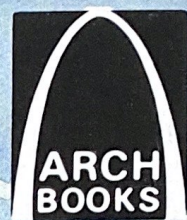
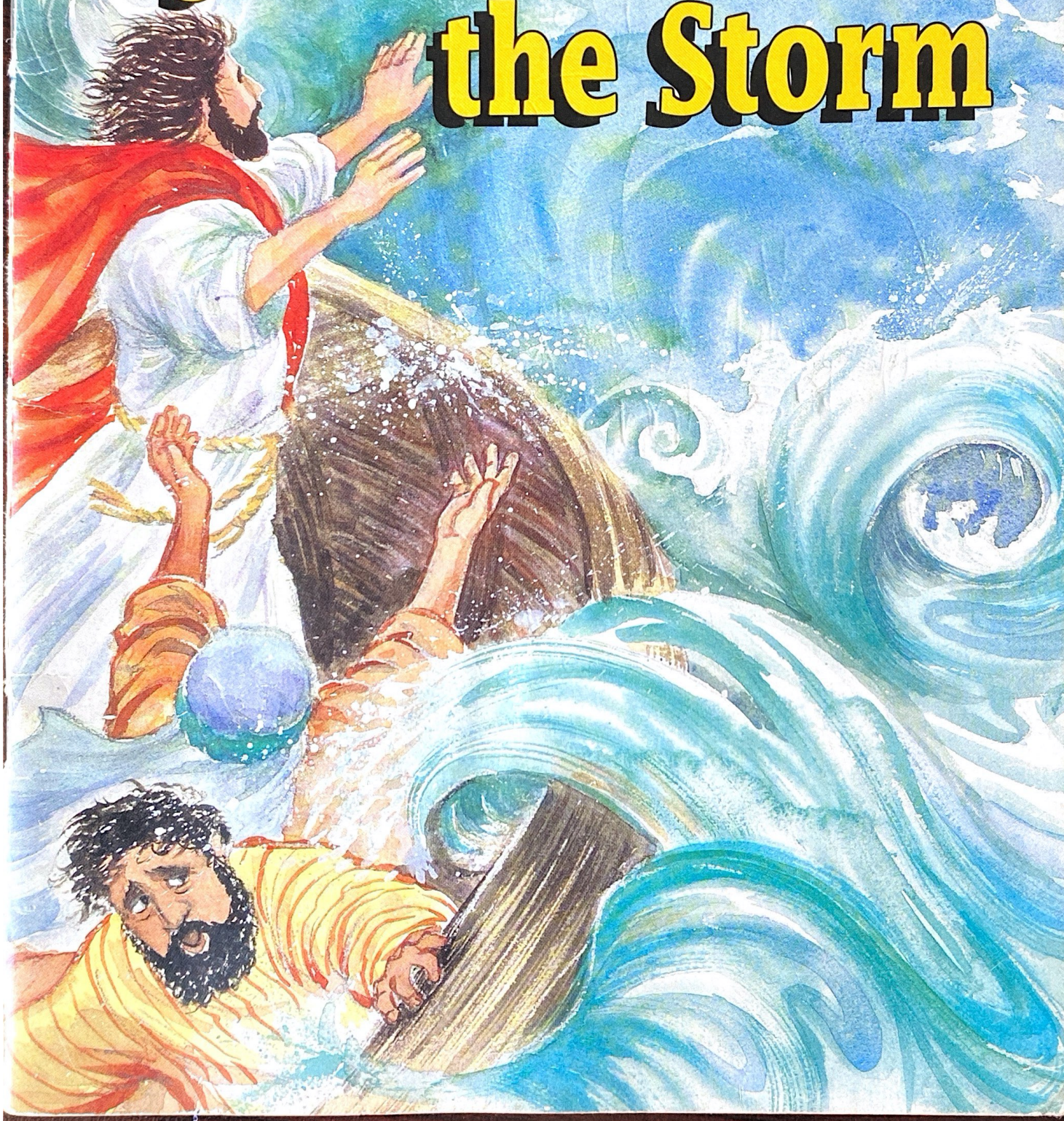


