

Felix and Friends:
The Fruit of the Spirit Series

4

Patrik longs for Peace



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Kaboom!

A loud crack of thunder shook the tiny room Felix and his cousin Patrik shared.

“Ahh!” shrieked Patrik, waking with a start at the commotion.

“Huh?” mumbled Felix as he groggily rubbed at his eyes and sat up.

“Patrik? What’s going on? What’s wrong?”

Patrik whimpered as he clung tightly to the comforter on his bed.

“Please make it stop,” he moaned, ducking under the covers just as another clap of thunder echoed across the night, a brief flash of light filling the room before all fell once again into uneasy darkness. Felix stared at his cousin, blinking in confusion.

“I can’t make the storm stop,” he muttered. “What do you expect me to do?”





A noise from the hall caught the boys' attention.

Hans - Felix's father and Patrik's uncle - quietly entered the room, a look of concern on his face.

"Boys? Is everything okay?" he whispered.

"I'm fine, dad, but Patrik isn't," sighed Felix.

Kaboom!

Another clap of thunder rumbled across the night sky, making everyone in the room jump.

Patrik dove fully under his covers with a cry of fear. "Please, no more!" he begged pitifully.

Hans moved at once to comfort the terrified boy.

"Patrik, son, come out from under the blankets. It's okay. You're safe."

"It doesn't sound safe," mourned Patrik.

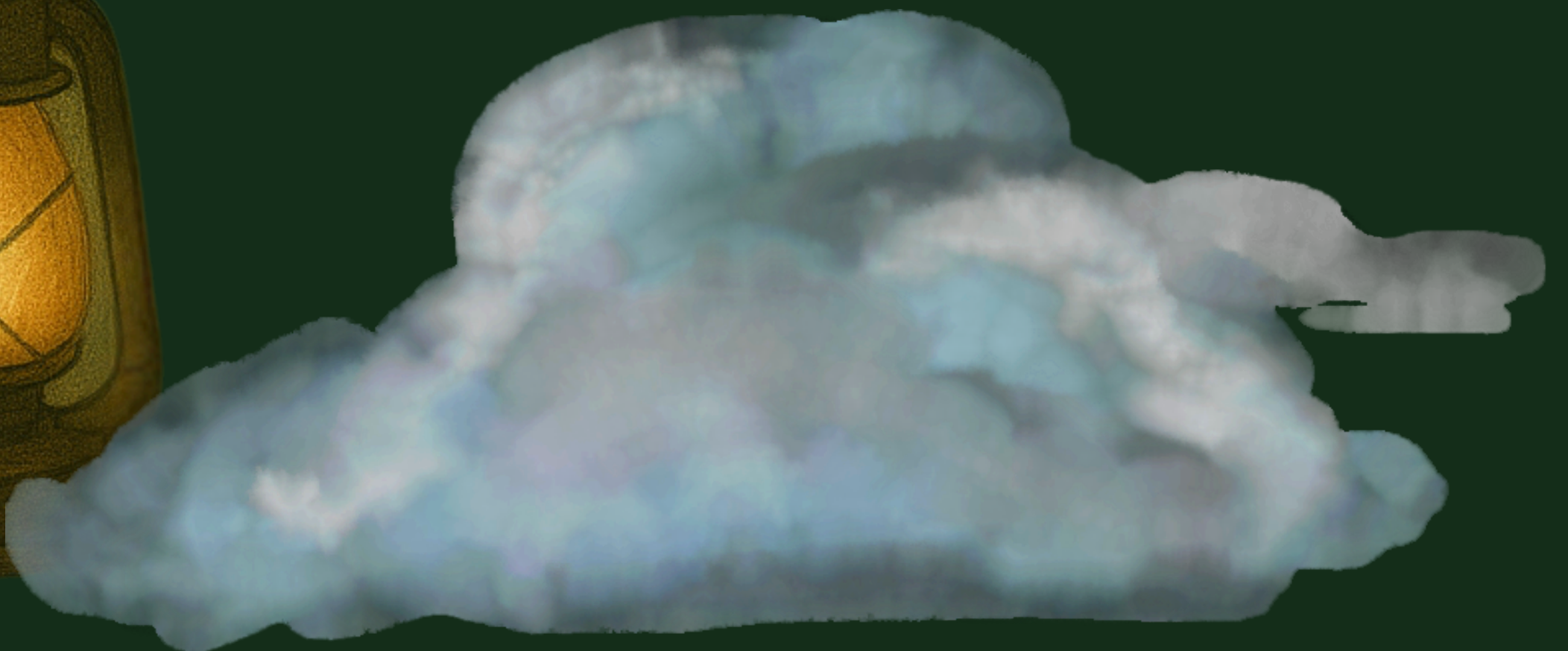
The thunder seemed to answer the trembling boy with a resounding "Kaboom!"

