

## Calm Amidst the Storm

A pastor was on a long flight when suddenly a sign overhead flashed on: *Fasten your seat belts*. After a while, a calm voice came over the public address system, "We shall not be serving beverages at this time, as we are expecting a little turbulence. Please be sure your seat belt is fastened."

As he looked around the aircraft, it became obvious that many of the passengers were becoming apprehensive. Later, the voice of the flight attendant said, "We are so sorry that we are unable to serve you at this time. The turbulence is still ahead of us."

And then the storm broke. The ominous cracks of thunder could be heard even above the roar of the engines. Lightning lit up the darkening skies, and within moments the plane was like a cork tossed around on a celestial ocean. One moment, the airplane was lifted on terrific currents of air; the next, it dropped as if it were about to crash. The pastor confessed that he shared the discomfort and fear of those around him. "As I looked around the plane," he said, "I could see that nearly all the passengers were upset and alarmed. Some were praying. The future seemed ominous, and many were wondering if they would make it through the storm."

"Then I suddenly noticed a little girl. Apparently the storm meant nothing to her. She had tucked her feet beneath her as she sat on her seat. She was reading a book, and everything within her small world was calm and orderly. "Sometimes she closed her eyes; then she would read again. Next she would straighten her legs, but worry and fear were not in her world. When the plane was being buffeted by the terrible storm, when it lurched this way and that, as it rose and fell with frightening severity, when all the adults were scared half to death, that child was completely composed and unafraid."

The minister could not believe what he was seeing. It was not surprising, therefore, that when the plane finally reached its destination and all the passengers were hurrying to disembark, the pastor lingered to speak to the girl. Having commented about the storm and behavior of the plane, he asked why she had not been afraid.

The child replied, "Because my Daddy's the pilot, and he's taking me home."

As Father's Day is approaching this weekend, I can recall dark nights with lightning and thunder, and an occasion when a horse pulling the buggy in which we were riding was frightened by a rattlesnake and started to dash recklessly away, and an evening when I heard gunshots in the woods not far from our house ... but I was not afraid. Everything was okay, because my Daddy was there. I knew he would protect me.

**(more)**

Now that you and I are adults, we, too, are confronted by storms that buffet us. They may be physical, emotional, financial, domestic or some other kind of upheaval. We have all known such times.

Let us remember: Our Father is the Pilot. He is in control, and taking us home.

--Beecher Hunter