

## **The Perfect Storm**

Threatening weather is approaching,  
The signs are all around;  
Frantic weathermen are coaching,  
Time to seek higher ground.

There's silence in the air,  
A northern wind now blows softly;  
And I soon become aware,  
The damage could be costly.

This is no place for the meek,  
Blue skies are slowly graying;  
This one's gonna be unique,  
All of the experts are saying.

Brisk winds are now shifting,  
Large trees are swaying and bowing;  
Unstable waters now lifting,  
Warning sirens are howling.

Even the strongest among us  
Are now scurrying for cover;  
Tension seeps out from us,  
Dark rain clouds now hover.

Make no mistake about it,  
There's cause for extreme alarm;  
It looks like, never doubt it,  
The onset of The Perfect Storm.

And now comes the rain,  
As it pelts my face;  
Flashing lightning sustains,  
Fear all over the place.

Twirling winds start to form,  
I hear loud thunder roar;  
Severe flooding in the background,  
Fallen trees in the fore.

Funnel clouds all around me,  
Twisting wildly out of control;  
The devastation astounds me,  
The storm is taking its toll.

I finally run for cover,  
Having nothing more to lose;  
But I readily discover,  
There is no refuge.

Past shelters I have sought out,  
They now all deny me;  
Past comforts I have brought out,  
They now all defy me.

I look to the east,  
I see only heartache and shame;  
The west offers no additional peace,  
just much more of the same.

I look to the north,  
But there's only defeat and despair;  
And as a matter of course,  
The south holds no hope there.

Where do I turn,  
In the midst of hurt -- fear -- and harm?  
What can I learn,  
In the midst of The Perfect Storm?

Then a voice came to me,  
With a very simple refrain;  
As it spoke out tenderly,  
"Relax, just call out My name."

At first I tried to deny it,  
Relying more and more on self;  
But then I decided to try it,  
Putting foolish pride on the shelf.

So I called on the Lord,  
I asked Him to intervene;

Through the one I've always adored,  
You won't believe what I've seen.

The Lord did swiftly appear,  
Then he said, "Peace, be still."  
He took away all of my fear,  
And quickly restored my will.

The winds suddenly died down,  
The skies started to brighten;  
There was new hope all around,  
I was no longer frightened.

The sun started to show,  
Floodwaters rapidly receded;  
And though He sometimes said, "No,"  
He gave me more than I needed.

I knew that He had saved me,  
Just as His word would say;  
And for the life He restored and gave me,  
I could never repay.

But through my sincere appreciation,  
I couldn't help but inquire;  
Why all the devastation?  
Why must everything look so dire?

He smiled as if He knew,  
As if anticipating the question;  
Saying, "Son, it's certainly true,  
You had to learn a very tough lesson.

"But without the storms and the fire,  
You couldn't witness my love abound;  
And the flooding? It was meant to inspire,  
So I could take you to higher ground.

"The strong winds were designed to transcend you,  
For you've been in one place too long;  
The hard rain? Its purpose to cleanse you,  
And its pelting to make you strong.

"You see, sometimes it takes devastation,  
To appreciate the repair;  
Cause you wouldn't understand reclamation,  
If you didn't know deep down despair.

"And as far as all the pain and heartache,  
And enduring all the mess;  
Remember this, and please make no mistake,  
It was all only a test.

Above all, know this one last lesson,  
I would never allow meaningless harm;  
So now, my child, you know the blessing,  
In the midst of The Perfect Storm."