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Slow Sabbath: An exploration of postures, places, and spaces for being with God, hearing His voice, and receiving His care

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Slow Sabbath: An exploration of postures, places, and spaces for being with God, hearing His voice, and receiving His care

Abstract

While the notion of Sabbath will not be unfamiliar to most readers of this journal, the importance of embracing – and perhaps reconceptualizing – Sabbath as an essential element of responsive soul care might not emerge at the top of one’s list of self-care priorities. Yet, in order to serve those entrusted to our care with the very best we can offer, we must care responsively for ourselves (see Luke 10:27). Previously, I have made the case that embracing Sabbath is a critical component in a healthy, sustainable approach to nourishing self care for the Christian educator (Freytag, 2016). In an effort to refresh, renew, and re-envision my own engagement with Sabbath, I embarked on a deep, intentional exploration of the practice with fresh eyes and an intensified hunger for God. The essay that follows invites the reader into my personal journey. During a prolonged, purposeful Sabbath season, I learned the importance of creating time, place, and space for inhabiting Sabbath *postures* (rather than simply amassing additional Sabbath *practices*). The postures that emerged, which continue to influence my daily, weekly, and seasonal engagement with Sabbath were: Wait. Walk. Trust. Abide. Hope. Embracing these postures has enabled me to receive the transformative care that God so freely desires to lavish on me... when I slow down enough to notice. Slow Sabbath has had a transformative effect on the way that I care for myself, receive God’s care for me, and extend His care to others from a place of wholeness, with-ness, and flourishing.

Keywords

sabbath, postures, self care, autobiographical narrative inquiry

Slow Sabbath: An Exploration of Postures, Places, and Spaces for Being with God, Hearing His Voice, and Receiving His Care

Cathy Freytag, Educator and Caregiver

Introduction

A good friend of mine, recognizing that I was stepping into a new, unknown era of change, gave me a sweatshirt that reads: “No season is wasted”. This is a reminder that I’ve embraced (literally) with my morning coffee and Bible-and-prayer time each day for nearly two years now. Morning time with the LORD has been a sacred space for me since early adolescence, and it affords precious Sabbath moments with our Heavenly Father on a daily basis, and – in my current season – it has become even more meaningful to me as I have sought to inhabit Sabbath-ful places, spaces, and postures with greater intentionality.

More than a decade ago, I began to explore what self and soul care for Christian educators might look like (Freytag 2015; 2016; Freytag & Shotsberger, 2022; Shotsberger & Freytag, 2020), and I’ve continued on that quest ever since. In this most recent season of change in my life, I was led to pursue an open-ended, open-handed exploration of rhythms and patterns that might renew and refresh my experiences with Sabbath. For the purposes of this exploration, I define Sabbath as intentionally embracing silence, stillness, and time with God and God alone (solitude) for the purpose of knowing Him better and cultivating space to hear Him well, should He choose to speak (Barton, 2010; Comer, 2019; 2024).

Initially, I thought I would take an autoethnographic approach (Poulos, 2021) and that I would end up identifying a series of practices for enhancing one’s experience of Sabbath. But, as the LORD so often does, He took

my intended plans, removed the “box”, and invited me to simply create spaces and places for being with Him. What ultimately emerged was grace and space for engaging recursively (Clandinin & Huber, 2010) with God and my own heart through Sabbath.

I define Sabbath as intentionally embracing silence, stillness, and time with God and God alone (solitude) for the purpose of knowing Him better and cultivating space to hear Him well

Using a form of autobiographical narrative inquiry as my lens (Clandinin & Huber, 2010; Connelly & Clandinin, 1990), I continued some of my usual, daily journaling practices, and I intentionally added some new spaces for processing and reflecting. One new practice was to keep a weekly Sabbath journal. In this journal, I chronicled the ways I inhabited my designated Sabbath day (Sundays), and I reflected on where a spirit of Sabbath was present or lacking throughout my week. I also kept a 40-day “wilderness” journal, which included brief, daily bulleted entries and sketches as I engaged in an intentional fast from vocational pursuits. Additionally, I maintained an ongoing text dialogue with a Sabbath-processing partner, and I curated a collection of sketches and photographs that reflected my Sabbath experiences.

