

The Giant Storm

By Esther Roanna Olson, age 11

"Come on guys," Jesus called, "Let's go into the boat, we can go fishing!" He hopped into the boat and we all followed.

"Um, guys, it looks like it's going to rain," I warned, but no one listened to me. Everyone was always eager to be with Jesus whether or not there was nice weather. I hopped into the boat too, I didn't want to be the only one who didn't go, especially since I was one of Jesus' best friends.

The boat leaned to one side as I hopped in. I had been on a boat for the longest time fishing and all, so I of all people shouldn't be afraid, but I still was anyways, at least right now. Jesus got tired so he laid at the bottom of the boat sleeping. Why did I have that feeling that things weren't going to be okay? I turned around to face the way that we had come.

"Guys," I exclaimed, no one listened, "Guys there is a big storm heading right our way!" Now that got their attention! Swiftly they all swiveled around to see huge storm clouds coming straight toward our boat. It started to rain.

It was pouring down so hard I didn't know how Jesus kept on sleeping. But he did. Just when I thought things could not get any worse, they did. Giant, foamy waves started, breaking over our boat. The disciples and I started trying to bail the water out, but it kept on coming. I was starting to get mad at Jesus, he was just lying there, sleeping, while we were trying our very hardest not to get washed away.

I finally had enough.

"Jesus," I screamed above the racket of the storm, "Wake up, can't you save us from this storm? Drowning is not the thing I would prefer to be doing right at this particular moment."

Jesus finally woke up. "Don't you know that I could stop this storm this instant?" Jesus asked all of our soaked bodies, "I could save you very easily, and still you did not believe in me."

We all hung our heads, partially because we were ashamed of ourselves, and partially because our hair was so heavy. Quickly, Jesus stood up and spoke, stopping the storm right before our eyes. I didn't consider that to be possible, but Jesus did it just like that, without even trying that hard it seemed.

After that entire incident, we sailed back to land. Jesus hopped out of the boat, and we followed, just like normal. Except we had seen the coolest miracle ever, and I couldn't wait to tell everyone I knew about it. Jesus left the docks, and we followed, ready for whatever adventure might come next. After all, it is Jesus we are talking about.