

**Friday, March 26**

**Pat Morgan**

Ken and I live in a quiet, secluded setting. We have lived here for almost 40 years. When we bought the property it was totally run down, having been neglected for several years. Restoring it has been a passion for Ken. We can sit on the porch in a rocking chair or a swing and view nothing but nature. We have woods, fields, a creek and a pond. We have magnificent sunsets. Deer, geese, wild turkeys, and all kinds of birds visit us. We pretend we don't see the raccoons stealing the cat food at night. But not until COVID did I slow down enough to really let God use this environment to speak to me. It seems that I always had something to do or somewhere to go.

Psalm 46:10 says, "**Be still and know that I am God.**" Other translations say, "Desist," "Stop striving," "Be in awe," "Calm down," "Let be," "Let go."

I recently read a secular take on this biblical truth. A psychologist said that the sacred, silent space in our minds reserved for reflection is shrinking, and that we need to reclaim this real estate for our health, happiness and mental well-being.

I plan to continue spending a lot of time on my porch, just being still.