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Wind, My Dad, and I

Jeri Schelhaas
Dordt College

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The Wind, My Dad, and I

Jeri Schelhaas

When the sky turned black
and tree leaves turned silver sides out,
When air before the onslaught grew still
and humid with storm,
And far, unceasing thunder silenced birds,
My dad stood in the middle of the yard,
Hands on his hips,
Clear eyes scanning the sky.

He could outrun that storm's approach,
And if needed, lift a branch to clear the way,
And hold me in his lap,
His wide chest silencing the thunder's roar.

But when in Catechism class
Tears rolled down his cheeks
As he talked of grace,
He taught a greater power,
One he knows more clearly now
When a slight breeze challenges his feeble walk or
Brings him inside.

And I, who used to hide under the basement pool table
Until he came in from his watch on the storm,
Was taught by those strong tears
To stand my place
Against the winds and storms
Until I too hear the chariot wheels in God's approaching Whirlwind,
Pull my cap over my ears,
And give in to the breath that blows me home.