**Prayer and the Weather**

**Along with the other faculty members of a small Southern Baptist college, I was squirming through a long-winded, disjointed address at our outdoor commencement. An anonymous note started to circulate among us. It read: “Pray for rain.” *(Louis Ball, in Reader’s Digest)***

**My 4-year-old son, Tanner, and my father were drawing on the sidewalk with chalk. While Dad was busy, Tanner had managed to draw all over our steps. Dad asked Tanner what he thought I would do when I saw this. Knowing it took water to wash off the chalk, Tanner said, “Grandpa, I think we better start praying for rain.” *(Jana Mayo, in Country Extra magazine)***

**We prayed long and hard for rain for the farmers. The deluge also brought the golfers back to us! *(The Clergy Journal cartoon)***

**After our son began working as an insurance company representative, he explained to his little girl what he’d be doing in his new job. Soon thereafter, on an overnight visit with us, she was saying her bedtime prayers and asking God to watch over the people who had been hit by Hurricane Hugo. Then she added, “. . . and please let them have paid their insurance.” *(Dee Lidvall, in Reader’s Digest)***

**A farming community was going through a drought, which prompted a visiting preacher to pray for rain. The following day it rained so hard, it ruined the crops. “That’s what happens when you get a preacher that isn’t familiar with agriculture,” said one farmer. *(Thomas La Mance)***

**When the children returned to class after a heavy snow had closed school for a few days, a teacher asked her students if they had used their free time constructively. “I prayed for more snow,” one little girl said proudly. *(Rocky Mountain News)***

**The summer of 1996 was extremely dry in Indiana. My parents are farmers, and their crops were withering in the unrelenting drought. One afternoon while my three young nephews, Jason, Andrew and Brayden, were visiting, my mom spotted a storm cloud north of the farm. “Boys, go out there right now and pray for rain,” she commanded. “Pray hard!” They obediently trooped out to the barnyard, got down on their knees and began to pray. Within minutes the wind blew, thunderclouds rolled in, the sky blackened and rain poured down, drenching the cornfields. The boys raced inside. Soaked to the skin and dripping all over the floor, Brayden exclaimed, “Grandma, I think maybe we prayed too hard!” *(Karla J. Herman, in Guideposts magazine)***

**In our parish in Salem, Oregon, two nuns were out shopping when a terrible windstorm arose. Many motorists pulled over to the side of the road, too frightened to continue. The clerk in the supermarket overheard the two Sisters debating whether they should drive back to the convent. “You drive, Sister Luke, and I’ll pray,” one said. “What’s the matter?” Sister Luke replied, “Don’t you trust my praying?” *(Mrs. Rene E. Tremblay, in Catholic Digest)***

**One rainy day, as churchgoers were struggling at the door trying to deal with their wet umbrellas, I noticed a family of four arriving under a huge one.  “Is that a golf umbrella?” I asked. “Yes, it is,” the father replied. “May we pray through?” *(Timothy Foley, in Reader's Digest)***

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