



Calming the Storm

Mark 4:35-41

Algernon brushed the dirt from his recent crash off of the nose of his plane and closed the hangar doors. Scanning the darkening storm clouds, he searched for any sign of his brother Chauncey's plane. Instead, he saw a white pelican circling overhead.

"Calling Colonel Bonzai! Come in Colonel Bonzai!" the pelican cawed.

"Pepper, is that you?" Algernon called out.

Pepper Pelican skidded onto the end of the runway and stopped directly in front of Algernon. "Well, it ain't Donald Duck!" the feathered messenger noted sarcastically.

Algernon ignored his comment and asked. "Do you have a message for me?"

"Boy do I have a doozy for you today!" Pepper announced breathlessly as he hopped from one webbed foot to the other. "I just flew through a terrible storm to tell you that your brother Chauncey is caught in a terrible storm!"

"Oh no!" Algernon gasped, glancing up at the gathering storm. "What shall we do?"

Pepper shook off the few large raindrops that had fallen on his long neck. "I'm going to run for cover! Call me when the sun comes out." He ran a few steps and took flight in the direction of the thick patch of palmetto palms.

"Oh, what to do? What to do?" Algernon groaned as the rain drops came faster. He pulled his flight jacket over his head and ran for the covered porch outside his office. "Chauncey is in terrific danger. If this storm continues, he could lose control of his plane and crash into something! Come to think of it, he does that every week. There must be something we can do!" He stared at the sky; which was completely masked by the pouring rain. He jumped as a bolt of lightning flashed and the accompanying thunder cracked. "Aha! I have it. I need to pray." He bowed his head. "Dear Lord, Please protect my dear brother and bring him safely through the storm! Amen!"

Algernon settled down on a bench and waited. Within a minute, the rain stopped and the sun's rays broke through the clouds. After about ten minutes, Chauncey's

plane was rumbling down the runway and crashing into the bushes at the end. He hopped out of the plane and waved at his brother. "Tally ho! Hullo, Colonel Bonzai!"

"Hullo, Colonel Bonzai!" Algernon hugged his brother Chauncey.

"Did Pepper get the message through to you safely?" Chauncey asked as they both sat down on the bench.

"Yes!" Algernon answered. "He said you were caught in a storm."

"I was!" Chauncey paused and shook his head. "And the strangest thing happened. There I was flying along in the wind and the rain and the lightning when all of a sudden the storm just stopped!"

"The storm just stopped?" Algernon asked.

"The storm just stopped!" Chauncey confirmed.

Algernon grinned. "God answered my prayer! It's a miracle!"

"A miracle?" Chauncey questioned.

"I prayed for your safety and God stopped the storm! It's a miracle!" Algernon yelled.

"A miracle!" Chauncey agreed. "You know Algie, this reminds me of a story!" He stepped inside the office door to retrieve the Bible from the cargo crate.

"Is it about an aero plane in a storm?" Algernon asked when his brother returned.

"Oh no, there are no aero planes in the Bible," Chauncey said as he turned to Mark, chapter four. "This story takes place in a boat. Jesus was there with His disciples."

"Being in a boat at night can be rather frightening," Algernon noted.

"It gets worse, Algie. Suddenly a great squall broke out!" Chauncey said.

"A great squall? What's a squall?" Algernon asked.

"It's like a storm of Biblical proportions!" Chauncey explained. "The night was dark, the water was choppy, the boat was rocking; and then there was the wind...and the rain. Oh, and the lightning was terrible. In fact, the storm was so bad, the waves were breaking over the sides of the boat."

"That sounds very frightening! Where was Jesus?" Algernon wondered.

"The Bible says Jesus was in the stern." Chauncey replied.

"That's in the back of the boat, so Jesus was driving?" Algernon assumed.

"Actually, He was sleeping on a cushion," Chauncey corrected.

"What?!" Algernon exclaimed. "Didn't He care if they drowned?"

"Do you know something, Algernon?" Chauncey asked. "That is the same question the disciples asked Jesus."

"Well, what did Jesus say?" Algernon pressed.

Chauncey read Mark 4:39, "He got up, rebuked the wind and said to the waves, 'Quiet! Be still!' Then the wind died down and it was completely calm."

"Do you know what I think, Chauncey?" Algernon asked.

"What's that, Algie?" he replied.

"I think...it's a miracle!" Algernon shouted.

"A miracle!" Chauncey shouted even louder.

"A miracle! Jesus is amazing! Even storms obey Him!" Algernon exclaimed in awe.

"Even the weather knows the Lord when it hears His voice," Chauncey agreed.

Algernon stood up and looked around at the sun's reflection glistening in the leftover raindrops on the nearby plants. "Wowzers, Chauncey! God's Word is just full of amazing surprises!"

"You know what they say, dear brother, "it's incredible but true, what the God of Wonders can do!" Chauncey reminded cheerily.

Algernon laughed. "That's not what they say, that's what we say!"

"Agreed!" Chauncey stood up and walked towards his plane. "And now I must tow my plane out of the bushes. Will you give me a hand, good brother?"

"At your service!" And, with one more glance at the sunny sky, Algernon walked with his brother toward the wreckage.