

April Showers

Clouds may gather in the springtime
and obscure the sunny skies,
Sometimes lightning strikes around us
as the thunder heads arise;
But the rain is necessary
if the flowers are to bloom,
So relax and trust the Savior--
just stand back and give Him room.

There are messengers of Satan--
thorns that pierce our petty pride,
Times when we feel separated
from the God who is our guide,
And we tremble at the thunder
of the storms He sends our way
While He's using them to make us
blossom in a future day.

Think of Simon when they forced him
to convey the Savior's cross,
If the Lord had saved him from it
would he not have suffered loss?
And if Christ had come and healed him
before Lazarus was dead
Mary would have missed the harvest
of the bitter tears she shed.

So buck up and let the showers
wash the flotsam all away.
Let the flashes of the lightning
Give you glimpses of that day
When the promise of the rainbow,
that His seasons will prevail,
Brings the seeds God sows within us
to fruition without fail.

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