

17th February 2022

Storms

**“God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea, and rides upon the storm.”**
William Cowper, Light shining out of darkness ('Olney Hymns', 1779)

I'm writing this in the aftermath of a sudden storm, and while I'm anticipating another one on its way. In matters not whether a storm is on Islay or in East Lothian, or whether it is metaphorical or physical. But here's my take on what such an occurrence might mean.

*When cloudless skies offer beauty and hopefulness,
and gentle winds cannot threaten my days,
grant me the wisdom to wait and be thankful,
bringing you blessings in prayers and in praise.*

*When storms approach and the dark clouds are gathering,
when seas are churned and the huge breakers roll,
grant me a trust in your steadfast abiding,
peace to restore me and strength for my soul.*

*When courage fails and new fears are attacking me,
when doubts o'erwhelm me and spirits are low,
grant me your calmness, my purpose renewing;
hold me in safety, your presence to know.*

*When storms have passed and the winds have ceased bellowing,
when seas are tranquil and sunshine breaks through,
help me reflect on your peace and your blessings,
bringing true thanks in my praises to you.*

*When storms return, with the skies ever altering,
when waves crash o'er me and winds tear my sail,
grant me the faith to know you'll never leave me;
moving in myst'ry, your peace will prevail.*

Note: This poem can also be used as a hymn. A suitable tune would be “Epiphany”.

A prayer for today

*When the storms of life are raging, stand by me;
When the storms of life are raging, stand by me.
When the world is tossing me like a ship upon the sea,
Thou who rulest wind and water, stand by me.*

Charles Albert Tindley (1905)