

# Where's Your Secret Place?

Eureka! I found it! A little soggy maybe, and I sometimes leave there polka-dotted with more than a few mosquito pox, but it's a special secret spot that I know Papa God picked out specially for me.

Why do I need such a place? And more importantly, why do you need such a place? Read on ...

With our hectic schedules and crazy-busy lifestyles, sometimes we just can't get a bead on that still, small voice of God. And that's exactly what it takes—being still—to truly *know* that He is God and *know* what He is whispering to our spirits.

"Be still and *know* that I am God" (Ps. 46:10, emphasis mine.)

Oh, we can say it till we're purple; we can sing it in praise songs and hymns, we can spell it out through our journaled thoughts and even write books about it.

He is God. He's in control.

He's got the whole world in His hands.

Our God is an awesome God (a nod to the unequaled Rich Mullins who is probably tearing up heaven's best Steinway with his praise songs at this very minute).

But our words often smear on the chalkboards of our minds and somehow miss a connection with our hearts.

In order to internalize the incredible width and breadth and depth of the goodness and Godness of Papa God, not to mention the unbelievable fact that He desires an intimate relationship with each of us, we must mute the cacophony of the world, find stillness of our bodies, minds and emotions, and allow our hearts to ingest this truth ... only then can we really *know*.

So how do we find this elusive stillness? Where do we go? What do we do once we get there?

A few years back, I rooted out a Be Still and Know spot up in the woods near our mountain cabin. I actually stumbled across it one day by accident, but the minute I saw the fallen logs that formed a cozy woodland seat and back support amid the beautiful forest greenery, I knew. I immediately realized that Papa God had it earmarked especially for me. For the time we would spend together. For the precious time I would sit, be still and just *know*.

My secret spot is off the beaten path, so it's secluded—no unexpected visitors, loud noises (just birds and bunnies and bush beasties), or interruptions (I always turn my phone off during my Be Still and Know time). It's near the one-of-its-kind, humongous tree—almost as enormous as I imagine a Sequoia to be—that reminds me of Papa's bigness, His incredible power.

A few yards away, there's a reflection pool—the tiniest of ponds, actually more like a large clear puddle, filled with chilled mountain rainfall that reflects the majestic green treetops surrounding this sacred place. The place where my soul drinks in His beautiful creation and feels the magnitude of the Creator of all things ... and I *know*.

As wonderful as my mountaintop cathedral is, I'm not up there much of the year. I'm down here. In flat, hot, humid Florida. So I petitioned the Lord for a Be Still and Know spot here too. And just last week, He provided one.

So what that it borders a marsh? (Watch out for them gators!) Or that it's halfway underwater after a hard rain? (I can borrow my grandbuddy's rubber Spiderman boots). Listen, who cares about a few (dozen) mosquito bites? It's secluded (who else in their right mind would go there?). I have a bottle of *Off*. The resident sand hill cranes have welcomed me with open wings. And Papa plans to meet me there every single time

I show up.

I was convinced the minute I saw the fallen logs that formed a cozy lakeside Be Still and Know site (some might even argue that it's IN the lake). Not as majestic as the mountains maybe, but hey, this is Florida. The only mountains we have are speed humps.

So I'm excited. I now have my own little hideaway to, well, hide away. And *know*.

How about you? Do you have a Be Still and Know place of your own?

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