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What emerged was a series of postures that slowed me down enough to truly hear His voice and my own heart.

While I had originally anticipated that my Sabbath exploration would lead me to a list of *practices* (e.g. activities or disciplines), as I reviewed my diverse data sources over a period of several months, what emerged was a series of *postures* (i.e., stances, ways of intentionally positioning myself before God) that slowed me down enough to truly hear His voice and my own heart. And, while I thought this exploration had a clear starting point (September 2023), I discovered that it truly began much earlier than that, and it continues in the present, and I will carry it with me into my future (Clandinin, 2006; Clandinin & Huber, 2010). What follows is an edited autobiography—an epistolary account, of sorts—that illuminates my iterative process of inhabiting Sabbath in this particular season of my life.

The Sabbath Journey Begins (or, more accurately, it continues)

[Note to the reader: The selected journal entries included below are shared as a means of inviting you into my story. The entries in *italics* are taken directly from my various journals and are intended to help paint a picture of my Sabbath journey and the insights that emerged. Periodically, I will pause to offer interpretation or analysis in order to provide additional clarity; [these comments will be enclosed in brackets]. By way of context, the Sabbath season described in this article takes place during and after a planned sabbatical from my work as a teacher educator. In terms of place/locale, it occurs, primarily, on my parents' wooded, lakeside property, 900 miles from my own home, and reflects a season of liminality in my career and family life.]

Sabbath Journal entry: September 3, 2023

I had a bit of an epiphany during my morning quiet time. I know that I want to be very deliberate about my Sabbath observance while ministering to Mom

and Dad, and that will require finding patterns and routines to protect and preserve that essential time with God, engaging in self and soul care so that I don't burn out. I recalled the call for proposals for the ICCTE conference and [an idea for a scholarly presentation] popped into my head. I want to approach Sabbath with intentionality; I don't want to reduce it to an academic exercise, but I think there is much I can gain and much I could offer if I were to be reflective about my practices over a period of time (perhaps about 6 months). I will read and revisit resources on Sabbath. I will pose questions to guide my reflection along the way. I will make it personal, spiritual, and relational and try to forget that I'm taking a bit of a "meta" look at my practice. I will be prayerful; I will be quiet, rest, and listen. I will continue to journal. Some things I will "notice" in real time, and other things will likely become clear in retrospect. I will invite KB to partner and reflect with me to the degree she might wish. I will seek community.

I want to approach Sabbath with intentionality

With these words, I marked the "beginning" of my spiritual/academic exploration of Sabbath. Yet, as Clandinin and Huber (2010) wisely noted, any autobiographical exploration of this sort will necessarily be iterative and recursive. I might have marked what I thought was a clear beginning point (September 2023), but as I delved further in, I would find myself circling back to insights gained much earlier.

Every week for eight months, I journaled about my Sabbath practices, as well as my thoughts and feelings about how I was spending every seventh day. I read voraciously (e.g. Buchanan, 2020; Comer, 2019; 2024; Dukes Lee, 2021; Freeman, 2015; 2024; Tygrett, 2023). I spent hours listening to Sabbath-oriented podcasts (Comer, 2022a; 2022b); I relentlessly avoided anything that resembled the "work" I engaged in the other six days of the week; I attended church; I stopped all activity and simply rested. And, for the first several weeks, I was energized by the particular way I was engaging with Sabbath.

September 3, 2023: *I felt so welcomed by the lovely, genuine, sincere people at [my new] church. I felt*

seen; genuinely welcomed. It affirmed and fed my need to be in community with others. The time of solitude reading in the town square, writing notes over a comforting lunch, and walking in a neighborhood fed my need for solitude. It was energizing to be outdoors....to have the entire day "off the clock". It felt nourishing...perhaps a bit indulgent, but not in a negative or inappropriately selfish way.

