

"Time To Be Quiet"

Luke 10:38-42

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By Rebecca Enney

Friday night, after that shower of rain that cooled things down a bit, Uncle Floyd took Barabas and Elizabeth and Running Chairs to the playground after that rain and everything had cooled down a bit. The sky got that beautiful pinkish glow to it that happens on a humid evening in the summer. The three of them had lots of fun in the sandbox.



They found some toys buried and forgotten in the sand so they excavated them and used them as they built a whole little city with streets and tunnels and some mounds of sand that were supposed to be houses. And because the sand was wet from the rain, it really held its shape but it also really stuck to them, so they were covered with sand.

When it was finally too dark to see very well, they ran out into the grass and brushed all the sand off and everything was quiet. They could hear the crickets cricketing! They could see the outline of Uncle Floyd sitting on the bench with the two dogs beside him. It seemed like summer stretched out before them forever.

"This is really nice," said Barabas. "Yes," whispered Elizabeth.

"You know, it almost never gets this quiet at the barn. I mean like there is always stuff to do and we always have to clean everything up. My mother always says that a clean barn is a happy barn. And you know, there are so many of us, because like that is why my name is Running Chairs cause you know that is why Daddy named me that cause we were running out of chairs at the dinner table when I got born but he just calls me Running Chairs now instead of Running Out Of Chairs, but that is my REAL name and there is always lots to say to each other so it never gets quiet like this!" said Running Chairs.

Barabas and Elizabeth did not answer. They liked the quiet of the darkness.

But it seemed that Running Chairs is such a busy little horse that it is hard for her to sit and listen. So she kept talking . . . on and on and on.

"I mean, like you know, when mommy takes us all to the feed store with her and we all have a certain aisle to go down to buy like what mommy has on our list, because I can read my mommy's cursive handwriting because I'm in second grade and I know that I am pretty smart. Sometimes my mommy says tells me that, that I am smart and she says that I'm a good talker too. Do your mommies ever tell you that you guys, I mean like when they kiss you goodnight.

Oh! . . . Oh! . . . I'm sorry Barabas. I just forgot that you don't have a mommy, but I think that if she was alive, she would love to give you a kiss at bedtime and tell you that you are a smart boy, because you are, you know. You are the smartest boy I know and you are a good artist too. You know, I think that maybe you will write a book some day." Finally Running Chairs stopped talking.

Finally it was quiet. And as they watched the sky they saw a falling star! Running Chairs inhaled to say something, but Barabas caught her eye and she stopped herself from talking.

Sometimes in life, we need to be reminded to stop being so busy and to be quiet . . . to listen . . . to hear what the world around us is saying . . . to hear what God is saying.

That night when Running Chairs' mother put her to bed, Running Chairs listened as her mother whispered "You are a very smart little girl. And you are a good talker!" And Elizabeth listened as her mother kissed her goodnight and said "You are a very caring little giraffe and I am very proud of you my darling daughter." And Uncle Floyd opened the window further and turned the fan on low and turned off the lamp and turned on the night light and told Barabas "I reckon that someday you will write a book and become famous because you have a great imagination!"

Remember to be quiet and to listen.

THE END