



## A TOKEN FOR THE BROKEN

"" And God said, This s the is the token of  
the covrennt wiñl make between me: me  
and you, uu and ver living creatures. I do  
put vñee snwot bñ, llrenit anirei aret  
for sett my bow in thei in the cloud, and it  
be shall be for a token of a covenant  
between and the earth.,

Genesis 9:12-13

**GENESIS 9:12-13**

By Scott A Asselin



# ***A Token for the Broken***

*A 7-Day Devotional for Hearts that need Healing*

All Scripture taken from the King James Version

***“And God said, This is the token of the covenant...” Genesis 9:12***

*For those who feel forgotten, flooded, or silently floating, this devotional is a gentle reminder that God still sees, still speaks, and still sets His promises in the clouds.*

**Part of the Brush Arbor Devotions Series**

Published by Brush Arbor Publications LLC for  
BrushArborDevotions.org



## Introduction

### When the Breaking Comes

There are times in life when everything seems to fall apart, when the foundations beneath you crack, and the sky above feels heavy with sorrow. These moments come without warning, like the flood in Noah's day, and they leave us feeling adrift, uncertain, and painfully alone. When the familiar is washed away, when prayers go unanswered, it's easy to wonder if God has forgotten.

But He hasn't.

In the flood narrative of Genesis, we find more than judgment, we find grace. We see a God who remembers Noah, who sends the wind, who calms the waters, who receives worship, and who sets His bow in the cloud. At every stage of the storm, God offers a token, a sign that His mercy still holds and His promises still stand.

*A Token for the Broken* is a seven-day devotional for anyone who's endured the floodwaters of life, loss, grief, fear, or deep discouragement, and needs to be reminded that God is still near. It's not a study in survival but a meditation on mercy. From the bursting of the fountains to the resting of the ark, from the olive leaf to the rainbow, we'll trace God's kindness, one token at a time.

This is not the end of your story. The clouds may linger, but they do not have the last word.

If you feel forgotten, you're not. If you feel broken, you're in the right place.

God remembers. And He has left you a token to prove it.



# **A Token for the Broken**

**Day 1 – When the Fountains Break**

**Day 2 – But God Remembered**

**Day 3 – Waiting for the Dove**

**Day 4 – The Altar and the Aroma**

**Day 5 – A Covenant for the Crushed**

**Day 6 – Never Again**

**Day 7 – The Bow in the Cloud**

**Epilogue - Tokens Still Remain**

## Day 1

### When the Fountains Break

It's a strange comfort to realize that some of life's worst moments didn't catch God by surprise. When our world breaks apart, He is not absent, He is attentive.

***“In the six hundredth year of Noah’s life, in the second month, the seventeenth day of the month, the same day were all the fountains of the great deep broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened.”***

***Genesis 7:11***

There's something deliberate about the way Scripture tells this story. The exact year, the month, the day, it was not random. The breaking of the earth and the falling of the heavens had an appointed time. God wasn't scrambling for answers when the flood began. He was already ahead of the storm.

The “fountains of the great deep” weren't gentle springs, they were subterranean forces breaking through the earth's crust. And when paired with the “windows of heaven” opening, it paints a picture of complete upheaval. That's what real brokenness feels like, doesn't it? Trouble from below, pressure from above, and a heart caught in between.

Years ago, an elderly farmer in northern Indiana stood by the edge of what used to be his cornfield, now flooded by a rare spring storm. His son had left home, the barn roof had collapsed, and now even the ground he'd sowed was underwater. A neighbor stopped by, expecting bitter complaints. Instead, the farmer smiled weakly and said, “Well, I reckon if the Lord sent the rain, He's got a reason. I just need to find out what it is.”



That quiet trust didn't come from ignoring the pain, it came from believing the storm wasn't the end of the story.

Noah may have built the ark by faith, but he still had to walk into it when the fountains broke. Imagine the sounds outside, the roaring waters, the collapsing trees, the silence of a world being undone. But even in that chaos, God was there. And though it would be months before dry ground appeared, God had already prepared every detail for Noah's survival.

When our lives are shaken to the core, when the foundations we stood on give way, we are tempted to believe God has turned His face. But the truth is more tender: the God who numbers the hairs on your head has also numbered your storm.

If you're in a season of upheaval, take a deep breath and remember this: God knew the day your fountains would break. And He's already prepared a way through. You don't need to feel in control to be in His care. Lean into His plan, even if all you see right now is rain.

## Day 2

### But God Remembered

Sometimes, the silence after the storm is harder than the storm itself. But the silence does not mean God has forgotten, it means He's working in ways we cannot yet see.

