



THE EXHORTER

“And with many other words did he testify and exhort, saying, Save yourselves from this untoward generation.” Acts 2:40

The Palmer Road church of Christ, Westland, Mi. (prchurchofchrist.org)

August 9, 2026

Jump Start # 3535

Psalms 66:8 "Bless our God, O peoples, and sound His praises abroad."

It was an early Monday morning. I walked into the dark auditorium of our church building to pick up my sermon notes that I had left there from Sunday. There was a time when I took Mondays off, especially when the kids were home. But now, my wife works Monday mornings and I go down to the office and start things for the week.

What a different picture walking into the auditorium that Monday morning. Just the day before, all the lights were on, there was a lot of activity, smiles, handshakes, hugs and conversations. We sang praises to God. We prayed to our Lord. The word was preached. Concerns were talked about. The day was busy with people, activity and life. Questions were asked. People told about family members recovering from recent health issues. Children were running around. Little ones were trying to walk. So much activity on a Sunday morning. It is a busy place.

But this Monday morning as I sat in one of the pews, the place was very still. It was very quiet. It was a great time to reflect. There were no noises. Just me and the Lord. And, what a great reminder that was. Worship is about me and the Lord. We can lose sight of that with all the noises, the conversations, the people, the activities. Bulletins to be picked up. Class material to get. Those that serve publicly gather for a prayer. The preachers have their mics attached. The media team is busy with sound buttons, lights, computers and cameras. But on a Monday morning, everyone is gone. It is all very, very quiet. And, it's not the mics, the sound board, the lights, the people, the noise, it's what's in my heart towards the Lord.

Here are a few thoughts that came to my mind as I sat in the empty auditorium on a Monday morning:

First, I said a prayer. The God that we all worshipped yesterday was still on His throne this morning. I thanked the Lord for that. In the stillness of the morning, while many of our church family were busy at work, taking children to school, or driving to doctors, our God was still among us and for us. Be still, the Psalmist declared and know that I am the Lord.

(OVER)

Second, I wondered if my words on Sunday helped anyone? Were they the right words? Did I approach a topic that was most needful? Sunday was over. It was now Monday. There was no rewinding and going back to yesterday. It was a moment in time. Did I use it wisely? Could I have done things better? After four decades of doing this every week, I still think those thoughts. I want people to know the Lord. I want to touch hearts with the goodness and love of God. I want people to give their all to the Lord. Will anyone remember what songs we sang yesterday? Will anyone remember any of the prayers from yesterday? Will anyone remember the Scriptures that were read yesterday? It was a moment in time, but did it make any difference a day later?

Third, as encouraging as Sunday was, I have to live for the Lord today. Yesterday is over. Today presents many challenges, battles and things that need my attention. I need to call some people to see how they are doing. I have articles, such as this one, to write. I have classes to be taught later this week. Sunday is over, but before me is another full week of things that need to be done.

There is a part of me that just wanted to sit in the auditorium for hours. Just let the mind reflect and observe. The silence. The memories. The prayers. The love. The concerns. The hope. And, to think God lets us be a part of all of this. Simply amazing.

Monday morning in an empty church building. I wish every person could have a moment like that. It's good for the soul.

Roger Shouse (Used by Permission)
