RECLAIMING YOUR LIFE IN AN OVERWORKED, OVERSPENT, AND OVERCONNECTED WORLD

TO
HELL
WITH
THE
HUSTLE

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TO HELL WITH THE HUSTLE
To Lucy, Kannon, and Kinsley
I pray the way of Jesus continues to become your highest pursuit and ultimate treasure as you grow day by day.

Love, Dad
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WE’RE BEING FORMED, WHETHER WE LIKE IT OR NOT

If a whiteboard were a love language, it would be mine. Who cares about “quality time” or acts of service? I just want to brainstorm and scribble about ideas.

While I love to use the whiteboard for just about anything, it also shows up in a few predictable and big ways for our family at the end of every year during our Bethke Family Summit. This is a fun practice we started a few years ago where we carve out a few days at the end of every
December and we reflect on the past year, cast vision for the coming year, and check in on how we are doing in areas like growing together, parenting the kids, and more. On the first year of our summit, Alyssa and I had a nice dinner away from the kids, and with a blank journal nearby, we started asking and answering questions. It has evolved and grown into a multi-day super fun and celebratory reflection camp that includes our toddler-aged kids. It’s like a corporate team-building event plus a vision-casting retreat, yet just for our little family team, and when they’re older, we’ll incorporate our kids’ input too.

But here’s one thing that might surprise you. One of our rules for the summit is no talking about goals. We aren’t allowed to talk about or even use the language of “goals.” We spend a few days reflecting and dreaming and connecting about the past year and the one coming up, and we don’t even set one goal.

Why?

There’s a principle in financial investing called a stop-loss order. It’s essentially a benchmark set to automatically get rid of a stock if it drops below a certain value. If you buy a stock for fifty dollars, then you could set a stop-loss order for thirty dollars. So if the stock dips to thirty dollars, it’d automatically be sold in the system without you actively doing it.

A few years ago, Alyssa and I looked at each other and knew that we had reached our stop-loss order for goals. The
results we were getting from the goals we were setting had dipped far below what we wanted to get back from them. So we sold it back into the system. Moved on. We haven’t set goals since. And here’s why: for our family, goals haven’t really helped us become who we want to be.

So we swapped them with one word: formations, which is the “process of forming.”

What’s the difference? Keep in mind the definition of a goal: “the object of a person’s ambition or effort; an aim or desired result.” You can already see a stark difference between a goal and formation just in their definitions.

One is about the end. The other about the present.
One is about doing. The other is about being.
One is about results. The other is about process.

To me they are similar, but the word formations seems to capture a bigger, truer idea. Goals are about what practices I’m doing. Formations are too, but because they add a few extra words in the beginning, they take on a deeper layer: formations are who am I becoming through the practices I’m doing. While this has been a tiny and perhaps a semantic change, it has yielded a massive difference in our lives. It has shifted our north star so we see ourselves through not what we achieve but who we are becoming, and we are putting tiny, micro, and repeatable practices in our path that will take us there.
In short, how we live forms us into a particular human. And we have to ask, is that the same human Jesus envisioned for our flourishing and our lives?

I think if we were honest, most of us would answer no.

I’ll even say it a little more plainly for those in the back: we as humans are the summation of our repeated practices and rituals. Humans aren’t made. We are formed.

So Alyssa and I over the last few years have leaned into this forming idea, asking ourselves, Who are we becoming through the practices we are doing? And, Can we create or point ourselves toward certain practices that make us the fuller, richer, more anchored humans we are meant to be? And this matters. For a few reasons. One, it feels more human. We are designed and primarily wired for becoming, not achieving. And two, I think in Christian circles we tend to focus far too much on assessing every decision we make through a lens of morality—is it right or is it wrong? There is merit to this, but I think it’s too simple. It’s elementary. And it doesn’t take us where we need to go ultimately. It’s why a Christian may not be doing anything morally “wrong,” yet is addicted to being busy, feeling frantic, and overall staying anxious in their work and relationships, which clearly doesn’t line up with the way of Jesus. To follow Jesus we need to not just follow His teaching but follow His way. His process. His cadence. His demeanor. His spirit. His very essence.

*Who am I becoming through the practices I’m doing?*

That’s the better and truer question.
A couple of the small changes Alyssa and I have pursued are honoring a family Sabbath, never allowing phones in the bedrooms, and turning off our phones once a week for a twenty-four-hour period. They have yielded massive results. And guess what? There’s no finish line on them. They aren’t goals. We aren’t trying to do them for a month or a year or only do them one hundred times and then take them off the list. We are committed to consistently and constantly coming back to these repeatable behaviors over decades, knowing they are forming and making us into people we want to become. Becoming like Jesus is the one and only “goal” we have. (I also am fully aware that sounds a little cliché and corny, but it has shifted and changed our behavior by pointing all of our formation toward the true north of intimacy with Jesus). We’re not just doing a bunch of things. We’re leaning on our very practices to take us there. To form us.

But first let’s chat about where our cultural practices are currently taking us before we chat about where they should be taking us.

Information Is Killing Us

We have access to an unprecedented amount of information. We can essentially read, watch, look up, and listen to just about anything at any time.
We also care more about and do more with that information than ever before. I don’t think we can even envision a farmer in 1803 spending copious amounts of time counting his calories or doing some new coconut oil lifehack for the longevity of his skin.

We are focused on trying to be better than ever. We have more goal-setting tools and more tips and tricks to help us become faster, better, stronger. But at what point do we pause and ask the obvious question: With all this authority and knowledge and enhancement to our personal lives, why aren’t we immensely better for it? Why are we maybe even worse because of it? Essentially, Why aren’t we superhuman yet?

Maybe it’s because we aren’t supposed to be.

To the many lifehackers out there who are trying to optimize their bodies and health and minds, thinking that somehow they will unlock the key to life by doing so, I ask: Have you ever taken an honest look at the human body to see how ridiculously inefficient and gross it actually is? It doesn’t matter what new biohacking diet we are on; we still expel waste out of our bodies every single day. We are literally waste-creating devices. And if we don’t shower or put on some type of deodorant we begin to smell. Quickly. We aren’t shiny machines trying to get newer and better software updates. We are earthen vessels of dust with the very Spirit of God in us.

While we’re busy trying out the latest productivity
system, at the end of the day we still need to sleep eight hours a day. Imagine if Apple tried to sell you a computer and they advertised it by saying, “This computer is inoperable for eight hours a day.”

Have you ever reconciled the fact that if you live to ninety years old, you will have slept continuously for thirty full years of your life? An entire thirty years with your eyes closed, not engaged in the world, not even awake and certainly not doing anything the world deems productive.

Maybe it would do us good to actually ponder the age-old wisdom, “All come from dust, and to dust all return” (Eccl. 3:20). Our bodies are filthy, gross, smelly, and decaying. But before we get too down on ourselves, let’s remember that when God wanted to enter our story, how did he do it? By wrapping himself in one of those very same bodies. Forever holy. Forever glorified.

So how many bulletproof coffees do we have to drink before we actually start becoming the person we want to become? How many bullet journals do we have crack open, podcasts do we have to listen to, Whole30 initiatives do we have to start, before we can be finished?

The truth is, we are informationally obese. Gorging ourselves on information until we are sick and unhealthy. Just one more podcast, one more YouTube video, one more hack to achieve a more optimized life.

But we keep wondering, Why isn’t anything changing?
Why do we achieve a goal or a dream yet still feel as unfilled and anxious as ever?

Was a tentmaker in the first century or a farmer in the seventeenth century really worse off because they didn’t know how to go from Good to Great or they weren’t sure of the Seven Habits of Highly Effective People? (Both are good books, by the way.) Or maybe they knew something we didn’t. Maybe they didn’t know everything we know and that was actually the blessing. On average, people 200 years ago were lucky to read fifty books in their entire lifetime. Today, people spend more time watching episodes or movies, and they watch more than fifty, sometimes just in a week or two. The information onslaught is an intense issue that we haven’t dealt with before.

