

# “When The Storm Roars!”

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The name of my story is “When The Storm Roars” and it is a song I learned at camp this summer. The disciples were out on the Sea of Galilee at night time. That was the best time to fish. Except, this was a dark and stormy night. Even these seasoned fishermen were frightened by the violence of the storm. It came so suddenly, without warning.

“♪When the storm roars, when the storm roars, when the storm roars all around!”

The disciples did everything they could to keep the boat from capsizing, but the storm pushed the boat around as if it were made of Styrofoam instead of heavy wood. Just when the disciples thought for sure that they would drown, Jesus appeared to them on the water. And when Jesus told the storm to “be still”, indeed, the storm was stilled and the water became calm.

“♪We are weak! He is strong! By His strength we roll along. When the storm roars, when the storm roars, when the storm roars all around.”

Barabas and Uncle Floyd are camping this week. It has been so incredibly HOT today, that they spent the afternoon taking a long lazy nap in the shade. But now that the evening has come, they thought it would be fun to go for a canoe ride. The evening breeze was cool and the moon rise over the water was breathtaking. Uncle Floyd paddled out to the center of the lake and he lifted the paddle out of the water and they sat there, in the silence of the night and listened to all the night time sounds. There were frogs and crickets and sometimes they would hear the little splash of a fish jumping up out of the water to catch a passing bug for his supper.

“I reckon God is in this place,” said Uncle Floyd as he let the quiet into his heart. Neither Uncle Floyd nor Barabas was aware of the coming storm.



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At first it was just a breeze that felt cool and refreshing. But then they noticed that the moon went behind a cloud and it was suddenly very dark on the water. Uncle Floyd thought they better head back for camp, so he started to paddle. The wind increased dramatically and it began to rain. The drops of water were rather cold and sharp against Barabas’s skin and he grew nervous. You may remember that Barabas is afraid of the water. Now, he DID have those swimming classes at the YMCA last winter, so he knew how to swim, but this was

getting scary. Barabas was VERY glad he had his life jacket on. And then it got a lot worse. There was a huge bolt of lightening that flashed across the sky and a tremendous crash of thunder. The rain was now pelting down on them and the canoe started to fill with the rain water.

“♪When the storm roars, when the storm roars, when the storm roars all around.”

Uncle Floyd is very strong, but he wasn't strong enough to paddle the canoe in such a storm. They were being tossed about by the wind as if their canoe was made of Styrofoam instead of birch bark. Barabas tried to help by scooping the deepening water out of the canoe.

And then it happened. It kind of happened in slow motion. Just as Barabas moved this way, Uncle Floyd brought the paddle across and it hit Barabas on the shoulder and knocked Barabas out of the canoe into the thrashing waves of water in the deep dark lake. And Barabas went under the surface of the water.

It is kind of funny, what you notice at such a scary time. Barabas noticed that it was much quieter under the water. It was quieter, but, somehow, it was louder. Barabas would remember that loud quietness for years to come. But for right now, Barabas knew he was too afraid and weak to save himself. And he knew he was under water. He opened his eyes and saw light, so he figured it must be the moon on the surface of the lake, and he went in that direction. All this happened in just seconds, but it happened in slow motion.

The next thing Barabas knew was that he and Uncle Floyd were at the dock and they were both soaking wet and he was coughing a lot! Once Barabas could catch his breath he said “I'm sure glad I saw the moon light on the water. It helped me know which way to go!”

Uncle Floyd looked at the dark sky. The moon was no where to be seen, completely hidden by the huge storm clouds. The light that saved Barabas could not have been the moon. Now, maybe it was Uncle Floyd's big fat belly that looks like a full moon . . . or maybe it was Jesus, come to save his friend, Barabas.

“♪When the storm roars,  
When the storm roars,  
When the storm roars all around.

We are weak,  
He is strong.  
By his strength we roll along.

When the storm roars,  
When the storm roars,  
When the storm roars all around! Hey!”

THE END