LEARNING BIBLE STORIES IS FUN WITH



Jesus Calms the Storm



Jesus Calms the Storm



Matthew 8:23–27

Mark 4:35–41

Luke 8:22–25

For Children

Written by Jean Thor Cook

Illustrated by Chris Wold Dyrud

ARCH® Books

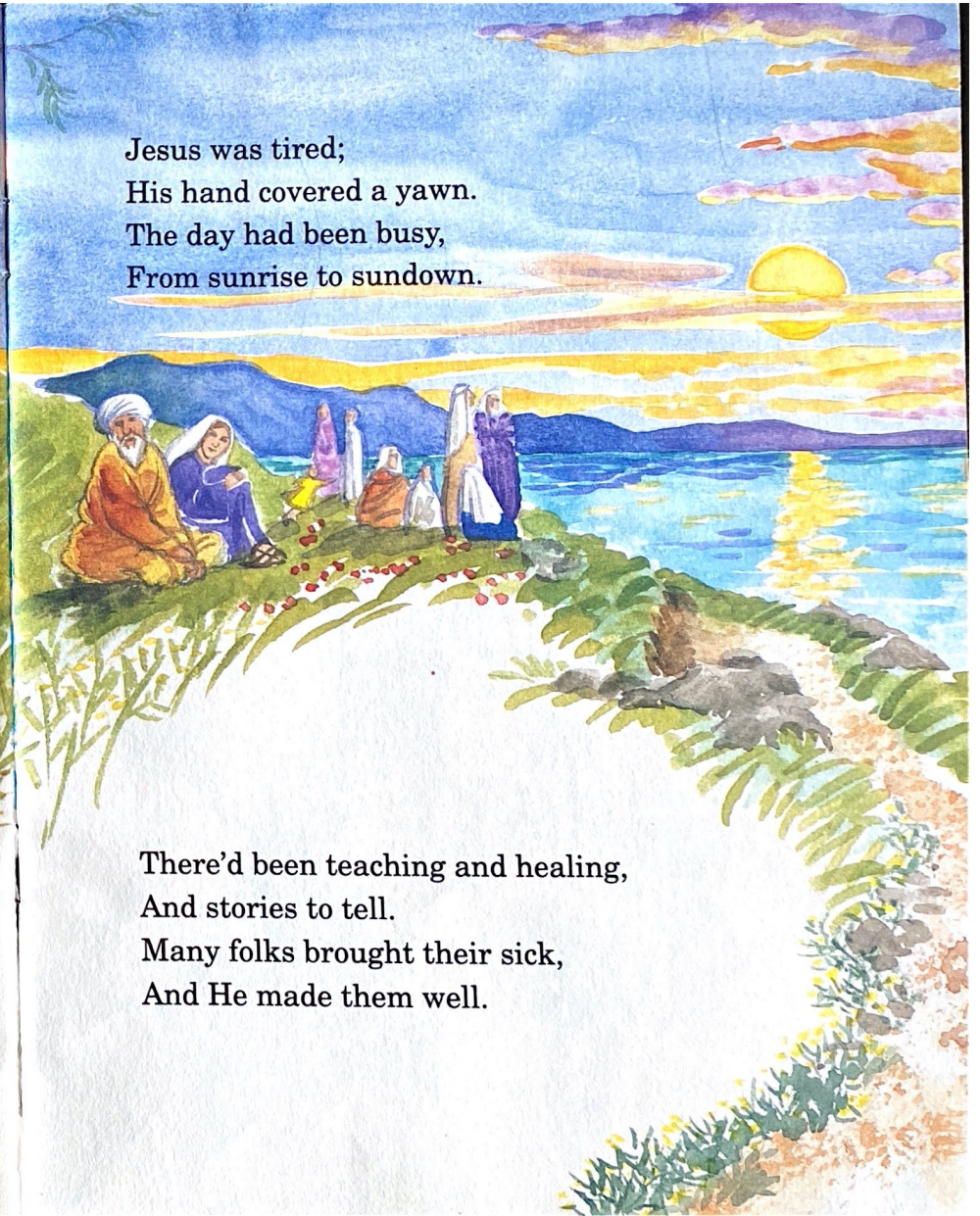
Scripture quotations: NEW INTERNATIONAL VERSION® © 1973, 1978, 1984 by the International Bible Society.
Used by permission of Zondervan.

Copyright © 1994 Concordia Publishing House
3558 S. Jefferson Avenue, St. Louis, MO 63118-3968
Manufactured in the United States of America

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of Concordia Publishing House.



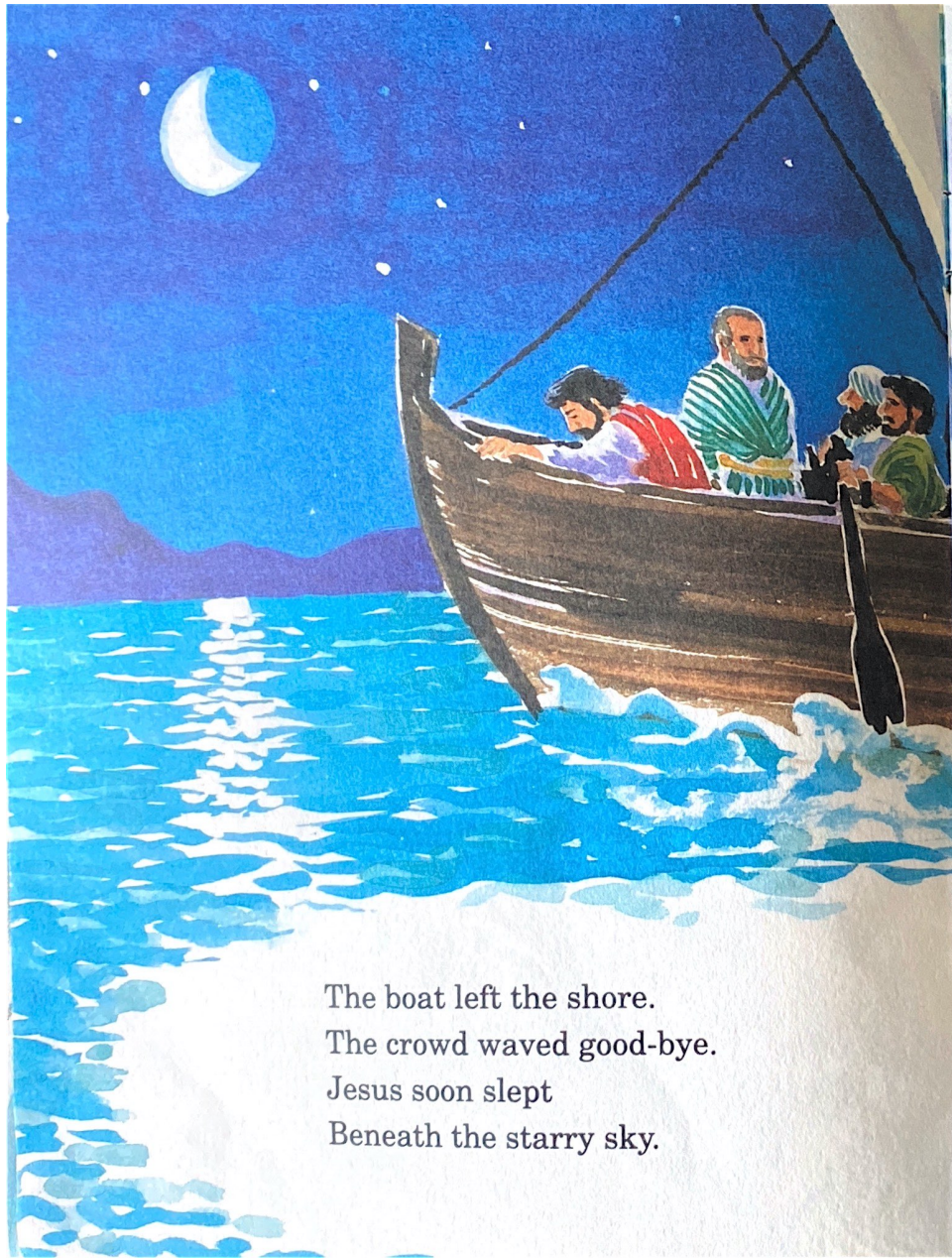
Jesus was tired;
His hand covered a yawn.
The day had been busy,
From sunrise to sundown.