***“And God remembered Noah, and every living thing, and all the cattle that was with him in the ark: and God made a wind to pass over the earth, and the waters asswaged;” Genesis 8:1***

We often think of remembering as something passive, a mental note, a flicker of thought. But when Scripture says,

***“God remembered Noah,”***

it isn't implying God ever forgot him. In the language of the Bible, remembering means turning attention into action. It means mercy is about to move.

For one hundred and fifty days, Noah had floated in a box without sails or rudders, surrounded by water and waiting on a word. No thunder, no angelic voice, just silence and the creak of the ark. Surely questions came: “Did God abandon us? Has He forgotten?” But in that holy hush, God was at work.

And then came the turning point,

***“God remembered Noah.”***

There was a nurse in a rural hospital who once shared how she used to whisper prayers over the newborns in the NICU. One evening, after a particularly difficult shift, she sat in the parking lot weeping. “I just needed to know God still saw me,” she said. “That all my quiet work hadn't gone

unnoticed.” Months later, a mother returned to the hospital and said, “I don’t know who prayed for my baby, but I could feel it. It kept me going.” That was her “God remembered” moment.

God doesn’t just remember with His mind, He remembers with movement. When God remembered Noah, the wind began to blow. The waters began to retreat. The hidden hand of heaven stirred the deep, and the journey toward dry land began.

Maybe you’ve been drifting in your own ark lately. The storm is over, but the waiting hasn’t ended. You’ve been faithful, and yet there’s no sign of change. Let Noah’s story settle your soul: God hasn’t forgotten. The wind is already on its way.

Today, if it feels like heaven is quiet and the waters haven’t moved, remind yourself of this promise: “*God remembered Noah.*” He remembers you too. Not with vague sentiment but with divine intention. He will act. He will speak. He will send the wind. Keep trusting. The waters will assuage.

## Day 3

### Waiting for the Dove

Sometimes, the hardest part of healing is the waiting. The skies may clear, the storm may pass, but the waters don't disappear overnight, and the dove doesn't always come back with a sign the first time.

***“And he stayed yet other seven days; and again he sent forth the dove out of the ark; And the dove came in to him in the evening; and, lo, in her mouth was an olive leaf pluckt off: so Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the earth.” Genesis 8:10–11***

Noah had waited through months of floating and silence. The rain had stopped. The wind had passed. But even as the ark rested on the mountains of Ararat, there was still no green, no dry ground, no sound of life outside. Just water. Waiting. And wondering.

So, he sent out a raven, then a dove. The dove came back with nothing.

Seven more days. Another release. This time, she returned with an olive leaf, a sign, a sliver of hope, a whisper of life beginning again.

There's a patience here that can't be rushed. A rhythm of waiting and trusting. Noah didn't try to climb out on his own. He didn't pry open the door and swim for it. He waited for a sign that God's healing had begun to touch the earth.

There's a story of a young woman who had gone through a devastating loss. She sat through church services for weeks, numb and unmoved. One day, an elderly saint hugged her and simply said, “I've been praying you'd see

the olive leaf soon.” The young woman burst into tears. “That’s exactly what I needed, a sign that life can grow again.” That moment didn’t erase her grief, but it marked the beginning of her healing.

Sometimes we look for a flood to stop instantly. But God often brings restoration leaf by leaf. He sends doves ahead of dry ground. And He teaches us to trust, not just in His power to stop the storm, but in His faithfulness during the slow, steady return of life.

Waiting is not wasted time when we’re waiting on God. Every cycle, every silence, every returning dove is part of His timetable. He never leaves His children in the ark without sending a signal that He’s still guiding.

If you’re still floating and hoping, don’t lose heart. Keep watching the sky. Keep trusting the process. The olive leaf may come slowly, but it will come. And when it does, you’ll know, God hasn’t just remembered you, He’s preparing your new beginning. Wait patiently. The dry ground is not far off.

## Day 4

### The Altar and the Aroma

Worship doesn't always rise from the mountaintop, it often begins in the ashes of what was lost. When the storm is over and the ground feels unfamiliar, the first thing we must do is build an altar.

***“And Noah builded an altar unto the Lord...and offered burnt offerings on the altar. And the Lord smelled a sweet savour...” Genesis 8:20–21a***

The flood had passed. The ark had come to rest. The animals were free. The long wait was over. But what did Noah do first? Before he planted a garden, built a house, or explored his new world, he built an altar.

That's remarkable. Noah had been through trauma we can barely imagine. He stepped out into a world washed clean by judgment, with no familiar landmarks, no neighbors, no past to return to. And in that moment of overwhelming uncertainty, he did the most certain thing he knew: he worshiped.

