

Lost in an Icehouse

In a book entitled *Directions*, author James Hamilton writes about the genius of a little boy who surprised adults with his plan to recover a valuable item.

Before refrigerators, people used icehouses to preserve their food. Icehouses had thick walls, no windows, and a tightly fitted door. In winter, when streams and lakes were frozen, large blocks of ice were cut, hauled to the icehouses, and covered with sawdust. Often, the ice would last well into the summer.

On one occasion, a man lost a valuable watch while working in an icehouse. He searched diligently for it, carefully raking through the sawdust, but couldn't find it. His fellow workers also looked, but their efforts, too, proved futile.

A small boy who heard about the fruitless search slipped into the icehouse during the noon hour and soon emerged with the watch. Amazed, the men asked him how he found it.

"I closed the door," the boy replied, "lay down in the sawdust, and I kept very still. Soon I heard the watch ticking."

It was a simple solution to a frustrating exercise.

In the whirl of adversity that besets us, complex decisions that confront us, and the demands of busy schedules, we can easily become impatient because we ask God for His direction and it does not appear to be forthcoming.

The question is not whether God is speaking, but whether we are being still enough, and quiet enough, to hear.

– Beecher Hunter