

PRAYERS IN A THUNDER STORM

I wakened to the rumbling sound of thunder,—
The vagrant blusterer of lightning's way.
Oppressive was the heat and darkened night.
I was alone, afraid.—I prayed for sleep.

The long French windows open near me sighed.
I knew that they and others should be closed.
As vivid lightning guided, this was done
And crumpling into bed I breathed a prayer
For safety and a quickly coming dawn.

Came crackling sounds from radio and clock.
With trembling steps and silent prayer for time
I sought them, paused and then with lightning speed
Disarmed and left them speechless as I fled.

When possible between the flash and noise
I counted seconds as my heart beat time
And marveled at the grandeur of the storm.
How useless, humble, unprepared I felt.—
Dread thoughts that centered on myself alone.
I prayed, gave promises or were they bribes?

In teasing mood the storm abated, growled,
Then blazed again and thundered, tip-toed, ceased.
I opened wide verandah doors to heaven
And saw a pendant, silv'ry crescent moon.
Breathed deeply of the purest, midnight air.
Then back to bed and tangled sheets I went
And slept—without a thought of *thanking* God!

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