

Does God go Beep?

May 2015

Beep, beep. At first, it was just a tiny sound, and I thought I could ignore it, as I sat doing my morning devotions. I was deep in prayer when it came again. Beep. Sigh. “Just ignore it.” I said to my restless mind, not wanting to give in to the distraction. “This is my time with God. Stay here.”

Beep. It was a small electronic sound, not like a smoke alarm or a CO2 alarm. I opened my eyes and looked around the room. Computer seemed fine, nothing else electronic in the room. “Let it go. Pray.” I thought.

Beep. Beep. Now a little louder. “No!” my mind said, “I’m praying! I don’t want to be interrupted!” But it was too late. Ever the optimist, I thought I’d quickly discover the source of the sound, make it stop and then go back to my prayer.

So I put down my journal, got out of my chair, and went over to the other side of the room. Beep. “Where is that sound coming from!?” I muttered to myself. But then it stopped and I headed back to the chair and sat down. Beep. Beep. I felt like a character in a comedy skit – up and down, at the whim of a beep.

I stood at my desk now and listened hard. Beep. Not coming from the computer. I crawled under the desk and checked all the cords and connections. Nothing wrong there. Beep. “Could it be a bird on the roof?” I studied the ceiling. By now, I’m getting seriously irritated.

Beep. It’s inside my desk! I opened the middle drawer and I could tell I was getting closer. Then my top drawer – my camera! Maybe it’s running out of battery. But no, the camera is all turned off and perfectly quiet.

Finally, I opened the second drawer – and there it was! Beep. Beep. A stupid little calculator/photo frame that I had accidentally purchased as part of a basket at a silent auction. We didn’t need another calculator nor another photo frame. The only reason it was in the drawer at all was because I didn’t know how to recycle it. I couldn’t figure out how to throw it out, so I stuffed it away in a drawer. And now, this meaningless little thing demanded my attention. Grr! I jammed the “off” button and (of course) stuck it back in the drawer. No more beeping. I turned to look at the clock, and realized my prayer time was over. I needed to get ready to go. Sigh.

Distractions. Daily life is full of them. Some of them matter a lot; some not at all. But all of them seek to capture our attention and keep us from what we are wanting to do. Especially if what we are wanting to do is spend time with God!

What distracts you from your prayers? Is it important? What calls you to your prayers? It’s the still, small, insistent voice of God, wanting your time, your attention, your heart. All for love. Listen carefully. God doesn’t go “beep”!