

Whether it's the playfulness of childhood or the hardship of an occupation, we all are creating a specimen of unique noise. Work naturally creates noise, either through that of equipment, or through the commotion of our minds trying to solve the next dilemma given by our superiors. Often times, we despise this form of noise as the unwanted byproduct of work, the filth of our creations and efforts, the most hated part of most work places. Though, in years of new, we often leave the yoke of work and all its noise on the desk or workshop, just to put upon ourselves the veil of commotions. Noise has intoxicated us, made us reliant upon its continual consumption, and made despise the silence. We turn on the radio in the car, the news at dinner, and the phone anywhere else. We are fed little noises of gratification, little sound of self-love, from the beeping of the register to the sound of a text message received by a scammer. No longer do we think to ourselves but feed on the noise, hoping it never weens us. Feeding on it, eating away at our sanity, consuming what is presented, this demon of gluttony has surrounded us with its claws and tears us with its fangs. Yet, we enjoy the pain, the gnarling on our minds, hence why we cannot live without it we, even if we hate it. It must be noted, noise is not always bad within itself, but by it we have forgotten the gentle silence, leaving it to the outstretches of the world, and to the night.

Then, there is silence, it comes and goes as a bird, a majestic yet dully colored bird. It resembles a female owl, plain, yet somehow this is precisely why it is majestic. It is spotless, pure at the center, yet dangerous with its long ivory talons. It acts like a guide in this noise infected world, taking the weary traveler to where it needs to find itself if aloud too. Only in short glimpses do we ever see it, with all its beauty, and often times people chase it away from their homes. They throw the sticks of music and television at it, yell at it as if it was the demon that live under their beds, as if it were the cause of all the scares, bruises, and aches on the

person. Though, it still seems to sneak in if you let it, always waiting to be invited, to be welcomed, to be appreciated. What a willing friend it is, unlike the noise who abandons you when age comes, or solitude, who simply uses you to create more noise. Noise will make the catalyst of entertainment or anger to create more noise in the reaction of people too people; but noise will guide one to learn the truth, and contemplate on it. We should simply become friends with it while we can, learn to enjoy its presence, take it in, and nourish it.

After we accept silence, whether by force of solitude or choice, it begins to transform one's world. The fog of worry rises revealing the garden, or swamp, around you. The clouds of mental blockage disperse revealing the sun, shining down upon the lands of your mind bellow. A shower of essence washes on the soul, remembering all that was hidden. Life begins to grow back into what it was meant to be. A simpler era of life is remembered, a time when cares were almost none and life was beautiful. The body's complaints are finally heard aloud, along with those of the mind. To top it off, the overstimulation vanishes from the brain, it becomes free from the constraints of the outside world, concentrating on the inside.

Most important, noise allows us to hear God, in this planet of hubris. Many times, man has done nothing but yell, scream, blame others for their own problems. Conflicts involving thousand, or even millions, of casualties come, usually, from men who have not taken time either to quiet themselves, or, more importantly, their minds. Noise loves to make one think of only themselves, only of their goals, drowning out the cries of others, yet those cries drown out the soft and gentle wind that calls for peace. Yes, the calm wind, where the prophet found God, neither in the thunder nor the trembling of the earth, but in the wind. Later, He is to appear in the stable on a cold quiet night. All stood in awe to Him, silent both in body and mind. Even to this day is He found in places of silence, in places where the petty squabbles of men are nothing

more than a cloud in the distance. If one becomes silent, the faintness of God's voice can be heard. The soul will be able to see itself as he does, for better or worse. Then, it will see his beauty, not all at once, but begin to find Him slowly, learning to listen and love him.

Even if not religious, all people should find time for silence. One hour of just existence has more truth than a year in the best university, the knowledge of themselves. At first it will be hard, but the reward of peace that shall follow makes any pain worth it.