It wasn't just ritual. It was gratitude. It was surrender. And it was trust that the God who had brought him through the flood would walk with him into the future.

There was a couple who lost nearly everything in a house fire. When they returned to the charred remains, they didn't say much. The husband knelt down in the blackened rubble and quietly prayed, “Lord, thank You that we're still standing.” His wife joined him, tears falling on ashes. That prayer was their altar, no wood, no stone, but a sacred space where trust met thanksgiving.

God smelled Noah's offering. Not because He needed the aroma, but because He delights in the heart behind it. The "sweet savour" was more than smoke, it was the scent of faith, rising from a man who had chosen to worship instead of worry.

Worship in the wake of brokenness is powerful. It tells heaven and earth: "I still believe." And in response, God reaffirmed His mercy. He said in His heart that He would never again curse the ground as He had. One man's altar moved the heart of God.

Maybe you've just come through a storm. Maybe you're standing on new ground, unsure what comes next. Before you rush ahead, pause. Build an altar. It doesn't need to be made of stone, it can be a whispered prayer, a song of surrender, or a moment of stillness in the presence of God.

Don't wait until life is perfect to worship. Worship now. Worship in the unfamiliar. Worship with the remnants of what was. God still smells the sweet savour of a heart that trusts Him after the storm. Build your altar today and watch what God says in response.

## Day 5

### A Covenant for the Crushed

When you've been through the flood, it's not enough just to survive, you need a sign that what happened won't happen again. That's why God gives covenants: not to erase the past, but to steady the soul with promise.

***“And God said, This is the token of the covenant which I make between me and you and every living creature... for perpetual generations: I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth.” Genesis 9:12–13***

God doesn't leave survivors empty-handed. When Noah stepped off the ark, he stepped into an unknown world, forests gone, fields washed away, and every familiar sound replaced with silence. The trauma of the flood still clung to the air. And then God spoke. Not with thunder or threat, but with a covenant.

He didn't just say, *“I'll never flood the earth again.”* He gave a token, a rainbow, placed in the very sky that once poured judgment. It was a mercy hung high where anyone could see it. A visible promise for invisible wounds.

God knows that broken people need more than explanations; they need reminders.

There was a widower in his sixties who kept a little card tucked in his wallet. It was worn thin, creased from years of unfolding. On it was a Scripture his wife had written before she passed: *“Fear thou not; for I am with thee.”* He said, “Sometimes, when the house feels too quiet, I just read it aloud. It's my rainbow.” That card didn't stop the sorrow, but it reminded him that God was still near.



We all need our own “bows in the cloud”, signposts of grace that anchor us when the sky grows dark again. Maybe for you it’s a verse, a song, a conversation you’ll never forget. Or maybe it’s the quiet assurance that the same God who brought you through will keep you going forward.

The rainbow wasn’t for God’s benefit. It was for Noah’s, and for every soul crushed by a storm and longing to know: *Will it always be like this?* And God’s answer is, *No. I have made a covenant with you. And here is the token of it.*

Has God given you a token, some small but mighty reminder of His faithfulness? Look for it. Hold onto it. When the clouds return, don’t fear the rain. Look higher. Remember the bow. God’s covenant still holds. And you, dear heart, are not forgotten, you are included in the promise.

## Day 6

### Never Again

When we've been through something life-altering, we need to know it won't always be this way. God, in His mercy, doesn't just bring us through the storm, He places boundaries around our pain.

***“And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud: And I will remember my covenant... and the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh.”***

***Genesis 9:14–15***

There's something deeply reassuring in these words, “*no more.*” God isn't saying there will never be clouds again. He's not promising we'll never face hardship. What He *is* promising is this: the flood that nearly destroyed you will not be the end of you. The waters will never again rise with the same fury. God has drawn a line.

When God says “*never again,*” it isn't a polite comfort, it's a divine decree.

Think of Noah, looking up one day and seeing the clouds roll in again. Can you imagine the pit in his stomach? The sound of thunder must have felt familiar, even threatening. But this time, something else appeared, the bow. A ribbon of color strung across the very clouds that once brought judgment. A sign from heaven that what had happened before would never be repeated in the same way.

A young pastor once shared how, after facing burnout and a breakdown, he was terrified to reenter ministry. He feared the weight, the expectations, the spiral. But a mentor gently said, “God's not asking you to go back without promise,

He's given you a rainbow. He will carry you differently this time." That simple statement broke the fear. He learned to see the clouds not as threats, but as backdrops for grace.

God doesn't promise life will be easy. But He promises it won't be the same. He promises to temper judgment with mercy, to mark the end of one chapter with a covenant that something better is ahead.

