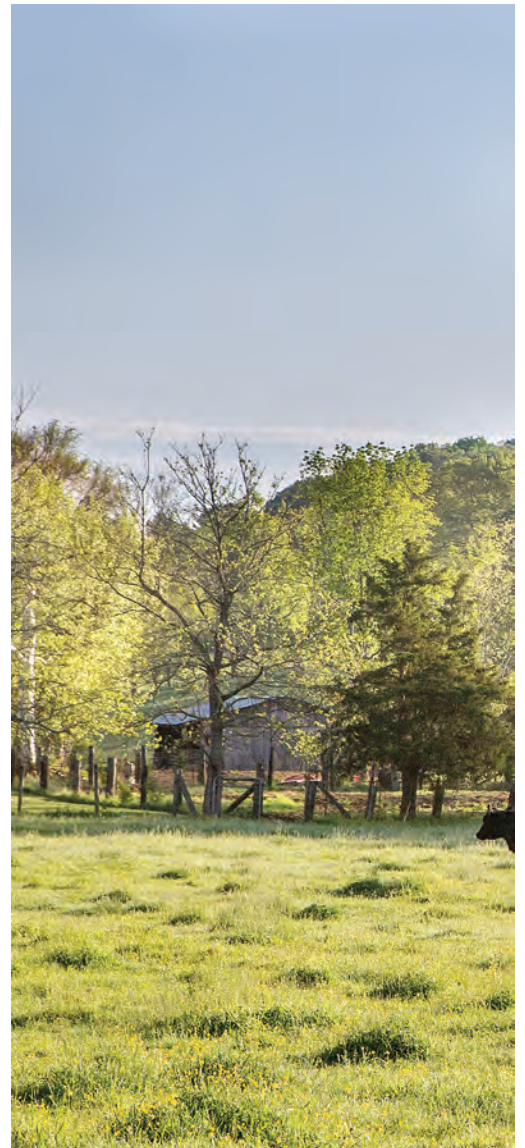


# *Nature's Song of Serenity*



Tiffany Erdmann

I live in the suburbs of a big city surrounded by never-ending traffic. So many people scurry around in a constant hurry to get somewhere! Sometimes I feel as if I just need to slow down—just stop for a few moments and reflect on my thoughts instead of always rushing about.

As I drive down the road, I observe the other drivers in the vehicles next to me. So many of them have distraught looks on their faces that cause me to assume they are under tremendous stress, frustration, hurry, or worry. I often think about what makes life here in the big city so stressful. Why is it so hard to find peace and





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calmness in these surroundings? What about the city imposes such a hurried, intense mentality on so many of those who live here?

One day as I was visiting some relatives out in the country, some answers to these questions came to me. I was standing outdoors looking over the open fields and observing the serenity of nature. I could hear the cows mooing as they contentedly grazed on the tall grass that blanketed the pasture. A faint earthy aroma on the breeze gently blew my hair into my face and rustled the leaves on a nearby tree. It felt so

relaxing as the sparrows chirped their musical notes. It was as if the sounds of nature were a symphony playing a nurturing lullaby ever so softly. Not until I stopped and was quiet long enough to listen did I hear this beautiful sonata that surrounded me. All of my senses tuned in as I soaked up the solitude amid my silent soliloquy.

The long cold winter had brought a freezing of my inner enthusiasm, which began to thaw in the warmth and revive as I observed the coming of spring. As I strolled along I noticed a small patch of baby blue eyes that had bloomed