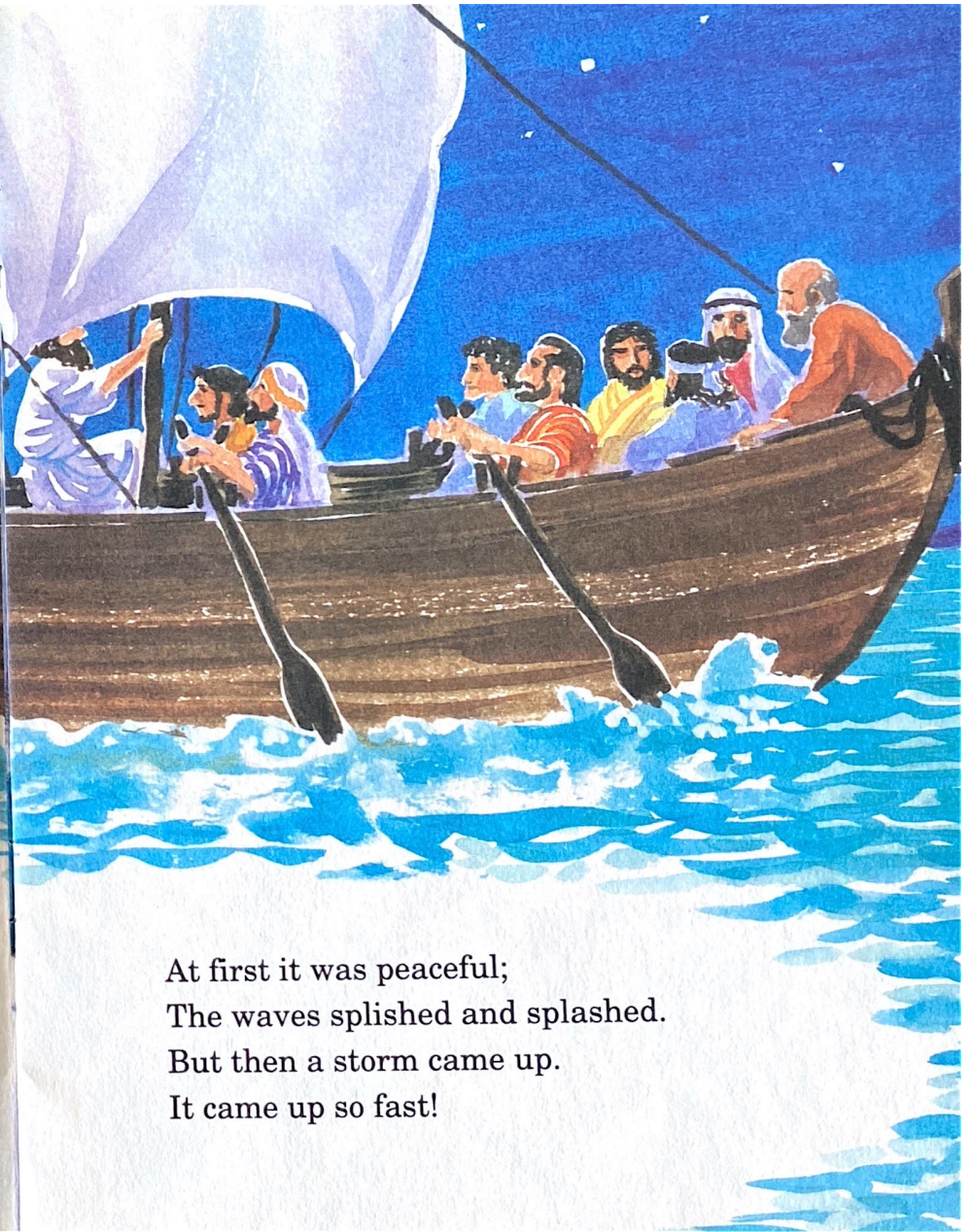
There'd been teaching and healing,
And stories to tell.
Many folks brought their sick,
And He made them well.