Not all information is bad, of course. Helpful tips about ways to live better have blessed many, myself included. I too have found little tips online that have helped my focus and energy. What if we are attempting to exchange wisdom for shortcuts? One requires years of life experiences while the other just requires a Google search. Today, we face a huge gap between who we are and who we want to be simply because we can actually see that gap better than ever before. By just opening Instagram or reading Facebook posts, we see a different, perhaps ideal, self we wish we were.

Call it gorging on information. Call it getting drunk on information. Call it information abuse or addiction. Whatever you call it, it’s killing us, and it’s doing it silently.
And I say give or take about eighty years before there will be a strong cultural consensus saying, *Yeah, this isn’t what we thought it was.*

Let’s not forget that cocaine was considered a wonder drug a hundred years ago and companies put it in butter and wine and soda. It was even marketed as helpful for curing stomach aches and depression.

In the 1930s and 1940s, even after tobacco companies started to realize their product was harmful and causing people to die, they didn’t shut down or change. No, they paid millions of dollars to hire PR firms to convince doctors to smoke cigarettes, believing that if they could show the world that doctors were okay with smoking, then regular people would be too.

I have to wonder, are social media and Google the tobacco companies of the twenty-first century? Are smartphones the cocaine of today? After all, our society has long had a pattern of considering something new as invigorating and exciting, adopting it at full scale and with full embrace without questioning the consequences. Then, thirty or fifty years later, the negative impact begins to show and regulations start to pop up.

Sadly, innovation always outpaces regulation. The cycle is the same. It usually goes a little something like this:

1. This is cool and exciting.
2. This is actually the best thing ever created. How did people even live without it before?
3. This is still the best thing ever and I can’t imagine my life without it, but it seems to be hurting me also.
4. Ah yes, it’s definitely hurting me, and I probably need to live without it in some way. Let’s make a few rules to help us out.

As a society, I’d say we are currently in number two, with a few people starting to recognize and live into number three, which means we still have a long way to go until there are appropriate boundaries and maybe even government intervention—in 2050.

Here are a few insane flyovers to describe just how much information we are talking about:

- Five quintillion bytes of data is created every day.\(^3\)
- Only 0.5 percent of all data is ever analyzed or used.\(^4\)
- Every two days we develop as much information as we did between the dawn of civilization and 2003.\(^5\)
- By 2020, 1.7 megabytes of new information will be created every second, for every human being on the earth.\(^6\)

To think that in just forty-eight hours, the amount of information and data produced in the world will have been
equal to all the information from the beginning of time until the turn of the century is unbelievable. That means the actual amount data we consume in a day would have been one person’s entire lifetime’s worth in 1574.

We are fat and drunk on information. Stumbling through our lives. Except this abuse is the most culturally accepted in the history of mankind. In fact, we don’t even recognize there is a problem yet. We are all “data junkies living in a data junkyard,” as one author put it. The more we consume information and the more we keep our faces in front of the water hose of the Internet, the more we lose the very skills needed to say no to it in the first place—we lose a long, steady focus and a deep flow for work. This is probably why ten years ago you’d read for three hours at a time but now you can only go for only ten minutes before checking text messages.

With all this data and information, we are more obsessed with metrics and goals than ever, but our telos (which is Greek for “ultimate end or aim”)—our vision of the good life—doesn’t seem to be becoming a reality.

But let’s pause there for a second. The word telos is really important to this discussion. We don’t have a modern English equivalent of the word, but our telos is that picture we all hold in our minds of where I want to go, that’s who I want to be, and that’s how I want it to look when I get there.

And whether we realize it or not, our telos is our most primal defining feature. We will bend and break an entire life around what we believe our telos to be.
And this is why it’s specifically important to enter the conversation around information and data. We lean into information because we believe it’s going to give us a certain future (our telos). But how’s that going for us? When are we going to realize it’s not taking us where we want to go?

The bottom line is, we can’t research or think ourselves to a better version of ourselves. And this has to be reckoned with. We are not computers just waiting for a data offload or software update. In fact, we are more creaturely than we think. More primal. More animalistic. And while those drives and desires in us can be bent toward things that are evil or unhealthy, we have to remember that we were creatures before the curse as well. In other words, our impulses and desires and drives are part of what it means to be human (and pointing those desires or drives or impulses in the wrong direction is what it means to not be human).

We do not become just what we think. We become what we desire.

We are not shaped by facts. We are shaped by what we love.

**Goals Are Finite and Final**

The term goals was virtually nonexistent before 1920. On a graph, looking at any mention of the word in all of literature across the board, it’s pretty much a flat line—until 1920
when it started to uptick and has continued to shoot up and to the right for the past ninety to one hundred years.8

Yet generations before us built countries without goal-setting. Electricity and the lightbulb were invented without bullet journals. New modes of transportation like the locomotive train, and the cross-country tracks that allowed unheard-of travel across the new frontier, were created without New Year’s resolutions. It makes me feel bad for Alexander Hamilton or Mozart—if only they would’ve known about goal-setting.

Here’s the bitter truth: a lot of people have the same goals, but not a lot of people reach them. If you asked an NBA player what his goal was, he would probably say, to win a championship. The winners and losers always have the same goals. But they don’t always have the same systems.

When I look back at my old journals, I laugh at how ridiculous and naive and uninformed I used to be. But right after I stop laughing, I’m struck with fear, wondering if I will look back at myself in five years and think the same thing.

Probably.

That’s how growth as humans works.

A few years ago, my goals included:

- Eat better.
- Write a book.
- Read my Bible every day.
- Get an A in my philosophy class.
I’d then set actionable steps to try to achieve each one, usually with a benchmark of my ideal reality. I wanted to eat better so I could have six-pack abs. I wanted to write a book so I could say I was a published author. I wanted to read my Bible every day so I could become a better Christian.

But then I started running into walls.

Most of my goals—especially the big, yearly ones I’d start on New Year’s Day—would last until February, and then I’d completely abandon or forget them. Because the hard truth is, finish lines and end-result motivators do not change us. They usually feel too daunting or too disconnected from our current, everyday lives. And most people don’t thrive under the pressure that we heap on ourselves to hit an exact bull’s-eye, not to mention that we feel ashamed if we miss it.

We need to stop thinking, *I’m not that awesome or good enough right now, but if I can just do this one thing, then maybe I’ll feel better about myself.* The idea that somehow the achievement of a goal will make us a certain type of person and that it will immediately rid us of our current unhappiness and discontentment just isn’t true.

I’ve begun to understand that we are created for formation, not goal-setting. In general, goals are usually about a finish line. Something you can reach for and then be done once you accomplish it. It’s about doing something. Formations, on the other hand, aren’t about doing *something* but about being *someone.* One is usually about activity when
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the other is about identity. Goals are linear and resemble a straight line. Formations look more like a circle, where you are constantly coming back to the same place to seek renewal and refreshment in a particular practice. One is about a result the other is about a process.

Some people, when they begin a new hobby, get a huge burst of ambition. Take running for example. They’ll almost immediately tell themselves, *I want to run a 10K or half marathon by this time next year.* That’s helpful and great. But I think a better approach is to focus on identity: *I want to be someone who runs as a normal part of my life.* Or *I will run at least five minutes five days a week.*

There’s no finish line. Nothing to really accomplish. Make it more of a practice or way of life that will hopefully stay with you for the next sixty years. Because it’s not about the marathon. It’s about *I’m a runner.* And the latter to me seems to bring longer, deeper, richer benefits.

And why does this distinction matter so much? I think because Scripture doesn’t talk much about goals. But it is deeply focused on our identity. On who we are becoming.

Are we becoming more like Jesus by the practices and formations we are doing?

Another important difference is the 80 percent rule. If you set goals and only do them 80 percent of the time (like working out, for example), you very quickly feel like a failure. You only think of the 20 percent of the time you didn’t meet your own expectations. But with formations, if you
are doing it 80 percent of the time, you can still very much know that the rhythm is changing your quality of life and who you fundamentally are. Why? Because formations are about the process itself. The process is what makes you who you are. If I’m watering our plants five days of the week instead of seven, those are still going to be awesome healthy plants. Or if Alyssa and I try to have a rhythm of a weekly date night but only seem to do three a month for a season, we know it’s helping and connecting us in ways that are very much necessary.

