



'Til the Storm Passes By

In the dark of the midnight
I have oft hid my face,
While the storm howls above me,
And there's no hiding place.
'Mid the crash of the thunder,
Precious Lord, hear my cry;
Keep me safe 'til the storm passes by.

Many time Satan whispered,
"There is no need to try,
For there's no end to sorrow,
There's no hope by and by."
But I know Thou art with me,
And tomorrow I'll rise
Where the storms never darken the skies.

When the long night has ended
And the storms come no more,
Let me stand in Thy presence
On that bright peaceful shore.
In that land where the tempest never comes.
Lord, may I dwell with Thee
When the storm passes by.

Chorus: 'Til the storm passes over,
'Til the thunder sounds nor more,
'til the clouds roll forever from the sky,
Hold me fast; let me stand
In the hollow of Thy hand
Keep me safe 'til the storm passes by

Mosie Lister (w. 1958)



The Calm in the Storm

The past three weeks have been quite the whirlwind in our life. It all started with Wes waking up in the middle of the night throwing up. When I went to pick him up, I knew something wasn't quite right. No, not with Wes...but with me.

Wes was in a reaction, but that is a fairly normal thing around our house. What wasn't normal was the draw of my face and arm—all to the left side. Within seconds, I had no movement except in my legs. As I got Bryan up out of bed to take care of Wes and Jack, Mom and Dad came to take me to the hospital. Thankfully, we believe most of the issues are in my neck, and I am slowly but surely getting back up and going with the great help of some awesome providers, chiropractors, and massage therapists.

However, as the saying goes, "When it rains, it pours!" Jack got sick with the stuff going around, which always sends his little body into stress (and usually seizures); seizures we have had now for three weeks every Saturday night. Wes also got this stuff and has also been up with me a lot at night.

But tonight was different. You see, at the beginning of the year, I always pray about my New Year's resolutions. Not the physical ones. We have learned not to plan because God normally has other plans for us. So we pray and go wherever He leads. Spiritually, I pray every year...God where are we going? This year, He made it very evident that this was the year I would grow and face peacefully and with strength some of my greatest fears, anxieties, and worries! No! NOT this year, God?!? With Jack, I have grown

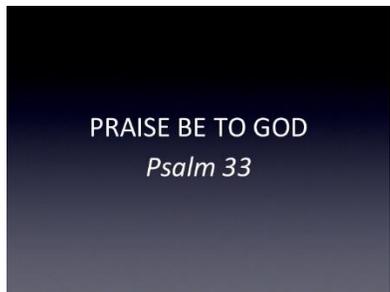


tremendously in my faith. However, to live life without fear and only peace and strength... well, I guess if you are calling me there, here we go!

God has never left my side in this storm! So I share with you part of my normal every-night life. Last week, the night started out peacefully, but Jack was restless. At around 3:00 a.m., he woke up. "Momma, will you snuggle me?" "Yes, Jack, but you have to come closer because Wes just woke up; and he also has to touch me to go back to sleep."

So as I laid there, I was thankful; but I also knew what this meant. A STORM was close! You see, Jack normally asks to snuggle prior to a really bad seizure—and a really bad seizure we had. As his little body convulsed early in the morning, my still weak arms became strong enough to lift him to Bryan. I grabbed Wes to run upstairs to get clothes to head to the hospital.

As I came running back around the corner from the bedroom, there in the floor sat Bryan holding Jack tight and wrapped in blankets. Jack's little body finally was resting. I looked at Bryan and said, "Are we okay?" He replied, "I just started praying over him and the seizure stopped!!"



Praise be to our God!! After that, it took Jack

a bit to recover. Thankfully, though, he was back up and going before long.

Tonight again, Jack awoke with leg cramps, which is not new because he had a stroke at birth, so lots of blankets to get his legs warm and lots of massage to try and help and still nothing. Next, we tried a low dose of his Motrin which normally helps. After a few minutes, he was finally able to rest; but again, he wanted to be held. As I sat holding him, I finally felt it safe to try and drift off to sleep for a bit. Soon I felt fierce shaking! I frantically awoke, realizing Jack was in crisis, not just in a small seizure. Jack had gone into a full blown grand mal seizure. As his tight muscles were contorting, shaking, and jerking like a violent earthquake, a peace overtook me that I know so well. God. The peace of MY God.

