

“The Storm”
Mark 4:35-41
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By Rebecca Enney

Elizabeth was in bed, sound asleep, when a huge crash of thunder woke her up! Even with the windows closed and the shades pulled down, she could see each time the lightening flashed across the sky. And the rain pelted against the windows.

Usually, big storms frighten Elizabeth, but this time, instead of being afraid, she was mostly angry! Let me tell you why. You see, at supper time, her parents told her that they would be traveling to Tanzania to visit her aunt and uncle and cousins there, but Elizabeth would not be going this year. “Why can’t I go see my cousin Martin?! I was planning on doing that this summer! Summer is the only time I can play with my favorite cousin in the whole wide world! Why does he have to live so far away! I want to go TOO!”

And then her mother told her that Aunt Gertrude would be staying with her again, like she did several years ago. That was just too much for Elizabeth! She knows that her Aunt Gertrude loves her and all, but she wants to go to Tanzania, not stay home with Aunt Gertrude!

Elizabeth was finished with her supper anyway, so she just thumped her spoon down on her plate, picked up her dishes and put them in the sink, with a bit of a crash, stomped up the stairs to her room and slammed the door shut. ELIZABETH WAS ANGRY!

And now that she is awake in the middle of the night and there is this huge storm outside her window, and this huge storm inside her self, she just didn’t feel like being afraid! “I’m angry!” thought Elizabeth to herself. “I’m just plain angry!” she said out loud.

She sat in bed and watched as the room would get light and then dark again with every flash of lightening. The rain pelted down. And Elizabeth’s angry tears pelted down as well.

“I want to go see my cousin Martin! I was planning on it! This isn’t fair!”

There are all kinds of storms that you will encounter in your life. Sometimes the storms rage outside, like a thunder and lightening storm. And sometimes, inside, your feelings are like a storm. There can be anger and sadness and fear all having a battle right inside you. It can be storm of feelings. That is just what is happening to Elizabeth, a storm of feelings!

It seemed the storm that was raging outside was feeding the storm of feelings that was raging inside of Elizabeth! And on and on it grew until, there was a sudden flash of lightening and momentous crash of thunder all at the same moment! And there was the sound of wood splitting and a crashing sound into the side of the house!

Elizabeth’s anger turned to fear!

“Daddy!” she screamed! “Daddy! Daddy! Quick!” Mr. Mawakasunga was there in a split second! He ran to Elizabeth, checked her to make sure she was okay. Then he put up the window shade and opened up the window.

“MY WORD!” he exclaimed. “The storm broke off a huge section from the oak tree out back!” And he came back and embraced his daughter. “Peace” he said with love. “Be still” he whispered.

During that embrace, the storm broke. It ended. There was just the patter of raindrops they could hear from the open window. And the storm inside of Elizabeth ceased. In her father's embrace the raging was gone. Elizabeth quietly cried in her daddy's arms.

“Pease! Be still!” Those are the very words that Jesus spoke to the storm that frightened the disciples. Sometimes, but not always, Daddy's words are of God. THE END