You might still hear the thunder. The clouds may still roll over the hills. But you can rest in the unshakable assurance that God has placed a boundary. His covenant holds. His mercy surrounds.

If you've been afraid the past will repeat itself, take heart, God has said *never again*. The trial that once nearly crushed you won't have the same hold now. Look for the bow in the cloud. It's not just a sign of beauty; it's a seal of His promise. Let peace return. God has placed limits around your loss.

## Day 7

### The Bow in the Cloud

Sometimes, the most beautiful promises are written in the very place where our fears once gathered. God didn't remove the clouds, but He placed something radiant right in the middle of them.

***“I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth.”***

***Genesis 9:13***

God could've written His promise in the stars, or carved it into a mountain. But He chose the cloud, the same one that once loomed with judgment. That's just like Him, isn't it? To turn the place of dread into a canvas for hope.

The rainbow isn't just a natural phenomenon. It's a heavenly reminder written in light and water. A sacred signature of God's mercy bending across the sky. When the clouds come again, and they will, He wants us to look up, not in fear, but in faith.

Noah didn't ask for a sign. God gave it freely. It wasn't a symbol of what Noah had done, but what God had promised. The flood was over, but the bow would appear again and again to remind every generation: *I haven't forgotten you. I still keep My Word.*

There's a story told of a missionary couple who served for decades in a remote part of the world. They buried their first child on foreign soil. Years later, after a difficult ministry season, they were preparing to leave the field. As they waited on the tarmac in the rain, a rainbow broke through the clouds, arching over the airplane. “It felt like God saying, ‘I was with you in the sorrow, and I'm with

you in the going,” the wife recalled. “It didn’t fix everything. But it reminded me that nothing had been wasted.”

God never promised a life without clouds. But He has promised that His covenant will outshine them. And He doesn’t just place the bow where we can see it, He says it’s a token for Him to remember. Imagine that. Every time the bow appears, God says, *“I will remember My covenant.”*

The rainbow may last only minutes, but the covenant is eternal. It’s more than a splash of color, it’s a declaration that even after judgment, mercy stands tall.

Have you seen God’s bow in your clouded sky? If not, lift your eyes. He still sets beauty in broken places. He still writes promises across pain. The next time the clouds gather, don’t brace for destruction, look for grace. His covenant remains. And so do you.

## Epilogue

### Tokens Still Remain

There are seasons in life when everything familiar seems to wash away, where the winds howl, the waters rise, and your soul feels shipwrecked. In those moments, it's easy to believe that brokenness has the final word. But it doesn't. Because long after the rain stops and the silence settles in, God begins to speak again, this time, not with thunder, but with tokens.

He sends the wind to push back the waters. He sends the dove with a leaf of hope. He speaks mercy over the altar of our surrender. And He stretches a bow across the clouds to say, *"You're not forgotten. I still keep My promises."*

Noah's story isn't just a record of a global flood, it's a testimony for every broken heart that wonders if God still sees them. And the answer, written in wind, wood, worship, and sky, is a resounding *yes*.

These tokens, each one given at the right time, remind us that God is not only a judge but also a Redeemer. He may allow the storm, but He never abandons the one who rides it out in faith.

Perhaps your storm hasn't ended yet. Maybe the waters have receded, but the ground still feels uncertain. Or maybe, like Noah, you've just stepped out into a new beginning, unsure what comes next. Wherever you are, remember this: God's covenant remains. His mercy endures. And His tokens still appear.

Sometimes in the whisper of a Scripture.

Sometimes in the voice of a friend.

Sometimes in a rainbow.

Look for them. They're all around you.

And when you see them, when you feel that quiet assurance in your spirit, pause and remember: God never forgets the broken. He binds them up. He sets them on their feet. And He gives them a promise so vivid, even the clouds must make room for it.

He is the God of the ark and the altar; the storm and the stillness; the flood and the bow.

And He has not forgotten you.

**A Token for the Broken** is a seven day devotional based on the message preached by Rev. Shad McDowell Tuesday morning June 24<sup>nd</sup>, 2025 during the camp meeting at Savannah Holy Church of God in Savannah Ga.

***“The works of the LORD are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.”***  
***Psalm 111:2***

Copyright © June 2025

by Scott A Asselin

All Scripture used is from the King James Version (KJV)

Published by Brush Arbor Publications, LLC 2025 for  
Brush Arbor Devotions.

Graphics Design by Scott A Asselin

The material found here may be reproduced, copied, and distributed for non-commercial purposes provided it remains in its complete and original form. Visit us at [brusharbordevotions.org](http://brusharbordevotions.org) for other downloadable weekly devotions.