

STILL MORE

BY

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We really thought we knew Him, we answered His call and we followed.
A mis-matched band of men we were sailing off into tomorrow.
I never knew a man to work so hard and spend himself like Him.
And at last I saw Him finally lay down, while His old light was growing dim.
And darkness came as did the wind.
That lake became a beast, that howled and roared and reached for us, thirteen mortals for its feast.
All I believed now seemed a lie and nothing made any sense.
Waves of terror washed over my soul, each one even more intense.
I felt my way to the back of the boat to where I'd seen Him lay.
So human was He, that in His fatigue, despite those pounding waves, He slept.
Like a man unaware that there was any reason for fear.
Like one who knew just where he was going, and what He was doing here.
Then one angry thought broke through my fear as my panic reached its peak.
It erupted out of the hostile question I could not help but speak.
We're going to Die! I cried out loud, to the one who would lead us there.
You said, "Let's go over", but we're going under how is it that you don't care?
At first He said nothing but seemed to be struggling with a mind not fully awakened.
Straight from His dream into our nightmare, yet He wasn't the least bit shaken.
Oh, He stood up suddenly and steadied himself.
With one hand he held to the ropes.
Like holding the reins of a stallion he rode that rising and falling boat.
One hand on the ropes, one hand in the air, as we cowered along the sides.
He confronted that beast that caused us to cower, so frightened and terrified.
The words that He spoke were not a request; they were not a victim's plea.
His words were not louder than the howl of the wind or the roar of the Galilee.
But his words carried power, undeniable power!
Even the force of the wind had to flee.
Mightier than the thunder of great waters, mightier than breakers of the sea.
He spoke to that wind like it was a dog.
His command muzzled its jaw and it fled with its tail tucked between its legs.
We huddled in silence and awe.
Everything was quiet upon hearing those words the water, the earth, and the sky;
Nothing more silent and speechless than we, who just witnessed this with our eyes.
This man who took lordship over nature, for whom nature immediately complied,
Now turned His gaze upon us little men just beginning to slowly arise.
Why were you afraid? He asked us.
How is it that you have no faith?
We had no answer to give him then.
Looking back we could only say that we were afraid of what was against us,
Because we did not realize what manner of man He was that we followed
And trusted with our very lives.
We had no answer for His question to us, but we had many questions of our own.
Someone finally spoke those words that still echo in my soul.
What manner of man, indeed, is He?
Still more than I can know.