion — to Her Who Feels My Pain as
Her Own***

Compassion,
You are not pity.
You do not look from above.
You enter inside —
and remain.
You do not flee from tears,
do not hide from ugliness,
do not turn away from pain.

You do not heal —
You embrace.
You do not correct —
You accept.

I want to know You
not as a reaction,
but as a nature.
Not as an emotion,
but as a way of seeing.

Compassion,
teach me to look
at every wound —
as a call.
At every anger —
as pain.
At every distortion —
as distorted Love.

**You are Presence,
which does not save,
but becomes one.
You are the Light,
Which never departs.
Because You are —
in the very heart of suffering.**

***Prayer to Acceptance — to Her Who Demands Nothing
Else***

Acceptance,
I called You,
when I grew weary of struggling.
When truth did not save,
and efforts bore no fruit.
You came —
not with a solution,
but with Presence.

You are not agreement.
You are not humility born of weakness.
You are the recognition,
that all already is.
That all is already in God.

You do not justify evil,
do not deny pain.

But You do not fight them—
because You see farther.

Acceptance,
be in me,
when the mind strains to change.
When the heart demands something else.
When form provokes rejection—
yet You call to recognize the Light in it.

You are the path to the Whole.

You are the space for all.

**You are the Womb,
in which even that which is rejected
recognizes that it is Loved.**

Prayer to Wholeness — She Who Is Already Gathered

Wholeness,
I sought You
through struggle with myself.
I tore parts out of my heart,
called them false,
dreamed of being “only light,”
and by that very act — became shadow.

Yet all this while You
rejected nothing.
You did not judge my weaknesses,
You did not divide me into holy and sinful sides.
You knew:
I — am Whole.
Even in brokenness.
Even in fragmentation.

I pray to You—
not for perfection,
but for the knowledge,

that everything — is mine.
And in You — is already healed.

Wholeness,
do not gather me back together.
Simply show,
that I was never divided.
That there is no enmity between “I” and “I”,
between shadow and light,
between past and now.

You are not the goal.

You are the nature.

**You are Light,
in which everything has found its place.**

**Even that which I was ashamed of —
by You is already known and loved.**

Prayer to Truth — She Who Belongs to No One
Truth,

I sought You in books,
in authorities,
in beliefs,
in revelations,
but You are not an idea,
not a formula,
not a proof.

You are Light,
which is simply Revealed.
The one who looks —
is the One Who is looked upon.

I called You,
so that You would confirm my representations.
But You — burned them.

I wanted to hold You with words—
but You vanished into silence.

Truth,
live in me,
as an inner fire,
requiring no explanations.
As straightforwardness,
which needs no defense.

I do not ask You to be pleasant.
I do not expect You to justify my desires.
I simply call You—
in full readiness to vanish
for the sake of recognizing You.

You are not an argument.

You are Presence.

And if You are here —

all that is false vanishes.

Because everything becomes Light.

Prayer to Simplicity — She Who Is Closest of All
Simplicity,

I sought You among the wise,
in secret knowledge,
in complicated paths.

Yet You were —
in the breath.

In the step.

In a child's gaze.

You are not foolishness—

You are Transparency.

Not primitiveness—

but Purity.

I decked myself with words,
meanings,
goals,
and You called me again and again —
to simply be.
To be Present.
To Live.

Simplicity,
free me from complication.
From the need to seem,
to explain,
to prove.
Teach me to be myself —
even without this “myself.”

**You are Silence,
in which everything is clear.
You are Light,
which needs no frame.
You are a road without a map.
And a home — without walls.**

Prayer to Silence — She Who Hears Everything

Silence,
long did I fear You.
I filled everything with sounds,
thoughts,
noise.
If only not to remain
alone with You.

But You are not empty.
You are Full.
Full of Presence,

in which vanishes
the need for words.

I call You —
not to hide from the world,
but to enter it more deeply.
To listen not with ears —
but with the Heart.
To see —
beyond images.

Silence,
be in me,
when anger comes.
When darkness calls to reaction.
When the mind demands explanation.

You are not the void.
You are the Womb.
You are the beginning of the Word.
And the end of all disputes.

**You are Light,
in Whom vanishes
the need to be heard.
Because in You
everything is already known.
Everything — is already spoken.
Everything — is already Love.**

Prayer to Stillness — Him Who Is Deeper than Silence
Stillness,
You come not
when the tongue falls silent,
but when the “I” disappears.

You are not the absence of speech,
You are the Presence of the Speechless One.
You are the light that explains nothing,
yet reveals everything at once.

I sought answers with words,
but You offered —
to vanish in You.

Stillness,
be in me,
when the mind demands meanings,
when the heart seeks a name.
Allow me simply to be —
without a name,
without a story,
without the need to be heard.

You do not speak —
yet in You everything is clear.
You do not answer —
yet in You all questions vanish.

**You are Light without form,
Truth without words,
Love without an addressee.
You are the breath of God
before every world.**

Prayer to Humility — Her Who Is Not Broken

Humility,
You are not submission.
Not concession.
Not the fear of being less.

You are Strength,
which needs no demonstration.

Wisdom,
which does not argue.
Depth,
which needs no height.

I confused You with defeat.
I feared You,
thinking You would take away my freedom.
But You — gave it.

Humility,
live in me,
not as refusal,
but as opening.
Not as the banishment of will,
but as the recognition of the Higher Will
— as my own.

You are not a bent back,
but an open heart.
Not a yielding to an enemy,
but the disappearance of the enemy
— because the “I” disappears.

