

This is the Day...Wednesday

June 22, 2022

The Power of Silence

“For the mouth speaks what the heart is full of. A good man brings good things out of the good stored up in him, and an evil man brings evil things out of the evil stored up in him.”

(Matthew 12:34b-35)

I think it is important to look nice and dress appropriately when one goes out in public. It is important to bring your best when you come into the Sanctuary to worship or when you go to a restaurant or meet with friends. Others will clearly make judgments about you based on how they you are dressed. I must admit that I have never been a slave to fashion. I have never been one to wear torn or tattered clothing but there have been many occasions when I may have worn an outfit that was somewhat mismatched. You know what I mean; clashing colors; strips with plaids; navy and black in the same outfit; the shoes don't match the belt. I don't dress that way on purpose and often I will intentionally walk in front of my wife before I leave the house in the morning to make sure she notices what I am wearing. This is my way of doing a quality control check. I have always told her, “Do not let me leave the house if I am looking like I dressed myself!”

I blame my fashion ineptness on two factors. One is that I am partially colorblind. I can see most colors, but I have a difficult time distinguishing between black and navy. Plus, I am just not very good at matching different colors that may compliment each other. The other reason for my questionable fashion sense is the fact that my mother is no longer here.

As with any young child, Mom always laid out the outfit she wanted me to wear to school or church each morning. She was not concerned with what I wore on days that I just played outside but Mom believed in looking your best when going out in public. As I became older and more independent, Mom started allowing me to choose my own outfit for the day. Over the years I had learned that certain shirts will go with certain pants. No black pants with navy shirts. No pinks with reds. And kaki goes with just about everything.

Every morning, after I was dressed, I would walk past mom to get her approval. If she liked my wardrobe, she was always excited and complimentary. If she did not, all I would hear was silence. Mom always had said, “If you can't say something nice...” Her silence was powerful.

We are all guilty of making comments before we consider the consequences. If we think it, we speak it. But this type of behavior can be hurtful and destructive. Sometimes you can speak the loudest with your silence. Certainly, my mom did, and often God's most powerful lessons come through His times of silence.

On this day which God has given you, be careful to speak good things from your heart. Use your silence to make your point instead of harsh or hurtful words. And don't worry if you don't hear God's voice today. His silence is powerful.