

After a restless night of grief, I woke  
to rain outside my window.  
It was Him speaking to me:  
“Happy birthday, my daughter.  
I am still with you.”

One lonely day  
the sky wept with me.  
The water chilled my skin,  
yet warmed my heart.

Precipitation pittered softly  
as I drove to the theatre.  
He said, “Go forth.  
Use the talents I gave you.”

Rain slammed into the pavement  
the night my heart broke.  
Showers cloaked my screams of rage from others,  
but the downpour confirmed He heard me.

At the funeral  
where I was strength for my mother, and I had  
no tears of my own, the sky wept for me  
and sent cool breezes  
to calm my furious thoughts.

On restless nights,  
rhythmic showers hit the roof and  
give me peace—His lullaby  
for His distraught child.

“Send me a sign,”  
I screamed heavenward  
on the night I wanted to die.  
I knew He was there, but I was  
desperate for tangible comfort  
that none on earth could give me.

And sacred rain fell from His domain.

He sends the rain as comfort—  
it speaks His words in a language I understand,  
saying “I am here. I am with you always.”