



GOD'S SILENCE

“As the deer pants for streams of water, so my soul pants for you, O God. My soul thirsts for God, for the living God ... My tears have been my food day and night, while men say to me all day long, ‘Where is your God?’”³

Here is someone who is hungering for a word from God. He alludes to a difficult time, a season where he has been calling out to God in the

midst of pain, grief, or confusion. From all angles, it appears as if God is silent to his cries. So much so that those around him say, “Where is this God of yours that you pray to?” But notice what he goes on to write—words that read as if they were transcribed from the most reflective of journals:

“Why are you downcast, O my soul? Why so disturbed within me? Put your hope in God ... My soul is downcast within me; therefore I will remember you.”⁴

The psalmist comes to see that there is no silence—there’s just an answer coming from God that’s deeper than words. God is present, and speaking, but what He’s saying isn’t resting on the surface waters of life.

When I was nineteen years old and in college, I was invited to a weekend party at a nearby university. My friend, Phil, was going, and encouraged me to come along. He said that there would be five of us in the car, but there would be room. I wanted to go, and tried to make it happen, but couldn’t.

They left without me on a Friday afternoon. Two days later, as they returned to campus, a car from the opposite flow of traffic crossed the dividing line, became airborne, and landed headfirst into their car. All four were killed instantly.

I first heard the news late that Sunday night. I left my dorm, walked over to the nearby athletic complex, hopped a locked fence, and sat in the empty football stadium under a moonlit sky. I grieved for my friend; I thought of the brevity of life, and how close I had come to being killed. I remember crying out to God to help me sort it all out, to make sense of it all. To talk to me ... to say something ... anything!

Silence.

In truth, it was one of the deepest conversations we had ever had. He was speaking to me, moving within me, communing and communicating with me on levels that had never been opened to Him before. It was the start of many conversations—some even more traumatic.

It is of paramount importance to consider that it's not silence we're encountering, but a pregnant pause; a prompting to engage in personal reflection so that the deepest of answers, the most profound of responses, can be given—and heard.—*James Emory White*

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God suffers with us, feels every anguish, knows every doubt. Being infinite does not mean merely infinitely large, but infinitely small as well, so that he understands and experiences our silence, our pain, with us, not just in a theoretical way, but deeply and completely. Sometimes in our suffering, in the midst of silence we have the wind knocked out of us, and there is nothing left to pray with. God knows this, and you can be sure that he is at that moment praying for you.—*Derek Flood*

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For God alone my soul waits in silence; from Him comes my salvation.—*Psalms 62:1*

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We need to find God but He cannot be found in noise and restlessness. God is the friend of silence. See how nature – trees, flowers, grass – grows in silence; see the stars, the moon and the sun, how they move in silence... We need silence.

God speaks in the silence of the heart. Listening is the beginning of prayer.

We are called to withdraw at certain intervals, into deeper silence and aloneness with God: to be alone with Him; not with our books, thoughts and memories, but completely stripped of everything – to dwell lovingly in His presence, silent, empty, expectant and motionless. We cannot find God in noise and agitation. *Mother Theresa*

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God's silence doesn't mean His absence. Silence is God's call for you to grow deeper. *Charles R. Swindoll*

I WILL TRUST GOD EVEN IN THE SILENCE