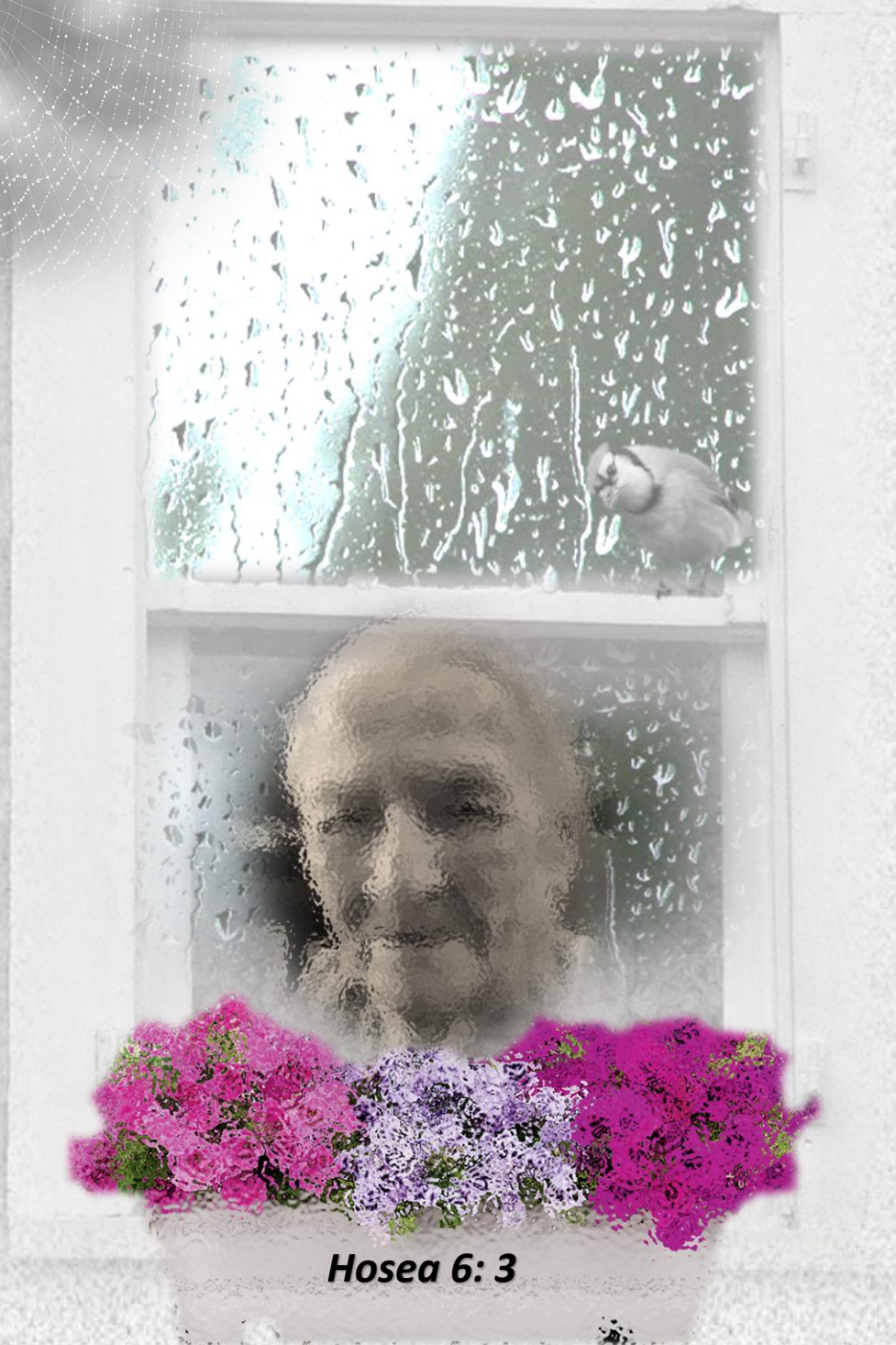


The Color of Rain



Hosea 6: 3

Let us acknowledge the LORD; let us press on to acknowledge him. As surely as the sun rises, he will appear; he will come to us like the winter rains, like the spring rains that water the earth.

