

# 19<sup>th</sup> Sunday in Ordinary Time – August 12-13, 2017 – Reflection

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"After the fire, there was a tiny whispering sound. When he heard this, Elijah hid his face in his cloak and stood at the entrance of the cave (for the Lord was passin')."

1 Kings 19: 12-13

What kind of god makes an entrance like that?!! They tell us *God is Almighty; God can make miracles happen; God answers prayers; God can still the roaring of the waves; God can heal the sick, raise the dead, even; God can put armies to flight, topple the powerful from their thrones, raise up the lowly, heal the brokenhearted. How? With a whisper?!! What good is a god who's so shy he doesn't speak above a whisper?!! Maybe a god who's so quiet, so silent is merely a figment of the imaginations of people starving for a champion; some great, mysterious hero who'll make everything all right.*

The people of this age seem not to have a whole lotta use for silence: the young have ever-present earbuds to walk, to ride, to study, to fall asleep; the old blast TV news at decibel levels to rival a Transformers movie playing at the local Cineplex; a concert hasta hurt the ears and thump the chest to be worth the price; our sports arenas' jumbotrons order us like we're mindless automatons to produce noise and noise and more noise; leatherclad riders gun their hogs down neighborhood streets at all hours of the day or night; and even when our gums aren't

flappin' or our engines revvin' or our bass pumpin', our fingers are flyin' over little keyboards as we send the white noise of our texts and Emails and voice messages into the vastness of space.

But, y'know, the most precious moments in life come in silence, in the pregnant pause of waiting:

- A boy has proposed and waits to hear the answer to change his life or crush his heart;
- The announcer in an old barn of an ice rink asks a whole country counting down the seconds, "Do you believe in miracles?"
- A new Mom cradles a tiny life in her arms saying nothing but washed in awe and a few silent tears;
- A family around the bed of a beloved elder listens, hushed: a breath, another, and still another where life hangs by the finest thread;
- A man visits his wife, his best friend, his all, and as he stares at the cold, silent stone that bears her name and two dates and remembers all the life that filled that space as a tear courses down his cheek and waters her grave with his love once again.

The most powerful things in life are found in silence: hope; joy; sadness; truth; faith; love.

Why not God who is the most powerful of all??

Sssh.

Sssh.

The Lord's passin'!

