

# Ransom Notes

December 1, 2024  
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## Shower Curtain Silence

Grabbing the Apple noise maker on my bed, I shudder and grumble. The irritating sound ceases as I wondered how could it be time to hop out from under the covers and begin the day's jammed schedule? But yes, the time was 6:30 a.m. and my car just *automatically* starts purring about 7:40 a.m. calling me to get going. This was the Lord's Day so no time to waste.

With a yawn and half-closed eyes, I vanish into the bathroom, turn on the shower, brush my teeth, squirt a drop of liquid in each eye to help my dry eye challenges, and swallow a tiny, white pill. (Thanks for brave physicians who encouraged me about three years ago to intake the pea sized med, thus allowing my heart to continue beating at a steady pace. Praises, as one really needs a beating heart to continue enjoying life.

By now, the shower's water has changed from icy to steamy hot. I ease into the tub and close the shower curtain. And then it happens, just as always. The hot water pores over my body, my muscles relax, and joy fills my soul. Letting the water slide down my legs and drain away, my head and heart begin to think and chat with God. It always amazes me how much fun these moments are.

The conversation with God is voiceless. My mind creates memories of blessings from the day before. Sometimes we mentally share with the Creator challenges and worries belonging to self or to friends. I know, it's crazy, but as I move a bit allowing water to splash other parts of my anatomy, solutions or ideas for helping a missionary or camp project may begin to ferment in my head. Tears may even creep out my eye as I remember a friend experiencing sorrow or illness. A plethora of options, needs, worries, and crazy ideas flood my brain. I'm having an intimate, silent conversation with God. What a joy!

In the silence of the little shower enclosure, I remember what Jesus said so many years ago. *"And when you pray, do not be like the hypocrites, for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and on the street corners to be seen by others. Truly I tell you, they have received their reward in full. BUT when you pray, go into your room (closet), close the door and pray to your Father, who is unseen. Then your Father, who sees what is done in secret, will reward you"* (Matthew 6:5-6).

Jesus does not say prayers must be spoken aloud. The message implies, however, that we need to avoid tooting our trumpet and waving flags as we pray. God has incredible hearing ability. Apparently He hears multiple prayers simultaneously. He even knows what we think. That is troubling, as my thoughts sometimes are not real loving or kind. Perhaps your brain occasionally has also drifted to unkind thoughts.

The ideas for this little essay were stimulated one Sunday during the sermon. Our pastor reminded us that God hears and understands what's in your heart. Even the time of communion may be a very quiet moment of meditation. He went on to share that each evening his son takes his arm and puts it over his mouth. Together they sit on the couch in total silence. The son just wants to be with his father.

As the pastor shared this touching father/son experience, I thought of my quiet moments in the shower as I communicated silently with my heavenly Father. Seldom are there distractions, unless I suppose the hot water suddenly runs out and I scream as icy water jars my mind back to the present.

Today I encourage each to think about a quiet place where you may chat silently with the Lord. Maybe just quietly pray for four or five minutes – no music, internet, tv, or chattering magpies, just you and the Lord.

He Listens

Even In My Silent Shower Curtain Retreat Center