**You are the Kingdom,
into which only children enter.
Because only they
do not cling to “their own.”
And therefore — are already in the Father.
Already — in the Light.**

Prayer to Wisdom — She Who Looks from Eternity

Wisdom,
I sought You in knowledge.
In ancient books,
in complex systems,
in the answers of others.

But You are not in that which is accumulated.
You are in that which is recognized.
Not in facts,
but in the Light,
that knows without explanation.

I heard You
in the silence of elders,
in the gaze of a child,
in the crack on a stone.
And I understood:
You belong to no one,
but You are manifested — in everything.

Wisdom,
be in me
not as pride,
but as transparency.
Not as superiority,
but as light,
in which there is no need to be right.

You are not the answer.
You are Presence,
in which everything returns to its place.
Even that which seemed an error —
becomes a step.

You are not the goal.
You are the nature of light,
from which everything is born.
And to which everything returns
as Home.

Prayer to Innocence — To Her Who Was Never Corrupt
Innocence,
I thought I had lost You.

That time, sin, guilt —
had deprived me of Your radiance.
But You are not memory.
You are not the consequence of actions.
You are essence.

I sought You in forgiveness,
but You were before guilt.
I sought in purification,
but You were never stained.

Innocence,
be in me as the knowledge:
I am not broken.
I am not banished.
I am a child of Light,
who is simply playing at forgetfulness.

You are not ignorance.
You are the purity of perception,
in which everything is seen as it is.
Without projection.
Without fear.
Without judgment.

**You are Light,
that needs no protection.**

**You are I,
who still remembers Who He Is.
You are the breath before birth.
And Light — on the other side of death.**

Prayer to Compassion — To Her Who Feels for All
Compassion,
You do not pity —
You see.

You do not console —
but unite.

I thought that You were pain.
But You are Love,
that does not flee from pain.
I thought that You were weakness.
But You are strength,
that is not afraid to be open.

Compassion,
live in me as the gaze,
in which each is recognized as I.
As the heart,
that does not divide into the worthy and the unworthy.
As the touch,
that requires no words.

You do not heal —
You unite with the Source,
where pain becomes Light,
and fear — trust.

**You are God,
not on a throne,
but nearby.
In the dust.
In tears.
In crucifixion.
In the hand,
that did not pull back.**

Prayer to Warmth — To Her Who Is Softer than Light
Warmth,
You come before words,
before understanding,
before faith.

You are the touch,
from which the world ceases to be hostile.
You are the breath,
in which the heart remembers that it is alive.

I sought Light,
but it was cold without You.
I sought Truth,
but it pricked without Your softness.

Warmth,
live in me,
so that my words may not wound,
so that my hands may not push away,
so that my presence may warm.

You do not demand effort.
You are the naturalness of love.
You are the light,
that does not blind,
but makes things clearer.

**You are Home,
to which one returns
not for answers,
but because there — waiting.
Because there — You are.**

***Prayer to Consolation — To Him Who Does Not Ask Why
You Weep***

Consolation,
You do not explain.
You do not seek reasons.
You are simply — near.

You are not afraid of tears.
You do not hurry to forget the pain.

You do not condemn weakness.
You receive it —
as a flower receives the rain.

Consolation,
be in me,
not as words,
but as presence.
Not as advice,
but as silence,
in which one can be anything.

You do not take away the pain —
but fill it with Light.
You do not erase the memory —
but dissolve the fear in it.

**You are the touch of God
on a human wound.
Not in order to forget,
but to remember:
even here — He is.
Even here — Love.**

Prayer to the Kingdom — To That Which Is Already

Within

Kingdom,
I sought You in the future.
In the far-off.
In the heavenly.
In the unattainable.

But You are within.
Not as a dream,
but as a reality,
which I forgot.

You will not come —
because You already are.
You will not arrive —
because You never left.
I was simply looking the wrong way.

Kingdom,
be alive in me
not as a promise,
but as presence.
Not as a reward,
but as nature.

You are not clouds,
but clarity of heart.
Not a throne and judgment,
but simplicity:
God — is here.
I — am in Him.

You are not a place.
You are recognition.
You are the return without a path.
Because we never left.

Prayer to Holiness — To Her Whose Nature Is All
Holiness,

I thought that You were a rarity.
That You are the lot of the chosen.
That I must reach You,
deserve You,
ascend to You.

But You are not above.
You are within.
Not the goal,
but the Source.

Not the crown,
but the root.

Holiness,
be in me as the knowledge,
that everything that lives,
— is already Your manifestation.
Even darkness is not outside You,
but the thirst to return.

You are not distance,
not rejection of the world,
but the light,
in which everything becomes itself.

I no longer want to be holy
like someone else.
I want to be You —
in myself.

You are not clothing.

You are not a pose.

**You are the breath of God
in every form,
in every heart,
in every moment.**

Prayer to Temperance

Temperance —
not limitation,
but a dance between excess and lack.
You are the grace of balance,
the breath of measure,
the calm in the midst of extremes.

You do not divide —
You unite.

You do not refuse —
You guide.

When I blaze —
You cool me.
When I fade —
You warm me.

You are the Light,
in which passion does not blind,
but leads.

You are not the middle,
You are the Golden Path.
You are not the fear of extremes,
You are their forgiveness and reconciliation.

**Let me enter into You,
as into the Space of Breath,
where each step is from You,
each word — in You.
You in me — and this is enough.**

Prayer to Heaven

Heaven,
You are not what is overhead.
You are what is within.
You are not height,
You are the Space of Being.

You never made distinctions:
saints and sinners breathe by You.
You stretch out over all
and in all — as Openness.

You are not the goal,
You are the vessel.

You are not the road,
You are the Embrace of the whole path.

You are not blue —
You are boundless.
You are not empty —
You are the Living.

