

**“Be still, and know that I am God...”**

**July 6, 2008-Laurissa Wolfram**

Psalms 46:10

You're walking through a marketplace. People are bustling around you, hurrying to reach their destination, bumping you and jostling you from all sides. Vendors are shouting prices, buyers are haggling, trading, bartering. On your right, a couple is arguing over prices and cuts of meat; on your left, a mother and daughter are examining fabrics and ribbon. Children are running about, dodging arms and legs, as they chase each other in a game of tag. Colors whirl around you in, enveloping you in a sea of reds, greens, blues, and oranges. Your nose is enticed and teased by the heavenly aroma of cinnamon and fresh-baked pastries coming from the small cart up ahead.

But suddenly, the mood changes. The colors, voices, and scents once excited you and left you with that tingling sensation of life, but now they've become overpowering. The roar of voices have left your mind numb, and a dull ache begins to form in your temples. The colors begin to swirl and run together, overwhelming your senses. The world begins to spin.

Then, your cell phone rings. With shaky hands you pull it from your pocket, glance at the screen, which is flashing with the digital words “Out of Area.” Furrowing your brow, you answer, “Hello?” Your eyes squint as you strain to hear the reply on the other end. “Hello? I can't hear you.” Pressing your phone as closely as you can to one ear, while sticking your finger in the other, you strain to pick up on what the caller is saying. “Who is this? Can you speak up please?” Nothing. “Ugh... hang on, will ya?” Looking around, you see a little coffee shop on the corner and you hurry over. As the door

closes behind you, you hear it – Silence. Sighing in relief, you collapse on the plush sofa against the wall. “Okay, I’m sorry. Who is this?”

The voice you hear on the other line is distinct from the very first word. That soothing, assuring, comforting sound you know so well. That steady cadence of words, strung together in such a way that it becomes a calming effect. Your racing heart slows and your breath eases into a gentle pattern of in.... and out.... in.... and out... Relaxing, you rest your head on the back of the sofa as you listen to that voice.

“Hi. I’ve been waiting. Where have you been? It’s been so long... Do you have time for me now?”