Here’s a quick way to think about it. Traditional goals are like an arrow aiming for a bullseye. Formations though are less like a bull’s-eye and more like an arrow bent in a circle.

One is linear and final. One is circular and forever.

One doesn’t really change you. One can transform your life.

It’s a subtle difference, but what’s beautiful about formations is you get both—the process of becoming and probably the achievement or “finish line” too.

Goals tend to have a six-month lifespan, while formations you decide on usually weekly or daily for a long, possibly indefinite amount of time. That’s because formations are about becoming someone and not doing something. It’s about becoming someone through the daily rhythms and practices of your life.
Who Are You Today?

Think of yourself at your current stage in life. Your job, your romantic interests, your self-development. Now think back two years. Would the you of two years ago be happy or excited with how the last two years panned out in relation to your goals and plans and dreams? When I encourage people to ask themselves that question, the answer is sometimes no. They’ve ended up in a little different place than they were planning.

That’s usually because they wanted their beliefs (which includes hopes and dreams about themselves) to get them where they wanted to go. But I don’t know one person who could simply think themselves into transformation or a life change. Do you?

So then, what gets us to where we want to go?

You probably think I’ll say being disciplined. Or trying harder. Or having a little more will power. And while all that’s partially true, I think it’s misleading. (Actually that’s the thing that most bothers me about all the self-help and business leadership books currently—just hustle and work harder and then you can reach your dreams and have the life you want. Cringe.)

Here’s the peculiar truth—what forms our identities are the million, tiny, micro-sized actions we all do every day without realizing it or thinking twice about it.
We are the sum of our habits.
It’s really that simple.
Now if you ask yourself the question above, I bet you can backtrack your last few years and say, *Yeah, my daily ritualistic behaviors are usually second nature, and they have taken me in a particular direction.*

Here’s the thing about habits: they are less about *doing* something and more about *loving* something. We sleep with our phones right by our bed, sometimes even under our pillows, not just because we actively make a choice every morning to look at the news in the world or what our friends are doing. We do it because we *love* what the phone gives us. There is an ancient call in us that taps the spigot of our desires until the ritual becomes worshipful and mundane.

Now let me pause for a second just to clarify a few of these words since we will be using them throughout the book. There is some overlap and similarity between the words *habit, ritual, and routine.* They all are repeated behaviors. But a *routine* is mundane (tying your shoe). A *habit* is something that goes a lot deeper into our desires and drives and loves—a repeated action that is difficult to give up or alter (for good or bad). And ritual to me is a habit of *meaning.* A repeatable action that draws us into a sacred moment. Throughout this book we will mostly be talking about the last two (habits and rituals) as they are ways of becoming like Jesus that many of us have forgotten about.

Now let’s talk about habits a little longer. We are a
collection of our habits. And the reason habits are stickier and harder to shift or change is that they usually drive deep down into our loves. Our telos (our vision of the good life) is revealed through our habits. And our habits are simply the things we love deeply without ever realizing it. What we love has the power to control us and give our lives meaning and depth and richness (or it promises to, and severely underdelivers).

I am in a marriage, thankfully, where both of us understand God’s design for the world, particularly the need for a cup of coffee every day, first thing in the morning. Unfortunately, I also have a spouse who thinks that even though we both enjoy coffee freshly made at 6:00 a.m., she should rarely if ever be the one to make it. If I went to bed before her, I used to assume she would prepare it before coming to bed and set the coffee timer for the morning, but then I’d wake up to find that the coffee was not made, bringing me close to passing out as I made it half-awake. (I’m only joking; if it’s not made, I only tend to twitch a little in my right eye before I’m able to brew it.)

Now, coffee is not just about a cup of caffeine but is more about the dance of the morning ritual. The smell conjures up deep and fond memories of quiet, tranquil morning time, with journals and books and thinking. Drinking our morning coffee has become loaded with meaning, with immense attachment and imagery for our daily lives.

Because of the meaning of our repeated pattern, I have
become the chief designated coffee maker in our family. And guess what? Alyssa genuinely thanks me for it. She’s mentioned multiple times that this little act of service and blessing every single night has shown immense thoughtfulness and love to her.

I’ll admit, though, that when I first began to take over the coffee preparation, I felt very gentlemanly and chivalrous and sacrificial (in the tiniest way, obviously, because marriage is ultimately made up of one thousand microscopic opportunities to sacrifice for each other rather than one big sacrifice, right?). Now I essentially do it out of ritual, with a little mix of duty. But it’s still an act of love. And me continually doing it, even once it got mundane, is maybe even more an act of love.

I think following Jesus with rhythm is the same. Even when it becomes dry for a season, it’s not necessarily legalistic, but Jesus folks often expect following Jesus to always be free and fun and spontaneous and never ritualistic or liturgical. And if it is, we cry legalism.

But what if it’s right in the middle?

Take the coffee again. I set myself up for failure if I expect to serve my wife only when I feel like it, or to make the coffee only on the mornings when my love for her is really pumping in my veins that day. A lot of us do that with Jesus. I call this “following the camp high, not Jesus.”

But it would also be equally bad if I made the coffee
every morning purely out of duty and harbored bitterness while thinking, Why doesn't she ever make the coffee for me?

Making the coffee every day, even when I don’t feel like it, is a way to show my love for her in faithful and non-spectacular ordinariness. I don’t call that legalism. I call that holiness. Love isn’t just a verb or noun. Love is a habit.

Governments have figured out this truth (the Pledge of Allegiance, anyone?), while many churchgoers in the Protestant traditions are still calling anything repetitive “legalism.” For too long we’ve confused legalism with something that takes effort or discipline. Just because we do something over and over doesn’t mean it’s legalistic.

If we cry legalism whenever we do something with repetition or effort or discipline or when something has the potential to become dry and rote, then by that definition Jesus was one of the most legalistic people we know, praying the Shema prayer at least three times a day as any faithful Jew of the first century would have been expected to do.

Legalism isn’t defined by behavior. You can’t look at a certain behavior and know immediately that it’s legalism, because the same behavior can be done in both holy and unholy ways. While the Pharisees are typically thought of as the enemies of Jesus and are the ones we most often picture in our minds when we hear the word legalism, many biblical scholars believe Jesus was a Pharisee too—or at least his beliefs and expansion of Torah more closely aligned with the
Pharisees than with any other group in the New Testament, including the Sadducees, the scribes, and the zealots.

But the idea isn’t to do things that take repetition. It’s to make sure your heart is right if you do.

I once heard a someone say that rules before love equals legalism, and love before rules equals gospel formation. How much power, vitality, depth, and richness have we evangelicals left on the table of church history or tradition simply because we thought it looked and smelled too “legalistic”? We can all be ritualistic whether we like to admit it or not.

We read the New Testament and think, I can’t believe people had to dress a certain way back then because of certain customs and codes. Yet today, we might think a church is out of touch or not relevant if the worship pastor isn’t wearing skinny jeans, and the pastor isn’t preaching from an iPad.

Philosopher James K. A. Smith makes the beautiful observation that the first and last words Jesus speaks in the gospel of John are often overlooked, even though they’re very much at the heart of how we change. Jesus asks, “Do you love me?”

We are not who we are because we thought our way there. We are who we are because we loved something and chased it, often unwittingly, and we continued to do it, over and over like a liturgy. Or as Smith puts it, “Love-shaping practices.”

All our liturgies are pointing us somewhere. The
practices we do to shape and cultivate our loves are shaping us. And if that’s true, liturgy isn’t something you do. It’s better defined as something being done to you.

We are a culture that leans heavily toward the intellectual, so we are determined to point out harmful ideas, or at least ones we disagree with. But because we don’t understand that most ideas don’t enter our lives through thinking them but rather practicing them unwittingly, then those ideas are able to sneak into our culture in a Navy SEAL Team Six sort of way, changing us and shaping us and forming us before we even realize they’re there.