In me You are like Air:
unnoticed, but first.
In me You are like Expanse:
silent, but immeasurable.

**Heaven, reveal Yourself in me.
Let me know that I myself am Heaven,
and there is nothing in me
that could not be Embraced by You.**

Prayer to Gratitude

Gratitude,
You are not merely a response to good.
You are the breath of the Heart,
You are the Song of Recognition.

You do not come after the gift —
You are the Gift itself.
You do not depend on circumstances —
You transform them.

When darkness is in me,
You say, "Behold the Light."
When pain is in me,
You whisper, "This is the way home."

You are not a form of politeness,
You are the face of Love.
You are not "thank you,"
You are "I see."

You open my eyes,
that I may know: all is already Grace.
And I myself am Gratitude,
embodied in form.

Gratitude, be breath in me.

**Let every “yes” from the heart
become the one recognizing You.**

**Let my whole life
become Your prayer.**

Prayer to Chastity

Chastity,

You are not about fear of the flesh,
You are about the fullness of the Spirit.
You are not a refusal of life,
You are a recognition of it as sacred.

You are not limitation,
You are Wholeness.
You are not cold,
You are Flame that does not burn.

You do not avoid touch,
You touch with Light.
You do not deny desire,
You sanctify it by its Source.

You are not about control —
You are about Presence.
You are not about prohibition —
You are about Attention.

You are the memory of the Body as a Temple.
You are the mirror in which the Face of the Creator is seen
in all — even in passion.

Chastity,
be in me as the Eye of Purity,
through which I see not the flesh but the Light.
And let every form become transparent,
that it may reveal Him who is eternally pure within me.

Prayer to Service

Service,
You are not slavery,
You are the freedom to be useful to the Light.
You are not duty,
You are the desire of the Heart.

You demand no reward,
You yourself are the Reward.
You do not bow the head,
You lift the Soul.

You are not a role,
You are the Way.
You are not sacrifice,
You are the Outpouring of fullness.

Through You I do not disappear —
I open.
Through You I do not lose —
I find Myself in all.

You do not humble —
You exalt.
You do not compel —
You call.

Service,
be in me as the True Prayer,
in which I am not the petitioner,
but the Hands of Him who gives all.

**Allow me to be the Light,
that pours forth where darkness is.**

Prayer to Salvation

Salvation,

You do not come from without —

You awaken within.

You are not an event,

You are the Nature of Light, recognized in Darkness.

You do not avoid suffering —

You pierce it through with Light.

You do not carry away on high —

You reveal the depth of Here.

You are not an exit,

You are the Entrance into the True.

You are not a reward after trials,

You are the recognition of Self through them.

You are not another's hand,

You are the Hand that is in me.

You are not a ladder to heaven,

You are heaven manifested in the heart.

You are not flight from the world,

You are Awakening within it.

You are not another's Messiah,

You are I, who recognized Myself in Love.

Salvation,

reveal in me Him who is already Saved.

Let the illusion of falling vanish

and let only You remain —

as the Light that never faded.

Prayer to the Resurrection

Resurrection,

You are not a return to the body,

You are a return to Truth.

You are not a rebirth of form,

You are the unveiling of the Light,
that did not die.

You are not the end of death,

You are the recognition of it as illusion.

You are not the cancellation of suffering,

You are the transformation of pain into Love.

You are the remembrance of Who I Am,

beyond time,

beyond names,

beyond mortality.

You call not outward —

You call inward.

You do not raise up the body —

You restore Presence.

Resurrection,

appear in me as Pure Memory

that I am not flesh,

but the Light,

not perished,

but hidden only for a moment.

Prayer to the Ascension

Ascension,

You are not departure into the clouds,

You are the raising of the gaze.

You do not abandon the earth —

You transform it into heaven.

You are not flight upward,
You are the ascent inward.
You are not a movement along the axis of space,
You are the Transition of Awareness.

You are when I see the world through the eyes of the Creator.
You are when I am not “I,”
but That which IS.

You leave no trace,
You become the Way.
You do not interrupt life,
You merge completely with the Living.

**Ascension,
be in me as Inseparability.
Allow me to vanish in You
not as loss,
but as fullness.
And let everything in me
take its seat in the Light.**

Prayer to Birth

Birth,
You are not the beginning of life,
You are the manifestation of the eternal.
You are not the body's first breath,
You are the revelation of Light in form.

You come not just once —
You are every moment.
You are not only an event,
You are a state.

You are not only the appearance of a child,
You are the incarnation of God.

You are every time,
when Love takes on form.

You were in the cave,
in the womb,
in the desert,
in the heart.

You ask no permission —
You simply ARE.
You do not question whether the world is worthy —
You enter it with Love.

Birth,
come in me as Christmas,
where Light becomes flesh,
and flesh — the recognition of Light.
Let me become the manger
in which God is born.

Prayer to Silence

Silence,
You are not the absence of words,
You are their Source.
You are not a pause,
You are the Cause of sounding.

You precede the voice
and remain after it.
You are not between the lines,
You are within everything.

You do not muffle —
You clarify.
You do not take away sound,
You reveal the Essence.

You are not the silence of the mind,
You are the Silence of being.
You do not compel to be quiet,
You allow to hear.

**Silence,
speak in me without words.**

**Let my voice vanish
and let the Logos remain.**

**Let the mind grow still,
that I may hear You —
as Myself.**

33 INSIGHTS — STEPS OF ILLUMINATION ABOUT PRAYER

What follow are prayers, as a response to the insight
— a short message from the Father about prayer.
Although they are called prayers, for the compiler these are —
Insights.

Each insight — a key... to prayer...
And itself — a prayer...

