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The Naz Prayer Ministry

Tuned In

I suppose it's time for me to come out of the closet. No not *that* closet. The one for those of us who are trying to deny that we are hard of hearing.

I can't say that over the years I was totally unaware of the growing problem. After all, when anyone was sitting across the room, the only way I knew they were talking was that their lips were moving. But I had no idea how deaf I really was. And then I got my super-duper, teeny-weenie high tech hearing aids.

And just a few days ago, I heard something while I was driving home. The car is only two years old, and the idea of squeaks and creaks still sends chills up my spine. So you can imagine that I listened very carefully. To my surprise, the troublesome sound was coming from raindrops on my windshield. A few weeks ago I couldn't even have heard a storm, and now I can actually hear raindrops.

But I can't help but wonder about spiritual hearing? Is it possible that God is speaking but over time we have become deaf to His voice?

Is it possible that the cares of life have created a ringing in our ears that crowd out everything else? What about affluence and comfort? Maybe they plug our ears to anything that draws us away from them, perhaps especially from the Voice that calls us to be living sacrifices.

Yet still He speaks.

In the garden of our hearts He still calls us in the cool of the evening and waits for us to turn His way and once again walk with Him and let our hearts be warmed by the familiar voice of grace.

Take Your Next Step

Seek His voice.

Lord, let me have ears that hear. Heal me from any addiction to the background noises of the world that persistently lures me with the promise of fleeting moments of pleasure, security, and a hope that is shallow at best.

Renew within me the ability to recognize your ever-present voice in the flow of the day and experience the eternal instinct to embrace your call that defines my purpose.

Seek Him.

Hear Him.