Week of September 3-10, 2023: *Mowing felt like "wor[k]ship". By the end of the week I was very physically tired. On Friday night, I slept 11 hours and I really needed it. I still need to discern what midday Sabbath moments I need to instill. I think I listened to my body fairly well and took porch breaks with Dad on several occasions.*

o Need more water

o Need more leisurely/moderate walking (not 1000 steps in the kitchen)...and yoga

o Need to reinstate evening examen

In the early weeks of my intentional experiment with Sabbath, I did—in fact—listen well to my body, soul, and spirit. I recognized the necessity of having a communal element of Sabbath (Comer, 2022b); I noted when I was overextending my body (van der Kolk, 2015); and I recognized life-giving practices that I wanted to reinstate (e.g. the practice of examen) found in Ignatian Spirituality (n.d.). And, while I was not yet naming and framing it in this way, I was beginning to notice the need for a renewed Rule of Life that would sustain me in this new season (Comer, 2024; Macchia, 2012).

But, I was a long way from inhabiting the rest that God desired for my soul. I was making this exercise too academic. I was hoarding Sabbath rather than receiving it as a gift.

September 10, 2023: *... Jesus, help me to receive Sabbath as a gift and not an entitlement...*

September 17, 2023: *Beasting through the week and "saving" up for Sabbath is less than ideal; I need to carry Sabbath moments and a Sabbath mindset with me through my week and throughout each day.*

October 1, 2023: *Let me receive Your Sabbath without feeling like I have to chase it down and cram*

myself full until the next time. Help me not to hoard Sabbath, but to savor it!

As I noticed the franticness with which I was approaching Sabbath, He provided grace and space to engage in the practice of lectio Divina around Matthew 11:28-30 (journal entry, October 1, 2023). [Note: The underlined words are what initially stood out to me, and the **bolded** words are the ones that kept reverberating in my heart and mind as I meditated on the passage numerous times.]

Are you tired? Worn out? Burned out on religion? **Come** to me. Get away with me and you'll recover your life. I'll show you how to take a real rest. **Walk with me** and **work with me** – watch how I do it. Learn the unforced rhythms of grace. I won't lay anything heavy or ill-fitting on you. Keep company with me and you'll learn to live freely and lightly (The Message, 2002, Matthew 11:28-30).

Come . . . like Mary, not like Martha. Walk . . . don't run or rush . . . take my time . . . savor . . . be present with Jesus. ("with me" dog . . . walking lesson, May 2023). Unforced. Quiet myself (Psalm 131), be still (Psalm 46:10).

He is present. Come quietly in the stillness don't come crashing or barreling in (Parker Palmer).

Shh . . . what do I hear? . . . crickets, dogs barking, fish jumping, leaves rustling, motorcycles out on the road, birds chirping . . . [take time to notice my present place]

"Watch how I do it" . . . What do I see? Sun through the trees, shadows on the lawn, ripples on the lake, green, gold . . . pink rosebuds.

Though I could not yet name it, God was calling me to slow down. Japanese theologian, Kosuke Koyama (2021), asserted that God's pace is three miles per hour. Though I've never regarded myself as one who persists at break-neck speed, I began to recognize that I still needed to slow down even

more than my planned and unplanned sabbaticals enabled me to do.

At times when I would push myself to the brink, God would bring to mind earlier encounters in which He reminded me to slow down and walk with him at His pace (Buchanan, 2020). Though I, myself, am not a dog owner, I have many friends and family members whose dogs have “adopted me”, and God has taught me a lot about Himself and about walking at His pace by walking with animals (Buchanan, 2020).

Wait, Walk, Trust

In May 2023, I had the opportunity to dog-sit for a dear friend. When her dog, Alden, was a puppy she trained him well, and he (generally) hears and responds to commands well—unless there is a squirrel that captures his attention! As I took Alden on his daily walks, I was often jolted as he bolted after small critters. Remembering his command phrases, I would firmly tell him; “Wait!” . . . “[walk] with me!” . . . and “not for you”. As I was directing Alden with commands that were firmly embedded in his repertoire, God’s voice to my own spirit was unmistakable! He was telling me, “Cathy, **wait** . . . it’s not time yet. I am preparing a future for you, but I’m still in the midst of preparing you and the future that I intend for you.” And, then, He would say, “[walk] with Me . . . don’t get out ahead of me. You think you’re slowing down, but I want you to walk even more slowly. I will not let you miss out on the future I have in mind for you.” And, at other times, He would say, “This is not what I have for you. What you are pursuing is good; it is aligned with what you’ve known and done in the past, but I have something else in mind for you. Trust me! Stay connected to me (John 15); **abide!**”

He would say, “[walk] with Me . . . don’t get out ahead of me. You think you’re slowing down, but I want you to walk even more slowly. I will not let you miss out on the future I have in mind for you.”