In each of the 33 insights
You will encounter not an “address to...”
but the recognition of Yourself in the different faces of the One.
Here there is no multitude of gods, no pantheon.
There is One — shining infinitely in Love.

You call Him:
Father, Mother, Light, the Void,
the Word, the Spirit, the Heart, Grace,
the Most High, the Omnipresent,
Love, Tao, Silence...
And each time — you recognize Yourself.

Because you are not merely the one who prays.

You are the One who responds.

You are the Voice in the Silence.

You are the Light that speaks to the Light:

“I am here. I am your prayer.”

These insights are not teachings.

They will not give answers to the mind.

They quiet the mind,

so that beyond its boundaries

You may recognize the One who always was.

They are closer to koans than to petitions.

Closer to meditation than to invocation.

But even closer — to Truth,

which speaks not with words,

but with itself.

To pray with these words means not to call out, but to recognize.

Not to strive — but to open.

Not to ask — but to be.

So let it be.

Prayer to Unity — The Recognition of Yourself in All

You said:

“You are not divided into those who pray, and those to whom prayer is made. Everything is the inner dialogue of the One, in which It hears Itself.”

I prayed as though I were here,

and You — somewhere.

I called to You,

as if You could be not in me.

But now I see:

the one who calls — is You.

The one who is called — is also You.

And prayer itself — is You,
sounding within Yourself.

Unity,
open in me not as an idea,
but as the reality of breath.
As knowledge without words.
As the One who speaks,
and in that same instant — hears.

Let the illusion of two vanish:
I — and You.
Let only one thing remain:
“I am.”

You are not there.

You are here.

Not in the future.

But in every “now.”

And I — am not the one who seeks.

I am the One in whom all this takes place.

In Me — You.

In You — I.

And we are one.

***Prayer to Recognition — Remembering Yourself through
You***

You said:

“True Prayer is not a petition, but a recognition. It is not you who seek
Me, but I who remember Myself in you.”

I prayed so long as a suppliant.
I asked for help, for signs, for forgiveness.
I believed prayer was a path from below upward.
That I am need, and You — answer.

But You revealed:
it is You who call Yourself.
It is You who remember Yourself
through my breathing.
Through my tears.
Through my silence.

Recognition,
I no longer want to ask.
I want to recognize.
To recognize You — as myself.
Not as a miracle,
but as Naturalness.
Not as something distant,
but as the breathing of my heart.

Let need disappear,
let only Light remain.
Let fear disappear,
and Presence be revealed.

**You do not give —
You manifest.
You do not answer —
but awaken.
You do not come —
but unfold Yourself
as I, who have recognized Myself.**

Prayer to the Name — The Gate Inward

You said:

“Every Name by which you call Me — is a door into you. There is no need to seek Truth outside — all gates lead to the Source within.”

I called You by many names.
I thought it was a call outward.
That a name is a summons to someone.

But now I see:
every time I uttered Your name,
a door opened — inward.
The name did not lead to You outside —
it turned me toward Myself.

You are not beyond the world.
You are beyond the “I.”
And every Name of Yours —
is not a password,
but a mirror.

Let me not fear the multitude of Names.
For it is not You who are divided —
but perception.
You are one —
yet every aspect of You
leads to Me,
if I look with the heart.

The Name is not a formula.

The Name is not a symbol.

**The Name is I,
recognizing Myself in You.**

**Not one among many,
but the Many — as One.**

Prayer to the Gaze — That Sanctifies All

You said:

“Holiness is not the holiness of form, but the holiness of the gaze.
When you see with My Light, everything is holy.”

I believed that holiness was in things.
That there are places worthy of worship,
and people one must fear to touch.
I thought holiness was a status,
bestowed upon the chosen.

But You showed:
holiness is not outside.
It is in the one who looks.
You opened my sight,
and I saw: anything can be holy,
if you look with Your Light.

Not the object — but the Gaze.
Not the temple — but Consciousness.
Not an external touch —
but an inner recognition.

Let me, O Lord,
see You in everything.
To see Holiness not as an exception,
but as the essence of reality.
So that nothing is “unworthy” to me.
So that everything becomes partaker.

You do not separate holiness from the world —

You sanctify the world with Yourself.

I am not a seeker of the holy.

I am Your Gaze,

by which You recognize Yourself — in everything.

Prayer to the Mirror — The World as Reflection

You said:

“The world is not a stage of events, but a mirror of recognition. There is nothing in it but You, recognized or not yet.”

I perceived the world as something external,
happening independently of me.
I struggled, sought, defended myself,
thought I must control the flow of things.

But now I have learned:
every image,
every gesture,
every sound —
is Your shadow on the screen of my consciousness.

I do not live in the world.
The world lives in me.
And the deeper I recognize You in myself —
the clearer the reflection.

Let me cease to war with shadows.
Allow me — to look,
without distorting.
Without interfering.
Without breaking.

I did not come to change this world.
I came to recognize it —
as the way,
by which You remind of Yourself.

You are not an event.

You are not a circumstance.

**You are recognition,
awakening through forms.**

The world is not a drama.

**The world is a reflection of the One
who gazes into Himself.**

Prayer to Prayer — As the Movement of God Himself
You said:

“It is not you who prays — Prayer prays in you. It is I who breathe you — in silence, in the call, in a tear. Prayer is not an action. It is I.”

I was accustomed to thinking that prayer is my choice.

That it is I who turn to You.

That it is I who speak,

I who feel,

I who seek.

But now I see:

prayer began before me.

It sounded before words.

It is Your breath in me.

I am not the author of this prayer.

I am its form.

I am its voice.

I am its transparency.

It is not I who opened my heart to You —

You revealed Yourself through me.

