

Fighting for a Deep Quiet Time When You're Easily Distracted

You can name it two ways. Call it ditzy or call it creative.

Call it a deficit or call it gifted.

My son and I often laugh because we both suffer from the same illness. We are on our way to do a task, but then our imaginations hijack us. For him it looks like going to clean his room, and then we hear strums on his guitar. My husband and I smile at each other and enjoy the music.

For me, it looks like heading to the kitchen to start supper, and then my husband finds me scratching a blog post idea on a sticky note. The raw meat is sitting in the frying pan but no flame is burning. (Please don't say that's also a good description for me.)

This is the reason why: Whenever my husband calls me to ask for a favor, at the end of our conversation he says, "And thank you for doing that for me." And I say, "Oh yeah!" He knows the balloon of responsibility is loosely tethered to the rail of my mind and must be tied more securely lest it fly far, far away.

Now how does someone like this ever have a quiet time with the Lord? How does a creative, easily distracted brain pray?

Oh my word, it is not easy. Sometimes I think the Lord must want to grab me by both cheeks and say, "Focus, woman."

Take yesterday morning, for example.

I sat down with my Bible and coffee, plus my fuzzy blanket. With a tug on the red ribbon, my Bible opened to Psalms. But

before I could start reading, I had an idea for my Spanish class.

It was the most awesome idea. Pretty soon I was in the kitchen, scratching out the idea on a piece of paper. Once I had it mapped out, I came back to my Bible.

Where was I?

Sorry, Lord, I prayed. Sorry!

Well, I thanked him for giving me the great Spanish idea, and then I grabbed my own self by the cheeks. *Focus!* I said.

In Psalm 139:1, David sings:

"O Lord, You have searched me and known me."

God knows me. He made my actual brain—this idea-generating, imaginative brain of mine. When I come to spend time with Him in the mornings, I can see that same smile creeping into His eyes that my husband often gets. It's the smile that says, "This is the girl I married, and I love her."

So if you are easily distracted, be comforted by the fact that the Lord understands you, the internal you. He loves you. You are the person He wants to hear from all day long. When you find your thoughts wandering off, just keep bringing them back (that's my only advice.) God is very patient.