Reconceptualizing the “Wilderness”

For a period of more than two years, I had been diligently seeking what God might have in mind for me for the next chapter of my professional career. I faithfully followed “arrows” and nudges from the Lord (Freeman, 2019), and I prayerfully placed numerous opportunities in open hands before God. After a series of no’s, I happened to be reading John Mark Comer’s (2019) book entitled *The Ruthless Elimination of Hurry*, and I was struck by his explanation of Jesus’ time in the “wilderness” (Greek: *erémos*). Whenever I read the Gospel account of Jesus’ time in the wilderness (Luke 4), I had perceived this as a time of physical (and even spiritual) weakness. However, Jesus was *led by the Spirit* into the wilderness (Luke 4:1), and this time in the presence of the Father (while it included a season of fasting) was actually a time of *strengthening*. While I already felt like I was in the midst of a prolonged wilderness season—both a literal and metaphorical place and space—I chose to engage intentionally with a 40-day wilderness fast and feast. I fasted from any vocational pursuits, entrusting the future of my profession and ministry to Him, and I feasted on being in the presence of Jesus. During these 40 days (November 15–December 25, 2023), I kept a bullet journal with little sketches, and I sought to capture the dailyness of intentional, ordinary time with Jesus.

November 15, 2023: *“The wilderness isn’t the place of weakness; it’s the place of strength” (Comer, 2019, p. 125). Lord, I refrain from making any life-altering decisions for 40 days. My prayer: Lord, how would you use THIS day as I await the future You have in mind for me?*

‘In the silence, You speak love over me . . . speak my identity and calling into being . . . show your perspective . . . bring freedom” (Comer, 2019, p. 139).

November 16, 2023: *In Sabbath, “I find that my ordinary life is enough” (Comer, 2019, p. 175).*

November 19, 2023: *Insight from church: I am always a pastor-teacher no matter what job I may or may not occupy!*

November 22, 2023: *Am I willing to walk away from everything I think I want for the sake of an unhurried life of abiding with Jesus?*

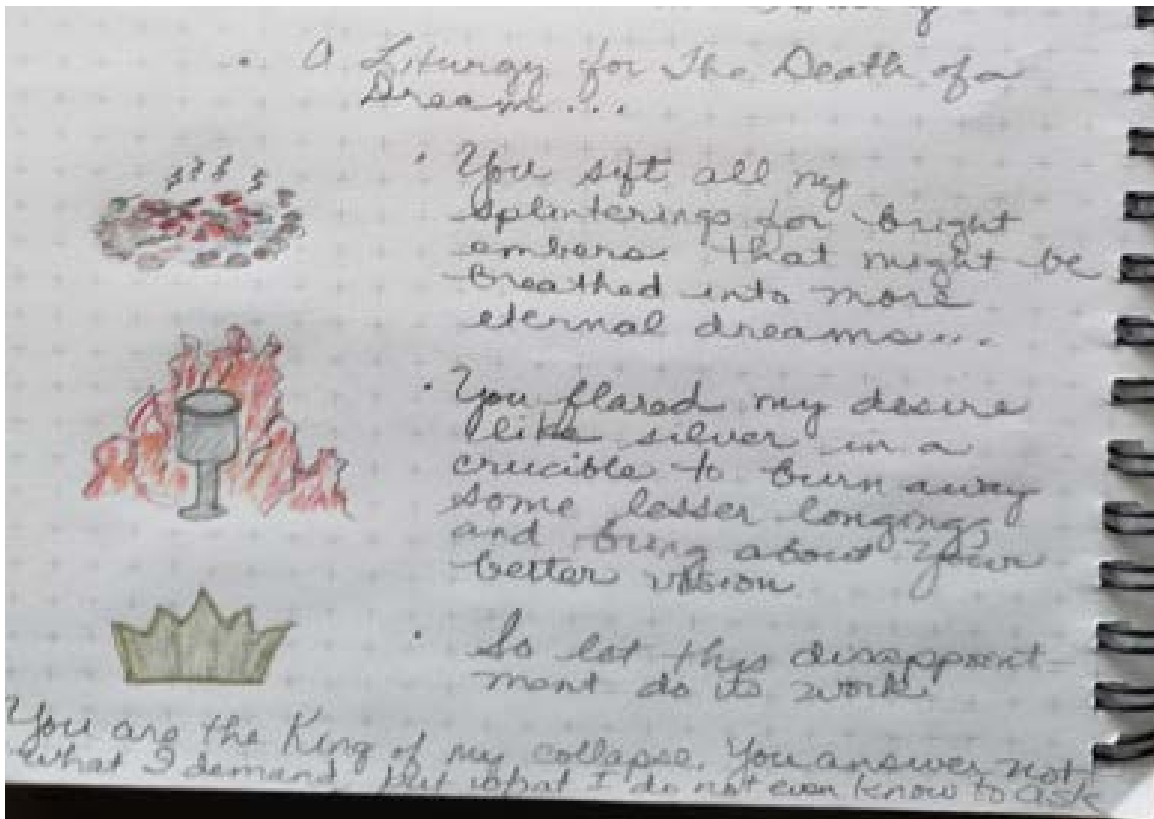
Excerpts from *A Liturgy for The Death of a Dream*
(McKelvey, 2019, pp. 233-236)