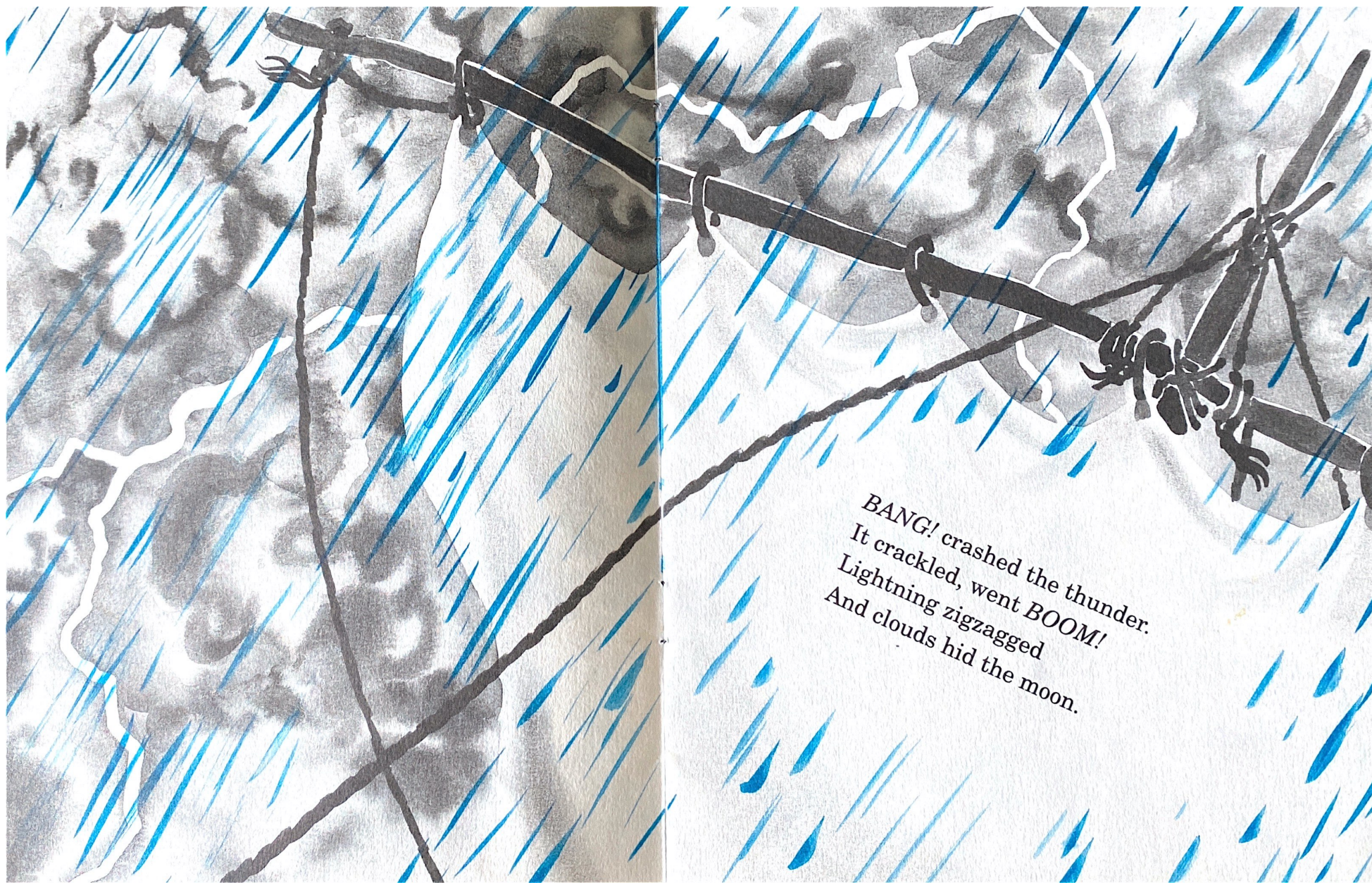
How could Jesus rest
With the crowd still there?
Why not sail 'cross the lake?
The disciples knew where.



The boat left the shore.
The crowd waved good-bye.
Jesus soon slept
Beneath the starry sky.

