

Levi Pennington

People

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He Shall Come Down Like Rain, August 1948

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Read Psalm 72.

HE SHALL COME DOWN LIKE RAIN.

"He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass."

Psalm 72: 6.

Were you ever in a forest fire? The author saw the big Tillamook Burn of 1933, the biggest one ever known in America which swept over more than 300,000 acres of virgin timber, most of it, more than three fourths of it, in less than twenty four hours. But even sharper in memory is an experience of boyhood in the woods of Northern Michigan. When after a long drought the fire breaks loose and goes racing through the forest, nothing else matters; everybody turns out to fight the fire. Smoke fills the air and blots out the sun; the red flames are horrible enough by day and vastly more horrible by night; you work hour after hour, the hot wind burning you, the fire sweeping on with your home and all you hold dear in its path -- and then a cool drop of water strikes your burning face, you realize that part of the roaring you have heard is not from the fire but from the oncoming storm, the heavens open and the rain pours down, and you drop in exhaustion and in gratitude, for the rain has come and all is saved.

In individual lives, as well as in the affairs of the world, sin threatens all that we hold dear. We fight against it, we seek in vain to check it, all human resources are not sufficient. But the prayer of faith brings the help that we need for personal salvation, and the united prayer of the followers of Christ will bring relief to the sinning, suffering world. Let us pray that He may come down like rain upon us.

"Like rain upon the mown grass" says the Psalmist. How often I have seen the clover field after the mower has been over and the hay has been gathered and stored in the mow. Dry and brown, and apparently permanently barren looks the field, browner day by day as the hot, dry weather continues. And then comes the rain; up springs the clover, it blooms more profusely than in its first blooming of the year, the flowers ripen, the clover is cut and "hulled", and the clover seed brings more return than did the great crop of hay earlier in the summer.

How many a man feels that he has done his work and there is little or nothing that he can do from now till earthly life ends; how many a church looks back at fruitful years, and looks forward with little or no hope of worthy service in the future. Courage, man; courage, church. There are better days ahead than ever have yet been, if we put ourselves in the way of His blessing. Pray that He may come down like rain upon the mown grass, that better service than ever before may be given to Him and to the world.

PRAYER.

O Lord, come down upon us like rain. Put out the fires of sin in our own hearts and lives. Put out the fires of hate between class and class, nation and nation, race and race. Give new life to Thy children and Thy churches, that better service than Thou hast ever received from us may be given Thee, and greater blessings to the men and women and children for whom Christ died. In His name. Amen.