



Taken from the book, *Letters from the Desert* by Carlo Carretto

*The great joy of the Saharan novice is the solitude, and the joy of solitude – silence, true silence, which penetrates everywhere and invites one's own being, speaking to the soul with wonderful new strength unknown to men to whom this silence means nothing.*

*Here, living in perpetual silence one learns to distinguish its different shades: silence at work, interior silence, silence of the sound, God's silence.*

*To learn to live these silences, the novice-master lets us go away for a few days' 'desert.' A hamper of bread, a few dates, some water, the Bible. A days' march: a cave.*

*A priest celebrates Mass; then goes away, leaving in the cave, on the altar of stones, the Eucharist. Thus, for a week one remains alone with the Eucharist exposed day and night. Silence in the desert, silence in the cave, silence in the Eucharist. No prayer is so difficult as the adoration of the Eucharist. ■*