

As I drove to work that particular morning, I could see the dew on the ground. It covered everything it touched and brought forth a deep, fresh and vibrant color. I didn't know if it had rained during the night, but I could tell that the morning air was thick with moisture that hung like an invisible coat; permeating, touching, enveloping everything in its wake. With every mile that passed, tiny drops of water formed on the windshield of the car, settling across the canvas of glass as if resting from a journey. There was no rain, not even a sprinkle, just a consistent aqueous supply and formation of irriguous refreshment.

I'm reminded of a verse in Matthew 5:45 that asserts, "God causes His sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sends rain on the righteous and the unrighteous." This verse conveys to us the breadth of God's grace. He doesn't simply pour His grace on those who like him, but even on those who hate Him. He pours His grace on lovers and haters alike. How fortunate we are to have such a God!

All of us enjoy the benefits of God's grace. We have air to breathe. We have families and friends who love us. We have others to love. We have talents and gifts that we use to benefit ourselves and others. We truly have blessings in abundance if we will only think of them. Every one of them comes down from a gracious God whom Scripture defines as the Giver of all good gifts. After all, it is in Him that we live, and move, and have our being.

Sometimes, though, life doesn't seem very grace-filled. Sometimes, it just downright seems broken, painful, and suffocating. It can immerse us in excruciating grief. In these times, it can be difficult to remember God's gracious provision in our lives. Instead of God's invigorating rain of grace, it can seem more like the chemical rain of suffering.

Here is what that morning drive drove home to me...God's grace may not always be as evident as the pouring rain, but it is always present. It may not always splash into our lives in readily tangible ways, but it is always extant. Sometimes it simply saturates life with an invisible ubiquity. Sometimes, it simply forms, settles and appears as the days go by, presenting itself in minutiae as tiny drops of water might on a palette of glass. Other times, though, it attends in torrential downpours; gushers of grace that fall from heaven's door to ours.

God's drenching grace was patently perceptible in the birth of a Child in Bethlehem over 2000 years ago. It is the eternal Son of God wrapped in swaddling clothes. It is the King of kings and Lord of lords in a manger. It is the Savior of men, stepping out of heaven and taking on the form of a man. It is God's "reigning" grace in the flesh. Merry Christmas!