

The Trip Home

Written by Delores A. Hampton
Sunday, 08 July 2012 13:21

A pastor had been on a long flight between church conferences. The first warning of the approaching problems came when the sign on the airplane flashed on: **Fasten Your Seat Belts**. Then, after a while, a calm voice said, 'We will not be serving beverages at this time as we are expecting a little turbulence. Please be sure your seat belt is fastened.'

As the pastor looked around the aircraft, it became obvious that many of the passengers were becoming apprehensive. Later, the voice on the intercom said, 'We're sorry, we are unable to serve the meal at this time. The turbulence is still ahead of us.'.... Then suddenly, the storm broke.

The ominous cracks of thunder could be heard even above the roar of the engines. Lightning lit up the darkening skies, and within moments that great plane was like a cork tossed around over the ocean. One moment the airplane was lifted on currents of air; the next, it dropped as if it were about to crash.

The pastor confessed that he shared the discomfort and fear of those around him. He looked around the plane, and saw that nearly all the passengers were upset and alarmed. Some were praying. The future seemed bleak and many were wondering if they would make it through the storm.

Then suddenly the Pastor saw a little girl. Apparently the storm meant nothing to her. She had tucked her feet beneath her as she sat on her seat; she was reading a book and every-thing within her small world was calm and orderly. Sometimes she closed her eyes, then she would read again; then she would straighten her legs, but worry and fear were not in her world.

When the plane was being buffeted by the terrible storm, when it lurched this way and that way, as it rose and fell with frightening severity, when all the adults were scared half to death, that marvelous child was completely composed and unafraid.' The Pastor could hardly believe his eyes.

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It was not surprising that when the plane finally reached its destination and all the passengers were hurrying to disembark, the pastor lingered to speak to the girl whom he had watched for such a long time. He asked why she had not been afraid. The child looked into the pastor's eyes with a wide smile and replied, 'Cause my Daddy's the pilot, and he's taking me home.'

There are many storms that buffet us; physical, mental, financial and domestic, that can easily and quickly darken our skies. So as we go through our storms of life, lets remember that : Our Father is the Pilot. He is in control and taking us home. Please don't worry!