

At midnight black an awesome storm,

And I was snuggled up all warm;

The rain belted down and the wind did blow,

As the storm cooked up and went fierce you know.

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It tickled my fancy at the rain's first beat,

As the wind rose up and howled at my feet;

There was many a man, who was afraid,

Though I was still for in God's trust I laid.

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I had run that night through the wind and rain,

And had pushed that hard all I felt was pain;

It hit my face so soft and right,

And the wind howled through the trees with might.

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But I did not give up I did do or die,

For my life depended on how hard I'd try;

I kept my eyes fixed straight on he,

For the wind and the rain were at one with me.

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There was no prize for second place that night,

For me it was my God my plight,

Now through the dark after many years,

My hope for freedom and truth appears.

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Now this is not a tale I fably tell,

For the wind and rain was like heaven and hell;

But all the power on earth that night,

Could not subdue God's eternal light.

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I rest my case my pen is down,

And the city turned into a humble town;

And through the skies Christ's self reflection,

Of what was torture turned into a paradise perfection.

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**Signed,**

**Long time coming.**