

“Too much talk leads to sin. Be sensible and keep your mouth shut.” Proverbs 10:19 NLT

lectio // Proverbs 10:17-21

And this has become one of my major sins, I'm a talkaholic. No, it's true. Those that know me best KNOW it's a thing. I tell stories and stories have a natural pace, a flow - a slow flow! As I've gotten older my long-winded, over-dramatic thoughts, ideas, answers and random weird happenings in my life are just too much for my wife, kids and close friends. I'm now getting the not-so-subtle, "ok, get to the point." The "point" is every nuanced moment along the way, I think. It totally reminds me of a movie "Big Fish" starring Ewan McGregor and Albert Finney, where a frustrated son tries to determine the fact from fiction in his dying father's life. But, you ask, is rambling, babbling and meandering through a story actually sin? Oh, that's not my sin, that's just me annoying others! My sin is exactly what this Proverb talks about. I can't keep my mouth shut. It's basically accidental gossip, but it's NOT good and it is harmful. I'll "hear" something, or a friend will tell me a private story about themselves and I actually bring it up with others! I hear about good news, bad news, tragic news, updated news and I just can't help myself - I TALK! I get giddy about sharing tidbit information like giving out candy on the playground. I'm obsessed about it! "Did you hear the latest..." I say. Then off I go blabbing about someone else's news. I'm not kidding, it's awful! I'm sorry you're the one having to read this confession, now you'll never tell me anything. No worries, I get it - don't tell me, I won't be offended and you'll keep your secrets safe! Now, if you WANT people to know - tell me, I'll get it out super fast to as many people as I can. Dang, that sounds creepy. I'm trying to stop, I need a twelve-step group for talkaholism! Want to start one with me?

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Dad,

It may sound like I'm joking, but you absolutely know it's true! I need help with this. Help me wean or come clean off this drug of over-sharing. And, while your doing soul surgery, help me trim my flabby, long stories too. It's getting to the point that my family just ignores me after a round of longwindedness. Maybe it's just unavoidable to get this "old-man" syndrome. Just give me a porch, a rocking chair and some iced tea somewhere and I'll sit out there and wait for little children to come by and listen to my tales.

contemplatio

rest in the presence of God, allowing the words revealed to take root