

Daily View

“But exhort one another every day, as long as it is called ‘today’” Hebrews 3:13

June 15, 2020



Somewhere in Connecticut

Quiet Times in the Midst of Chaos

Many years ago, comedian George Gobel said “sometimes I feel the world is a tuxedo and I’m a pair of brown shoes.” Though I can admit to being brown shoes, I wouldn’t say the world is a “tuxedo” these days.

When we see all of the chaos in the world, it makes Christians feel we are out of place, and we are. We see the extreme reaction by some to an egregious evil, while the same people ignore an equally egregious evil in another place. We see people demanding their rights, while denying the rights of others. Extreme political views, abused kids and spouses, abandoned kids, human sex trafficking, alcohol and drug abuse, pornography, divorce...

What shall we say to these things? All we can say is, this world is not my home, and I’m glad! And I don’t mean our future home — I mean, right now. I am not at home in *this* world. But we can rise above the chaos.

There was a lot of chaos in the world during my early years, too. I’ve documented some of those things before. But the chaos never seemed to cross the threshold of any of the many houses I lived in. My parents were very good at creating a pleasant environment for us. Our house was mostly an *apolitical*, slogan free, news-free household.

In fact, as I think about it, I Thessalonians 4:9-12 describes our home, no matter what *house* we lived in:

Now concerning brotherly love you have no need for anyone to write to you, for you yourselves have been taught by God to love

one another, for that indeed is what you are doing to all the brothers throughout Macedonia. But we urge you, brothers, to do this more and more, and to aspire to live quietly, and to mind your own affairs, and to work with your hands, as we instructed you, so that you may walk properly before outsiders and be dependent on no one.

The view of “brotherly love” that Paul speaks of here seems to fit so well with what I remember. “Cottage Classes,” potlucks, housewarmings, gospel meetings and just getting together was commonplace. I’m sure this wasn’t the reality, but the eyes of my memory see people from the church in our house or us at someone’s house nearly every day.

Outside of those get-togethers, the house was quiet and my parents liked it that way. They aspired to live quietly and mind their own affairs. I don’t remember too many, if any, discussions about other people’s affairs or being dependent on other people for our sustenance or happiness. And I my memory is crystal clear on *this*: my dad was always working with his hands. He was not only a master carpenter, but a craftsman.

We can do no better — as the world continues to go crazy — to settle down and try to find the sweet spot that Paul is describing in the text. These kinds of households are the backbone of the church. Quiet people, minding their own affairs, working hard, loving their brothers and sisters in Christ. That’s what God is looking for in his people.



off that He doesn't own them?

We need to improve the quality of our Christianity, and we never will until we raise our concept of God back to that held by apostle, sage, prophet, saint and reformer. When we put God back where He belongs, we will instinctively and automatically move up again; the whole spiral of our religious direction will be upward. *The Attributes of God*, 194-195.