



A story of God's love mending a
shattered life with his intimate
and immediate presence.

the story of
SOFT RAIN - **ALI DENT**

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Dent, Ali. The Story of Soft Rain

The origin
story of
the song
Soft Rain
began with
a tragic
event that
shattered
my family.

Many people
believed fitting
all the pieces
back together
again would
be impossible.

I couldn't
believe that.

In hindsight, I learned God
doesn't repair by fitting the
pieces back into the former
mold, like working a puzzle with
a predetermined picture.

Instead, he does something far
more interesting and beautiful.

He gathers what's broken into
his heart.

And creates something new.

Something more.

The song *Soft Rain* is one
"something more" that God
created after our family blew
up.

In 2015, my
family
entered a
fire that
almost
consumed
us.

It was an opportunity to have our hearts refined. The chance to see the Lord Jesus in the furnace with us. A chance to learn more about him and how to set our eyes on things above, not on the things of the earth.

During that tragic time, some family members lost their way and have wandered away from Jesus. Others clung to his hand, going wherever he wanted them to go and they are healing.

The complete story would go beyond the scope of this article, so I'll stick to my personal time in the furnace which led to the makings of the song *Soft Rain*.

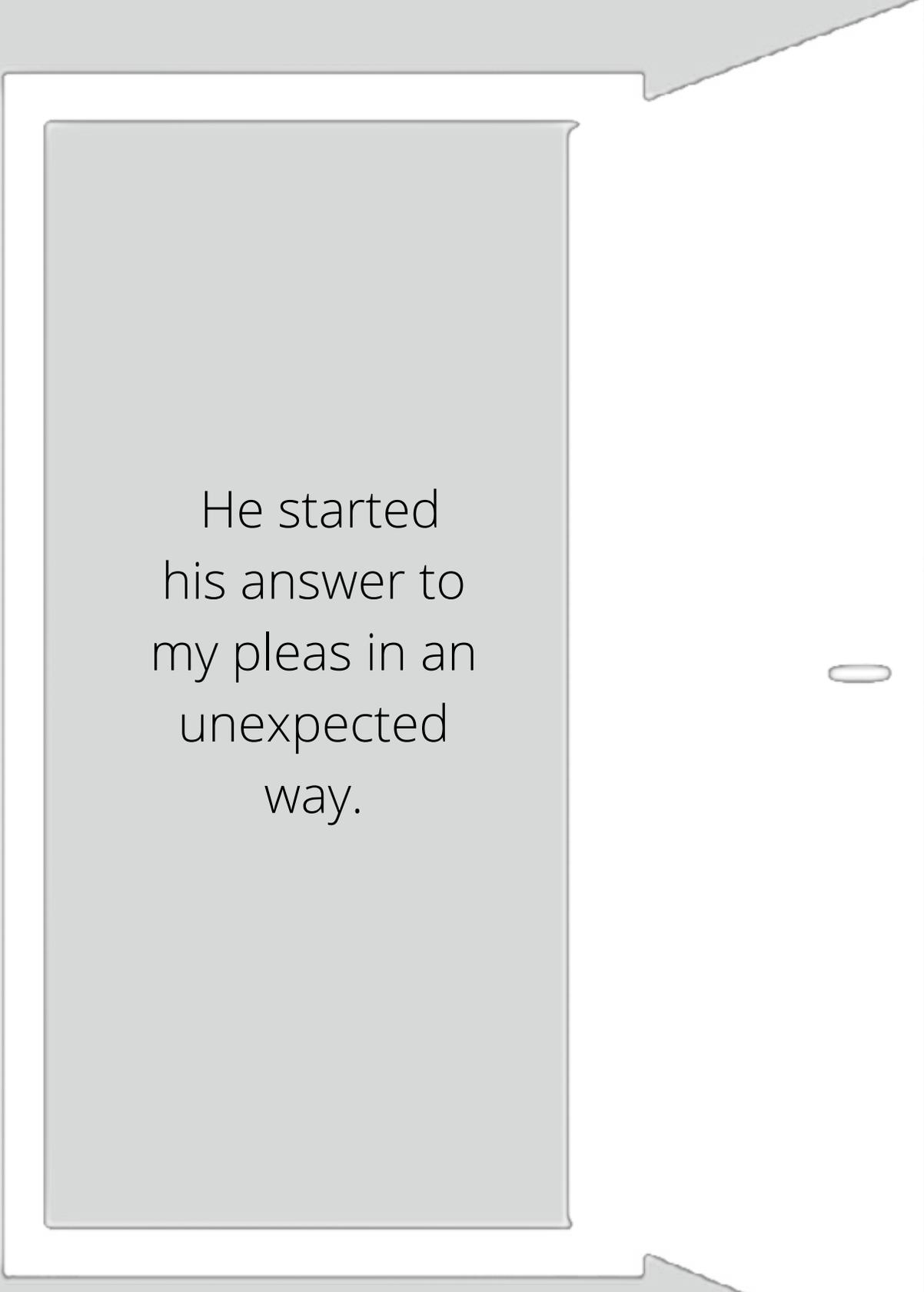
LOOKING BACKWARD,

I see the Lord's hand guiding the process. It was an ideal setup for him to refine my heart exactly where it needed him most at the time: fear of being left behind.

