

From
CROWDS
to
CONVERSATIONS

Sometimes God doesn't
make our world smaller...

He makes it deeper.



From Crowds to Conversations

There was a time not so long ago on the calendar, but it feels like a lifetime ago, when my life was measured by the number of people I saw in a day.

As the owner of a professional custom framing gallery and photography studio, my days were full. I spent them meeting new people, hearing their stories, celebrating life's milestones, and preserving moments they never wanted to forget. There was always another appointment, another phone call, another conversation waiting for me.

But if I'm honest, I always looked forward to coming home.

I loved the quiet evenings with Jeff.

We enjoyed going places together and doing things, but my favorite moments were the ordinary ones. Just the two of us at home. No schedule. No expectations. Just being together.

We dreamed about retirement. We imagined slowing down, taking the occasional photography session, traveling a little, and simply enjoying the life we had spent so many years building.

Then life changed our plans.
Loss changed everything.
And it changed me.

Whispered Reflections



Over the past few years, my world has grown much smaller than I ever imagined it would. Some of that was by choice. Much of it was not. My days are no longer filled with conversations from morning until evening. They are filled with caring for my parents, writing, painting, praying, creating in the quiet, and spending long stretches of time alone.

Even my circle of friends has become much smaller.

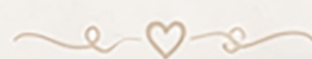
For a long time, I believed my world had become smaller because God was punishing me for something.

I couldn't see what He was doing.
All I could see was what I had lost.

Loss has a way of becoming the only thing you notice.

But somewhere along the way...
something quietly began to change.

What if God hadn't been shrinking my life to hurt me?
What if He had been simplifying it so He could deepen it?



Whispered Reflections



I began to notice that while there were fewer conversations with people, there were far more conversations with Him.

Long conversations.
Honest conversations.
Hard conversations.

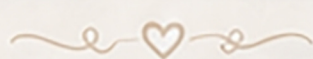
There were prayers filled with gratitude.
There were prayers filled with tears.
There were even prayers filled with anger.

There were days I questioned Him.
Days I argued with Him.
Days I accused Him of abandoning me.

And there were days when I couldn't find any words at all.
I simply sat with Him in the silence.

Looking back now, I realize something.
He never walked away from any of those conversations.
Not one.
He was just as present when I was angry as when I was worshipping.
Just as patient when I questioned Him as when I trusted Him.
Just as near when I sat in silence as when I poured out my heart.

Those conversations changed me.
Not because I finally received all the answers I wanted.
I didn't.
They changed me because I slowly came to know the One I was talking to.



Whispered Reflections



I've discovered that God often does His deepest work when life becomes quiet. Perhaps because quiet leaves room for us to hear Him more clearly. Or perhaps because quiet finally leaves us with nowhere else to turn.

I believe every one of us is called into ministry.
For years I assumed ministry meant reaching more people.
Speaking to more people.
Doing more.
Being more.

Now I wonder if ministry begins somewhere much quieter.
Perhaps ministry first looks like knowing Christ so deeply that whatever He asks us to do afterward simply becomes the overflow of that relationship.



Whispered Reflections



Sometimes He expands our reach.
Sometimes He draws it in.
Sometimes He broadens our vision.
Sometimes He narrows our focus
until all we can see is Him.

When I look back now, I don't believe God took away Jeff,
my career, the busyness, or the people simply to leave me
lonely—even though there were many days I accused Him
of exactly that.

I believe He has been inviting me into conversation.
Not a conversation filled with explanations.
Not one where every question is answered.
But one that slowly became a relationship built upon trust.
A trust He could not have formed in me
any other way.

One quiet day at a time.



Whispered Reflections



Today, my life looks very different than it once did.
It still hurts.
There is more grief than I ever imagined carrying.
There is more waiting.
More uncertainty.
More silence.
And yes...
there is still loneliness.

But there is also something else.
There is a closeness with God
that I don't know I would have discovered any other way.

I don't say that because I would choose this path again.
I wouldn't.
I would choose Jeff every single time.

But since this became the path before me,
I can honestly say that God has met me here.
Not at the end of the journey.
Not after I healed.
Right here.
In the middle of it.

Because sometimes the most meaningful conversations
are the ones no one else ever hears.
And sometimes God doesn't make our world smaller...
He simply makes it deeper.



Whispered Reflections



SCRIPTURE



*“Draw near to God,
and He will draw near to you.”*

James 4:8



PAUSE AND NOTICE...

Sometimes God doesn't remove the noise
to make our world smaller.

Sometimes He quiets our world
so we can know Him more deeply.

The conversations that shape us most
are often the ones no one else hears—
because they are the conversations
we have with Him.



A WHISPER TO CARRY WITH YOU

*Sometimes God doesn't make our world smaller.
He simply makes it deeper.*

