

DELUGE ON THE HILL

By John F. Hall

The remnants of hurricane after hurricane kept coming up from the Gulf of Mexico. It saturated Dyers Hill with an amazing amount of rain. As I am writing this, it is raining hard outside my second floor window. During the Pandemic, I've become more creative and productive as a writer than I ever dreamed was possible. It has kept me laser focused and connected with those that enjoy my stories.

Paul Williams and Roger Nichols wrote the song, "Rainy Days and Mondays." I like to use lyrics in my stories and, from time to time, explain how the song writers came up with their lyrics. These are some of their lyrics: "Talkin' to myself and feelin' old. Sometimes I'd like to quit. Nothin' ever seems to fit. Hangin' around nothin' to do but frown. Rainy days and Mondays always get me down. Funny, but it seems that it's the only thing to do. Run and find the one who loves me. What I feel has come and gone before. No need to talk it out, we know what it's all about. Hangin' around, nothin' to do but frown. Rainy days and Mondays always get me down..."



One of the writers of "Rainy Days and Mondays," Paul Williams talked about how he came up with some of the lyrics to that song. At the time, he was an unemployed actor. One day, he was listening to his mother. She is a widow. Paul would stay up all night and try to write songs. His mother would say to him, "Don't worry, my son, God has a plan." When Paul would ask her what is the matter, she would say, "You wouldn't understand. I'm just feeling old today." I've had days like that when it was gloomy and raining. Paul Williams received job offers when the song went to number 2 on the Billboard Chart. He was given the acting role of Little Enos Burdette in the Smokey and the Bandit movie trilogy.



I admit that I like rain songs. John Gummoe wrote the song, "Rhythm of the Rain." I put a metal roof on my old house about 10 years ago. I can hear the rain when it hits the roof. A few of the lyrics to the song are, "Listen to the rhythm of the falling rain...Oh listen to the falling rain, pitter patter, pitter patter. Oh, oh, oh, listen to the falling rain. Pitter patter, pitter patter..." I've had my share of working in the rain when I was in the Army. Hal David and Burt Bacharach wrote the song, "Rain Drops Keep Fallin' On My Head." These are some of their lyrics: "Raindrops are falling on my head and just like the guy whose feet are too big for his bed, nothing seems to fit. Those rain drops are falling on my head, they keep falling. So I just keep talking to the sun. And I said I don't like how he got things done, like sleeping on the job. Those raindrops are falling on my head, they keep falling. But there's one thing I know. The blues they sent to meet me won't defeat me, it won't be long till happiness steps up to greet me..."



“Rain keeps falling on my head but that doesn't mean my eyes will soon be turning red. Cryin' not for me. 'Cause I'm never gonna stop the rain by complaining because I'm free. Nothing's worrying me...”. Their song was used in the movie “Butch Cassidy And The Sundance Kid.”

I also like to combine secular songs and Christian hymns in my stories. Songs are a part of everyone's life. Billy Montana and Helen Darling wrote the hymn, “Bring The Rain.” These are their lyrics: “I can count a million times, people asking me how I can praise You with all that I've gone through. The question just amazes me. Can circumstances possibly change who I forever am in You? Maybe since my life was changed long before these rainy days. It's never really ever crossed my mind to turn my back on You, oh Lord. My only shelter from the storm. But instead I draw closer through these times, so I pray. Bring me joy, bring me peace. Bring the chance to be free. Bring me anything that brings You glory. And I know there'll be days when life brings me pain. But if that is what to praise You, Jesus, bring the rain. I am Yours regardless of the dark clouds that loom above. Because You are much greater than my pain. You who made a way for me by suffering Your destiny. So tell me what's a little rain? So I pray, holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty.”

I can relate to some of the words in that hymn such as, “You are much greater than my pain.” I know that I cannot stop my pain or the rain by complaining. I had some debris and leaves trapped in the v-section of the metal roof over my first floor bathroom. The debris would not wash away during the past rain storms. I was concerned that the debris would cause that small v-section to rust if it was not removed. I had access to the debris through the window on the first staircase landing in my old house. The window is about four feet above the landing. So I got a chair and a small broom. I opened the window and pushed the debris about halfway down the v-section of the roof. I got a plastic rake and moved the debris a little further down the roof. I then realized that I would have to go outside, get my eight-foot ladder and rake the debris the rest of the way off the v-section. So there I was, standing on a ladder, in a light rain, raking debris off my roof. I had on a white straw Lindsey hat to keep “the rain drops from falling on my head.”

I will conclude this story of Deluge On The Hill with Matthew, Chapter 5, Verse 45: “So that you may be sons of your Father who is in heaven; for He causes His sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sends rain on the righteous and the unrighteousness.” This Pandemic has turned the world upside down. We need Jesus Christ more today than we have ever needed Him. We need to walk towards the Light! We need to walk with Christ in the rain.

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