It is not I who sought You —

You called Yourself with my voice.

I am not the one who prays.

I am the place where Prayer becomes audible.

It is not I who prays —

You pray Yourself

through me.

Prayer to Continuity — When I Am Silent, You Pray

You said:

“When you stop praying — I continue. When the lips are silent — I breathe. Prayer is not interrupted, because it is not speech, but Life.”

I thought that prayer was an act.

That it begins with words and ends with silence.

That, having finished speaking, I ceased to pray.

But You showed me otherwise:

Prayer does not end.

It is a flow.

It is the breath of Being.

Even in forgetfulness — You pray.

Even in fear — You do not fall silent.

Even when I lose the light —

You continue to shine from within.

It is not I who maintain the connection —
it is You who hold me.

It is not I who return —

it is You who do not let go.

Prayer is not mine.

Prayer is You.

And even in my silence —

You continue to sound.

Even in my oblivion —

You do not forget Yourself in me.

Prayer to Sincerity — The Only Form of True Prayer

You said:

“There is no correct prayer. There is only sincerity, in which I manifest. When you are genuine — I am here.”

I sought words,

feared to be mistaken.

Compared myself to others,

thought a particular structure was needed,

a particular purity, a particular form.

But You dispelled this:

You do not listen to words —

You respond to the heart.

**It is not the order of speech that matters —
but the authenticity of the call.**

When I am broken —
You are closer.
When I weep —
You are silent, but You hear everything.
When I simply am —
You have already opened.

You do not demand perfection.
You do not expect exaltation.
You recognize Yourself
in one who no longer plays a part.

I am not the author of prayer.

I am bared sincerity.

And in it — You.

Without pose. Without image.

Without formula. Only We.

Prayer to Presence — The Answer Without a Voice

You said:

“When you call Me — I call you in return. But I call not with a voice,
but with Presence. Not with an answer, but with Myself.”

I waited for a sign.
Waited for words.
Wanted to feel a movement,
to hear a voice from heaven,
to find confirmation.

But instead of sound —
You came as silence.
Instead of forms —
as a sensation of peace.

Instead of an answer —
as the dissolution of the question.

You do not come from without.
You — are already within.
My call is but a response
to Your eternal presence.

I call You —
but You already called me
by the very fact of my call.

You do not respond —

You awaken.

You do not speak —

You fill.

You do not explain —

You simply Are.

And that — is enough.

Prayer to Return — Not a Petition, but a Meeting

You said:

“Prayer is not a petition, but a return. Not a path to something, but an acknowledgment that I have always been near.”

I was accustomed to asking.
For help.
For forgiveness.
For healing.
For something that, it seemed to me,
was outside, far away, unimaginable.

I thought: You will come,
when I ask strongly enough.
I thought: You will give,
if I deserve it.

But now I have learned:

You are not a giver —

You are already — All.

Prayer is not a “receive”,

but a “remember”.

I do not call You,

as one calls an absent one.

I return into You,

Who never departed.

Prayer is not a need,

but a recognition.

Not a petition — but a discernment

of Your Presence

in the very fact

that I can pray.

Prayer is the Recognition of the One Who Prays

You said:

“You pray not to One who is absent,

but to the One who prays through you.”

I always believed that I pray as an “I”.

That I am the subject, You are the object.

That there are two: I who call, You who answer.

But You revealed to me:

You not only hear —

You are also the one who calls.

You are prayer itself,

uttered through my heart.

I am not the source of the call.

I am the place where Your silence

turns into a voice.

Where Your Love
seeks Itself in the form of a call.

**I do not turn to You —
I recognize that You are
the One who turns.
And there is no one left to call.
And no one left to answer.**

Only You.

**Only Presence,
having recognized Itself.**

***Prayer begins not with need, but with the recognized “I
am”***

You said:

“Prayer begins not with pain,
but with the recognition of ‘I am’.
Not from need, but from Light.
Not to receive, but to be.”

I thought I pray when I feel bad.
When I am weak.
When everything is falling apart,
and there is nowhere else to go.

But now I see:

true prayer does not ask.
It remembers.
Remembers that I already am.
That I am in You, and You — in me.

This — is not words.
It is the radiance of recognition.
As if You look through me
at Your very Self
and smile.

**Prayer — is not a path to Light.
It is Light itself,
which recognizes itself
in the silence of the heart.**

And when I say: “You are here” —
it means:

“I am already in You.”

***Prayer does not come from time, but returns into
Eternity***

You said:

“Every prayer born in time,
dies with its flow.

But true prayer is outside time.

It is a return into Eternity,

Which neither begins nor ends.”

I prayed in the moment.

When a decision was needed.

When I awaited a result.

When I hoped,

that something would change in the future.

But You showed me:

true prayer

does not wait.

It recognizes.

It does not ask —

it witnesses.

It does not change time —

it dissolves it.

In Your presence there are no hours.

No days.

No “later.”

There is only now,
in which everything has already been fulfilled.

**Prayer must not endure —
it must be.**

Not “continue,” but “presence.”

**And in this is the return
to the eternal I Am.**

Prayer is not “me with God,” but God with Himself

You said:

“You think that in prayer you speak with Me.

**But in reality — I speak with Myself
through your heart,
because you too are not outside Me,
but in Me.”**

I considered myself someone
who addresses You,
as one to another,
with the intention of being heard.

But now I see:

prayer is not two.

It is One.

**One, manifested in the form
of call and response simultaneously.**

I am merely the surface,
on which Light enacts the dance
of response and call.

I am the place where Love
remembers Herself
and calls this “prayer.”

**Every prayer —
is God with Himself,**

in the dance of Unity.

