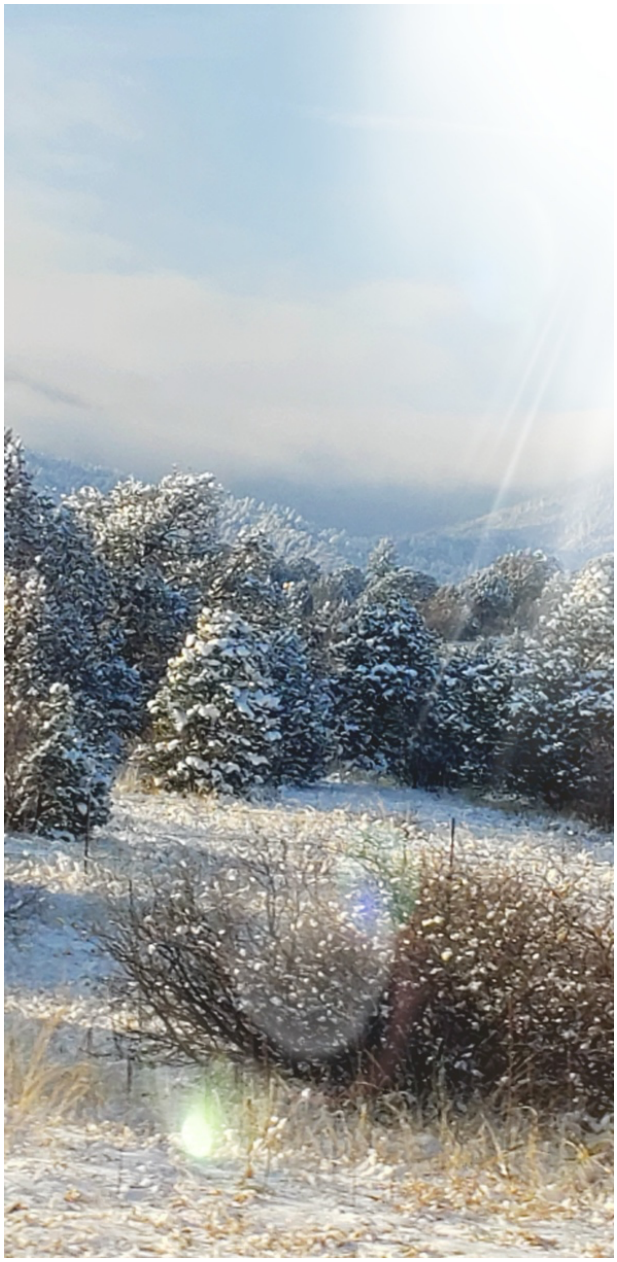
<u>SOULITUDE:</u> *Solitude*

Philippians 4:6-8, 'Don't be pulled in different directions or worried about a thing. Be saturated in prayer throughout each day, offering your faith-filled requests before God with overflowing gratitude. Tell him every detail of your life, then God's wonderful peace transcending human understanding, will guard your heart and mind through Jesus Christ. Keep your thoughts continually fixed on all that is authentic and real, honorable and admirable, beautiful and respectful, pure and holy, merciful and kind. And fasten your thoughts on every glorious work of God, praising him always.' (TPT)



In Colorado, we just trudged out of a winter blizzard which lasted for days. It was and is beautiful. The solitude of falling snow is the noisiest quiet I have ever heard. If you stand very still and make not a sound, one can actually hear the silent descent of a snowflake. Late at night, while everyone was sleeping, I sat and watched the flakes tumble from the sky and crash to the ground, the soulitude surrounding me in the flurry of its activity like a visit from a friend, a hot cup of tea, a fleece blanket.

We are also all coming out of many months of rigorous panhandling of threats and resentments and temper-tantrums that have run on high octane. The political climate of graphic slander and the offensive outcry of a world at war with one another, and the enemy within, has disturbed the peace of humanity. There has been no silent night, no solitude, found behind the closed curtains and shuttered hearts of Americans, or the rest of the world, for that matter. The sound of someone breaking is louder than the shattering of glass, and so much more costly.

But we climb out from beneath the falling of the sky, both literally and figuratively, with grace and eyes wide shut, and welcome a new day. We have taken so much from one another, so many cheap shots which all made their mark, and life has stung. The brutality of words that <u>do</u> hurt and <u>do</u> leave stains and <u>do</u> cut deep, linger in the air like smoke left behind from the fireworks. We pull back the layers of hatred and poke our heads through the fog where we can still find Him here, waiting for us to put it all down, and pick up His soulitude to follow Him. Praise God He loves us dirty. So that when we dry the egg from our faces and attempt to cleanse the blemish in our souls, we know we can still come to Him for forgiveness and clarity, for purging and for peace. We bash ourselves against one another's humanity because our own isn't enough of a covering anymore. Our nakedness has become too revealing and our vulnerability with holes in it causes our souls to be to scantily clad. Praise God again that He gave us another new day, so like Leah in the Old Testament, we can mutter, 'This time, I will praise the Lord (Genesis 29:35b, TPT).' And we can mean it. At least for a little while. At least for now.

Isaiah 26:3 'You will keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on You, because he trusts in You.' (NKJV)