

Be Still

By Brian Herren

What peace we so willingly forfeit in the name of productivity and leisure. These are days of frenzy, that allow communion with the Divine in allotments of time akin to luncheon appointments with business colleagues. We do well to foster a sense of commitment to the Lord between the hours of 9:00 a.m. and 12:00 p.m. each Sabbath, but fail miserably to facilitate the kind of communion typical of the pure in heart. What pain God must suffer to see us come to his house in worship, only to leave its memory for idols of leisure.

There were undoubtedly days when men were more in concert with the movings of a Living God. When one was willing to witness God's supreme plan in motion each day, and pay homage to such divinity in fashions of regular prayer and praise during those times betwixt Sundays. These were days when men failed to understand the unnatural separation between daily life and the ceaseless action of a watchful God. They were able to understand revelation as something more than words falling from those mouths called unto such a duty. The revelation manifested in a sunrise, a majestic mountain, and a roaring sea, bore witness to their hearts, and surpassed even the most eloquent of sermons. How much we have lost in the frenzy of life, to bury these revelations in commotion and unceasing boisterous activity. Leisure condemns us because it finds us poor stewards of God's time, which he has imparted so little of, making it more precious than the finest stone. While it is true that time is known only to man, it is equally relevant that such a treasure is given from a God who demands an account of His gifts, given to men in life, and required of men in death.

How willing are we to forsake our communion with that Eternal Father, who grants men true fulfillment, for those trinkets of transient entertainment that leave us wanting. Our expenditures of time and money need not extend to the courses of iniquity to bind us, and leave us without the presence which comforted the saints of old. Rather our deception is made sure when our time is employed in those endeavors of neutral design, neither witnessing of Christ, not destroying His establishment. Such neutral ground is in clear contradiction to those scriptures of revelation that admonish men that there are but two passages of time, money, love, and labor. These are either employed to the magnifying of God's majesty, and the building up of our faith in Jesus Christ, or they are set as a distraction from God, and authored by that Enemy of God. There is no neutral, for our God's reach is without end, touching all things, to their sanctification and justification through His Son, or to their

condemnation. Do not suppose then, that we are able to spend our resources in such a fashion as to preserve our objectivity, admitting that we are in failure of God's calling, but denying transgression. We are one of the two.

Let our trumpets sound the pleasure of God, found in the fellowship of true saints, to the destruction of idle play. Let us find our leisure at the feet of Our Merciful Father, whether in sunny play, recognizing the divine blessings of such occasion and making our souls accountable for thanksgiving to the Author thereof, or in the solemn study which paradoxically puts the spirit of solemnity into submission, giving way to joy unspeakable. Wherever our hearts find themselves at any given moment, let not commotion and frenzy drown the whisper of our shouting God. For time is no stranger to agency, the one placing demands on the other, and God is not without judgment.

The fear of God need not be delivered to those souls lost in transgression only, but to those who are most sure they have risen above such. To those who find their God distant, a Lord of Sabbath's and friend to the failing, awake to the realization that our God is not one of intermittency, but one that abounds omnipresently. It will be a sad soul indeed, who spends each hour in faith, believing in our Father, but allowing a hurried pace of life to stifle communion with a God who is more than a Savior, but a friend. Take time to be Holy. Take time to be still and know that He is God. Take time in His garden. Take time to relish His heavens, cherish His craftsmanship of the mountains, and take comfort in His power that is in the smallest measure revealed in His oceans. Let our hearts not be consumed, suffer they be consumed in that unparalleled majesty belonging only to our Father, in the name of His Son. Here our souls rest for a day, before our tomorrows without end. Let our expenditure of this day be prudent, moderate in joyful fellowship and diligent study, mindful of the hour in which we live, careful of the saints who are His, and aware of the stewardship which is ours.