

# The Storm

Evening grew nigh with setting sun  
Yet crowds still flocked to see  
That man who spoke of wondrous things  
By the Sea of Galilee.

The fishers that day earned well a rest  
But hearkened their teachers call  
And embarked with him to yonder shore  
As darkness was set to fall.

Somewhere on the voyage across  
A tempest began to rise  
Huge waves crashed down upon the deck  
And terror filled strong eyes.

“Master!” they shrieked in mad dismay  
While shaking the teacher’s arm  
They roused him from a peaceful sleep  
“Carest thou not that we come to harm?”

The teacher rose and beheld the scene  
As the boat they thought would fill  
He spoke then both to wind and sea  
“Peace” he said, “Be still”.

That sea that tossed them through the night  
And fierce wind fell suddenly calm  
All were amazed at what they’d seen  
As bright morning around them dawned.

The teacher asked why they’d been afraid  
Would faith thus let them down?  
“My Father holds you in his arms  
Do ye know not who I AM”?

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