

Storms

You have been a refuge for the poor, a refuge for the needy in his distress, a shelter from the storm and a shade from the heat. For the breath of the ruthless is like a storm driving against a wall and like the heat of the desert.
Isaiah 25:4-5a*

The rain that November relentlessly fell. Umbrellas sat in corners never getting dried out. Children's coats dripped water all over the already saturated closet carpets. Buckets sat in the hallways under leaks in the roof. Moods of adults and children alike mirrored the dreary weather. When would it end? There seemed no end in sight, and what did we have to look forward to but more dreary days ahead filled with rain, or worse yet, snow.



Maybe life for you feels like these school day trials. Just when one problem seems resolved, up pops another. Weariness has become a way of life, and there seems no relief from the relentless onslaught. Satan often throws his darts at us too, taking advantage of our weakened state. But, we DO have a refuge. So many times in Scripture God assures us that He will hide us under His wing, (Ps. 91) in His hand, (Is. 51:16) and in the shelter of the Rock (Ps. 31).

God wants to speak to us through the storm, as He did to Job, so that we might know Him better. When faced with overwhelming trials, trust Him to protect you until the storm is passed.

When the storms of life are raging stand by me.
When the storms of life are raging stand by me.
When the world is tossing me like a ship upon the sea,
Thou who rulest wind and water, stand by me.**

* New International Version (NIV)

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