

A Private Chapel

Collected Thoughts from MUST

There are times we are aware that something greater than we understand is happening to us. For a long time I had wanted a small room at the shelter to use as a chapel where guests could pray in silence or simply have 'a space of quiet.' At sundown one evening, as I was preparing to go home, I heard beautiful sounds from a small hill in the back of the property. As I walked nearer the hill, I saw a woman on her knees. Then, I recognized Nissee, a battered woman who had come to stay in our shelter. She was singing a Gospel hymn to her creator. She sang with such beauty and passion that I knew I was in the presence of a spiritual and private moment. I left, quickly in thanksgiving. Nissee never knew I was there. There on that hill, she had created her own chapel, and in it she had met her God.

I think of chapels in a different way now. Nissee, without even knowing it, gave me her gift of God's presence.