As I looked into his tiny scared eyes and with his being unable to talk, I reassured him. "Jack, you're going to be okay, honey! Momma's gonna help you!!" However, his muscles were so tight I was having trouble getting him in a position where I could give his Diastat. With Bryan's

help and reassurance he was going to be okay, the medicine was pushed...and the earthquake stopped. As his little body became peaceful, MY weak muscles began to shake down my left side. Immediately, a prayer, "Lord God, please stop this shaking." Immediately, it went away.

When Jack was first born, this would have left me (and most others) in fear, anxiety, worry and tears. But PEACE! It's still here surrounding my home, surrounding my life! God's grace and rich blessings are still here in the storm! So, I began to pray through scriptures on strength for our family. I came across one of my favorites in Zephaniah 3:16.

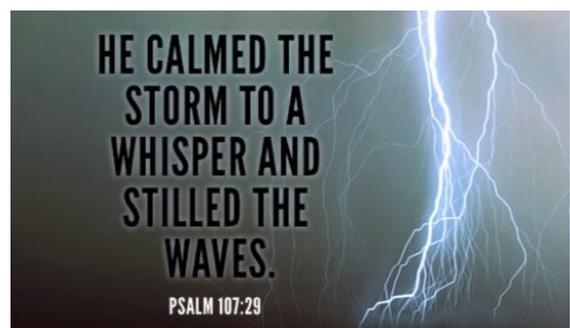


So often, we can't control the storms and earthquakes in our lives. But if we are God's child, He will quiet us with His love, sing over us, and give us peace!! He will strengthen us!! He will love us through the storms and will show us how to use our storm for His good.

I write none of this for sympathy or pity for myself or my family. I write only to boast about the goodness and awesomeness of our LORD and to share how He—He alone—can make us triumphant in ALL situations, even when we don't understand our storms. Sometimes, we wait for prayers to be answered, and pain and fear come! It is only through Him that we find peace and quiet and JOY during the storm!

So, dear friend, whatever you may be going through, know this. GOD is bigger! Look to Him, cling to Him, and thank and praise Him daily...even in your storm! His works are truly wonderful!!

Kim Kemnitzer, Salem, Missouri
February 5, 2017



Be Still.... Be Quiet

It was a late Fall evening, warm for November. I had dropped off my oldest son at his friend's house and headed back to town. The sky became dark...matter of fact, everything became dark. Dark...very still...very quiet! A quiet we could feel.

I stopped at the preacher's house to chat with his wife. Our preacher was a ham radio enthusiast. His wife and I had no sooner sat down before he came in and said the county hospital where I worked had been hit by a tornado! I left my other two sons with the preacher and his wife and went to see what needed to be done. Throughout our small town, the air again was very quiet. The storm had passed.

I arrived at the hospital to find a harsh scene. No power. None! In that brief minute before the work began that would last through the night, I was struck by the stark contrast of the quiet before the storm and the chaos in the aftermath. It would be my first and only time to insert IV-s and catheters by flashlight.

The Lord says in 1 Kings 19:11-12, *"Go out and stand on the mountain in the presence of the Lord, for the Lord is about to pass by." Then the great and powerful wind tore the mountains apart and shattered the rocks before the Lord, but the Lord was not in the wind. After the wind there was an earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake. After the earthquake came a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire. After the fire came a gentle whisper. When Eli heard it, he pulled his cloak over his face and went out and stood at the mouth of the cave.*

Sometimes, we miss the still, quiet, whisper voice of God. We (at least I) need to listen in humility and quietness for the still, quiet voice of God. I feel sure that God the Father in his quietness helped me through downed power lines and blocked roads. He helped my friend, a physician, walk across a field with live downed power lines to get to our badly damaged small county hospital. The electric company said they couldn't imagine how he survived walking across that field from his office.

I'm often struck by quietness in everyday life. The quietness of a beautiful sunrise, a sleeping newborn, or the quietness of peaceful quiet spirit. Is it any surprise that God calls us to be quiet and know him? To be quiet and hear his words when he says he loves us. That he loves us enough to send his only son to die for us.

