

# through the STORM

She must have been six years old, this beautiful brown-haired, freckled-faced image of innocence. Her mom had on a pair of tan shorts and a light blue knit shirt, with sneakers. She looked like a mom.

It was pouring outside—the kind of rain that gushes over the tops of rain gutters, so much in a hurry to hit the earth it has no time to flow down the spout. Drains in the nearby parking lot were filled to capacity or blocked. Huge puddles formed lakes around parked cars. We all stood there under the awning or just inside the door of the store. We waited—some patiently, others aggravated because nature messed up their hurried day.

I am always mesmerized by rainfall. I get lost in the sound and sight of the heavens washing away

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Did you know that an eagle knows when a storm is approaching long before it breaks? The eagle will fly to some high spot and wait for the winds to come. When the storm hits, it sets its wings so that the wind will pick it up and lift it above the storm. While the storm rages below, the eagle is soaring above it.

The storms do not have to overcome us. By setting our minds and our faith toward God, we can allow His power to lift us above them. We can soar above the storm.

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the dirt and dust of the world. Memories of running and splashing so carefree as a child come pouring in as a welcome reprieve from the worries of my day.

Her voice was so sweet as it broke the hypnotic trance we were all caught in. “Mom, let’s run through the rain,” she said.

“What?” Mom asked.

“Let’s run through the rain!” she repeated.

“No, honey. We’ll wait until it slows down a bit,” Mom replied.

This young child waited about another minute and repeated her statement. “Mom, let’s run through the rain.”

“We’ll get soaked if we do,” Mom said.

“No, we won’t, Mom. That’s not what you said this morning,” the young girl said as she tugged at her mom’s arm.

“This morning? When did I say we could run through the rain and not get wet?”

“Don’t you remember? When you were talking to Daddy about his cancer, you said, ‘If God can get us through this, He can get us through anything!’”

The entire crowd became dead silent. You couldn’t hear anything but the rain. We all stood quietly. No one came or left in the next few minutes. Mom paused and thought for a moment about what she would say.

Now some would laugh it off and scold the child for being silly. Some might even ignore what was

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The love of the Father is like a sudden rain shower that will pour forth when you least expect it, catching you up into wonder and praise.

—Richard J. Foster

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said. But this was a moment of affirmation in a young child’s life. A time when innocent trust can be nurtured so that it will bloom into faith.

“Honey, you are absolutely right. Let’s run through the rain. If God lets us get wet, well, maybe we just needed washing,” Mom said.

Then off they ran. We all stood watching, smiling and laughing as they darted past the cars and through the puddles. They held their shopping bags over their heads just in case. They got soaked. But they were followed by a few believers who screamed and laughed like children all the way to their cars, perhaps inspired by their faith and trust.

I want to believe that somewhere down the road in life, that mom will find herself reflecting back on moments they spent together, captured like pictures in the scrapbook of her cherished memories—the two of them running through the rain, believing that God would get them through.

And yes, I ran too. I got wet. I needed washing.

—Author unknown

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*Those who hope in the Lord will renew their strength.  
They will soar on wings like eagles (Isaiah 40:31 NIV).*

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