My redemption story began when the aftermath of the tragedy left me alone, three hundred miles away from my home.

Grasping for
understanding,

crying out with pleas for
comfort and rescue, I wanted
God to do something, anything,
to pick up the fractured pieces
of our family and put us back
together again.

An illustration of an open book. The left page is shaded gray and contains text. The right page is white and has a small oval shape on it. The book is set against a light gray background.

He started
his answer to
my pleas in an
unexpected
way.

Sitting in a lonely lake house, unable to go back home,

I scanned the wide lake and
prayed.

"Lord, I believe you are always
near, but..."

I lifted my arm and pointed my
finger at an island.

"... to be honest, I think you are out
there on that island in the middle
of the lake. I've never doubted your
watchful eye. I believe you care,
and you're always present, but ..."

Rubbing my hand along the arm of
the chair, "... I need you right here."

Patting the chair, I repeated myself.
"Right here with me and I don't
know how to have that."

The Spirit suggested I look for his
presence in his word.

So, I did.



Every day, sometimes many times a day, I searched for passages about his presence, wrote them down, mulled them over, read commentaries in context, confessed my sins, repented, and received his forgiveness.

I cried.

I waited and cried some more.

The waiting seemed endless as I repeated this process for two years, journaling the lessons God taught me.

As the months passed, the Lord revealed himself, little by little, moving my understanding from the island to knowing he was near. Very near. Intimately intertwined in my mind and spirit.

Practicing his presence, and the implications of that reality, became everything to me. It saved my life, eventually my marriage, and gave me a message of hope in God to share with others.

Two years later, in June 2017, my husband and I were once again living in the same house.

Almost three years after the tragic event, in the spring of 2018, as the Lord was busy mending my marriage, I got a call from our daughter with shocking news about the abusive conditions she had been enduring for several years.

I desperately wanted to fix things for her, but I couldn't. This was her furnace, her opportunity for refinement. I couldn't save her, but I could enter the fire with her. Each morning I glanced at the lessons the Lord had taught me during the two years I was far away from home. Because it is difficult to hold on to big ideas when you're under distress, I sent her a text early in the morning with a faith message small enough to hang on to in the chaos she was enduring and powerful because it was God's word.

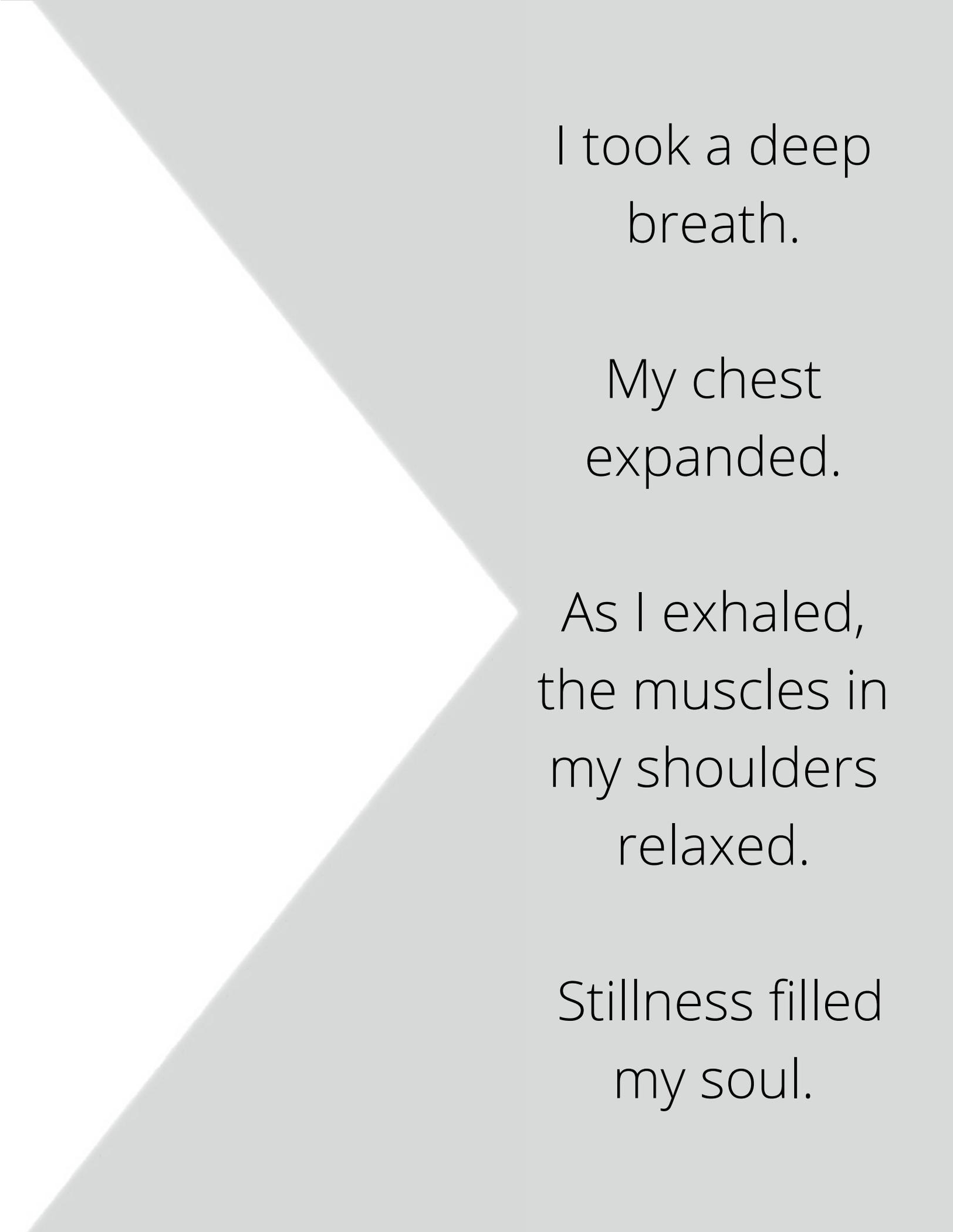
I wrote the eighth tiny faith story.

