



Rainmaker

By Denise Bissonnette

For those who hunger in heart or spirit,
Hope is bread.
Even the smallest crumbs of compassion and encouragement,
If leavened with love, will rise and nourish like manna from heaven.
Hope is bread.

For those in need of a light in the dark,
Hope is fire.
It brings shine and warmth to the cold, dim places.
It rekindles confidence, and reignites imagination,
Calling fear and doubt out from the shadows.
Hope is fire.

For those in need of sanctuary,
Hope is shelter.
It is four walls, a sturdy roof and a solid foundation.
Hope is a place of rest and belonging,
where we dare to be with our longing.
Hope keeps the window open and the door ajar,
Lest grace slip in with the morning sunlight, or
possibility blow in on the evening breeze.
Hope is shelter.

For those whose well is dry, and whose buckets are empty,
Hope is rain.
It penetrates the parched earth of the inner desert,
Restoring the root, as it beckons the bud to blossom,
the blossom to flower, and the flower to become fruit.
The miracle of apple, plum, peach in the fertile orchard of a beating heart.
Ah, but for the rain. That long-awaited storm of hope.

It is time we update our job descriptions!
The next time someone asks you what you do for a living,
Stand tall, and proud, and declare:
I am a baker of bread. I feed many.
I am a fire-breather. A torch-bearer. I spread light.
I am a sanctuary-builder. I provide shelter.
I am a water carrier. Better yet, I am a rainmaker!

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