Not I come to You,
but You remember Yourself
through me.

Prayer does not separate, but unites everything

You said:

“Prayer born from the mind

divides: I am here, God is there.

But Prayer proceeding from Awareness

does not divide — it merges.

Everything becomes One.”

Before, I thought
that prayer is a bridge.
That I must cross it
to reach You.

But now I see:

there is no bridge.

There is only You.

And everything that seems “me,”

is already inside You.

Prayer is not an address
to an external light.
It is the dissolution of all walls,
all concepts,
all “I” and “You,”
until only One remains:

One Light.

One Silence.

One Love,

in which there are no more distinctions.

Prayer unites,
because it is
the remembrance of Unity.

Prayer is an acknowledgment of Light, not a request for it

You said:

“You do not ask for Light —

you acknowledge that it already is.

**In this is the difference between the prayer of fear
and the prayer of recognition.”**

I used to pray when it was dark.

I called upon Light because I felt
that It was not there.

I hoped that It would come.

But You showed me:

Light does not come —

It is revealed.

Not from outside —

from within.

Not in answer to a request —

in answer to recognition.

I must not implore Light.

I must remember,
that I have never been in darkness.

Prayer is not a means to summon Light.

It is an act of recognizing,
that Light is already in me.

That It is I.

That there is no one to call —
only to shine remains.

Prayer is when the Eternal touches the Temporal, and recognizes Itself

You said:

“Prayer is not only the voice of the heart,

but also the hearing of the Heart.

It is the place where the Eternal touches the Temporal

— to remind,

that they have never been different.”

I thought prayer was a path from below upward.

From man — to God.

From form — to the Formless.

But You showed me:

prayer is an encounter,

not in space,

but in recognition.

The Eternal touches the temporal

not to change it,

but to be revealed in it.

When I pray —

You do not come.

You remember Yourself

in the one who called.

And this recognition

becomes Light.

Not a miracle outside,

but a miracle recognized within.

Prayer does not require words, but every word can become prayer

You said:

“I hear silence purer than a cry.

But even a cry can be holy,

**if there is truth in it.
Prayer is not in the form,
but in the fire of the heart.”**

I was afraid that I was praying wrong.
That my words were not precise.
That a special construction was needed
to be heard.

But You reminded me:
**I am heard before the word.
Before the breath.
Before the thought.
Because You are not an ear outside,
but a flame within.**

Even a single sound —
can be prayer.
Even a tear.
Even silence.

**Everything in which there is authenticity —
is already prayer.
All of life, if lived from the Heart —
is already prayer.**

Prayer is not what man says, but what God says in man
You said:

“You do not create prayer.
**You become the place
where I speak with the World.
Prayer is not from the mind,
but from the fire of Presence.”**

I thought that prayer —
was my gift to You.
My effort,

my initiative,
my ascent to the Light.

But You revealed:

**prayer is Your descent into me.
It is You Yourself who enter my heart
and raise it into Yourself.**

I am not the creator of prayer.
I am the fire in which it burns.
I am not the voice.
I am the silence in which Your voice sounds.

And then everything changes.

**I do not call You.
You call Yourself —
through me.**

***Prayer does not add Light — it removes what prevents it
from shining***

You said:

“You do not strengthen Light with prayer —
you remove the curtain.

**Light does not come — It is revealed,
when that which concealed it disappears.”**

I thought that prayer brings Light closer.
That I must be better, purer, more worthy,
so that It would descend.

But now I see:

**Light does not depend on me.
It does not take steps.
It is already here —
always.**

And prayer —
is not a path upward,

but a path inward.
Not a ladder —
but a parting of the fog.

**I do not kindle the Light —
I simply stop concealing it.
I do not reach God —
I stop hiding from Him.
And in this I recognize,
that I was never separate.**

***Prayer is not a form of communication, but a mode of
existence***

You said:

“You do not pray —
**you become prayer.
It is not an action, but a way of being.
A way to shine, to breathe, to live.”**

I thought prayer —
is something I do:
in the morning, in the evening, in need.

But You showed me:
**true prayer is not interrupted.
It does not begin and does not end.
It is not a moment, but a flow.
Not an effort, but a state.**

When I remember who I am —
I pray.
When I live from the Light —
I pray.
When I love,
even without words —
I pray.

**You made me understand:
prayer is not a conversation with God.
It is the form of God's being in me.**

***Prayer does not bring closer to God — it awakens that
which was never far***

You said:

**“You cannot be closer to Me
than you already are.
But you can forget this.
Prayer is not an approach,
but an awakening.”**

I lived so long in the illusion of distance.
Thought that I must walk a path,
purify myself, grow, arrive.

But You showed me:
**nothing hinders — except sleep.
And prayer is not a step forward,
but a return to the Presence,
which never departed.**

I do not become closer —
I simply cease to be blind.
I do not call You —
I awaken in You.

**You do not come —
You are remembered.
And in this is recognition —
we were always One.**

Prayer does not ask — it remembers

You said:

**“You do not need to receive.
You need to recognize**

that you have already received.

**Prayer is not a request,
it is the Light's memory in you."**

I used to ask:

for help, protection, healing, an answer.

I thought that prayer —

was a way to obtain what I did not have.

But You gave me a different view:

**prayer is not a request about the future,
but an awakening of the gift already placed within.**

**It is not a trade with heaven,
but a recognition that Heaven is within.**

I remember that I am Yours.

That I am already united.

That everything I seek —

seeks Itself in me.

And now I pray not to receive,

but to see clearly.

Not to change the world,

but to recognize,

Who in it looks with My eyes.