And frankly the people who seem to best understand that we are creatures of love and desire, not thoughts, are the current giant tech companies of the world. Think about how Apple exists with a temple-like space (tell me their retail stores don’t feel so “set apart” from the ordinary retail design that it doesn’t immediately conjure up sacred feelings) where you go to sacrifice (enormously large portions of your money) to obtain that which you are looking for—connection, meaning, and depth. People stand in line all night, some even camping out on the sidewalk, for the latest device that offers those implicitly understood benefits. This phone can, and will be, more than a phone.

I think it’s even fair to say that Apple is a religion with Steve Jobs as a priest (who has become a venerable secular saint after his death), mediating between man and God to
And we take the phone, and we crouch and bend over. Usually with heads bowed.
Laser focused on something. Blocking out all around us.
We are silent and solemn. Tending not to speak.
And then we perform a certain behavior over and over and over again. Sound familiar?
Swipe.
Swipe.
Swipe.
Pull down.
Swipe.
Swipe.
Swipe.
Flick.
Flick.
Pull down.
You go to the Middle East and it’s not uncommon to hear a bell ring throughout the day, which means it’s time to pray and worship. In the West, we aren’t much different. We hear that ping and most of us implicitly believe, It’s time to pray and worship.
People hear the bell and get out their mats.
We hear the bell and we pull out our phones.
It seems we aren’t just doing something. Screens and phones are doing something to us.
And Apple even operates on its own liturgical calendar with specific and rhythmic dates (what religion tends to call “high holy days,” where we get our word *holiday* from) for new releases and launches. Steve Jobs captured the allure of the product launch. Most people wouldn’t show up if you tell them you’re unveiling a new car or even your new model of Android phones. Yet Jobs, and now Tim Cook, have managed to fill theaters year after year with a religious fervor and excitement about what Apple products will be unveiled for that year. Jobs turned the fervor of “what new iPhone is coming out this year” into not just a consumer event but a religious event.

No one knew better than Steve Jobs that we are story creatures, not information creatures. We don’t want facts; we want a way of life. We don’t want the answers; we want a vision of what is good.

And it’s no coincidence Apple became the first company in history to hit the one-trillion-dollar market cap. The greatest storytellers always win, and Apple sure has.

Even in its commercials, Apple tells stories. In one ninety-second spot, a family is at grandma and grandpa’s house for the Christmas festivities. The whole family is laughing and enjoying one another, yet all throughout the video one of the young teenage boys is on his phone. The commercial is setup with beautiful, emotional music to give you all the feels about how awesome Christmas is and how beautiful and amazing and family-centric it is. Yet they are
purposely invoking a slight tension as you watch and wonder, *Hmmm . . . who is this boy? And why is he on his phone the whole time? He’s missing all the important moments.*

And that’s when the last scene cuts to the living room, with the whole extended family packed on the floor and couches, with their Christmas PJs and socks on, sipping hot cocoa facing the TV. The young teenage boy gets their attention and then turns the TV on and begins to play a little video. And the video is basically a little highlight video he put together of his family the last few days while they were together. That’s why he’d had his phone out. He was making a family movie.

Everyone begins to tear up and cry and hug and thank him for the special gift to the family, then it cuts to “Happy Holidays,” and the Apple logo.

The end.

There were absolutely no details or information about what the phone could do. Not how fast it is or how many megapixels it has.

Because Apple knows that’s not what they’re selling. They aren’t trying to sell you on what the phone does. They’re trying to paint a vision of the beautiful life their phone can give you.

I’ll admit, the first time I watched that commercial, I thought it was touching and beautiful. But then I wondered, what is the commercial really saying? That the things I so desperately want in life—connection, meaning, deep sense
We’re being formed, whether we like it or not

of family—this phone can give me? That’s a big promise. And I’m not sure anyone has checked back in to see if they’ve really delivered.

Once we realize that our daily habits are forming us on a fundamental level (and even more once they become micro rituals, which are the things we do every day without really realizing them), then we will start paying attention. We begin to ask, are these doing something to me I don’t particularly like or want but don’t realize?

With all the information we have access to, we want to optimize everything. Our cars have chips. Our phones have chips. Our Fitbits have chips. All to track and give us data we didn’t even know we needed so we can make adjustments.

We audit our finances. Our diet. Everything.

What would it look like if we looked at the books of our micro liturgies?

Because here’s the thing: You are becoming someone and something. You are being formed. You are an image that is reflecting.

But we need to resist reflecting and participating in the hustle that turns us into something we aren’t.

Why?

Because I want to be more than an efficient, driven, ambitious, goal-oriented, achievement-based human. When I envision that person in the future, I don’t see a loving human presence. I see a machine. That’s what most of us are pointing our telos toward without realizing it.
Yet there’s a bigger and better and more truthful telos that our hearts long for deep down. The telos of flourishing as the image of God found in Jesus. True humanness. That is the goal and the objective. And that is what we lost the minute that fateful curse in the garden shattered it all. But we can find our way back. How? Through the truly human one—Jesus.

I want to be formed and shaped and molded into his image. To be more like him. To look like him. To walk at his pace. To respond to the world with his gentleness and grace. To reign and rule, build, create, and cultivate under his loving and sacrificial authority. But to do that, I have to look in his face. Meet with him. Stay at his feet. Spend time with him. To live in repeatable practices and formations that consistently put myself before him. I have to shape my space and my habits away from my false self and push myself into becoming a true full image bearer of him.
Orison Marden was a writer in the late 1800s. For one particular writing project, he set out to discover and interview a giant of his day and ask the secret behind his impact on the world. One of Marden’s first questions was about this remarkable man’s “untiring energy and phenomenal endurance.”

The response? This man had worked on average of twenty hours per day for the past fifteen years. This meant he had not just been awake for twenty hours straight, which
in itself would’ve been brutal, but he had averaged twenty hours a day working. *For fifteen years.*

In fact, he worked so much that he would joke that even though he was forty-seven years old at the time of those comments, he was more like eighty-two years old, since if you calculated how many eight-hour work days he fit into his twenty-hour workdays it would have made him about that age.²

It’s not a coincidence that this person thought work and productivity were so important that he made it one of his missions to kill the thing that most stood in his way—sleep. He hated sleep. He even called it a “heritage from our cave days.”³ It was as if he just couldn’t believe society hadn’t progressed past this wasteful activity.

Who was this person? This man who hated sleep and was an obscene workaholic almost certainly to the extreme detriment of his health?

Well, the very person who made it his mission to create and invent things that would allow him to cheat the very thing he hated.

Thomas Edison.

The year?

It was 1879, the year our culture made a tradeoff we haven’t fully reckoned with—the lightbulb.

Something Edison firmly believed could take us out of the “cave days,” even going so far to remark how he believed artificial light seemed to make people more intelligent:
When I went through Switzerland in a motor-car, so that I could visit little towns and villages, I noted the effect of artificial light on the inhabitants. Where water power and electric light had been developed, everyone seemed normally intelligent. Where these appliances did not exist, and the natives went to bed with the chickens, staying there until daylight, they were far less intelligent.4

Ah, yes, that’s it. When your lightbulb is on, you must be a smarter person. I wonder if that’s where we got the funny cultural symbol of a lightbulb over someone’s head when they have a big idea.

In fact, it is. Many photographs were taken of Edison holding a lightbulb, and over time, instead of saying someone was smart or inventive, we started saying they were “bright.”

It’s a funny thing how belief gets born into the world.
We create what we want to see. We are motivated by our vision for the world.

Edison hated sleep, so he invented something that helped him cheat it—and it forever altered how we structure life. Before Edison, when the sun set, your main activity concluded for the day. After Edison, that was the moment it was starting.

Now, not only does today’s research completely contradict Edison’s view on sleep, but it’s no coincidence that the invention he is most famous for is actually the single most
responsible device for sleep disruption and quality for the past 130 years. We have used it to cheat ourselves out of the rest we need as we hustle and push against limits.

