

Dance in the Rain

by Angie Nichols



It was a clinic day for my five year-old daughter, Mycah. The oncologist determined her healthy enough to move forward with her leukemia treatment protocol. It took several hours for her to receive chemo, undergo a spinal tap and a monthly breathing treatment she hated and in turn made me and her daddy miserable. When we got home, I tended to the everyday chores of our household while Mycah nibbled a snack and watched afternoon television to fully recover from anesthesia.

As I had every week for the previous two years, I called my mom with the news of our clinic visit. While recounting the burdensome routine, I walked onto the front porch to consider the small, dark rain cloud that, from my point of view, appeared to shadow just our home. With a heavy sigh, I mumbled, “how fitting.” I pressed ‘end’ on the phone, denying the dry bones of weariness I was too young to possess, and stood. Still.

Rolls of gentle thunder awakened my senses to an awareness of God’s scary powerful goodness leaning heavy upon my soul. Flashes of lightning, rolls of thunder, Revelation 4:5 pierced my awareness. Bending to sit on the front step, I echoed back quietly, “Holy, holy, holy is the LORD God Almighty, who was, and is, and is to come.”

Just then... one. Just one. The sloppiest, fattest, wet drop I’ve ever seen plopped down near my crossed legs. It left a mark on the hot sidewalk the size of a chicken egg. I giggled. Then slowly more fell and speckled the grey concrete. I stretched my legs out in front of me and fell fully into His tending as He washed my weary feet. He is the First and Last Gentleman...a servant at heart.

Time suspended for the briefest moment and my baby girl’s cancer did not hold me hostage. Then Mycah walked out the front door dressed in a pink froggie nightgown we put on her following a warm bath to help remove the bandages from her port and spinal puncture. She sat down next to me and said she heard the thunder and was afraid. I folded her under my arm, telling her not to worry. God was loving on us. She stretched her sweet little feet in front of her to match mine. Our hot pink toenails wiggled and we laughed at the juicy raindrops tickling our faces.

Now unafraid, Mycah got up and walked tentatively into the yard. The tempo of the rain sped as she tip-toed. Then she turned and mused the words I've pasted to the wall of my heart's memory for eternity. "Mom, I think He wants us to dance!"

The rain drops falling on my cheeks disguised my tears and I got up and twirled with my woman-child beauty. Two years into cancer treatment. On chemo afternoon. Spinal tap day no less. Up since 5:30am. Beat down from the stressful whipping that just is cancer clinic day. And we were dancing in the rain.

In that moment, I realized if my Lord is singing over me, I wanna dance. Neither circumstance nor anything or anyone in heaven or earth has the right to enter into the private love between me and Jesus. His is a song, a melody I must remember often, especially when this life brings trouble or speeds past. Yet He sings and all of creation responds.

Every day for endless millennia, the earth revolves the sun, turns in perfect harmony, pirouettes with moon's moods and star's years of light in time and space I cannot fathom. The fields produce and feed the creatures who dwell there, to each every need met. The storm and lightning obey and pour where appointed to produce food for the eater and seed for the sower. He whispers: "Why would I expect anything else from you, Beloved? You are the prize of all creation. You were made—for this time and place—to know, obey and worship Me. But the difference between you and the lightning? You are free to choose, free to accept Living Water or refuse your Creator...and that, to Me, is the beauty of your heart freely given over to Grace...and precisely why I am enthralled with you."

He says I'm lovely and He can't take His eyes off of me. I gotta dance in the rain.