o You sift all my splinterings for bright embers that might be breathed into more eternal dreams...

o You flared my desire like silver in a crucible to burn away some lesser longing, and bring about your better vision...

o So let this disappointment do its work

o You are the King of my collapse. You answer not what I demand, but what I do not even know to ask.



November 24, 2023: De-decorated the fall stuff. Assembled a new (smaller) Christmas tree. What might you be asking me to “put away”? Where might you be asking me to “right-size” my aspirations?

November 26, 2023: Help me to seek and desire YOU more than any outcome.

December 1, 2023: Advent webinar with Tish Harrison Warren, “I can trust the One on whom I wait” (Trinity Forum Conversation, December 1, 2023).

December 3, 2023: “When it is not God’s time, it cannot be forced; when it is God’s time, it cannot be stopped... Courageous faith believes that God knows when to say YES!” (online sermon, Rick Atchley, The Hills Church, December 3, 2023).

December 4, 2023: I wonder . . . what if I continued to serve Mom and Dad . . . indefinitely??

December 5, 2023: Thank you for grace to abide, to be present, to listen . . .

“Give it time, then more time, then more time. No great decisions get made out of frantic or fearful places.” (Shauna Niequest, as cited by Emily P. Freeman, Next Right Thing Podcast, Ep. 304)

There are things I can't carry with me into the future: certainty, control, plans, understanding, reputation . . . Letting go isn't easy, even when I'm willing (Emily P. Freeman, Quiet Collection podcast, 2020, Ep. 2)

December 7, 2023: "What if the question of purpose isn't at all about what we do, but what we truly love?" (Tygrett, 2023, p. 54)

"Fearful questions never lead to love-filled answers."
(Nouwen, as cited by Tygrett, 2023, p. 62)

December 8, 2023: *Lifted wayward vines back onto the trellis. Lord, show me what needs to be supported in my life and what needs to be pruned.*

December 9, 2023: "Like a weaned child, I am content." (Psalm 131:2)

December 10, 2023: Pastor Rick:

"Don't make decisions based on fear.

Do not be afraid of where surrender will take me.

You cannot follow God and stay where you are.

God isn't sending me; He's going with me."
(online sermon, Rick Atchley, Hills Church, December 10, 2023)

My word for 2024 : HOPE

December 15, 2023: *KG reminded me to take things one day at a time . . . essentially to abide, be present, not try to figure out what comes next...let it come in its time.*

December 16, 2023: *Jesus, help me to be content with my everyday while still holding onto hope for your "much more."*

December 18, 2023: *Hymn: God of Grace and God of Glory*

"Grant us wisdom, grant us courage . . ."