The halls of our hospital were teeming with activity but there was a quietness that was palpable; a reverence for what had just taken place.

God calls us to be quiet and know that he is God. Believe me, we were all quiet the next day when we looked at the damage of the elementary school. The hallway where the children would have been sheltered was littered with glass, bricks, insulation, and other debris. Three hours earlier the children would have been in that very spot.

I still recall the quietness of patients being taken to other areas of the hospital until they could be transferred to other facilities. There was a quietness of staff



assisting a family who had tragically lost a loved one. All the quietness of this event after all these years still echoes in my memory.

Solomon says in Proverbs 21:23, *"Whoever guards his mouth and tongue keeps his soul from trouble."* Researchers say women have many, many more words than men. Perhaps we women need to use fewer! As women we should learn to respect a quiet spirit.

In the days and months after the tornado, we all reflected from time to time. But even now, I recall the quietness that surrounded all of us. I recall people who came to help, the smells in the air, and the expressions on the faces of my fellow nurses. I recall that we knew even in the darkness where our supplies were. Even with the glass, leaves, and other debris under our feet and the darkness of the corridors, the quietness is what I heard the loudest. I just remember that we all did what we were called to do.

Philippians 4:6-8 *"Be anxious for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known to God: and the peace of God which surpasses all understanding will guard your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."*

I'm not sure about others, but quietness during and after a storm—physical, emotional, or spiritual—seems to be just what I need.

Nettie Martin
Rolla, Missouri

STORMY WINDS

Stormy winds are part of life. A part of everyone's lives. No one passes through this life without encountering tough times, of one sort or another.

In my family, there are wonderful people who have endured incredible sorrows, losses, and even rejection. In my spiritual family, there are those who have encountered tremendous struggles—some physical, some spiritual, some emotional. All have “passed through the fires” of hard times.



When observing the grief and loss of others, I am sometimes tempted to question whether I, under similar circumstances, could handle the situation with as much grace and dignity. When observing the fear and pain of those who face deadly diseases, I question whether I would be one who fights the battle or one who would give up quickly. When observing the concern and worry of parents worrying about their children's lives, would I handle it as well? When the currents of life in general are beyond my control and become swift and treacherous, how do I respond?

I have seen one dear to me be buffeted by the loss of a child and the failure of a marriage. One has endured tremendous shock and grief over a child's difficult path in life. One has encountered heartache of her own through the heartache in her adult children's lives. One has seen a child swallowed up in drug abuse and mental disorders. One has suffered through her husband's death in a car accident, the failure of the next marriage, the sudden, unexpected loss of a nine-year-old child, and the failure of yet a third marriage. Some have walked the torturous valley of death by cancer with beloved spouses. Others endure unjust criticism while navigating through difficult decisions and burdens unknown to their critics.

How do people go on when going through such struggles? Some become stronger and more resilient knowing that God works all things together for good for those who love God. They know that gold must pass through fire in order to be purified, and that the trials they face will, in a sense, purify them and make them stronger. In order to become a butterfly, the caterpillar must go through the struggle of freeing itself from the cocoon. The strongest trees sink their roots deeply into the earth, thus enabling themselves to withstand drought, cold, and stormy winds.

The words of an old hymn come to mind:

*From ev'ry stormy wind that blows,
From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.*

*There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood bought mercy seat.*

*There is a scene where spirits blend,
When friend holds fellowship with friend;
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy seat.*

*Ah! There on eagle's wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more,
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy seat.*

Evelyn Waite

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THE STORMS WILL PASS

Violent weather made its way through our state last evening. The warm air and the cold air struggled mightily. Thunder shook the walls and rain mixed with hail poured forth from the black skies, flooding the streets and overflowing the creeks. Lightning, resembling death rays from a Star Wars movie, struck angrily at random targets. For an hour and a half the storms were relentless—and then they were gone. All was quiet ... and calm was restored. There are many messages borne on the winds of violence. To grasp such profound truths in the midst of chaos is to find reason for hope in times of despair and assurance that the storms will pass... and peace will be restored.

Chuck Hicks, Searcy, AR
Via Facebook

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