

Saturday, May 6, 2017 - Day 125 – I Kings 19-21, Psalm 104, Acts 19

Elijah was scared and frazzled. While I've never actually been afraid for my life, thank God, I've had plenty of sleepless nights wrought with anxiety. It causes so much noise, doesn't it? Lying awake at 2 a.m., the thoughts racing through your mind seemingly unable to be stopped. You bounce from one worry to another with absolutely no ability to do anything about it then, and maybe not ever. Sometimes things really are beyond our control. Ever try praying through those times? I have. It generally doesn't happen. Before I can say, "Dear God," I'm usually back to worrying, or if I'm not, as the very least I'm trying to control my uncontrollable situation by throwing a prayer at it, demanding of God to do as I say, so that I'll be calmed, and thing will go as I wish. Like I said, it usually doesn't work. It's no wonder Elijah was buffeted about by a strong wind, rocked by an earthquake, and singed by a roaring fire before he managed to hear God in silence. I've been there, and I bet you have too. It's like you have to get all that worked out of your system before you can calm down enough to know God's presence with you. The thing is, behind all the noise, all the distraction, all the worry and the very real anxiety, God is there. God is there in the silence that lies behind all things. We just have to push that stuff out of the way first.

When I think about that silence, I think about some of the most profound times of Godly encounter I experience. The silence of a hospital waiting room. The silence of my children's rooms at night when I go to check on them. The silence of the dawn at the beach I visit in the summer, when the waves lie like molten glass on the surface of the waters. The silence of the sanctuary before Sunday worship. God is there with us, always.

Remember that the next time you're awake when you should be asleep, the next time your worry is about to overwhelm you, the next time you have that anxiety dream you always have. Behind the raging of the wind, the cracking of the earth, and the roaring of the fire, lies the silence. And God is there, in the silence, through it all, in it all. Even great prophets like Elijah had to go through all that.

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