Dear Opal,

As each day dawns, we often find ourselves probing wildly for answers to the mystery of our being without stopping to realize that we are held tightly in the hands of the Great Giver of Life who has provided a simple but powerful tonic for our fears and frustrations found in the raindrops softly calling our name on the window pane. If only we would pause in sacred idleness and listen to their patter for just one precious moment, the verse: "This is my Father's world and to my listening ears all nature sings, and round me rings, the music of the spheres" would suffice as a balm for the troubled soul; a time when the Spirit of God would enlighten us with the wisdom that in Him we live and move and have our being.

In the process of this blessed time of sacred idleness, not only would the color of rain that we picture in our minds as being gloomy and dark, glimmer like silver, but also prompt us to address our soul using a reversed approach. Whereas before, we found ourselves listening to the fearful speculations of our heart, it would be a time of recalling the loving things God has done for us; thus, introducing a revolutionary way of welcoming the moisture that falls from heaven.

As the drops of rain softly sparkle and shimmer in route to, what is often misunderstood as their final journey, we would soon surmise that the dark rich thirsty soil below has been eagerly anticipating their arrival for the purpose of a resurrection just resting in the darkness beneath; that of a tiny seed longing to come to life as a flower attired in queenly clothes and saturated with a rich aromatic fragrance. Instead of being lost forever, the raindrop has been transformed into a new and perfect body; a rebirth only possible because it arrived on earth in a shower with others rather than alone. In this, our Father's world, there is nothing ever lost or neglected; for everything He creates has a purpose and reason; always to be resurrected in His time and for His pleasure. Thus, accepting the fact that without God, we are helpless human beings lacking answers, just like the birds, we would greet each day with a spring in our step and a song in our heart; whether in work or play.

As a little girl, living on a hilly farm in the Missouri Ozarks, I can vividly recall being mesmerized by the formation of the clouds that signaled a pending thunderstorm's arrival. Instead of the white fluffy cotton like clouds softly

floating overhead under a pale blue canopy, they would be transformed into gigantic gray thunderheads that soon transitioned into an operatic scene where loud baritone voices announced the approaching storm.

Instead of feeling frightened by the drama, the mysterious change filled the air all around with electric energy, a force that was soon to deliver much needed refreshment to a dry parched ground.

Being aware of how thirsty the dusty earth was beneath my feet; one could almost hear the soil sighing with relief as the grayish colored sheet of rain traveled down the hills to the valley beneath on its way toward the farm. Oh, how lovely it would be when the first large raindrop met the red clay dirt causing the dust to puff up like a mushroom cloud into the air all around.

Then, when it finally arrived overhead, there was nothing more thrilling than to look up toward the heavens and catch the first drops of rain on the tongue. Smiling and twirling around, it felt truly like a miracle to allow the wet moisture to soak every square inch of the body. It was a rain dance to behold.

Later, when the earth had drunk its fill of the much-appreciated liquid, there was nothing finer than a walk in the woods to witness the new life the wetness had created. The heady aroma of the herbs combined with dried leaves was like nature's sweet perfume; one that was impossible to copy or improve. The exhilarating fragrance was light, yet pungent, truly God's treasure chest of spices for the senses that had just been opened.

Adding to this drama was the prompting of the little "woodland fairies", that were always blamed for misbehavior by my sisters and I, to grab onto the low hanging branches weighted down with thousands of rain droplets and give them a good shake. Bombs away to the unsuspecting sibling beneath! The squeals and energy that followed were a sight to behold, an activity that resulted in all three happy little children being drenched from head to toe. No prissy little girls lived on this farm; a fact that was substantiated by three sappy wet bodies that sloshed their way over the hills and hollers toward home.

Opal, having become acquainted with your mischievous personality, there is no doubt but what this would have been a time of jollification for you, too. In fact, you would have probably borne the wettest body in Texas County, bar none.



Busy little girls playing after a shower.

Therefore, when we read the words from Hosea 6: 3, ***“Let us acknowledge the LORD; let us press on to acknowledge him. As surely as the sun rises, he will appear; he will come to us like the winter rains, like the spring rains that water the earth,”*** the acknowledgement of God and his importance to man takes on a new meaning, doesn't it? Simply stated, by conceding and confessing with our beings that God is God, our Creator, and Lord of all, he has made the promise that he will come to us like the winter and spring rains.