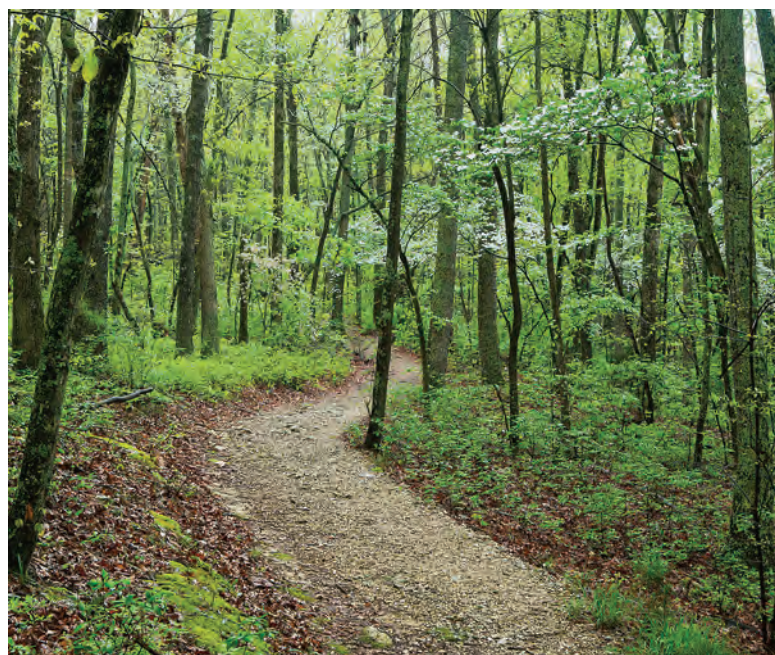
***By Em Kennedy***



near the gravel drive. As I bent down to get a closer look at the little beauties, I couldn't help but notice how each flower was perfectly shaped and perfectly colored in a blend of smooth blue and white. The intrinsic detail of God's handiwork had always amazed me but especially so when it came to flowers.

In all the splendor of spring, Isaiah 55:12 came to mind. "For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands" (KJV). The sounds of nature were singing to me of God's peace and calm—void of noisy traffic to drown out the song. No human voices hindered me from listening ever so intently to His still, small voice; no worries distracted me from the peacefulness. It was just me and God and the various aspects of nature singing His praises in our own unique way.

The serenity made me stop and think. It caused me to search my heart to find the motives for the things that I do each day. This peaceful connection caused me to remember Psalm 46:10, "Be still, and know that I am God."



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As I stood there in the field, a storm approached. The wind picked up a bit, and the clouds grew dark. I lifted my eyes toward the sky to observe the towering grandeur of the heavens. I felt in my heart that once again I was receiving a picture-perfect lesson from God and recalled the verse, "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth His handywork" (Psalm 19:1, KJV). The clouds reminded me of how big and powerful our Creator is. He is in control of the universe; He is in control of the ways of nature. Psalm 102:25 declares, "Of old hast thou





laid the foundation of the earth: and the heavens are the work of thy hands" (KJV).

The manner in which the clouds darkened also made me think of how sometimes God allows storms into our lives as trials that help us grow spiritually. These storms may look like something bad to us, and they are uncomfortable for us to experience. At times they cause our hearts to fear. Other times we get knocked down to the point where we must look up to God and cry for help. However, the storms of life provide part of the maturing or sanctification process each one of us must go through. Just as the rain is a necessity for the perfect balance of nature, so the storms in our life are necessary for us to become more and more like Christ. We may not understand or like the storm, but God knows best. "For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts" (Isaiah 55:9, KJV).

We have a wonderfully all-wise and talented Creator who has given us the course of nature and the whole universe as a reminder of who He is. Nehemiah 9:6 says it well. "Thou, even thou, art Lord alone; thou hast made heaven, the heaven of heavens, with all their host, the earth, and all things that are therein, the seas, and all that is therein, and thou preservest them all; and the host of heaven worshippeth thee" (KJV).

We must take the time to be still and observe His creation. We should join in praise and worship amid the beauty He has imparted to us. When we do we, too, can find the calmness and peace of knowing He is in control of whatever is going on in our lives. He is God. He is my God whether I am facing the demands of daily responsibilities or whether I am standing out in an open field enjoying the serenity of nature.

God is still God when I am stressed with the struggles of life just as He is when I am calm and resting on the promises of His Word or when I stop and listen to His still small voice. My faith is renewed when I find calmness as a result of observing Creation. While it is impossible for me to spend my entire life in such a serene place of



reflection, I keep a mental picture of the spiritual lessons I learned while observing the splendor around me. **C**

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*Em Kennedy writes from Monrovia, Indiana, where she enjoys sharing the truth of God's Word through her devotional blog: [thebiblicaldevotional.blogspot.com](http://thebiblicaldevotional.blogspot.com).*