On June 13, 2018, I sat in my chair where I spend time with the Lord each morning, looking out over the lake behind our new house, meditating on Psalm 23. The sweetness of God's presence rose in me as an image formed in my mind. I saw myself sitting in the backyard on soft green grass beside the lake. The temperature was neither hot nor cold. A soft rain fell all around me.

Mist gathered on the top of my head until a droplet fell on my face.

I smiled.

Looking down at my legs, I saw the water pooling together to form tiny lines that etched their way across my skin as they rolled to the ground.



I took a deep
breath.

My chest
expanded.

As I exhaled,
the muscles in
my shoulders
relaxed.

Stillness filled
my soul.

Spreading my
arms wide,

I lifted my face to the sky and let the
trickles of water run down my arms.
Leaning back onto the thick bed of
grass,

I smiled as the tiny raindrops landed on
my face.

I closed my eyes.

Words started flowing through my
mind, a poem for my daughter's tiny
faith story that day.

I wrote the words down through watery eyes, tears of joy and thankfulness. After three years of practicing God's presence, the truth about God's nearness had not only taken root in my heart, but it was sprouting a branch to share with someone else.

I sent the poem to my daughter, praying the Lord would touch her with his healing hand in just the way she needed to hear him. I thought the poem had served its purpose, but the faith we shared through that poem had a second destiny yet to be revealed.

Over the next few months, the words of the poem and the quietness in the visual of soft rain and God's presence came to my mind so often that I considered sending the poem to Steve Siler, a music producer I work for putting together his monthly newsletter.

I ignored the idea because Steve is an award-winning songwriter, and I felt too small to send words that came out of me.

The idea pressed on me every so often, but I ignored it every time until finally, a year and a half later, in December 2019, it was so relentless that I pasted the poem into an email and sent it off to Steve.

"Okay," I thought. "That's done. It's out of my hands now."

Steve, gracious as always, thanked me for trusting him with a piece of my heart and promised to give my words prayerful attention.

In February 2020, I opened an email from Steve with an audio recording. He had turned the poem into beautiful lyrics and set them to music. He called the song *Soft Rain*.

I listened to Steve's rendition over and over, joyful tears drenching my face. Curiosity about what the Lord was doing lingered in the back of my mind.

In less than two weeks, Steve contacted me again. Becky Nordquist, said she wanted to add the song to the album she was working on.

In the spring of 2020, Steve had production underway, and I had the privilege of going to Nashville to watch the recording of *Soft Rain*.



Bit by bit,
the pieces
began to fall
into place.

Here we are, six years after I cried out to God in a lonely lake house, telling God I didn't know how to know he was near. Before 2015, I held God at arm's length much like holding an umbrella to keep dry.

In his faithfulness, he tossed the umbrella aside and transformed my belief from erroneously thinking he was present but on a distant island, to a deep knowing belief that he is intimately present with me forever. As if that wasn't enough, he passed on this truth to my daughter and now through the song, *Soft Rain*.

Why I share my stories

In Mark 5:19, Jesus said,
“Go home to your own
people and tell them how
much the Lord has done
for you, and how he has
had mercy on you.”

That’s why I told you the
story about how the song
came to be. But, the story
of Soft Rain isn’t unique to
me.

Everyone has moments
to share from their lives,
times where God entered
their story and made them
better, more like Christlike.

I’d love to hear your story!

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If you liked the story, you're going to love the song *Soft Rain* as well as the other beautiful songs of hope and healing on the album!



Available at
Apple Music, Amazon Music,
Spotify & Music for the Soul