Patrik whimpered but peeked tentatively out from under the blankets, his eyes moving quickly to his uncle.

"See!" he cried, voice trembling, tears soaking into his whiskers.

Hans sat beside Patrik and gently stroked the boy's head.

"Come on out and sit by me, little one. I know the storm can sound scary, but you're safe here with me."



Patrik timidly pulled the covers from his head, but continued to cry as the storm raged on outside in the dark. As Hans did his best to calm the boy, a creak of a floorboard caused everyone to look to the bedroom door.

Hazel, Felix’s mother and Patrik’s aunt entered the room. Shadows from the lantern she carried danced across the walls and ceiling, casting an eerie glow in the otherwise dark room.

“Is everything alright in here?” she questioned in concern.

“Sure, Mom,” Felix yawned, “But Patrik is afraid of the storm.”

“Oh, I see,” Hazel nodded in understanding. “How about if I go get you some warm milk, Patrik, dear. Maybe that would help you get back to sleep.”

“For me too, please?” asked Felix, suddenly awake, his interest piqued.

“Me too!” yawned a tiny voice from behind Hazel.

Little Märta clung to her mother’s nightclothes and peeked around at the others in the room. Felix sighed and rolled his eyes.

“Märta, you just came in here. You don’t even know what we’re talking about.”

“Well, I still want it,” pouted Märta, crossing her arms stubbornly.

She wasn’t afraid to go toe to toe against her older brother, and she certainly didn’t want to miss out on anything anyone else might be a part of.

She paused a moment, then asked, “What are we getting, Mommy?”

Hazel smiled patiently down at her youngest.

“I was just going to get some warm milk for Patrik, sweetie. He’s having a hard time sleeping in this storm.

“It’s okay, Aunt Hazel,” Patrik whispered in a shaky voice. “I don’t need any milk.”

Little Märta frowned at the statement and tugged at her mother’s nightclothes. “Can I still have some, Mommy? Please?”

“Sure, dear,” Hazel sighed.



Kaboom!

“Ahh!” Patrik screamed, burying his head into his uncle’s arm.

Hans tightened his grasp on the quaking boy at his side.

“Easy now, son. You’re safe” he whispered reassuringly. He glanced up at his wife with a brief nod of his chin towards the door.

Hazel smiled in understanding and began herding her children to the hall.

“Come along, Märta. You too, Felix. Let’s let your dad talk to Patrik a bit. I’ll get you both some milk.”

“Yay!” celebrated Märta with a giggle. “It’s like a party at midnight!”

Felix shook his head in exasperation.

“It’s not a party, Märta. It’s because Patrik’s scared.”

“Scared of what?” inquired the little girl with a twitch of her nose.

Kaboom!

“Of that,” sighed Felix, tired of having to explain everything to his little sister.

“Oh. Thunder?” Märta nodded, pondering her brother’s comments.

Hazel just shook her head with a small sigh. “Come along, children. Let’s go.” The kids trotted along with her to the door.

“Thank you, Hazel,” said Hans as he watched the small group head out for the kitchen.

Märta’s small voice seemed to echo in the hall.

“I thought only really little kids get scared of thunder.”

“Oh, Märta,” sighed Hazel. “We can talk about it later. Go on, now. Go to the kitchen, please.”



Patrik moaned sadly at Märta’s comments.

“She’s right, Uncle Hans,” he mumbled. “Only little kids get scared of storms.”

“Now, Patrik, that’s just not true,” Hans said reassuringly.

“There are plenty of people—even grownups—who are scared of thunder.”

“Really?” Patrik countered skeptically.

“Really,” Hans assured him.

Kaboom!

Patrik ducked his head and sobbed as the thunder once more made itself known.

“I just wish it would stop,” he moaned.

“I wish I could make it stop for you, Patrik, but I’m afraid I don’t have that kind of power. But you know what?”

