

He sleeps through storms.

James had worked for many years,
On a neighbors farm near home,
Contented with his lifestyles,
He felt no need to roam.
Then work had ceased, the farm had closed,
And James though tired and worn,
Would seek for work, his resume said.
“This man sleeps through storms.”

Well, Farmer Jones just up the road,
Needed help real soon,
And James was hired on the spot,
He started work at noon.
For weeks he proved he loved his job,
It seemed for this he's born,
Yet often, Farmer Jones recalled,
That this man sleeps through storms.

The weeks went by and autumn gales,
Lashed houses, fields and barns,
The winds would rise and snowflakes fall,
The cause for some alarm.
One night the farmer left his bed,
To see what winds had torn,
He found James sound asleep,
It's true, “He sleeps through storms.”

Through howling winds he made his way,
Found barns secure, and all shut tight,
Returning home with confidence,
Said, “James has earned the right.”
And what of you, when forced to face,
Life's troubles finding you forlorn,
Have you secured the things that count,
And in Gods hand, sleep through the storms.

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