". . . bend our pride to Your control . . . lest we miss Your Kingdom's goal"

December 20, 2023: *I have no idea what I even want. I feel disillusioned and stuck. I fear that surrender means never having a fulfilling career. My current [context] is not a bad place, but it's not what I would choose. Help me not to resist Your will; help me to have a right attitude . . . one that is not begrudging or grumpy . . . Jesus, help . . . I don't have the words.*

Psalm 55: 6,7 "Oh that I had wings like a dove; then I would fly far away to the quiet wilderness" (NLT)

"Get me out of here on dove wings; I want some peace and quiet. I want a walk in the country, I want a cabin in the woods. I'm desperate for a change . . ." (MSG)

Hmm . . . I have it, but I want it somewhere else.

[Place—choose to be fully present wherever I happen to be.]

December 23, 2023: *I'm experiencing greater peace about serving Mom and Dad.*

December 24, 2023: *God has a blueprint for my life—He won't quit until He's finished (Christine Caine podcast, Ep. 273).*

December 25, 2023: *Today is technically the end of my "official" 40 days of eremos with God. I desire to continue to walk at Godspeed, to abide well, and listen well as I bravely take next steps in the discerning process.*

Identifying the Postures that Emerged

After my 40 days had concluded, I remained intentional with my walking routines, my open-handed approach to prayer, and the listening stance that He had helped me cultivate. In the early days of 2024, having reflected on recurring themes from my focused Sabbath time with the LORD, He revealed five specific postures for me to inhabit in order to be present with Him and to hear Him well: wait, walk, trust, abide, hope.

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Wait

When I look at my life and the world around me according to my own terms and timetable, things rarely progress as quickly as I would like. As awkward and uncomfortable as prolonged seasons of waiting can be, I have learned that there is an incredible grace when I allow myself to sit quietly with God and give myself time, and more time, and more time to release my squirminess and anxiousness and to rest in His presence with the full assurance that He holds me; He holds my future; He has good plans for me, and He is working even when I cannot discern it.

Sometimes, when I am in a hurry, I try to force a plan that might not be His best design for me. In the waiting He not only brings about the right conditions and circumstances externally, but He can do a life-transforming work in me, making me ready for His best plan, which just might be different from what I had previously anticipated.

Just as the farmer waits for each season to accomplish its God-ordained work ahead of the long-anticipated harvest, so, too, waiting is required for the seeds He is cultivating in my life to take root, to bud, to blossom, and to grow. Although it is not what I would generally desire, there truly is a grace in the waiting as He accomplishes His work in, through, and for me. May I give myself grace upon grace as I yield to this slow process.

Walk

Prior to this season of intentional Sabbath, whenever I would walk it would be to get my heart-rate up, to get to a destination, or to meet a time goal. It was an ought-to rather than a get-to. While there are still times when walking for exercise, health, or to get to a desired location is necessary and appropriate, the blessing of walking slowly with Jesus—being attentive to His Presence in an unrushed, unhurried manner—has been the

greatest gift I ever could have received as a result of this Sabbath exploration. Whether I am literally engaged in the physical act of walking, or whether I am trying to slow the pace of my racing thoughts, learning to walk at God-speed has been an extraordinarily important lesson for me to learn and posture for me to embrace.

Trust

My human tendency is to want to know the answers, to know what is coming next, to be in control. Trust requires relinquishing these compulsions into the hands of my Loving Father who knows all things and does all things well (Mark 7:37). Letting go of my own will, preferred timeline, and desire for certainty can feel like a free-fall. Yet, when I willingly surrender my desires and let Him shape them and bring them into alignment with His best purposes for me, He is faithful to light the way, and make the path straight, even when I cannot (yet) discern where that path might lead (Psalm 119:105; Proverbs 3:5, 6). As counterintuitive as it seems, letting go of my tight-fisted grasp on my life and allowing him to lovingly lead and direct is the safest, calmest, most assured place for me to rest as I take shelter under His wings (Psalm 91).

Abide

As I maintained an ongoing text thread with my Sabbath-friend [KB] throughout this journey, she would routinely encourage me and ask how things were going. Periodically, she would also share playlists with me (text thread, January 12, 2024). While every song really hit the mark with me, one in particular resonated with a recurring theme (or posture) that God was seeking to instill in me: Abide.