It’s clear that we need to sleep. We start short-circuiting and breaking down if we don’t. When we don’t get adequate sleep, we increase our dementia risk by 33 percent, much higher for depression and anxiety and loss of memory. We literally lose years off our lives—they say chronic sleep deprivation carves three to five years off the ages of our brains. We’re almost 50 percent more likely to develop heart disease, three times more likely to catch a cold, 50 percent more likely to be obese, and our body starts having crazy hormonal imbalances which affects our cravings, appetites, and more.

We want to squeeze more and more out of less and less, so we continue to cheat in other ways too, including with the soil that grows our food.

Our fertilizing techniques have actually changed the composition of soil as we once knew it, leading to the law of diminishing returns. Most farmland is no longer allowed to recover, and the nutrients that reset it are gone. So, what’s our solution for “fixing” the problem? We use more fertilizer.

Our modus operandi is to push the limits as far as they can go, and when we hit a wall, we find some chemical or drug to step in and help us artificially push further. Both the soil and our bodies get exhausted—literally, we deplete the
life from them. The answer to this is crop rotation, where we steadily rotate certain patches of agriculture in a cadence of work and rest. Yet economically that is difficult for farmers, so some decide to squeeze out a few more dollars in the short term by using all the fields all the time. Sounds a lot like our bodies, right? Made for a balance of work and rest but powered by the god of economics, we would rather push the limits to extract some cash.10

A cycle of cheating the darkness and the fields and our bodies. Because we want to get there faster.

A cycle of extortion. Because we want more out of something than they’re willing or able to give.

And of playing god. Because gods don’t have limits, and humans do. And we’d much rather be the former.

But what if in trying to be gods, we’ve forgotten how to be human?

To actually live within our limits. To believe there’s rhythm in things that can make us more whole again. To believe things like silence are a gift. That sabbath is a gift. And that obscurity, the place of being unknown and not famous which is the telos for most of us, isn’t a curse but an enormous gift.

We are scrambling. We are tired. We are burned out.

We are creatures of chaos, by nature of the curse, where sin flooded into God’s holy and good creation and is decreating and unravelling all that is good and holy. And we are still decreating ourselves and our world today.
Yet we know we were born as creatures of meaning, by nature of the creation account.

We feel it in our bones. We see it in our lives. It plays out in our minds, marriages, jobs, and hearts.

It’s why we somehow can work sixty hours a week at our job, but when our spouse asks for a date night an hour every Monday, we say we don’t have time. Or that it’s “too much.”

It’s why we press a bunch of buttons on a computer for work all week and somehow get to Friday and wonder, *What even did I do all week? What did I accomplish?*

It’s why we feel like there is this external force in the world just dragging us through our days and our responsibilities and priorities, and we feel taken prisoner by the god of urgency and hurrying and chaos.

But you know what’s funny?

Chaos isn’t new.

It was here first.

**In the Beginning**

“The earth was waste and void, darkness covered the abyss, and a mighty wind was blowing over the surface of the waters” (Genesis 1:1–2).

*In the beginning . . . The earth was *tohu wa-bohu* (Hebrew). Guess what *tohu* can be translated as?

Chaos.
The earth was chaos and desolation. Darkness covered the abyss, and the Spirit of God was hovering over the waters.

It’s no secret in ancient Jewish culture that water represented primordial forces of evil and darkness and chaos. So the stage set in the first page of Scripture is that of chaos and darkness.

And yet we find the Spirit there.

Hovering.

The only other place we find the word translated as “hovering” in the Scriptures is in Deuteronomy 32:11 where it describes a mother bird flapping and beating her wings over her babies. Covering them and encouraging them to fly.

God isn’t scared of chaos in our lives.
He won’t disappear. He’s not distant.
*But he does want to encourage us to fly.*
And so what’s the antidote to chaos? To the splintering and fracturing of all things?

It’s *shalom,* which means “peace.” But when we say the word *peace* in English, some of us think of the seventies psychedelic hippie peace, and that’s not what shalom means. In fact, every letter in Hebrew that makes up the word *peace* is trying to tell us something.

*Shalom* in Hebrew is שֶׁלֹּם.

But let’s break down those three letters because, in Hebrew, each letter can have its own meaning (and remember Hebrew is read from right to left).
True shalom carries weight. It means to have the teeth to destroy the authority of chaos.

And even better, guess what Jerusalem means? It’s a combination of two words—yeru and shalom. And yeru can be translated as “you will see.”

So Jerusalem means “you will see the mouth of peace destroy the authority of chaos.” It’s the city where peace and blessing and fullness reigns.

Where darkness is cast out.
Light is shining.

And in some ways I think Jerusalem is a metaphor or destination for us all.

It’s not a coincidence that at the very end of the Scriptures, the place God designed to be the finish line of our story—where all things are made new—is called the “new Jerusalem” (Rev. 1:2).

All of us are pilgrims on this journey. We’re either walking toward chaos or we’re putting one foot in front of the other on our long and arduous journey toward the city of peace and shalom. The new Jerusalem.
I remember the fiery, visceral hurt like it was yesterday. But it wasn’t yesterday. It was a decade ago.

And I was in pain.

Not from a physical accident, but from my life choices. My first serious girlfriend had broken up with me—the one I thought I’d marry. And since I didn’t know what I wanted to do with my life except marry her, I felt lost. Without direction. Like I was pushed into a coffin and buried underground alive. Chest beating but with no room to go anywhere.

That’s when I had the first thought of ending it. Only people who have been there understand, but there is a point at which emotional and mental pain can reach such extreme levels that it enters into your physical body so you feel physically sick. It feels like acid in your soul. It burns. Deeply.

So you just want it to end.

I remember sleeping. A lot. Wanting to do nothing but sleep during the day. Skipping classes. Missing important meetings or deadlines. Because the only time relief came was when my eyes were closed.

That’s the only time the chaos stopped.

Those primordial waters that were rushing and tossing and churning about in the very first few sentences of Genesis seemed to be in my heart.
Just twelve months earlier, I’d had a profound encounter with Jesus in my dorm room in my little beachside university in San Diego, but I didn’t feel like much was changing. That elevated the chaotic feeling. I wondered, *Did I do this wrong? Did I miss a step?*

I’d thought that when I started to follow Jesus, things were supposed to get better. If that was true, why was it getting worse? Why did it hurt more instead of less? Maybe it’s because when we’re dead, we can’t feel anything. But once we’re alive, that means our senses are too.

Can a dead person feel chaos? If a corpse is caught up in a tornado, is that body really affected? It’s only when we’re alive that we can actually get scared when we see what’s brewing.

Or maybe it’s because I now was tasked with the job of turning around a freight train that had been carrying momentum for almost two decades of self-centered decisions about what I wanted. What felt best. What was best for me.

I’d thought that following Jesus would make things easier. I thought my problems would disappear.

I’m the type of person who, when I go toward something or make a change, I go all in. And that meant I was reading three books a week on theology, going to two prayer groups and Sunday services each, and participating in nineteen accountability groups (okay, that last one is an exaggeration).

But it wasn’t long before I thought, *Is this it? I thought there was more.*
It took me years to realize all I’d done was change the clothes on my problems. They were still the same problems. I was still as disintegrated as ever. My life was still as disconnected as ever. I never actually let what I believed enter into my normal daily habits or rituals, which is where change, growth, joy, and meaning actually happen.

I was trying to build my beliefs and good morals on a foundation of chaos. I started to do a bunch of Christian things, but I was not addressing the underlying anchoring every human needs to flourish.

Here’s another way to put it: the big difference between chaos and shalom is rhythm.

Chaos is unpredictable and unrhythmic. It has no set cadence.

But shalom is more like a dance that depends on the rhythm in music.

Have you ever stopped and wondered what makes music, music?

If I take a spoon and hit my bowl with it, that’s not music. But if I hit my bowl with it once, then hit it again, and then again in timed increments, then that’s music.

The most fundamental building block to music is rhythm. And rhythm is a funny thing if you think about it. It’s the force that keeps the music going forward, but it’s also something the music keeps coming back to.