Given this declaration from our Master, it should make all of us break out into that rain dance described earlier. The reward for making this proclamation of faith is so monumental that **Psalm 19:7-8** describes it with the following words, ***“The Law of the Lord is perfect, reviving the soul. The statutes of the Lord are trustworthy, making wise the simple. The precepts of the Lord are right giving joy to the heart.”*** Is it any wonder it is described by the writer of this Psalm using the analogy of rain? Who would not want to be soaked by the love and wisdom of our Creator? I say with joy and celebration, “Let it rain! Let it rain! Let it rain!”

Opal, in answer to the doubter that might say, “All right! All right! These words are dramatic, but what is in it for me”, I would quote with great pride and assurance one of the writer's favorite Scriptures from Psalm 139: 1-4, ***“O Lord, you have searched me and you know me. You know when I sit and when I rise; you perceive my thoughts from afar. You discern my going out and my lying***

down; you are familiar with all my ways. Before a word is on my tongue you know it completely, O Lord." When one lets these words describing the attention God pays to each person he has created using his own direct focus, they undoubtedly imprint themselves deeply within our mind. Thus, one must ask the doubter, "Who do you know that loves you so much that such care is shown you every second of your life?" Answer: NO ONE! NOT A HUMAN BEING ALIVE!

Timothy Keller in his book, "The Songs of Jesus", lets his readers know that God uses nature to speak to everyone about his presence in a way that not a soul is left untouched; meaning every human being is without excuse. He writes, "Nature speaks without words. It is non-verbal communication that there is a God, that the world is not an accidental collection of molecules but the meaningful work of an artist's hands. It means that all people know, at some level, about God, truth, meaning, wisdom, and beauty, even if they suppress that knowledge."

Romans 1: 20 adds credence to Keller's words by stating, *"For since the creation of the world God's invisible qualities--- His eternal power and divine nature--- have been clearly seen, being understood through what has been made, so that they are without excuse."*

In closing, we must once again revisit the question, "What is the color of rain"? Focusing on the fact that God uses nature to speak to his children, let us view rain from the prospective of the wisdom and guidance he sends to those willing to acknowledge him as the Creator of all.

When viewing rain as an analogy regarding the manner in which he responds and cares for his children that have placed their trust in him, this beautiful moisture straight from heaven offers limitless possibilities; that being not just a single color, but an entire palate of rich hues and textures.

Since the Law of the Lord is perfect, revives the soul, and is described in Scripture as more precious than gold, the child that acknowledges God as his Savior receives great rewards.

Simply stated, the colors that make up his shower of blessings are like that of a rainbow filled with promise. Under the Great Painter's care, a drop of rain from his mighty hand can turn grief into joy, tears into laughter, and ordinary seeds

buried beneath the soil of our minds into extraordinary ideas and actions. Even when our spirit feels desiccated and shriveled just like the parched dry sand of the desert, the lavish streams of heavenly moisture will saturate the troubled soul with such love that, our inner spirit will become alive with amazing colors of hope and courage that will astonish hearts of even the gravest doubters.

Isaiah 35: 1-10 describes it best with the following message:

“The desert will rejoice, and flowers will bloom in the wilderness. The desert will sing and shout for joy; it will be as beautiful as the Lebanon Mountains and as fertile as the fields of Carmel and Sharon. Everyone will see the LORD’S splendor, see his greatness and power. Give strength to hands that are tired and to knees that tremble with weakness. Tell everyone who is discouraged, “Be strong and don’t be afraid! God is coming to your rescue, coming to punish your enemies.” The blind will be able to see, and the deaf will hear. The lame will leap and dance, and those who cannot speak will shout for joy. Streams of water will flow through the desert: the burning sand will become a lake, and dry land will be filled with springs. Where jackals used to live, marsh grass and reeds will grow. There will be a highway there, called “The Road of Holiness”. No sinner will ever travel that road; no fools will mislead those who follow it. No lions will be there; no fierce animals will pass that way. Those whom the LORD has rescued will travel home by that road. They will reach Jerusalem with gladness, singing and shouting for joy. They will be happy forever, forever free from sorrow and grief.” (GNB)



*Love,
Colene*