

# And the Rooster Crowed

All of us have crises of one sort or another – death in the family, diagnosis of a dread disease, financial problem, natural disaster, the list goes on – and we find ourselves struggling to deal with them or the consequences of them.

Writing in the *Pentecostal Evangel*, J.K. Gossett tells about a man named Samuel S. Scull who settled on a farm in the Arizona desert with his wife and children.

One night, a fierce desert storm struck with rain, hail and high wind. At daybreak, feeling sick and fearing what he might find, Scull went to survey their loss. The hail had beaten the garden and truck patch into the ground. The house was

partially unroofed, the henhouse had blown away, and dead chickens were scattered about. Destruction and devastation were everywhere.



While standing dazed, evaluating the mess and wondering about the future, he heard a stirring in the lumber pile that was the remains of the henhouse. A rooster was climbing up through the debris, and he didn't stop climbing until he had mounted the highest board in the pile. That old rooster was dripping wet, and most of his feathers were blown away. But as the sun came up over the eastern horizon, he flapped his bony wings and proudly crowed.

That old, wet, bare rooster could still crow when he saw the morning sun. And like that rooster, our world may be falling apart. We may have lost everything – like many of our residents here in Bradley County when tornadoes struck with a fury last April. And another destructive storm plowed through our community again this past Friday. But if we trust in God, we'll be able to see the light of our Lord's goodness, pick ourselves out of the rubble, and sing the praise of our Creator.

– Beecher Hunter