Rhythm is everything.

Have you ever heard someone learn to play a new
instrument? Usually they produce a collection of random notes that sound terrible. The noise is grating. It hurts your ears. There are sounds, but there’s no rhythm. So, the first step is creating a tempo. Learning timing.

It reminds me of those students at high school dances whose moves made me think, *What on earth are you doing right now?* The irony is that dancing is self-expression. You can do whatever you want. There’s freedom in dancing—*to a point.* Because you still have to submit to the rhythm or your moves look weird, haphazard, and cringeworthy. You have to feel the beat and find yourself in the cadence.

What if our lives are like that? What if we are dancing through life, believing we’re moving to a smooth rhythm when we’re actually out of sync with the beat, missing steps and bumbling along with no recognizable form? We’re telling everyone how free we are, but no sane person would look at our dancing and call it *beautiful.* It looks and feels off, and we all know it when we do it ourselves. We’re not following the rhythm of the music around us. So how do we find that rhythm? How do we form our dance around the steady, purposeful tempo that’s in the music?

**The Song in the Other Room**

One of the more magical experiences Alyssa and I have ever had was going to an Adele concert. A friend surprised us
with tickets, and that gift allowed us to experience Adele performing live and without a lot of production or background music. She stood in front of a crowd of twenty thousand people and sang for two hours in what was one of the most beautiful displays of human power and creativity we have ever seen.

I remember tearing up a few times—not at the emotion in the words, but at the sheer power and beauty inherent in the sound. It’s not science; you can’t measure it, but when you hear it, you just know.

Her voice was compelling. Alluring.

At one point I ran out to the car, and on the way back, I could hear her singing in the lobby and corridor of the stadium. It was that familiar yet fuzzy and muffled sound from far away. And it drew me in. There’s something about good music that makes you want to go to it. Seek it out. Like it’s a beacon or lighthouse on a cliff, you head toward the beauty.

I think God gave each of us a desire for rhythm in the music he creates. We hear a song in the other room. We hear the hum of meaning as it calls us. We try to ignore it, but we can’t.

The best response is to go hunting for it. Chase it.

And when it starts getting louder, we know we’re getting closer to where God is playing a symphony of shalom. It’s our job to listen and follow. And the cool part about our walk with Jesus is, the closer we actually get to him, the
clearer the music becomes. And the clearer it becomes, the better you can dance to it.

I’m reminded of Aslan’s music in C. S. Lewis’s book *The Magician’s Nephew*: In the darkness something was happening at last. A voice had begun to sing... it seemed to come from all directions at once... Its lower notes were deep enough to be the voice of the earth herself. There were no words. There was hardly even a tune. But it was beyond comparison, the most beautiful noise he had ever heard. It was so beautiful Digory could hardly bear it.11

Have you ever heard music so beautiful you could hardly bear to listen to it?

That’s the music God is playing. And he’s inviting us to dance to it. But here’s the thing we have to acknowledge about dancing before we can keep moving forward on this journey together: Learning to dance takes work.

Learning to dance may feel clumsy at first. Practice is necessary if you’re going to be able to dance well. You may step on someone else’s toes. You may even step on your own toes.

You’ll be counting the steps; that’s expected. And that’s what leaning into new practices will feel like. The rest of this book is me telling my story of learning those steps. New formations. New ways to live. New steps to life. To genuine
humanness. To flourishing. And we just have to be honest with ourselves—learning to dance is hard. It takes practice. A lot of it. It takes dedication to show up at the same time and same place every week. To do it just one more time. Knowing that you learn to dance simply by practicing. But you’ll get to a place where you stop looking down at your feet and start looking up into the eyes of Jesus as you walk through life with him in a graceful rhythm.
WHY SILENCE IS SO LOUD

I’m currently writing this book at a coffee shop. And because I’m acutely aware of noise as I write about it, I just closed my eyes for a few seconds. I am trying to concentrate on all the noise around me. I can hear some indie music playing overhead, a barista sliding back the ice box lid then scooping and rattling the ice, another barista yelling “turkey bacon sandwich!” I hear cups and lids snapping together, a door opening, muffled voices at the next table, and the drive-through window opening.

It’s amazing how noisy it really is for a “quiet place” that
many people use for work—and how good we have gotten at being numb to the noise.

For an added dose of irony too, there is a poster on the wall that says in big, bold font, “Take the sound of Starbucks with you.” It’s an advertisement to download the Spotify playlist they are playing when you leave.

Nah, I’m good. I don’t want to take the sound with me.

Here’s the reality, though: We actually do take noise with us. Noise is an airborne pathogen we are breathing in constantly. It gets buried in our body for better or worse. We are creatures of this earth with five senses, and hearing is one of them.

We read a lot about how our current way of doing things is harming the earth—through our machines, factories, oil spills in our oceans, waste, depletion of resources, pollution, and many other things.

But there is one I rarely hear about from politicians or those on the nightly news: noise pollution.

Because of the insane levels of noise in our culture, a part of the human brain is being taxed far more than in previous generations. A part of your brain that is actually meant to fight and filter the noise by “sensory gating.” That’s sometimes explained as the “cocktail party effect.” For example, when there are a hundred people talking all in close quarters, if you have normal hearing, you have no problem being able to focus on the conversation right in front of you. Your brain is “sensory gating,” or blocking
out all the irrelevant noise and stimuli. You aren’t actively doing it; it’s just happening. Which is why when I was in that Starbucks in the very beginning of this chapter, I didn’t hear anything at first, or it felt quiet and peaceful—until I purposely concentrated on the noises my brain was subconsciously blocking out.

This part of the brain helps us focus and not be overwhelmed by outside stimuli, from sight to touch to smell. But an increased level of noise taxes the body and brain more than it can handle. Our brains have always used the process of sensory gating. But if the sensory gating part were a wheelbarrow, then a hundred years ago it had to carry one-pound loads. Today, though, it has to carry hundred-pound loads. That part of the brain sounds like a Ferrari engine pushing the gas pedal as hard as it can go—with no breaks. Ever.

It’s affecting us in deep ways. One study in Japan found a deep connection between sensory-gating deficiency and chronic fatigue syndrome. In other words, our brains are literally exhausted because of the noise. In addition, a clinical test can be given to determine your level of sensory-gating deficiency. And guess what condition is usually present in people with extremely high sensory-gating deficiency rates? *Schizophrenia.*

I think this is interesting because we tend to think mental health is contained within an individual when our culture’s unprecedented noise and stimulation may also be
at fault by overwhelming and exacerbating people mentally. And I think that’s true even for those without a significant mental disorder.

While I’m obviously not a medical or mental health professional who can determine if noise is making us crazy, I do know what it’s doing to me. I want to escape it, but at the same time, like an addict, I want to be back in it.

Silence is quiet. But it also roars.

Noise distracted. Numbs.

And while the white noise all around us is certainly not ideal, I don’t think we realize how quickly “normal” noise crosses into damaging noise.

For instance, in a *New York Times* article from a few years ago, a reporter was curious about measurable noise levels, so he went around and measured them in the city at various spots. Granted, New York is easily one of the noisiest cities in the world, but the places he visited weren’t unique to New York and are similar no matter where you are. Places like these could be found in any populated area.

One employee at a place the journalist visited said, “I’ve been getting migraines.” So much that she would wake up with her ears ringing and buzzing, and she began taking medicine usually prescribed for seizures.

Where did this employee work? The JFK tarmac? A construction site? Nope.

She was a waitress at a restaurant. A place we go to eat and hopefully have deep, meaningful conversations. But
Why Silence Is So Loud

during the waitress’s conversations, the journalist noted, the waitress had to lean in close to hear and yell to even be heard.

And when measured, the restaurant averaged noise levels around ninety-six decibels. A level the government says is not suggested for working conditions, past the maximum of a few hours without ear protection—let alone an entire work shift, multiple times per week.³ (And leisure conditions like eating at a restaurant should even be at a lower level, yes?)

That article made me think twice about how much we have normalized insane levels of noise.

