

nov 26

sunday solace - the power of silence

"be still, and know that I am God." psalms 46:10

is there any note of music in all the chorus as mighty as the emphatic pause? is there any word in all the psalter more eloquent than that one word, selah (pause and reflect - meditate on this),

is there anything more thrilling and awful than the hush that comes before the bursting of the tempest and the strange quiet that seems to fall upon all nature before some preternatural phenomenon or convulsion? is there anything that can touch our hearts as the power of stillness? if you have never known stillness, you are missing a lot.

there is for the heart that will cease from itself, "the peace of God that passes all understanding," a "quietness and confidence" which is the source of all strength, a sweet peace "which nothing can offend," a deep rest which the world can neither give nor take away.

there is in the deepest center of the soul a chamber of peace where God dwells, and where, if we will only enter in and hush every other sound, we can hear His still, small voice. i know for i have frequented that place.

there is in the swiftest wheel that revolves upon its axis a place in the very center, where there is no

movement at all; and so in the busiest life there may be a place where we dwell alone with God, in eternal stillness. do you not know that it is only in the eye of the storm where all can be quiet? there is only one way to know God. be still, and know! "but the Lord is in His holy temple. let all the earth keep silence before Him." ab 2:20

all-loving Father, sometimes we have walked under starless skies that dripped darkness like drenching rain. we despaired of star shine or moonlight or sunrise. the sullen blackness gloomed above us as if it would last forever. and out of the dark there spoke no soothing voice to mend our broken hearts. we would gladly have welcomed some wild thunder peal to break the torturing stillness of that over-brooding night.

but Your winsome whisper of eternal love spoke more sweetly to our bruised and bleeding souls than any winds that breathe across Your heavenly harps. it was Your still small voice that spoke to us and drew us deeper; deeper into You and holiness. we were listening and we heard. we looked and saw Thy face radiant with the light of love. and when we heard Your voice and saw your face, new life came back to us as life comes back to withered blooms that drink the summer rain.

God is always whispering but are you listening? there is a stanza from a song i liked from years ago. it goes: "I formed the world with a whisper, but I'm getting ready to shout. are you going to listen for the whisper or wait for the shout? while the whisper will be heavenly, the shout will be harsh.

these are the "times of refreshing" You have promised us and we glory in them. nearer my God to Thee. nearer to Thee! "have you not known? have you not heard? the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, neither faints nor is weary. His understanding is unsearchable." isa 40:28