

Published based on [The Fight for Quiet, pt. 3](#)

The Fight for Quiet, pt. 3



I closed my eyes (yet just so you know, often they are open). I sought to take every thought captive. I resisted every wandering thought that popped into my mind. I focused all my energy on being quiet.

Thoughts of what needed to be bought at the grocery flooded in. Guilty feelings tugged at me as I looked at wilting plants I had neglected in the hot, humid days of Alabama summer.

Ah, the typical beginning of my quiet time.

Renegade thoughts insisting on my attendance. Emotional impulses dancing around my head. The battle to “be” with God.

I push on. My mind quietens. My emotions calm. I open my heart to the presence of God.

Pulling the breakers on all input but God's requires my diligence.

And then...

I am aware of my sin. Thoughts. Deeds. Words. The enemy is quite crafty in his ability to tempt us and then condemn us for taking his bait. I quickly put it all under the blood of Christ for although nothing can sever my relationship with God, sin does hinder my fellowship with Him.

Getting to “quiet”, I open my senses, my spirit, my heart, my emotions, my mind, to what He will say, where He will lead.

This is the place where I seek to be completely “me” before God. No pretenses. No disguises. No excuses. No shame. At rest with myself and with my God.

I pray for a hurting friend.

I thank God for a blessing.

I ask for guidance.

Later I read the Word. His Spirit speaks to me. I hear. For today anyway.

Other times, I just sit with Him soaking in His presence like rays of the sun.

If this time is so life-giving, why is quietness such a battle?

True quietness of spirit requires surrender. Surrendering my plans, purposes, thoughts, and intents. I've never been very good at surrender. I love my own ways and have a difficult time accepting that they are not always right or best.

We often resist the quiet because in it we “see” our stuff – how we've tried to manipulate life, people, how we've sought to control our world in wrong ways, our sin, denial comes up and we wrestle with acceptance. But in the quiet, we know ourselves more and thus are able to know God in more intimate ways.

Quietness is contrary to the way we often live. It is counterintuitive to our busy selves. How can “being” be valuable?

Yet in the quietness, God tangibly reveals Himself.

And I find great mystery. His being with me has become sufficient. He has met my deepest needs. I can leave my quiet time with as many questions as I entered, however now I am at peace. I can live with His mysteries, His paradoxes, my loose ends. What screamed at me before, now rests at His feet.

You can also find this article published on [The Fight for Quiet, pt. 3](#), and on the tag pages [Meditation](#), [prayer](#), [quiet time](#).