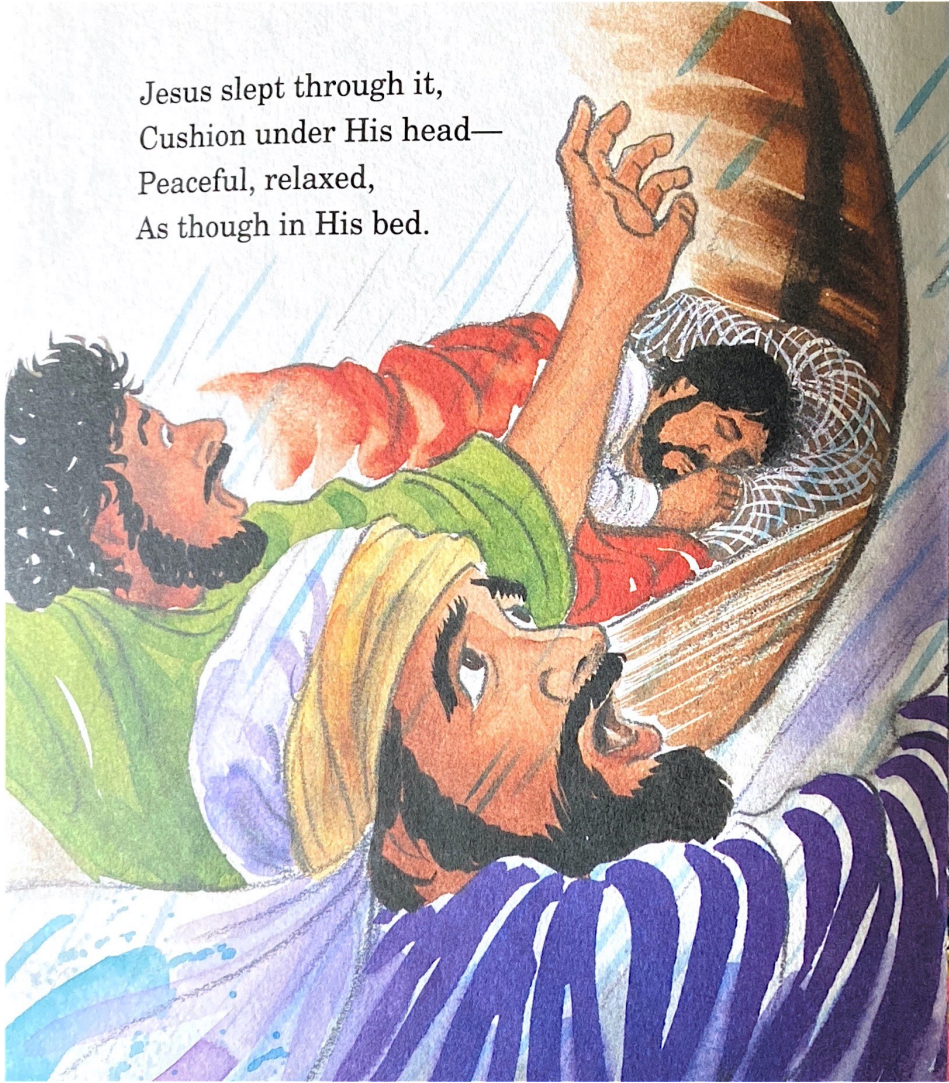


At first it was peaceful;
The waves splished and splashed.
But then a storm came up.
It came up so fast!

