

## **WHISPERS OF GOD**

**“Let us be silent that we may hear the whisper of God.”**

**--Ralph Waldo Emerson—**

This past February marked eleven years since my mother died of cancer. It is interesting how we handle those kinds of anniversaries. Sometimes we grieve openly and often as years go by a certain melancholy sets into our hearts. And then there are times we spend longing for one more hug and hoping we could hear our loved ones voice again. This particular day I was imagining what it would be like when I'd be able to talk to my mother again when we're reunited in heaven.

I was babysitting for both of my granddaughters on this cold winter day and thankfully I wasn't able to sit around and get too lost in the memories of my loss. My oldest granddaughter, Lara, plays a game when she comes over to my house that gets our imaginations working. I have a child-size pink telephone that has many little buttons that when pushed make a particular musical ring. She will often sit and push one, pick up the receiver and then have this pretend conversation with all the right pauses and nods of her head that are quite convincing that there really is someone she is talking to! Sometimes it will be her Mommy or Daddy, or her other Grandpa and Grandma and other times it might be one of her uncles, or even a preschool teacher. She will talk for awhile and then hand the phone to me telling me that whomever she's been talking to wishes to speak to me now.

Lara was playing the game again and sure enough the pink phone rang. She talked for a bit and then handed me the receiver and told me “It's your Mom, Grandma. She wants to talk to you.” My breath was taken away. I took the phone and pretended to talk and then gave it back to Lara. “That was really nice she called, wasn't it Grandma!” Lara said. And I responded, “Yes it was, sweetheart. Thanks for answering the phone for me.”

Lara has never known my mother. I don't believe I have ever shown her a picture or ever made reference in a specific way to my mother. My little blond- haired granddaughter has never mentioned her great-grandmother when she played the phone game with me, but on this particular day she firmly looked me in the eye and said, “It's your mom. She wants to talk to you.”

Yes, I was wiping away tears.

On a recent broadcast on Christian radio, a speaker was sharing what he interpreted as the comfort of the Spirit. He boldly proclaimed that God continually sends his comforter to us in a multitude of ways – it's just that we miss it over and over again. We have this preconceived way we believe this comfort from God is going to come, how we will feel, and what it is going to accomplish once we've received it. He also encouraged his listeners to go before the throne of God each morning asking for an ever increasing awareness of those "comforts" or signs that God sends to us that say He loves us and is right there whispering in our ears that He cares. We just need to be quiet and be silent, so we can hear that whisper.

Could this have been the Holy Spirit giving me the comfort I needed that day? Did God choose to use even the littlest of messengers and a small pink telephone to deliver the comfort I desired? Yes and yes again!

I believe that this was God's way of sending me an undeniable message that He knew my heart. He understood my grief and He is a God of love who finds new and fresh ways to comfort me every day of my life. It is my job to pray that my eyes and ears and heart are opened wider each day so I will not miss the "whispers of God".

There is a verse in the Bible that comes very close to the quote by Mr. Emerson. Who knows? Perhaps that is where he gleaned his inspiration.

"Be silent, and know that I am God!  
Psalm 46:10a NLT

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