

**Novena of the Holy Spirit**  
*St. Teresa Benedicta of the Cross*

Who are you, sweet light, that fills me  
And illumines the darkness of my heart?  
You lead me like a mother's hand,  
And should you let go of me,  
I would not know how to take another step.  
You are the space  
That embraces my being and buries it in yourself.  
Away from you it sinks into the abyss  
Of nothingness, from which you raised it to the light.  
You, nearer to me than I to myself  
And more interior than my most interior  
And still impalpable and intangible  
And beyond any name:  
Holy Spirit eternal love!

Are you not the sweet manna  
That from the Son's heart  
Overflows into my heart,  
The food of angels and the blessed?  
He who raised himself from death to life,  
He has also awakened me to new life  
From the sleep of death.  
And he gives me new life from day to day,  
And at some time his fullness is to stream through me,  
Life of your life indeed, you yourself:  
Holy Spirit eternal life!

Are you the ray  
That flashes down from the eternal Judge's throne  
And breaks into the night of the soul  
That had never known itself?  
Mercifully relentlessly  
It penetrates hidden folds.  
Alarmed at seeing itself,  
The self makes space for holy fear,  
The beginning of that wisdom  
That comes from on high

And anchors us firmly in the heights,  
Your action,  
That creates us anew:  
Holy Spirit ray that penetrates everything!

Are you the spirit's fullness and the power  
By which the Lamb releases the seal  
Of God's eternal decree?  
Driven by you  
The messengers of judgment ride through the world  
And separate with a sharp sword  
The kingdom of light from the kingdom of night.  
Then heaven becomes new and new the earth,  
And all finds its proper place  
Through your breath:  
Holy Spirit victorious power!

Are you the master who builds the eternal cathedral,  
Which towers from the earth through the heavens?  
Animated by you, the columns are raised high  
And stand immovably firm.  
Marked with the eternal name of God,  
They stretch up to the light,  
Bearing the dome,  
Which crowns the holy cathedral,  
Your work that encircles the world:  
Holy Spirit God's molding hand!

Are you the one who created the unclouded mirror  
Next to the Almighty's throne,  
Like a crystal sea,  
In which Divinity lovingly looks at itself?  
You bend over the fairest work of your creation,  
And radiantly your own gaze  
Is illumined in return.  
And of all creatures the pure beauty  
Is joined in one in the dear form  
Of the Virgin, your immaculate bride:  
Holy Spirit Creator of all!

Are you the sweet song of love  
And of holy awe  
That eternally resounds around the triune throne,  
That weds in itself the clear chimes of each and every being?  
The harmony,  
That joins together the members to the Head,  
In which each one  
Finds the mysterious meaning of his being blessed  
And joyously surges forth,  
Freely dissolved in your surging:  
Holy Spirit eternal jubilation!