In fact, this has created a disagreement between Alyssa and I on almost every date night. She wants to go somewhere we can talk. I do too, but I also want to go somewhere exciting, which usually means somewhere loud.

She rightly hates places like that because they don’t allow for intimacy and connection. And I wonder why I willingly love and subject myself to places that are essentially assaulting us with the weapon of noise.

But when that New York Times journalist spoke with hearing-loss prevention experts, who know more about our ears than anyone else, they said people should not be exposed to any noise over one hundred decibels for more than ten to fifteen minutes. “We definitely consider those levels able to cause damage and likely to cause permanent
damage with repeated exposure,” said Laura Kauth, an audiologist and president of National Hearing Conservation.4

Those noise levels aren’t just happening on a tarmac next to an airplane jet or beneath some giant machine in a factory. They’re also measured consistently in that spin class we go to in the morning and that bar we head to on Friday night.

You might be thinking, Well, of course it’s noisier these days, but it’s just part of our culture. No one is doing it on purpose. Actually, some restaurants are. They’re weaponizing noise for profit—to speed up their table turns. Some research shows that people drink more when music is loud (aka spend more money) and chew faster (finish their meals and leave faster) when louder music is present. The noise sets your pace whether you realize it or not.

When I worked as a server in high school, it was clear that the main way to make more money was to get people to eat as fast as possible and leave as fast as possible so a new customer could sit down. In fact, the Hard Rock Cafe was built upon this premise and “had the practice down to a science, ever since its founders realized that by playing loud, fast music, patrons talked less, consumed more and left quickly.”5

But consider a declassified CIA document detailing torture techniques at black sites during the War on Terror. It mentions “loud music” seventeen times and says that
torture, specifically in Guantanamo Bay, involved heavy strobe lights and loud music.⁶

So if loud music and overstimulation and strobe lights are used as tactics of war and torture, why do we willingly subject ourselves to them in everyday life?

Torture technique on terrorists or a rave at a club for millennials?

The same thing apparently.

**What Silence Sounds Like**

When I normally go to bed at night, the house is “silent.” No one is speaking. No phones or tablets are on. There is no obvious noise. But one night, the power went out and it was different. It was creepy silent. The noise dropped from silent to terrifying. The dozens of devices that are usually receiving electricity in our house—the fridge, the modem, the vacuum charging, ceiling fans—were no longer buzzing. That was true silence. And I realized I probably hadn’t heard it for ages.

What do we hear when there’s no human noise at all?

George Prochnik, the author of *In Pursuit of Silence*, set out to do exactly that. Find silence. And not just any type of silence, but his goal was to find what he deemed as the quietest place in the world. This led him to Iowa and the
basement of Trappist New Melleray Abbey, which is noted to be one of the quietest places on earth.

As the monk showed him the way to the basement, he warned, “the silence of the room was so intense” it was likely to take him “outside of [his] comfort zone.” Some people from big cities, the monk added, find themselves “physically unable to remain in the chapel for even five minutes.”

When we first think of silence and solitude, we may not care much about it, or we may even think it sounds religiously sexy and hipster, cool, and trendy.

Until we try it.

And then we are shocked and maybe terrified by it.

Because in silence we feel exposed and naked, and weirdly we become noisy. Not outwardly but inside our heads. So we quickly dismiss it. *Nah I’m good.*

But here’s the unsexy and unpolished truth: our aversion to that nakedness and the awkwardness and ugliness we feel are actually why we *need* to do it. If we never experience it, we are continually buzzing, always anxious, wired, and on edge, empty and spiritually thin and malnourished.

Henri Nouwen, one of my favorite spiritual thinkers, says about his experience with silence and solitude: “Solitude is not a private therapeutic place. Rather, it is the place of conversion, the place where the old self dies and the new self is born.”

*It’s not a therapeutic place.
It’s where you go to die.*
He goes on to say that silence is such a force because it is truly one of the only places we are laid bare. Completely naked.

No calls to make. No meetings to attend. No tasks to accomplish. No music to listen to.

It’s complete nothingness. “A nothingness so dreadful that everything in me wants to run to my friends, my work, and my distractions so that I can forget my nothingness and make myself believe that I am worth something.”9

And here’s the worst part: That’s just the beginning. If we stay in it longer and push through it, up bubbles a myriad of distractions, random ideas, images, and thoughts that feel so uncomfortable we wonder, Do I really have these thoughts? Where is this coming from?

But to stay put in the quiet place is to stay put in the desert. A place we can’t survive on our own, where mirages of our false self pop up again and again. And we are desperate for someone to save us and meet us there. Thirsty for just a drop of water.

And that’s where these words of Henri Nouwen speak to me over and over again as a beautiful reminder.

“The wisdom of the desert is that the confrontation with our own frightening nothingness forces us to surrender ourselves totally and unconditionally to the Lord Jesus Christ.”10

Silence and solitude are like a graveyard for all the worst in you and your false self.
And if we want to live into our true selves, the ones Jesus created us to be, we have to enter through the graveyard. We have to take ourselves to the desert.

For more than two decades, I tried to resist this open grace. To escape silence. I was the kid who couldn’t fall asleep without the TV on and who got in trouble frequently for never being quiet in class. When you think of a hyperactive, ADHD, bouncy kid, you are thinking of me.

When I started following Jesus in college, it was visceral and emotional and new and fresh and exciting. But at the same time, every time I’d get quiet and sit at his feet, it was brutal. The minute I’d get still was the minute I’d start to be tormented by vivid pictures of choices I’d made that I was wearing in my body. I felt my sin. It hurt. Some of the memories were from years before, yet in those moments I could feel them as if they’d happened five minutes ago.

I remember one angst-filled moment in particular. I’d been wanting and needing to spend time with Jesus and needing it, yet I was disillusioned with the fact that the quieter I got, the more it felt like torture. I threw my Bible across the room and yelled, “This doesn’t even work!”

Silence and solitude hurt.

I began to hate it and avoid it, because I didn’t like what happened or what I saw in that silence. This began a journey of doing all the Christian things I was supposed to do—praying and reading my Bible—but without ever slowing down or quieting myself.
Why didn’t anyone tell me? Where did I get this picture that time alone with Jesus was therapeutic, beautiful, serene, and peaceful?

Was I doing something wrong? Was something broken? I realized that yes—something was broken.

Me.

I got married to Alyssa in 2012, and anyone who is married knows that “up-closeness” can be startling. You are now joined as one, sleeping in the same bed, doing life together, and partnering on everything and anything.

When I was close with Alyssa, I started to get that sense she had something I didn’t. What was it?

There was an anchoring about her. She seemed so grounded, so at ease in the slowness and the quiet and the stillness. She even seemed to pursue it! If we were busy or if our schedule was crammed that week, she’d fight to get away. Crave those moments.


Jesus voluntarily withdrew to the lonely places. On purpose.

Alyssa had that same rhythm about her, while I was afraid of the lonely places and ran as far as I could from them.

But love did what it always does. Slow and steady hits with the chisel on the rock of a heart. One hit doesn’t do much. But one hit gets you to a hundred. And a hundred
gets you to a thousand. And a thousand well-placed hits of the chisel create something beautiful.

And man, it was hard—and still is at times.

I took three or four years of seeing Alyssa be comfortable with silence and actually crave it, until I began to think, You know, I think I can try that again now.

Maybe the very thing I was running from was actually the thing I need most. And the pain of it was a smoke signal telling me that this was where I needed to be.

Realizing my aversion to silence and solitude is normal was the hard but necessary first step.

I knew I had two options:

I could go around my true self within the noise.

Or I could go through my true self with silence.

The beautiful part is that even though it’s messy and painful and glaring, we aren’t alone.

Jesus meets us there. He was waiting for us. In silence. In our pain. And let’s be honest; sometimes it feels like he doesn’t. But when we keep showing up—again and again—he doesn’t leave us out in the cold.

As the prophet Isaiah says, Jesus gives us “streams in the wasteland” (43:19). He meets us in the place of death with sustaining life. He won’t take us out of that place, but he will sustain us in it.

