

Inspired by the themes of Exodus 20:8–11, Romans 14:4–6, and Revelation 1:10.

The Lord's Day Set Apart

Raymond pushed open the glass door of the small midtown coffee shop, the bell chiming overhead. He spotted Bobby in the corner booth, laptop open, headphones around his neck, and a half-finished latte beside him.



“Man, you’re already working?” Raymond slid into the seat across from him.

Bobby shrugged. “Deadlines don’t care what day it is.”

Raymond smiled, but there was seriousness behind it. “I get that. But you know I try to keep today different because it’s a day to breathe. A day to remember who’s really running things.”

Bobby leaned back, studying him. “You and your Sabbath rhythm. I respect it, Ray. I just... don’t see it the same way.”

Raymond nodded. “I know, but it’s not just a rule to me. It’s like every time I stop; I’m reminded that God finished God’s work too. That God rested, and if God rested, maybe I should stop trying to be superhuman.”

Bobby closed his laptop halfway. “I’m not judging you. I just don’t think the day matters as much as the heart behind it. Paul said something like that, right? About one person honoring one day and another honoring a different one.”



“Romans 14,” Raymond said. “Yeah. And I’m not judging you either. I just want you to have space to breathe.”

Bobby chuckled. “Breathing is overrated.”

Raymond raised an eyebrow. “Says the man who nearly passed out last week from stress.”

“Okay, okay,” Bobby said, hands up. “Fair point!”

A moment passed. The shop hummed with quiet conversation and the hiss of steaming milk. Raymond looked out the window, then back at Bobby.

“You know,” he said softly, “last Sunday I was praying, and I felt something... different. Like I was being pulled into this deep stillness. It reminded me of John saying he was ‘in the Spirit on the Lord’s Day.’ It wasn’t dramatic or anything. Just... real.”

Bobby’s expression softened. “I envy that sometimes, but I don’t always feel God like that.”

“You don’t have to feel it the same way I do,” Raymond said. “But maybe you could try slowing down for an hour. Not a whole day. Just... an hour. No work. No pressure. Just you and God.”

Bobby tapped his fingers on the table, thinking. “An hour, huh? I guess I could try that.”

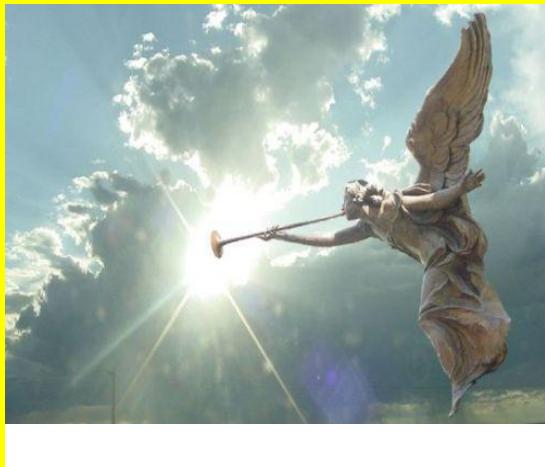
Raymond grinned. “Good. Because I already ordered you a refill, and it’s coming in about thirty seconds.”

Bobby laughed. “You’re impossible.”

“Persistent,” Raymond corrected.

The barista arrived with a fresh latte, setting it down gently. Bobby wrapped his hands around the warm cup, staring at the swirl of foam.

“You know,” he said quietly, “maybe honoring God isn’t about matching someone else’s rhythm. Maybe it’s about giving God’s space in mine.”



Raymond nodded. “Exactly. And I’m not here to police you. Paul said we don’t get to judge another servant. God’s the one who makes us stand.”

Bobby took a slow sip. “Then maybe today... I’ll stand still for a bit.”

Raymond leaned back, satisfied. “That’s all I hoped for.”

Moving A HEADD

The two friends sat in comfortable silence, the noise of the café fading into the background replaced by the peace of the Spirit of the Lord’s trumpet. For a moment, time seemed to slow just enough for both to breathe, to rest, and to remember the One who made the world and called even rest holy.