

## **Storms**

Dan Evans, July 1981

There are storms that chill the mountains,  
And there are storms that roll the seas.  
In September storms oft rattle,  
Through the gold and crimson leaves.

But, as the rains descend about me,  
And the storms of life assail,  
I'll stand firm before the tumult,  
For my Lord can hush the gale.

Swollen streams and angry rivers,  
Bear the dead and sad remains,  
Of a culture without promise,  
In its final dying days.

Debris clogged, churning waters,  
In which I drifted far from land;  
'Til I was pulled into a lifeboat,  
By my Savior's nail-pierced hands.

So, when the road gets hard to follow;  
Buried in the drifts of doubt.  
Look beyond those dark clouds skyward;  
The Son will light a sheltered route.

As the path straightens out before you,  
And Heaven's gate swings wide and clear,  
The storms are all behind you,  
And eternity draws near.