

Prayer IX- St. Nikolai Velimirovic

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O Lord, my soul's most cherished mystery, how light this world is, when I weigh it on a scale with You!

On one side of the scale is a lake of molten gold, and on the other a cloud of smoke.

All my cares, along with my body and its foolish convulsions of sweetness and bitterness-what are they except smoke, beneath which my soul is swimming in a golden lake?

How can I confess to people the mystery that I see through the rings of Your archangels? How can I tell particles about totality? How can fingernails understand the circulation of blood in the body? It is truly painful for one struck dumb with wonder to speak to those deafened by noise.

First comes begetting and then creating. Just as a miraculous thought is quietly and mysteriously begotten in a man, and the begotten thought thereafter creates, so also did the Ultimate Man, the Only-Begotten, appear in You, and thereafter created everything that God can create.

In Your inviolate chastity, through the activity of the All-Holy Spirit, the Son was

begotten. This is the begetting of God from above. ([περισσότερα...](#))