

An Angel in the Storm

by Lynette Chambers



Lightning flashed as thunder rolled across the Ozark Mountains, shaking the hills and valleys alike.

Wildlife sought shelter from the coming storm. In our tiny home atop the mountain we huddled close to our mother like scared baby chicks. The blue and white Motorola radio stuttered with static as the coming storm interfered with the air waves. We could hear just enough for mama to discern that a tornado was headed directly for us.

Five of us huddled there that hot, stormy, summer afternoon in 1963, just after my ninth birthday - Mama, my three sisters, and me. Daddy had gone to work on a road job as was often the case. In those days he had to take work when and where it was offered. It was not unusual for us to go weeks at a time with no contact from the outside world, other than that little radio.

Somehow, over the years Mama had become deathly afraid of storms. She would get so scared that she would become physically ill from the fear. Often she would herd us kids to the storm shelter where we would spend hours in the dank, dark, underground space; waiting out a storm. The light of the lantern did little to dispel the gloom. This particular afternoon however, the storm cellar was not available. Daddy hadn't had time to clean it from the winter, and the fear of snakes was even greater than the fear of the storm. Mama opted to keep us there in our own little dining room instead.

As the storm grew steadily closer and the winds began to howl, Mama prayed. Pulling us close to her, with the baby on her lap, she had us all hold hands.

"Pray, girls, pray," she instructed us. "God will hear us if we call on His name. Pray like you've never prayed before."

As we prayed, and the storm raged around the house, we could hear tree limbs snapping like match stems. And yet, a peace that passed all understanding began to pervade our home. Strangely, it was as if a beautiful fragrance had blown in on the storm. Suddenly, my older sister whispered, "Mama, do you see the angel? Do you see him?"

We all turned to look. There, standing in the corner of our little nine by eleven foot dining room was the biggest angel you could ever imagine seeing! His legs were strong and sturdy like mighty tree trunks. His clothes were white with a golden girdle and leggings, and his eyes blazed with the glory of the Lord. He was so tall that he had to bend down to be completely inside our home. When he stood, his upper body went up through the ceiling somehow. He spoke not a word, but he brought peace and protection as he waited there with us.

A while later, the storm passed; and the angel simply disappeared. Upon going outside we saw trees uprooted and signs of the tornado that had indeed passed over our house. Yet, not a part of our home was damaged. Everything was completely intact.

From that time on I've never been afraid of storms. I'll always remember when God sent His angel to watch over us on that stormy summer afternoon.