



# ***REFLECTIONS***

May 22, 2011

**Out of the brightness of his presence  
clouds advanced,  
with hailstones and bolts of lightning.  
The Lord thundered from heaven;  
the voice of the Most High resounded.**

*Psalms 18:12-13*

## **Clouds**

A soft glow rose slowly from beneath the curve of the earth. A cloudbank resting on the horizon splashed fingers of its golden rays upon a darkened sky. There was beauty there, freshness, and peace even above the roar of ocean waves splashing onto sandy shores. Skies brightening into a vibrant blue and waters splashing on the coastline came alive with the bustle of nature awakening a new day. The picture was serene, the beauty breathtaking, and God's glory majestic. And the clouds—well, they served as giant prisms casting the radiant colors of dawn's golden glow against the morning sky.

The day began its journey and along the way those same clouds began to paint a different scene. In the distance, they gathered, grew, and darkened. The peace was traded for flashes of light followed by rumblings like kettledrum rolls, both signaled warnings of a cruel storm. The sky darkened and the clouds angered, and the drum rolls grew into electrified crashes that ignited fierce and untamed strikes randomly aimed at targets below. Wind, hail, and rain attacked both land and sea with indiscriminate rage. Then it stopped. Almost as suddenly as it came, the wind stilled, waters calmed, and nature that had hastened for shelter from the storm returned to its busy life.

The storm had calmed, the sky was refreshed, and new clouds sprinkled the sky, ever drifting, ever changing in their travels. Sunlight cast them as puffy cotton balls; but when the sun found a hiding place behind other clouds farther away, grayness overtook them. And so the day went. The water kept rolling, the breeze kept blowing, nature kept living, and the clouds continued their vigil across the sky until they nestled onto the horizon across from where their journey had begun.

And the sun followed radiating its warm glow through them to beam a rainbow across the sky until the final rays of light drifted into the day's end. The picture was serene, the beauty breathtaking, and God's glory majestic. The clouds had done their job.

They reflected the light and splashed its many colors across the sky for the world to see just as they were created to do.

And so were we.

*You are the light of the world,*

*Richard* +

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