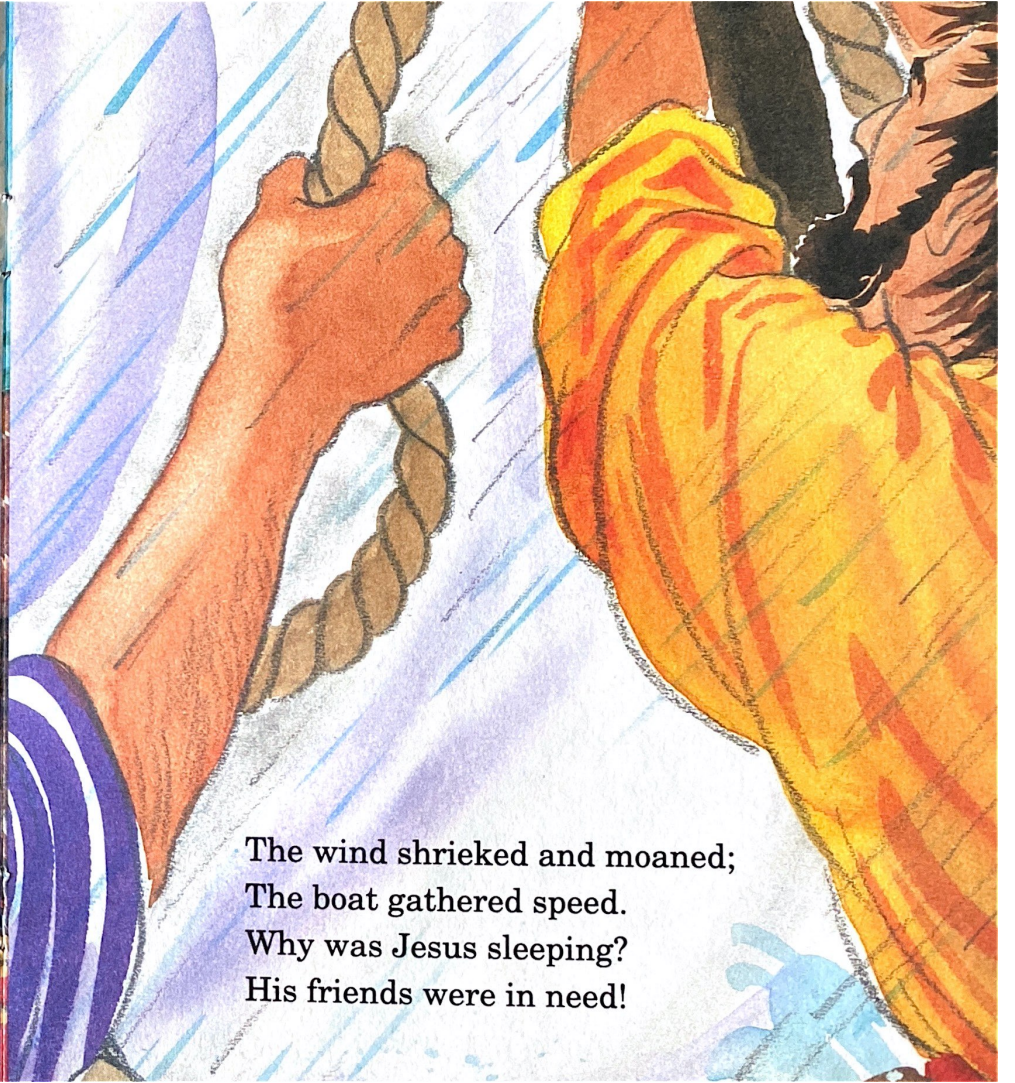


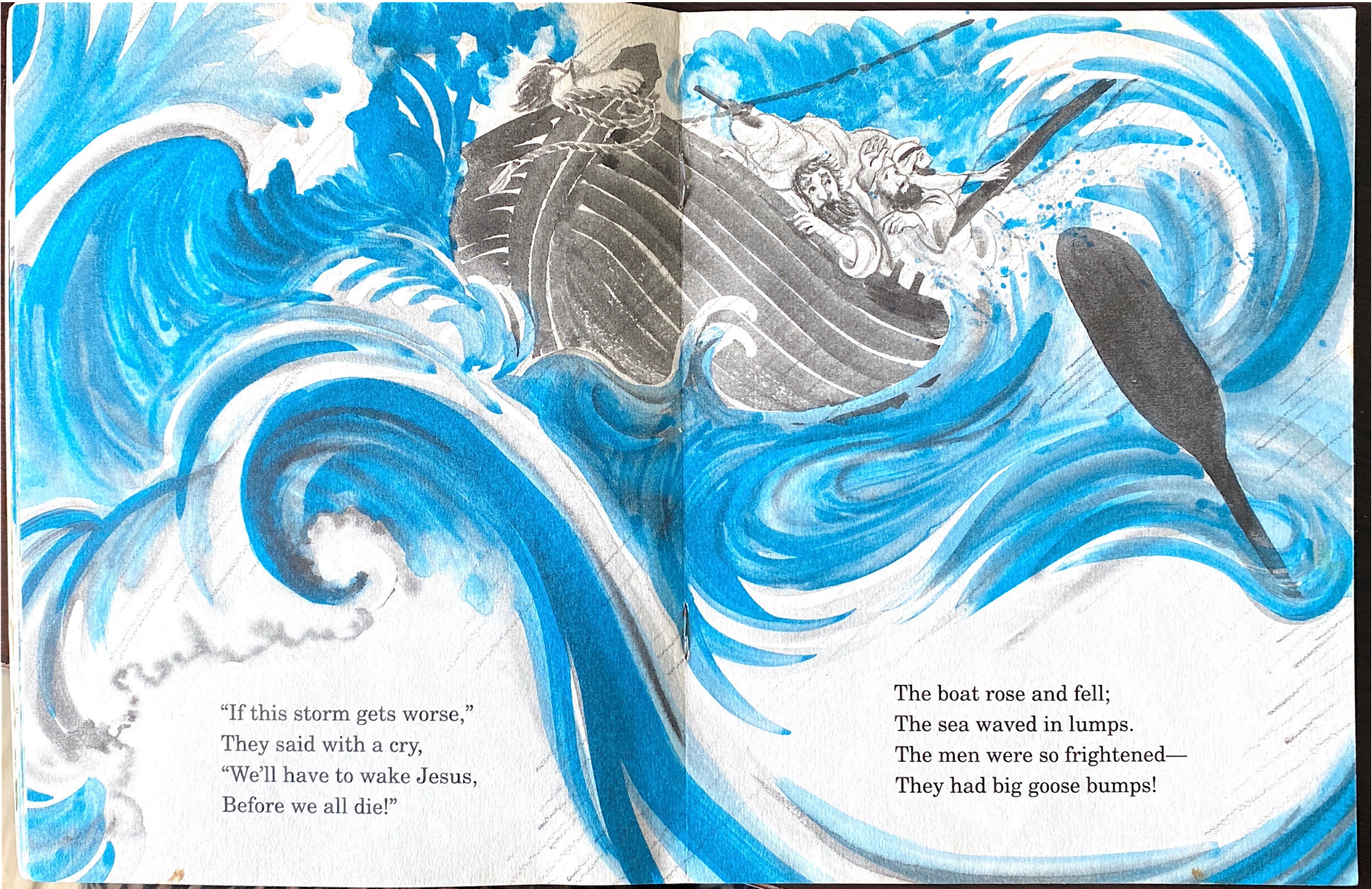
BANG! crashed the thunder.
It crackled, went *BOOM!*
Lightning zigzagged
And clouds hid the moon.

Jesus slept through it,
Cushion under His head—
Peaceful, relaxed,
As though in His bed.



The wind shrieked and moaned;
The boat gathered speed.
Why was Jesus sleeping?
His friends were in need!



A watercolor illustration of a stormy sea. The water is depicted with swirling, expressive brushstrokes in various shades of blue, from deep navy to bright cerulean. A small, dark wooden boat is shown in the center, tilted as if caught in a wave. Inside the boat, several figures are visible, their forms rendered in simple, sketchy lines. One figure appears to be holding a long pole or oar. A large, dark, curved shape, possibly an oar or a part of the boat's structure, dominates the right side of the frame. The overall style is painterly and dramatic, capturing the intensity of a storm.

“If this storm gets worse,”
They said with a cry,
“We’ll have to wake Jesus,
Before we all die!”

The boat rose and fell;
The sea waved in lumps.
The men were so frightened—
They had big goose bumps!

They grabbed the boat's oars
And rowed with strong might.
The little boat groaned
In the black of the night.

The water rose higher.
The friends had one wish—
Knees knocking, they hoped
Not to swim with the fish.



