



While waiting for Hurricane Bertha, on July 11, 1996, I decided to compose a poem dedicated to my wonderful Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. Another testimony follows the poem.

-- DAVID LEE TIMBERLAKE

HURRICANE

Lord my God you are a most Merciful God.

My Lord you are absolutely beyond doubt the Creator.

Lord Jesus your name is truly Alpha and Omega.

You were before all and will forever be the Great I AM.

I am simple and you are all knowing and all strength.

My ways often seem the best to me in my limited logic.

Then you always show me your better and most wonderful way.

I marvel in your tolerance you have for me and all of mankind.

I can not do anything of excellence until you sanction it.

I can not carry out my dream with out your eye of approval.

I am but an amoeba in your vast universe.

But you care for me when I am sitting and when I am standing.

You Lord gave me your wonderful written Word.

You knew I needed to be reminded daily, how majestic you are,
and that you are always there for me when I call out your name.

In fact you're there saving me before I realize affliction is on me.

I now know that my greatest one act on this earth is to follow Jesus Christ my Savior.

You have lifted Him up to prominence to be our Sin Bearer.

You have raised His name higher than any other name.

Do not ever, let me forget, oh God, that you are Lord. AMEN

I finished my poem and the hurricane was still churning outside.

The eye passed over our house. The back side of the storm was now hitting us with full force. I still had my hearing in those days -- so I experienced the noise loud and clear. I felt and heard the house shaking and heard boards popping. Our little toy poodle, Simony, was crouched on my lap and I felt so sorry for her as she was shaking in fear. She kept looking at me as if to say do something *Pa Pa*.

I had in the past told my wife, Anna, I think a brick house is more desirable down south and especially here in Wilmington, North Carolina. We lived two miles from the Atlantic ocean and experienced 9 Hurricanes the 17 years we lived in this wood frame house. We bought the house new and the builder said cedar wood was very durable.

The storm passed over and the calm and quietness was unreal. Almost eerie. I got up out of my favorite over-stuffed chair and placed Simony on the floor. She darted in the bed room and hid under the bed still shaking.

I decided I might as well go outside and survey the property and see what was left.

Since the roof is the first to go, I checked it and not one shingle was lifted off. I saw shingles all over my yard which I determined to be from my adjacent neighbors. Nails were sticking out of the siding from one quarter of an inch to one inch. My next door neighbor had siding loose and nails popped out also.

No windows broken as I boarded up the house with plywood. All the screens were blown out of the back porch.

Then I viewed a surprising anomaly.

In my back yard I had 10 large loblolly pine trees, with trunk diameters two to three feet across and very tall. Two trees fell west to east, which was parallel to the back of my house. I let out a big sigh as there was no house damage from any fallen trees.

We had 4 neighbors adjacent to our yard and all had pine trees of the same caliber. All had trees on their houses. My neighbor behind me had 4 trees on his house. All of their fallen trees fell north to south which if that would have happened to me I would have my trees on my house. I thought amazing Lord, how great you are.

This was a Sunday and I was going to go to church. I decided to change into my jeans and grabbed my chain saw. Meanwhile my neighbor behind me said a bomb must have gone off. I said lets get started and clear this mess out. More neighbors came over and we all worked together.

After two hours of sawing and stacking wood my neighbor said aren't you going to church. You always go to church on Sunday.

I said my Bible says if my neighbor has a cow in a ditch and it is the Sabbath day I should help him get it out. "Well, Brad, it looks like a big cow problem right here," I said to my neighbor.

I thought it was amazing he noticed we even went to church. I pondered on this. I didn't know I was being watched. Some people say they don't know how to witness. Well I guess one way is to go to church on the Sunday.

My neighbors all said we should go to your church and I said it is more important to accept Jesus as your Lord and Savior. No answer. No comment.

Praise the Lord for His protection and blessings. Praise the Lord for His mercy.