

The Storms of One's Soul

High up in the heavens, yet so close to man's eye

Towering high above, white plumes ascend to reach God's throne

Majestic and graceful, it astounds the imagination that something of this earth could be so massive and beautiful, yet so cold and destructive.

Life giving the necessity of the storm can never be forgotten, though it may appear to be unforgiving and devoid of hope.

So too, is the depths of one's soul

Blowing and unpredictable, responding to the world around

Storms of the soul are intense and vertically unforgiving.

Immense and majestic though a soul may seem, judge not by appearance for what dwells within is a churning turmoil that lashes out in fits of emotion like bursts of lightning.

The soul longs to be gentle and kind, yet as with every soul there are times of great triumph as well as great sorrow, worry and strife.

The pains one experiences are masked by facades of gentle beauty, wonderment and delight.

Change is afoot though one knows not how or where, the when is unknown and the why is never explained.

The storms of our souls can be violent in their search to express our soaring desires that build from within.

Desires of life reborn, though we are often faced with indifference and scorn.

We long to become something new and something more, though more often than not our desires turn to doubt.

In doubt we find anger becomes our friend and the gentle refreshing rain turns quickly into winds that wildly blow.

Our souls in torment seek solace and care, and healing from the terror of the storm.

Delight not in another's pain, seek to console suffering and calm the storm, for you too have known the powerful nature of the storm.

Comfort and peace are all that it takes to extinguish the storm.

Rest is God's mercy and know that it is true, that one who dwells in God, has no need to fear. For the greatest storms of life become but a moment of pain among the eternal joys that are always sure to follow the storm.