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Outside My Window

By Melea Smith

Outside my kitchen window is the backyard....gazebo, forsythia, a tree line, field, then a second tree line which marks the bank of Beaver Creek. It's two to three feet deep at our section, definitely only two feet in dry times. A day and a half of true rain can bring us a temporary lake and does so several times a year.

Even in the pitch dark without seeing the water at all, I know the creek has overflown its banks. Reflections of distant lights play across the field where they cannot be on other nights. Morning always proves me right, as there lies Beaver Creek, a dozen feet deep, a hundred feet from its banks, lapping at the neighbor's swing set.

In the spiritual sense, I can see reflections of God's presence and God's way and God's kindness, even when I can see little else through the dark etchings of life—and know it is the overflow of His love into this, my world.

When our spiritual sight is limited to dark silhouettes in the landscapes of our lives, we can know that the rivers of God's love flow on and on, overflowing the banks. Let us never doubt His presence. In the morning, when the darkness has passed, we will better see God's great presence and the evidence of His overflowing spiritual blessings. Jeremiah said it this way, *The steadfast love of the Lord never ceases; his mercies never come to an end; they are new every morning; great is your faithfulness. "The Lord is my portion," says my soul, "therefore I will hope in him"* (Lamentations 3:22-24).

Today's Verse: Whom have I in heaven but You? And there is none upon earth that I desire besides You. My flesh and my heart fail; But God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever (Psalm 73:25-26).

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