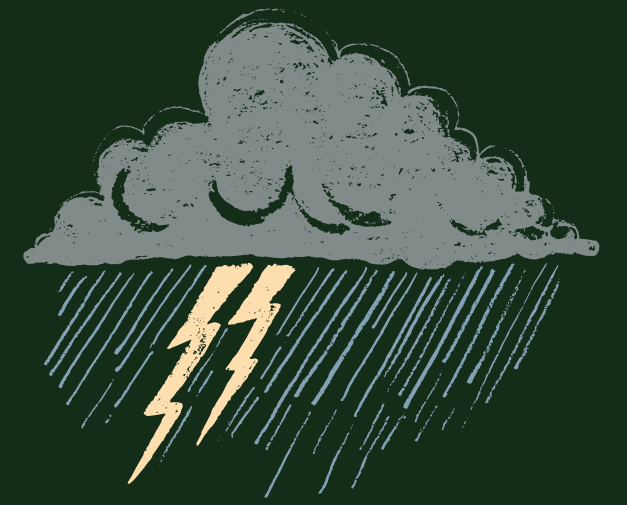
“What?” breathed Patrik.

“This reminds me of something that happened in the Bible. Would you like to hear it?”

Kaboom!

Patrik jumped and grasped at his uncle’s hand, but he nodded slowly.

“Yeah, I think I’d like to hear it.”





“Jesus had spent the day by the sea teaching a large crowd of people,” Hans began. “In fact, the crowd was so great that Jesus had to actually teach from a boat while all the people stood on the shore and listened.

“Sounds like a lot of people,” commented Patrik with a sniff, wiping at his nose. Hans smiled and nodded.

“Jesus often had large crowds of people around Him. People were curious and wanted to hear what He had to say, and many people probably hoped to see Him perform a miracle.”

“Like healing sick people or making blind people see?”

“Exactly like that,” confirmed Hans with an encouraging smile.

“Well,” he continued, “when evening came, it was time to send the people home. But little did Jesus’s disciples know—the day’s adventures were far from over.”





“I didn’t think they would ever go home!” sighed Peter tiredly as he wiped the sweat from his brow. “Jesus must be so tired after all of the activity of today. I know I sure am.”

“The crowds certainly didn’t give him much of a break,” agreed John. “How they long to be close to him! And he gives so much of himself. He needs to rest.”

Peter stretched and began to cross the deck of their fishing boat, John following wearily behind. “Well,” Peter began. “We’ll take the ship and cross the sea tonight. Jesus can rest as we travel.”

“Alright then,” responded John with an affirmative nod. “We’ll get ready to sail.”

Peter turned toward the rest of the disciples and began to give orders in preparation for sailing. “Pull up the anchor!” he shouted.

“Undo that rope over there,” called out Andrew as he turned to untie the rope closest to himself. Over the next few minutes, everything was a flurry of activity as all the necessary preparations were made. Finally, John looked around and asked, “Is everything ready?”

“All set,” replied James as the others nodded and replied in agreement.

Peter smiled at the weary but diligent group. “Alright. We make for open water!”



“Wait a minute!” interrupted Patrik, as Uncle Hans paused in the story he was telling.

“That doesn’t sound anything like our situation. There’s no storm.”

“Ah, just wait,” encouraged Hans with a small smile. “There’s more to the story. You see, the ship set sail across the open sea. At first, everything seemed calm. But then—just like tonight—things changed.”



Kaboom!

Thunder crashed and lightning split the darkened sky. Waves slammed against the sides of the rolling fishing boat.

“Where did this storm come from?” shouted Peter over the wail of the storm.

“I don’t know,” responded Andrew breathlessly. “But this...this is bad.”

