

Walking Through the Rain

At the halfway point of a walk with my dog several years ago, it started to rain. It was cold and windy and I was twenty minutes from home. Going back would be no quicker than going forward, so I walked on.

The dog wanted to stop at every pile of snow and every tree. Few people had shoveled their walks after a recent snow and I spent extra time sloshing between the street and the sidewalk. Every street corner had a mud puddle (“water hole” might be a better description!) and the dog plowed right through them with me behind. The rain kept getting worse, and I kept getting wetter. When I finally got home, I wasn’t warm and comfortable until I’d had a hot shower and wrapped up in a wool blanket.

The thought struck me that our lives can be a lot like my walk in the rain. Rarely do our lives go exactly the way we’ve planned them. We all face obstacles and we can’t go backwards, even if we’d like to. We have to splash on through the anger, the sorrow, the disappointment or the pain.

Sometimes it’s hard to see any value in those obstacles. The winter rain was irritating to me, but it recharges ground water supplies and keeps the soil moist. Our difficulties can teach us valuable lessons about ourselves, too.

Sometimes we aren’t very good at keeping God close to use when things don’t go the way we planned. We look everywhere else for comfort – from friends, to work, to doctors, to self-help books. All of these are important, but if place God at the top of that list we’ll find a support that doesn’t depend on money or schedules or office hours. He’s with us day and night and hears even the smallest whisper when we don’t know how to pray. Romans 8:28 (TLB) says “I am convinced that nothing can ever separate us from his love....our fears for today, our worries about tomorrow...nothing will ever be able to separate us from the love of God demonstrated by our Lord Jesus Christ when He died for us.”

There is never a better time than right now – today – to draw closer to God. A God who can wrap His arms around us like a warm woolen blanket on a cold and rainy night.

Ginger Murphy