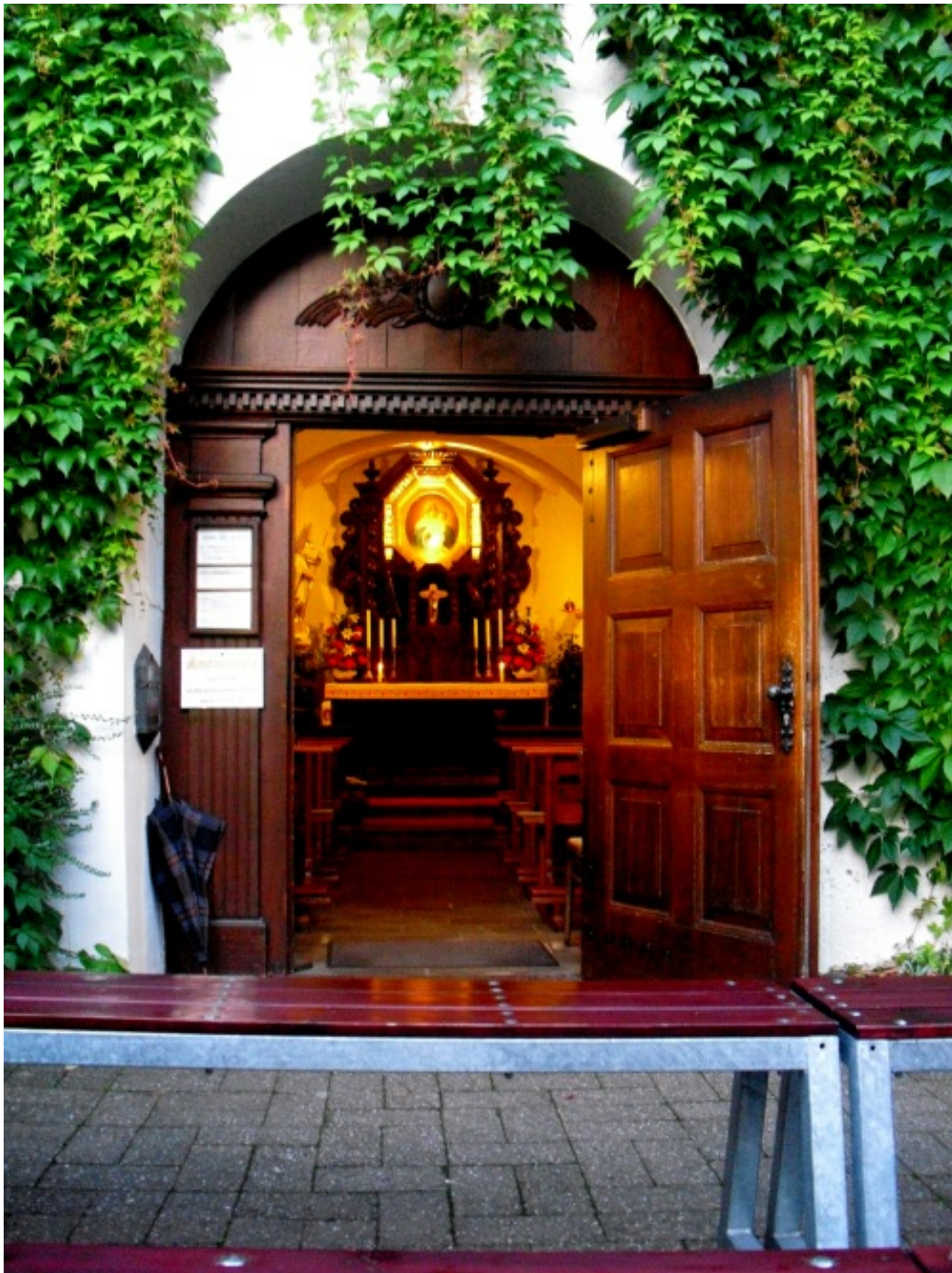


# "the never-ceasing silent appeal of the Tabernacle"...

[truthhimself.blogspot.com/2018/08/the-never-ceasing-silent-appeal-of.html](http://truthhimself.blogspot.com/2018/08/the-never-ceasing-silent-appeal-of.html)

**In him and through faith in him we may approach God  
with freedom and confidence. – Ephesians 3:12**



J.R.R. Tolkien's personal piety was simple: **Confession before Mass, Mass every day and Rosary before bed.** The sole ultimate focus of his devotion was the Blessed Sacrament.

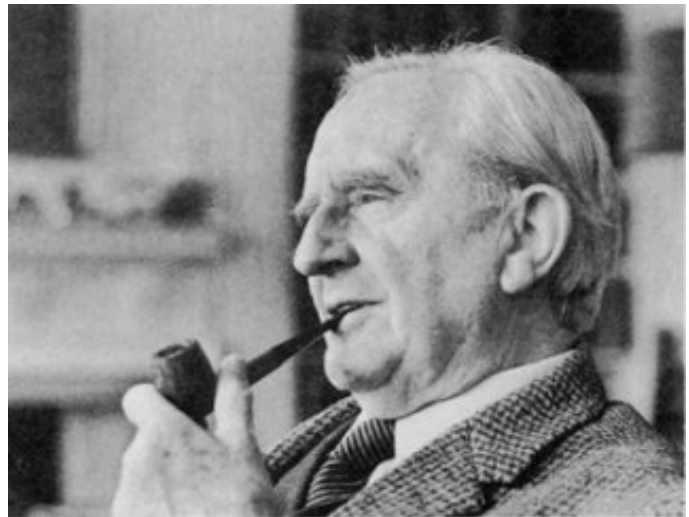
*Here is the conclusion of a very moving letter  
he wrote to his son, Michael, in 1941:*

"Out of the darkness of my life, so much frustrated, I put before you the **one great thing to love on earth: the Blessed Sacrament...** There you will find romance, glory, honour, fidelity, and the true way of all your loves upon earth..." (The Letters of J.R.R. Tolkien, no. 43)

*In another moving letter, written 22 years later  
to the same son, Tolkien writes:*

**"But I fell in love with the Blessed Sacrament from the beginning - and by the mercy of God never have fallen out again:** but alas! I indeed did not live up to it...Out of wickedness and sloth I almost ceased to practice my religion - especially at Leeds, and at 22 Northmoor Road. Not for me the Hound of Heaven, but the never-ceasing silent appeal of the Tabernacle, and the sense of starving hunger. I regret those days bitterly (and suffer for them with such patience as I can be given); most of all because I failed as a father.

Now I pray for you all, unceasingly, that the Healer (the *Hælend* as the Saviour was usually called in Old English) shall heal my defects, and that none of you shall ever cease to cry *Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini* ." (Ibid. no. 250).



JRR Tolkien