

## The Summer of Elijah

### ... and the still nights, night after night after night

*There he came to a cave, where he took shelter. But the word of the LORD came to him: Why are you here, Elijah?*

*He answered: "I have been most zealous for the LORD, the God of hosts, but the Israelites have forsaken your covenant. They have destroyed your altars and murdered your prophets by the sword. I alone remain, and they seek to take my life."*

*Then the LORD said: Go out and stand on the mountain before the LORD;\* the LORD will pass by. There was a strong and violent wind rending the mountains and crushing rocks before the LORD—but the LORD was not in the wind; after the wind, an earthquake—but the LORD was not in the earthquake;*

*After the earthquake, fire—but the LORD was not in the fire; after the fire, a light silent sound.\**

*When he heard this, Elijah hid his face in his cloak and went out and stood at the entrance of the cave.*

*A voice said to him, Why are you here, Elijah?*

It is now eerie. Night after night this summer, when it is not raining, the night air is as still as can be. Often, because it helps my neurological challenge and its stiffness, I go outside and do a few laps around the cars and sit.

The silence has been deafening. There aren't even any of the usual sounds, songs or language from the night creatures. And it started in early June.

It is impossible to not compare this to the passage in Kings about Elijah.

So I sat and listened. I did a lot of talking too. About the drastic needs of those close to me and those far away. About families and the dynamics of the world that tear at their fabric. About the challenges I face in the 'years' to come. (Hopefully! Yes, my Hope is still strong with the Spirit of All There Is.)

My conversation, seemingly chaotic as it is, evolves into a steady stream of prayer until I too, eventually fall silent.

And I listen.

I do not exactly know or understand what I hear most of the time. I do know I always feel an overwhelming and omnipresent Peace. Then I finally tire enough to head for bed and slip into a small stream of Hail Mary's that lead me into the land of sleep and away from the land awake and its problems. I and I repeat over and over again how grateful I am. And I thank Him. Over and over.

Until I wake again... to do His will and...

Love Him and love all those created in His Image and Likeness.

Amen!