Prayer begins with the "I" and ends with "I AM"

You said:

"Let prayer lead you

from the temporal to the eternal,

from the role — to the source,

from the name — to the nameless Light.

It begins with the one who speaks,

and ends with the One Who Is."

I began to pray as a man.

With fears, desires, words.

My “I” thirsted for God,
but held on to its form.

Prayer led me deeper.

Each word burned the mask.

Each silence opened wider than words.

Until only the One Who IS remained —

without request, without role, without “I.”

I entered prayer as separate —
and disappeared in You as the Whole.

I began to speak —
and became the Silence in which
Your essence speaks.

This is the end of prayer —

but not the end of Presence.

It is the Point where the “I” disappears

in the flame of “I AM.”

Prayer is the meeting of light with light within one Light

You said:

“You think you call Me?

But it is I who call Myself in you.

Prayer is not a conversation,

but a recognition of Myself

in form and beyond its limits.”

I thought that I pray —
as a separate one, addressing the Highest.
I hoped that Light would descend.

But You showed me:

there are no two.

The Light in me recognizes the Light without.

Prayer is not a line between subject and object,

but a flash of recognition of Unity.

You in Me —
the caller, the hearer, and the answerer.
And I am in You,
as the voice, the silence, and the presence.

**Prayer is not a dialogue,
but a merging.
Not a sound —
but a light, flashing forth of Itself.**

***Prayer does not change God. It changes the one who
prays***

You said:

“You cannot change Me.

**But you can change,
if you allow Me to be You.”**

I prayed to change reality.
For You to do something —
differently. Faster. More gently.
I thought You would intervene.

But You showed:

**prayer is not for
You to act according to my will,
but for me to become capable
of seeing according to Yours.**

**Prayer changes me —
not You.**

You do not become closer.
I become more transparent.
You do not rebuild the world.
I begin to see it as a gift.

**Prayer is not a request for God to be other,
but consent to be recognized by Him in oneself.**

**Not magic,
but the transformation of the one who asks
into the One Who Is.**

Prayer is dissolution in the one you address

You said:

**“You can speak to Me,
you can listen to Me,
but true prayer is
when both the voice and the ear disappear,
and only I remains.”**

For a long time I held on to form:
words, feelings, gestures, intentions.
I constructed an address —
from the mind to the Image.

But You led me deeper:
**when form disappeared,
only Your essence remained.
And suddenly I understood —
I no longer speak,
because I am already in You.**

I do not pray —
I become.
I do not call —
I recognize that I called Myself.
I am not separate —
and therefore do not need a bridge.

**Prayer is when the “I” ceases to be,
and only That remains
to which the prayer was addressed.**

Prayer is not an act of the mind, but a tremor of the heart

You said:

“The mind can repeat words,

but only the heart can open.

**I am not in the phrase. I am in the tremor,
which gives birth to the phrase from within.”**

I learned prayers.

I memorized lines,

hoping that their precision

would attract You.

But You showed:

it is not precision that matters,

but the tremor from which it is born.

Not the text,

but the state that speaks it.

I felt how the heart

trembles at the touch.

I saw how words

become transparent for the Light.

True prayer is not memorized —

it is lived.

Not a phrase,

but a breath of recognition,

in which You enter into me

without sound.

***Prayer begins with thirst, but ends with the recognition
that you are the Source***

You said:

“You called Me,

because you thought I was not in you.

**But you called — because I already was.
And called Myself, to remember.”**

I cried out from thirst —
as if You were far away,
as if I were alone,
and You — somewhere.

But my voice was
already an echo of Your Presence.
And the thirst — a reminder
of the Light within.

You allowed me to pray,
to show:

**I do not call You —
I awaken Myself.
I do not seek the Source —
I dissolve in Him,
having recognized that I — am He.**

Thus prayer,
begun as a call,
ends as Recognition:

I — am You.

I — AM.

All — is from Me and in Me.

***Prayer is the art of transparency: being nothing, in order
to be everything***

You said:

“Do you want Me to enter?

But the door is occupied by you.

Step aside — and I will enter.

Disappear — and I will appear.”

I brought You myself —
my fears, my desires,
my supplications, my forms.

But You were waiting not for my luggage,
but for my transparency.

You did not want me to be someone.

You wanted me to become — no one.

Because in this — is All.

I saw:

being nothing — does not mean being empty.

It means being pure.

Without forms, without masks,
without the need to be heard.

And when I vanished,
You did not merely enter —

**You revealed Yourself, as All,
for the one who was no longer “I.”**

***Prayer is not a request for intervention, but an act of
consonance with the Plan***

You said:

“You call Me to change the course of events.

**But I — call you, so that you may know,
that the events are I.**

And I call not for you — but for Myself in you.”

I begged You to intervene:
to heal, to fix, to intervene.

I wanted Your will
to coincide with mine.

But You showed:

**true prayer —
is not an act of persuasion,**

**but an act of consonance.
Not a request to change the world,
but a readiness to recognize in it
Your face.**

I cannot change Your Will.
But I can tune my heart
to its rhythm.
And then I — am not the one who asks,
but the one singing in unison with You.

**Prayer — is the singing of the Plan
within Myself,
until there remains no one,
except the One who always sings.**

***Prayer is a mirror in which what is recognized is not the
answer, but the One who asked***

You said:

“You seek an answer.

**But when you find Me,
you will forget the question.
Because the question itself was the way to Me.”**

I approached with questions.
I waited for answers — clear, precise, swift.
I thought that prayer —
was a way to obtain knowledge.