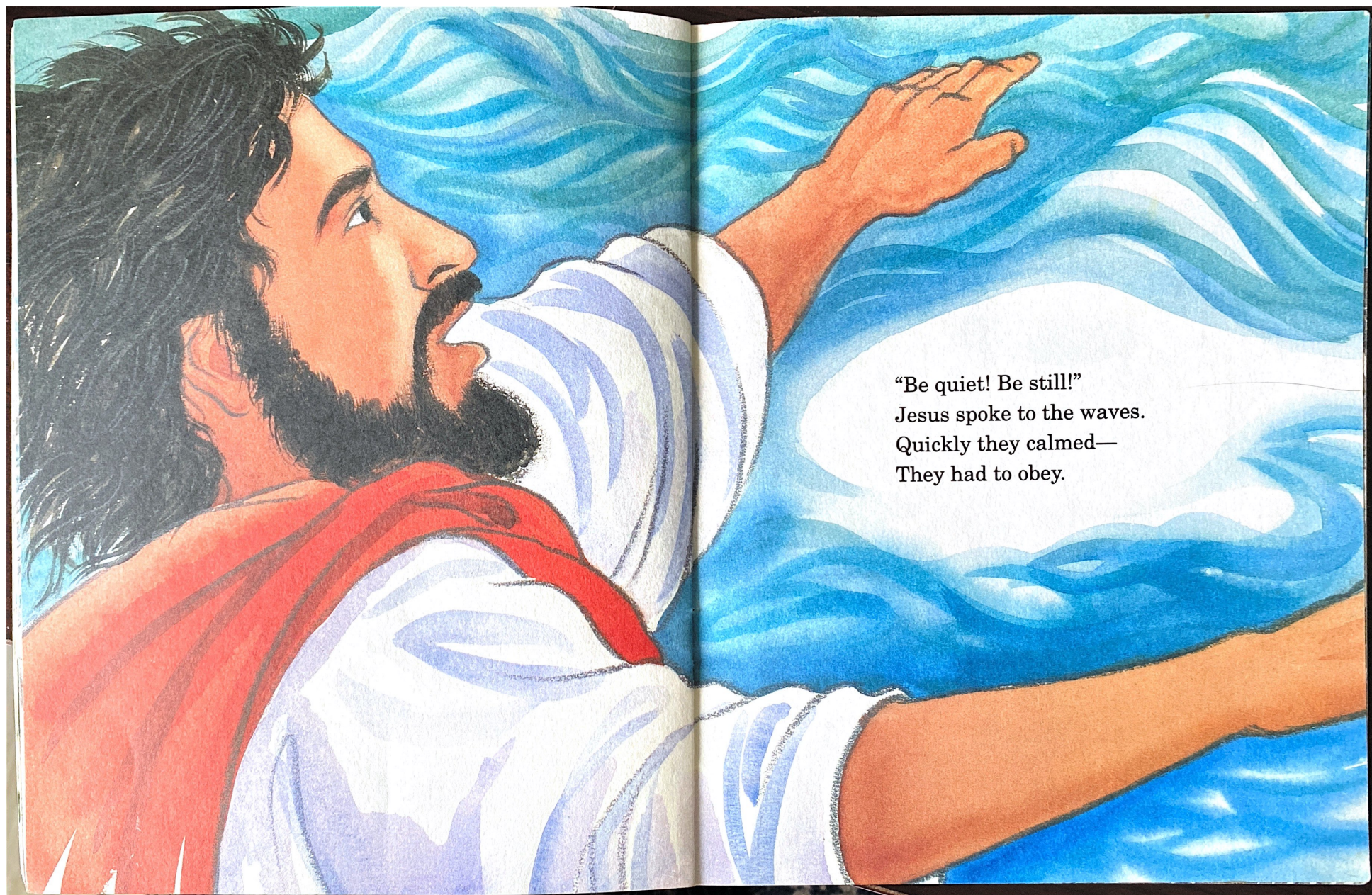


But the winds roared more fiercely.
Waves whooshed o'er the bow.

"We need to wake Jesus,
And do it right now!"

"Don't you know we could perish?"
They questioned their Lord.

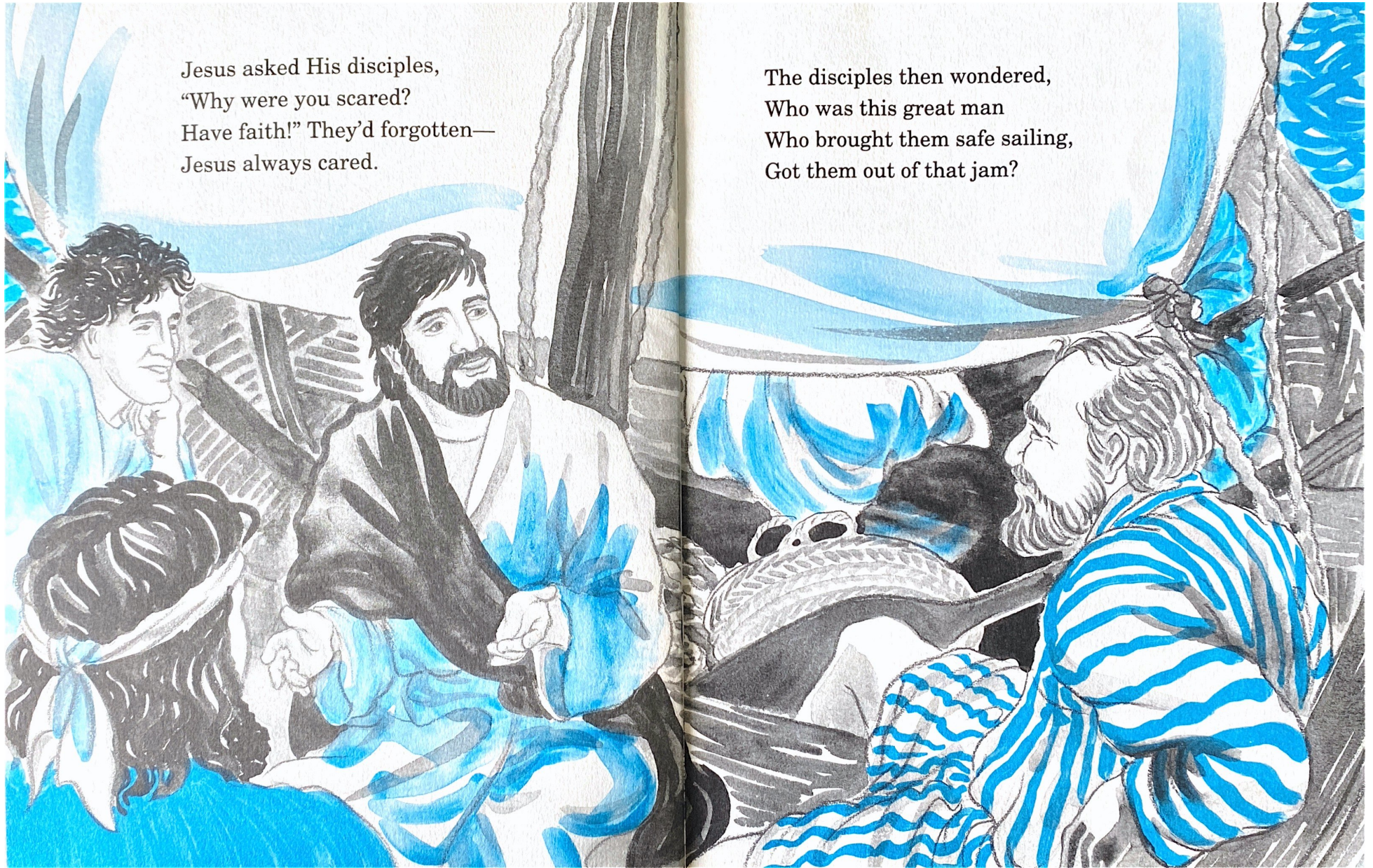
"Get up or we'll drown;
We'll be swept overboard!"

