

# An Ear to Hear...

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Mark Yaconelli writes:

A friend of mine attended a Christian pastors' conference in downtown Atlanta. The participants, who gathered from across North America, included one Native American pastor who was on his first trip to a major metropolitan city. During a lunch break the Native American pastor took a walk outside with one of his colleagues. As they stretched their legs along the busy sidewalk, the pastor suddenly stopped, turned to his companion, and said, "Do you hear that?" The friend paused and considered the bustling noise of the city. "Hear what?" he replied.

Planted along the downtown sidewalk was a small row of trees. At the base of each tree was a circle of flowers. The pastor walked over to one of the trees, knelt down, reached beneath one of the floral clusters, then stood and opened his hand, revealing a small black bug. "It's a cricket."

Dumbfounded, his friend replied, "How could you possibly hear that?"

The Native American pastor reached into his pants pocket, took out a handful of coins, and threw them into the air. As the coins hit the cement, people from all directions stopped and looked down.

The pastor turned to his companion and said, "It depends on what you're listening for."

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How true is this with our lives today?

Sadly, the Christian church is losing its capacity to listen.

Instead of heeding the call to "be still before the Lord, and wait patiently," we "fret" and worry and "plot" (Psalm 37). We are driven by our own fearful voices we run ahead of grace, frantically seeking a plan, a strategy, a formula for securing the answers in our lives.

We are busy finding our own answers and publicizing our own lives. Every idea must be exploited, every insight publicized, every sermon downloaded, every passing thought blogged and posted. We live in a time when everyone is talking at once—a time when the truth isn't hidden but drowned in a sea of irrelevance.

Why can't we stop, sit on the bench and listen to HIS voice. The answers that we seek- are in his voice. The direction that we fear we will miss- is found in his whisper.

Today stop and listen to the still small voice.