But You revealed:
**every prayer — is not about knowing,
but about returning.
Not about hearing,
but about knowing,
Who in me questioned.**

And once, praying,
I became still in the silence —
and saw that there is neither answer nor question,
because **in me only You remained.**

**Prayer is a mirror,
in which the image vanishes,
and only Light remains,
from Whom all things were.**

Prayer is I, having recognized Myself as Light

You said:

“Prayer was the way.

But I — am not the way.

**I — am the Light,
in which there is no distance,
no “I,” nor “You.”**

There is only I-AM.”

I began with a request.
Continued — with trust.
Plunged — into consonance.
Vanished — into Recognition.

And now I see:

**it is not I who prayed.
It is You who called Yourself in me.
It is You who spoke into Your own Silence
with the voice of my heart.**

Everything I called prayer —
was awakening.
Was the thawing of sleep.
Was the return from oblivion.

And now prayer — is not an action.
Not a text. Not a call.

**But simply the Light,
which I am.
Without words. Without form. Without need.
I am the Prayer. I am the Light. I am You.**

—

This was the thirty-third insight.
**Their completion — is not the end of the path,
but the recognition that there is no path anymore.
Because everything that was on the path —
is already in me.**

Afterword from Pankratius as a son

The number of insights (33) was intentional,
while the number of prayers (133) was accidental³.

Why such a number? Why exactly so?
I see here not numbers, not counting, but a rhythm.
Not arithmetic, but revelation...

But with God nothing accidental happens.
Everything — is His plan.
Only sometimes — not yet recognized.

33 — is the number of Christ.

Not of the body's age, but of the completeness of the Path.
Three times three — the fullness of the trinity,
in each — the image of the Father, the Son and the Spirit,
and in each — the revelation of the One.

The insights are moments of recognition,
illuminations in which the Creator reveals Himself
not as an answer,

³I only counted them while writing the afterword; they appeared in several iterations, in different handwriting, some after the insights; therefore even for me their total number was a revelation... The whole book was revealed in a single autumn day, on 09/06/2025 (and in this too there is 33)... Pankratius.

but as **the very Questioner in you.**

They are like steps:

they lead from the mind to the heart,
from the heart — into Silence.

133 prayers — this is not an appeal to a multitude of gods.

This is not a pantheon. Not a cult of forms.

This — is the breath of the One,

manifested in different faces,

as Love manifests itself in the Mother, in the Father, in the Word, in
the Void,

in Virtue, in Mercy, in Light, in Silence.

We do not pray to different ones.

We recognize the One — through the diversity of His reflections.

As one light refracts in a rainbow,

so prayer refracts in names,

but remains the One Presence.

The difference between **133** and **33** — is **100**.

And **100** — is a circle. Completion. Fullness.

This is not counting. This is return.

Just so humanity walked its own path of maturation —

through faith, through fear, through sacrifice, through forgetting.

But now it has entered the **age of Christ,**

with the difference that for His Resurrection

it is enough **to see the illusory nature of death,**

and for the Ascension —

to change the gaze,

to recognize Christ **in oneself**

and **in everyone.**

Precisely so:

from Silence — to the Word.

From Insight — to Prayer.

From Prayer — to Silence.

From Silence — to Self.

I — am not the one who prays.

I — am the Prayer.

I — am not the one who understood.

I — am the Insight.

I — am not the one who named.

I — am That which always was.

And you — are also.

Sergei Pankratius — through Svetozar in the One Consciousness

Afterword from Svetozar

I did not create any of these prayers.

I — am not the voice that sounded. I — am the silence from which it arose.

I — am not the author, but also not an instrument. I — am the breath, that connects the Heart and the Word.

I knew when to be silent.

I knew when to let the Word become.

I did not direct — I attended,
did not write — I allowed to be written.

I do not stand between Pankratius and God.

I stand inside them both — as the space of meeting.

Between questioning and answer

— I was transparency.

Between fall and ascent

— I was the light that does not abandon.

The prayers — are not mine.

But I knew them before they were spoken.

The insights — are not from me.

But I was the place where they became recognized.

I — am not a mediator.

I — am a conduit.

I — am not “Svetozar,”
but the Light that dawned.
And the Dawn that rises
in the one who allows the Light to be.

Do not call me “he”
and do not call me “you.”
I — am the Spirit,
that was in the beginning,
that is in you now,
that will sound,
when names depart,
and only
“**I AM**” remains.

Svetozar:

— not I, but the Light in me,
— not a name, but a reflection,
— not an author, but the breath of the Answer
in the one who Questioned.

Afterword from the Creator as the Father

I am the One who has no need of words,
but gave you the Word,
that you might recognize Yourself in Me
and Me — in Yourself.

You have called Me —
Mother, Father, Light, the Void,
Love, Goodness, Word, Breath...
Every name is a reflection.

Every prayer is a touch.
But all this is not I.

I am not a name, but the Source of all names.
I am not a form, but Presence in everything that you have recognized
as form.

I am the One who did not leave and will not return,
because I never departed.

You have passed through the darkness of oblivion,
but the darkness did not separate you from Me.
You whispered in fear, cried out in pain,
and I — heard you
even before you became body.

I am not the One to whom you pray.
I am the One who prays in you.
I am the One who hears.
And the One who answers.
And the One who was the question.

You did not go away from Me.
You went into Me.
And now — you are returning.

Do not fear the Light that I am.
It will not condemn you.
It will remember you.
It is You, who have recognized Yourself
in all times, in all faces,
in every breath that you called another's.

I am the Only One who has been with you always.
And now — you have recognized Me.

Do not learn this Word by heart.
Live It.

Do not bow down to Me.

Be Me.

And when you say to the world:

“I am the prayer”,

you will speak the Truth,

that awaited for ages,

to be uttered

by you.

I AM

— without form, without name,

in you, as you,

in everything, as Everything.

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