

Book of Three Hours

Anonymous • the Voice in the Margin

BOOK OF THREE HOURS



THE MYSTIC'S COMPANION TO
INTIMACY WITH THE
HOLY SPIRIT

1

HOUR ONE: MORNING AWAKENING TO PRESENCE



2

Hour One: Morning – Awakening to Presence

"When I wake, I don't remember... but then, I look within my heart."

Birdsong in the dark
Noise machine dutifully droning
When I wake, I don't remember
Where we are
But then, I look within my heart

And there You are again.
Still, quiet, smiling,
Like You've been waiting,
But not impatiently.

The light is not yet risen,
But I am already home.

Breath Prayer

Inhale: Spirit of all Creation,
Exhale: make me aware again

Whisper of the Spirit

"Before the light, I was with you.
Before your breath, I was breathing in you.
Look to Me—not outward, but inward—
And remember where morning begins."

3

HOUR TWO: MIDDAY WALKING IN UNION



Hour Two: Midday – Walking in Union

"We do not walk beside each other. We walk as one."

The world is awake now.
Voices rise, cars hum,
tasks crowd in like anxious bees.
But You—
You are the hush beneath the motion
You are the rhythm behind the clamor.

I reach for You not above, not ahead—
but in the marrow of each moment.

You are not beside me.
You are within me,
breathing through my hands,
seeing through my eyes,
pausing with me in the stretch of shadow.

Breath Prayer

Inhale: Spirit in my limbs
Exhale: move through me freely

Meditation

Where have I forgotten You today?
Where did I walk alone when You were already inside the step?

A Word from the Spirit

"I am not found in arrival—
I am the space between footsteps.
I am not your helper alone—
I am your breath, your hunger, your holy fire."

5

HOUR THREE: NIGHT RETURN TO MYSTERY



6

Hour Three: Night – Return to Mystery

"You are the silence I sleep in."

The world softens now.
The sky holds her breath.
And I, too, grow quiet.

I review the day
not like a ledger,
but like a lover remembering
the brush of hands,
the glance across the room.

You were there—
in the small surprise,
in the ache I didn't name,
in the joy that made no sense.
And You are here still.

I lay down what I cannot hold.
I offer what I cannot fix.
I return to You—not as servant,
but as child,
as star,
as poem unseen,
but fully loved.

Breath Prayer

Inhale: Spirit of rest
Exhale: gather me into You

Confession and Trust

I have not always listened.
But You have never left.
I return now, not in shame,
but in quiet awe.

7

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