



REFLECTIONS

September 25, 2016, Refreshed from February 7, 2010

**In his hand are the depths of the earth,
and the mountain peaks belong to him.
The sea is his, for he made it,
and his hands formed the dry land.**

Psalm 95:4-5

Thoughts on a Rainy Day

Rainy days, the gentle kind, bring such peace with them. Like soft music, they set a mood for reading a good book, or watching a movie, or working on a family project that has gone unattended. And sometimes they set a mood to simply think about the world God made and to feel his presence in it. This one did.

As I watch the rain through the window, I can feel God walking among us watering his garden, and you and I are part of it. I can see his warm smile as He washes us clean with living water and feel our strength restored and our souls nourished. But we are only a part of his beautiful garden.

It seems that the rain has changed the mood of the land and all that grows in it. Thirst is quenched and growth renewed. There is a smile on the face of the trees and I can hear them breathe the freshness in the air. Flowering plants unfold their leaves to receive relief from a drying sun; and pleasure rushes through the grasses as their roots fill with new life.

The world God created is such a wonder. It is beyond the human mind to understand its intricacies. Life in all its forms is one of them. We think of life in its many variations, but in so many ways there is sameness.

In winter, vegetation sheds its leaves just as people shed their clothing each day to don garments for a good night's sleep. It blooms in spring just the way you and I awaken to a new day. And it bears fruit in a relentless pursuit to reproduce itself just as we seek to bring new life into the world. Then preparation begins all over again for another long winter's nap. It's all in the quest for life that God instills in his creation.

A few feet away from my chair a small ivy plant sits in the window. The rainy day hasn't changed its mood much though its quest for life is no less than its siblings outside. It doesn't need the rain, but it still seeks to live. Each day it turns its leaves toward the window to seek the light; and its siblings outside do. All of life is guided by the light. Living things either reach to find it or turn away to avoid it.

Light was God's first creation. Light is our greatest need.

And Light is who Jesus is.

You are the light of the world,

Richard +

www.reflectingthesavior.org.