



REFLECTIONS

June 1, 2014

**The heavens declare the glory of God; the
skies proclaim the work of his hands.**

Psalm 19:1

Restful Days

Soft, rolling thunder introduced dark clouds and welcomed a day of soothing rain. It is not often that a rainy day like that one comes along—a day when the rain is peaceful and stresses of the day are not in competition with its restfulness. It was a day for a good book with no interruptions. It was a day when one could relax, breathe deeply, and feel God's presence alongside.

Of course, God is always alongside just as he promises he will be. But the noise of most days drowns the ability to hear his voice. The busyness that consumes waking hours robs the ability to sense his attendance. And the rapid pace confuses the mind and redirects vision into places where he cannot be seen—places where eyes are blind to beauty, and where blessings are taken for granted.

But there is something about gentle rain that refreshes the air. It silences the noise, slows the pace of life, and heightens the awareness of God. He can be seen giving new life to the earth, refreshing the souls of men, and highlighting the work of his hands in the brilliance of the day that follows.

Should we allow the noise of busy life to drown the sounds of God around us? Should we allow our busyness to rob us of our sense of his presence? Should we run at a pace that blinds us to his many blessings? Does God ask us to live as if the world depends on the tasks we assign to ourselves? And when we discover those restful days, are they something God occasionally provides, or is their frequency a choice we make?

*Show me your ways, O Lord,
teach me your paths;
guide me in your truth and teach me,
for you are God my Savior,
and my hope is in you all day long. (Psalm 25:4-5)*

That rainy day gave pause to life. Rest was easy, the pace slow, and the world became visible in all the fullness God made it to be. On that restful day, *the heavens declared the glory of God; the skies proclaimed the work of his hands.* And in some form, doesn't he make them all that way?

If only we would pause to see them.

You are the light of the world,

Richard +

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