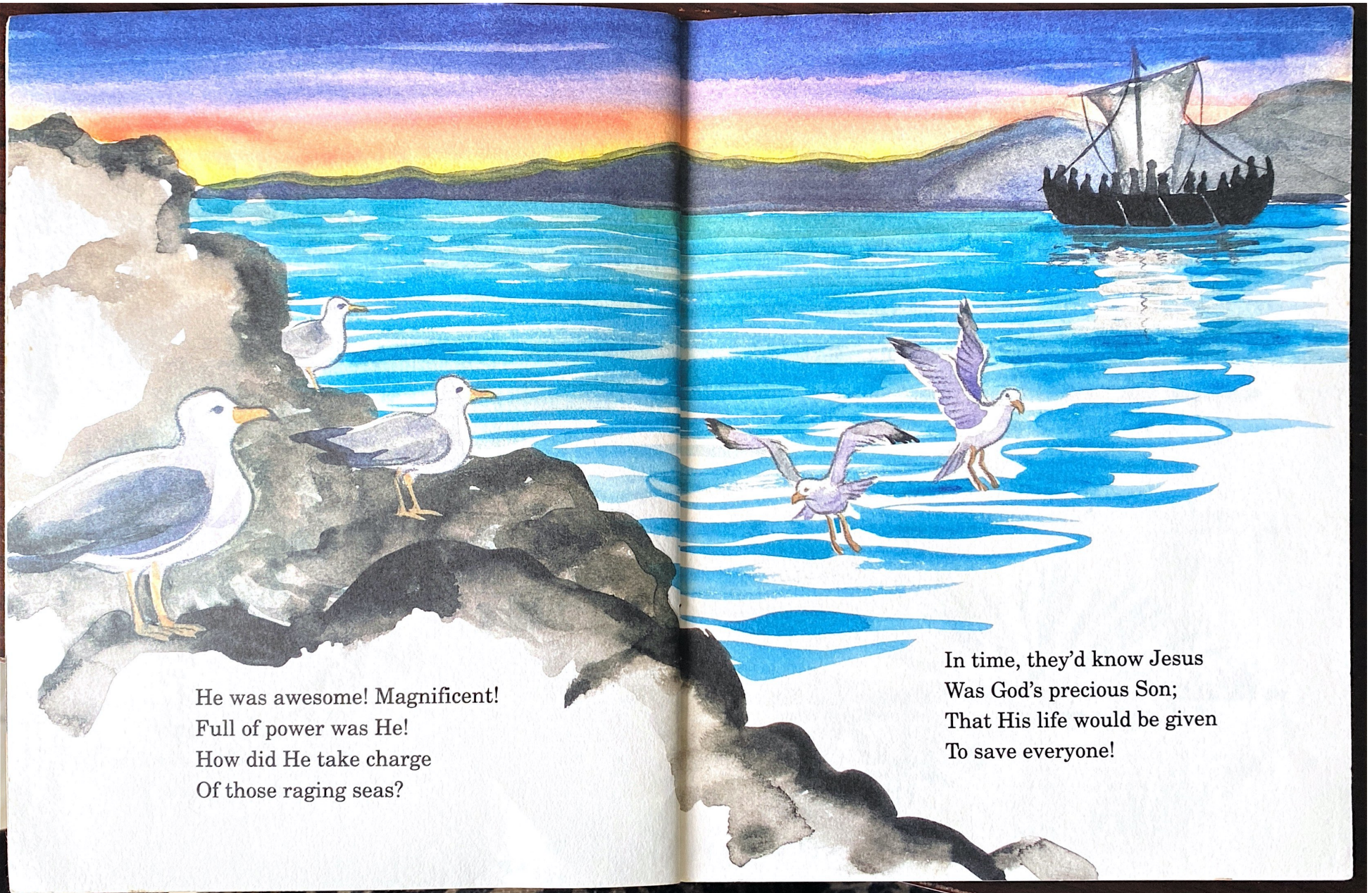


"Be quiet! Be still!"
Jesus spoke to the waves.
Quickly they calmed—
They had to obey.

Jesus asked His disciples,
“Why were you scared?
Have faith!” They’d forgotten—
Jesus always cared.

The disciples then wondered,
Who was this great man
Who brought them safe sailing,
Got them out of that jam?





He was awesome! Magnificent!
Full of power was He!
How did He take charge
Of those raging seas?

In time, they'd know Jesus
Was God's precious Son;
That His life would be given
To save everyone!