

Jan 3, 2017

GRADE 9

THE STORM

The little craft swept out to sea
All battered tossed and torn
Twas once a beauty for all to see
But then there came the storm

The sky let loose, the tempest raged
The heavens with fury unveiled
The men with all their strength engaged
To return from whence they sailed

Water filled the sinking craft
They gave up in despair
Then they looked towards the aft
And remembered He was there

Yes He was there who raised the dead
Consoling the forlorn
Who multiplied the fish and bread
Could He not calm the storm?

They found Him sleeping through it all
Though wet from head to toe
Then to the wind and waves He called
“Peace be still!” and it was so

When life sends you so great a storm
When against the world you stand
Remember do not be forlorn
He’s got you in His hands