

sweetness of the storm

“in everything ye are enriched by Him” 1 cor 1:5

have you ever seen men and women whom some disaster drove to a great act of prayer, and by and by the disaster was forgotten, but the sweetness of religion remained and warmed their souls?

so have i seen a storm in later spring; and all was black, save where the lightning tore the cloud with thundering rent.

the winds blew and the rains fell, as though heaven had opened its windows. what a devastation there was! not a spider's web that was out of doors escaped the storm, which tore up even the strong-branched oak.

but ere long the lightning had gone by, the thunder was spent and silent, the rain was over, the western wind came up with its sweet breath, the clouds were chased away, and the retreating storm threw a scarf of rainbows over her fair shoulders and resplendent neck, and looked back and smiled, and so withdrew and passed out of sight.

but for weeks long the fields held up their bands full of ambrosial flowers, and all the summer through the grass was greener, the brooks were fuller, and the trees cast a more umbrageous shade, because the storm passed by—though all the rest of the earth had long ago forgotten the storm, its rainbows and its rain. —
theodore parker

God may not give us an easy journey to the promised land, but He will give us a safe one. – bonar

it was a storm that occasioned the discovery of the gold mines of india. hath not a storm driven some to the discovery of the richer mines of the love of God in Christ?

is it raining, little flower?
be glad of rain;
too much sun would wither thee;
'twill shine again.
the clouds are very black, 'tis true;
but just behind them shines the blue.

art thou weary, tender heart?
be glad of pain:
in sorrow sweetest virtues grow,
as flowers in rain.
God watches, and thou wilt have sun,
when clouds their perfect work have done.
– lucy larcom