For my waking breath for my daily bread

I depend on You, I depend on You.

For the sun to rise for my sleep at night

I depend on You, I depend on You.

You're the way the truth and the life

You're the well that never runs dry

I'm the branch and You are the vine

Draw me close and teach me to abide.

Where the Spirit leads as I'm following

I depend on You, I depend on You.

For the victories still in front of me

I depend on You, I depend on You.

...

Here I am LORD

Would you teach me to abide?

Teach me

Would you teach me to abide? (Abide.
Song by Aaron Williams)

Throughout this Sabbath season, the LORD regularly directed my attention back to John 15, and to themes of pruning, lifting (i.e. the work of a trellis), and submitting myself to the work of the Master Gardener who wants to take my roots deep and allow me to flourish—for HIS glory! Why is it that I so often think I can bring about growth, fruit, or flourishing of any kind apart from Him?

*Slow Sabbath creates space for
me to abide in Christ with
conscious intentionality!*

“Apart from Me, you can do nothing” (John 15:5). And, why am I so bent on rushing a process, which—by its very nature—is designed to go slowly? Slow Sabbath creates space for me to abide in Christ with conscious intentionality! Even now, my daily prayer continues to be “teach me to abide.” I desire to posture myself in a way that keeps me closely connected to Him. When I notice a grumbly, discontented attitude emerging in me, I pray against any root of bitterness (Hebrews 12:15), and I ask Him again . . . and again . . . and again . . . to “teach me to abide”.

Hope

Therefore, since we have been justified through faith, we have peace with God

through our Lord Jesus Christ, through whom we have gained access by faith into this grace in which we now stand. And we boast in the *hope* of the glory of God. Not only so, but we also glory in our sufferings, because we know that suffering produces perseverance; perseverance, character; and character, *hope*. And *hope does not put us to shame*, because God's love has been poured out into our hearts through the Holy Spirit, who has been given to us. (*New International Version*, 1978, Romans 5:1-5, *italics mine*)

During my extended Sabbath season, I read a daily devotional aloud to my elderly parents each evening that focused on the theme of hope. Again and again, the author asserted that “hope is a person, and His name is Jesus!” (Tripp, 2021, p. 71). Redirecting my view of hope toward a Person (Jesus) rather than toward a desired outcome is transforming me (I'm not there yet, it is certainly an iterative process). Am I boasting in Jesus? Am I allowing my “suffering” to produce perseverance, character, and hope in me that looks more and more like the image and character of Jesus?

Hope has always felt like an elusive, enigmatic concept to me, but as I set my eyes on Jesus as the source and object of my hope, I have an anchor for my soul, firm and secure (Hebrews 6:19). No matter what the future holds for me, adopting a posture of hope that directs my gaze to Jesus above any circumstance keeps me rooted, anchored, and abiding in Him.

Post-Script

Sabbath has long been something that I have valued, and I have previously made the case that acknowledging God as the Author and Sustainer of all things through the observance of Sabbath is a critical step in embodying healthy, responsive, God-honoring self care (Freytag, 2016). The circumstances of my life journey in this season have afforded me the gracious gifts of time, place, and space to engage more deeply and holistically in this practice. Subconsciously, I think I anticipated that I would emerge from this season with a specific, well-defined vocational direction. Yet, as a result of His transformative care for me, I

have come away with something far better—a set of heart postures that can keep me vitally connected to Him through all of life’s seasons; a deeper love for the God who sees me (Genesis 16:13); an appreciation that vocation is about who He has uniquely created me to be (Ephesians 2:10) and not who employs me or signs my paycheck. He has reaffirmed the unique gifts and callings that He has placed on my life (namely those of a pastor-teacher-shepherd), and He is showing me day by day what it looks like to inhabit those postures, places, and spaces while making service to my elderly parents my primary ministry. (In His goodness, He has also opened up opportunities to share my gifts with local Christian schools through tutoring, substitute teaching, and providing professional development for teachers; I am also teaching and shepherding in my local church.) The postures that emerged for me in this slow Sabbath season are stances I can carry with me to any place or space, whether they be geographic or interior. His desire is that I keep company with Him, rest in Him, and abide with Him no matter where I might be located or what condition my heart might be in.

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