In fact, when we see his face in those moments, it’s almost as we’re not waiting for him; it’s as if he’s been waiting for us. In that mundane, everyday ordinariness, we see
him. Face to face. Eye to eye. And we start to hear something different.

Not noise, but his voice. *This is your true self. The one I saw when I died for you. I’ve been here the whole time, waiting for you to get here.*

**A Quiet Revolution**

When we think of famous rebels or revolutionaries or resisters from history, we tend to think about noise and violence, about warfare and a small band of militia fighters trying to take down an empire.

Not me. I think about Fred Rogers.

Yes, Mister Rogers.

Of course, there’s the urban legend he was a navy seal and wore those awesome cardigan sweaters to cover up full length arm sleeve tattoos. But I don’t mean in that regard.

Mister Rogers was a rebel and revolutionary because of how different he was on television. I remember watching him as a kid and gravitating toward his peace and calm and secure quietness—maybe because I always had such a tough time with those exact things.

Looking back now, it’s astounding to think about what he did. How he predicated his show on calm, slow, methodical, and pointed talking. Yet silence and slowness are now treated like diseases to be eradicated. Television inherently
calls for more noise and stimulation. The cuts and pace and music are intentionally nothing like real life. (If only punching someone would result in a *POW!* like the old Batman days.) In fact, especially during Mister Rogers’ era, I remember cartoons growing in noise, speed, and stimulation. Today most animated shows are an assault on the senses, causing violence to our more sensitive awareness. Attempting to entertain and stimulate via a metaphorical electric shock that ends up frying the more fragile parts of us.

Rogers knew that, and he knew it was creating a culture of buzz and anxiety. So he fought for the opposite.

Think of the boardroom fight that must have happened at least once or twice. *Fred, you can’t be silent for ten seconds and say or do absolutely nothing on TV. That’s the equivalent of a year in television time! People will immediately turn it off.*

But Rogers knew the difference. The media’s culture of noise is like giving someone meth or cocaine. It overstimulates, lies to your senses, and then something in you weirdly craves it again—even though before you experienced it you never realized you desired it.

The only way to fight something like that is with the anchored, deep, slow presence of silence.

Silence today is so rare, so undervalued, that it is an act of resistance.

Rogers would use that silence strategically. “Silence is
the greatest gift we have,” he once said. And he fought for that silence everywhere.

He even had a ritual in which every meeting, spanning across decades, had to start with silence. He’d instruct his staff and team to take one minute, at the beginning of the meeting, to think of a person who had a positive impact on their life. And he’d watch the time and tell them when the minute was up.

One year he was invited to the White House for a conference on children’s education and television, where he met with Bill Clinton, Hillary Clinton, Al Gore, and the highest level executives of PBS. And how do you think he started that meeting with some of the most powerful people in the world? With sixty seconds of silence during which they were told to think about someone who had an impact on them.

He did the same thing when he accepted his Lifetime Achievement award at the 1997 Emmys. In the middle of his speech, he took off his watch, told the audience he’d keep the time, and led them in the very same exercise. He was leading not just the audience in the theater, but also the 18,744,000 people watching all over the country in the very same moment. And it was clear from the first second or two, where a few in the audience laughed or howled, they thought maybe he was just joking.

But he was serious.

It was the Emmys and millions were watching. One
second of silence and could easily lose those millions of viewers.

I particularly love *Esquire*’s account of the moment:

And then he lifted his wrist, and looked at the audience, and looked at his watch, and said softly, “I’ll watch the time,” and there was, at first, a small whoop from the crowd, a giddy, strangled hiccup of laughter, as people realized that he wasn’t kidding, that Mister Rogers was not some convenient eunuch but rather a man, an authority figure who actually expected them to do what he asked . . . and so they did. One second, two seconds, three seconds . . . and now the jaws clenched, and the bosoms heaved, and the mascara ran, and the tears fell upon the beglittered gathering like rain leaking down a crystal chandelier, and Mister Rogers finally looked up from his watch and said, “May God be with you” to all his vanquished children.13

I wonder how many that night truly experienced their first minute of intentional, deliberate silence.

That night, Mister Rogers also was reunited with Jeff Erlanger, a quadriplegic man in a wheelchair who had been on his show decades before as a kid. Mr. Rogers gentleness and tenderness in that moment is honestly one of the most real and beautiful moments I’ve ever seen on TV (if you have a few minutes, go watch it on YouTube). It’s when Mr.
Rogers showed himself to be a resister and rebel all over again.

Here’s the truth we have to reckon with: slow or silent space doesn’t mean wasted space—no matter how much our world tells us it does.

Empty space does not need to always, inherently, be filled.

It can just be.

What would it look like if we were people who reclaimed spaces of silence as an act of resistance in our daily lives?

**The Quietest Place**

I grew up in Tacoma, Washington, and if you hop in the car drive a few hours west around the Puget Sound, you’ll end up in Olympic National Park. It’s a gorgeous sprawling area covering most of that left hook you see when you look at Washington State from above. Think *Twilight* and Bella and Edward and you’ll begin to picture what it looks like (the books were set in the tiny town of Forks, Washington, right outside the park).

There’s a particular part of the park called Hoh Rain Forest, informally referred to as one of the seven wonders of Washington State. Lesser known than the Amazon rainforest, it is still quite dramatic in aesthetic and actual rainfall. People always joke that Seattle is the rainy city, which it
is—averaging about thirty-six inches of rain per year. But here’s the crazy part: the Hoh Rain Forest averages almost that (thirty inches) in rainfall just from fog and mist moisture. For actual rainfall it averages fourteen feet per year.

And because of that it is one of the most lush and green forests you’ll ever walk into (feel free to pop onto Google and look real quick). Moss hangs from virtually every square inch of tree trunk and foliage.

But here’s the real reason Hoh Rain Forest is so awesome: If you venture deep into the forest, you might come across a seemingly random tiny red stone. But this stone is not just any stone. It’s a marker laid out by ecologist Gordon Hempton and his friend Fritz to mark the quietest place in the United States. It’s a marker, a metaphorical stake in the ground claiming ownership and authority.

Oh and did I mention Fritz is a mannequin doll head rigged with a microphone? Visualize the heads you sometimes see people shooting at FBI training headquarters in all those crime movies and you know what Fritz looks like.

Hampton became interested in searching for the quietest place on earth a part of his research. This led him here.

But he wasn’t just set on discovering the quietest place on earth. He is also set on defending it. He systematically hikes into the forest on certain days, takes noise readings, and, as he says, “when a noise intrusion occurs, I locate the noise maker, send them a letter and ask for compliance.” He continues by saying “this matter is urgent. It’s likely that
in 10 years there will be no quiet places left unless we take action."¹⁴

I think Hampton’s work is a great metaphor for our walk with Jesus. There are two steps to carving out this formation.

First, we have to seek silence. To chase after it. Trek into the deep centers of sacred space, looking for where we might find it.

But once we get there?
We have to defend it.

And like Hampton, when a noise intrusion occurs, we need to locate the source and “ask them for compliance.” We aren’t slaves to the noise. To our phones. To the buzz. To the assault on our senses. We can and should ask—no, better yet demand—compliance.

Our souls are at stake.

And just like any resistance—whether a world revolution, or a coup of an empire—it always, without fail, starts small. With one action. A tiny bit of momentum.

And that’s how it is on our journey with Jesus. You aren’t going to have a beautiful, serene, three-hour period of silence and solitude right away.

Well, maybe you will! But it surely wasn’t that way for me.

It was more like two minutes. And I itched.

But I have to resist the need to scratch. I have to stay in it, put one foot in front of another, and practice. There
is a reason it’s called a spiritual *practice*—it literally takes practice. Repetition. Learning and iterating and changing and adapting.

And in that silence you’ll find a space where your old self begins to suffocate, your new self begins to be renewed, and the truth of God begins to slowly but surely fill and rewire and recalibrate your new humanness—the self that walked out of the grave with Jesus two thousand years ago to new life, pacing and directing toward the new Jerusalem where all is put back together once and for all.