

The Storm

A storm lashed the forest.
Its wild wet fury broke over the hilltops
like judgment day over mankind.
Dead branches snapped like firecrackers
and filled the air.
Treetops seemed to explode like cannon
and fell with a thud to the ground
like echoes of doom.
The tall pine swayed obediently in the storm.
It seemed to bow its head as if in prayer.
But it stood firm, and great
was its standing in the clear
morning after the storm.
Both storm and forest are of God
and the combat is of God;
and to stand or fall is of God
when the storm passes by.

Eric G. Hawkinson (My Father)
Hembygden, Our Cabin in Wisconsin
1950s