

dec 5

music of the storm

"now no chastening seems to be joyful for the present, but painful; nevertheless, afterward it yields the peaceable fruit of righteousness to those who have been trained by it." heb 12:11

there is a legend that tells of a german baron who, at his castle on the rhine, stretched wires from tower to tower, that the winds might convert them into an aeolian harp. and the soft breezes played about the castle, but no music was born.

but one night there arose a great tempest, and hill and castle were smitten by the fury of the mighty winds. the baron went to the threshold to look out upon the terror of the storm, and the aeolian harp was filling the air with strains that rang out even above the clamor of the tempest. it needed the tempest to bring out the music!

and have we not known men whose lives have not given out any entrancing music in the day of a calm prosperity, but who, when the tempest drove against them have astonished their fellows by the power and strength of their music?

rain, rain
beating against the pane!
how endlessly it pours
out of doors
from the blackened sky

i wonder why!

flowers, flowers,
upspringing after showers,
blossoming fresh and fair,
everywhere!
ah, God has explained
why it rained!

you can always count on God to make the "after" of
difficulties, if rightly overcome, a thousand times
richer and fairer than the former. what a harvest
awaits and what a yield!

so the storms we endure pose a purpose. they are not
just for our discomfort. "they are like straw before
the wind, and like chaff that a storm carries away."
job 21:18 if the storm need be quieted, He will still
it. but what if it brings a better purpose with it?
will you still long for quieter days?

i say, "Lord, increase the fire, that the end may come
quicker." "weeping may endure for a night, but joy
comes in the morning." psalms 30:5 Your presence is more
precious to me than life. let not the chaff linger in
the wheat. suffer me not to dwell in anything between
Thee and me. "purge me with hyssop, and i shall be
clean; wash me, and i shall be whiter than snow." psalms
51:7

the most beautiful of music may require the violence of
a storm to produce it. though I walk through the
valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil -
though the fig tree may not blossom, nor fruit be on

the vines - though i be mocked and scourged and spit upon - grace gifts endurance that the strings on our harp may play a sweeter note. i will then know the fellowship of your sufferings. i desire my aeolian harp to serenade praises to Your goodness and holiness.