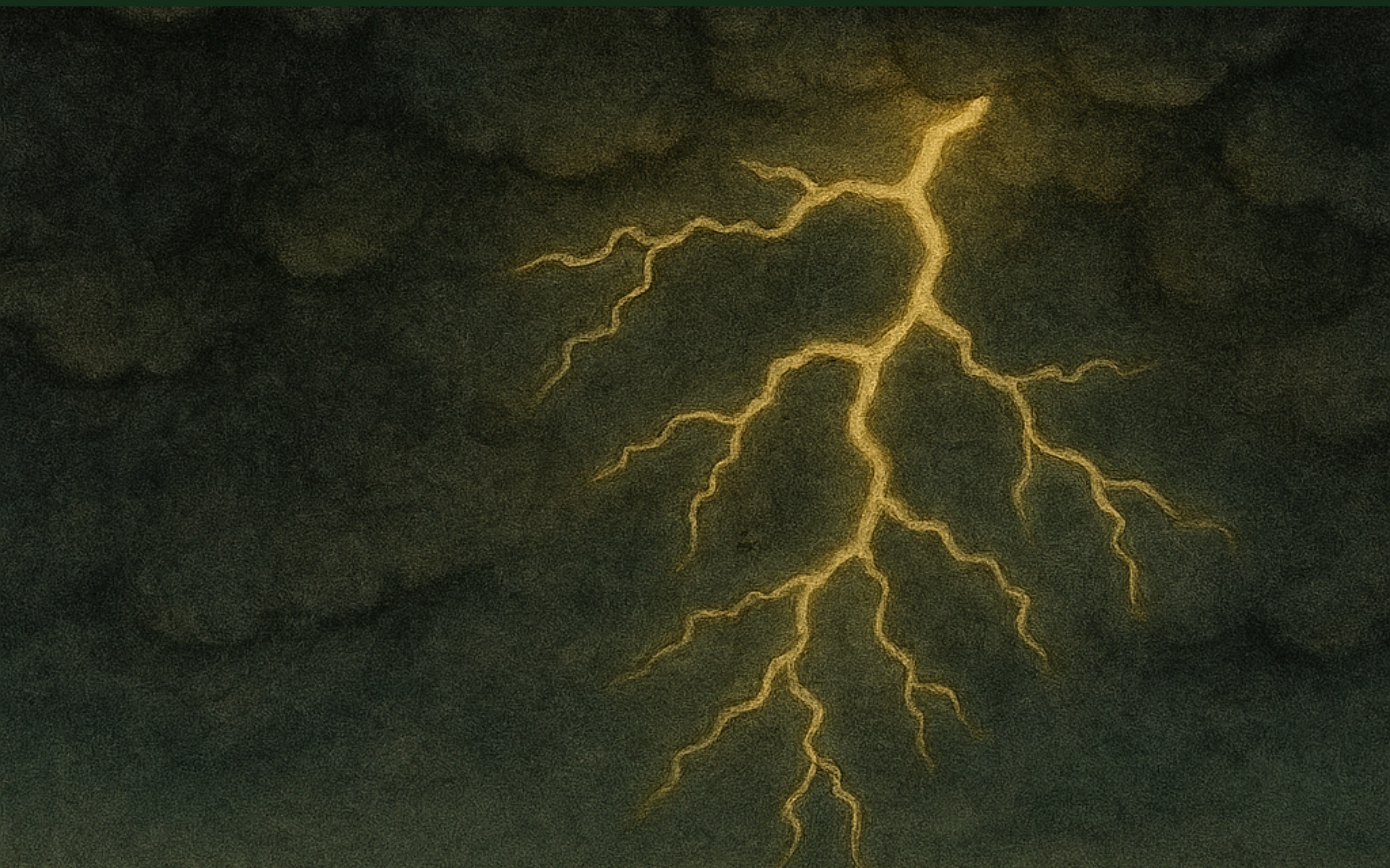
Peter brushed the rain-soaked hair from his face as he strained to see through the mass of billowing waves and darkness before him. “Can we turn towards shore?”

James stepped forward, trying to keep his balance as the boat rocked and creaked beneath him.

“The winds are fierce. We’re struggling to maintain any kind of course.”

Peter gulped as a growing sense of impending doom built in the pit of his stomach.

“We’re going to die. This ship won’t be able to hold up under such a stormy onslaught.”



“Wow! They must have been so scared,” breathed Patrik.

“I know I would have been,” agreed Hans. “They were out at sea, in the dark of night, surrounded by billowing waves and tossed about by rocking winds. They must have felt afraid and alone out there on that sea.

“Yeah. Like no one would ever be able to find them or rescue them,” whispered Patrik sadly. “Like they were all alone.” A tear rolled down Patrik’s cheek, and he quickly wiped it away with his paw.

Hans put a supporting arm around his nephew and held him close.

“Patrik? Are you okay?” he asked gently.

“I was just thinking about something from a long time ago, when I was shopping with my mom and dad. I saw a really cool toy and went over to see it, but when I looked up, my mom and dad weren’t there. I was so scared. I just wanted them to be right there. With me.

“Hmm,” murmured Hans. “I’m sure that was pretty scary, son, for both you and your parents. How did everything work out?”

“Well, I asked the nice mouse at the checkout to help me, and they called for my mom and dad on the big speakers. They came right away. Boy, was I happy to see them.” Patrik smiled weakly at the memory.

Hans smiled. “And they were surely glad to find you again, too.”

“Yeah. They hadn’t seen me when I wandered away to look at the toy, and they had kept on going.

When they saw that I was gone, they were scared too. Mom said so.”

“There, you see?” said Hans. “Even grownups get scared sometimes.

And I know how frightening it can be to suddenly feel all alone.”

Hans paused. “But do you know what?



“What?” asked Patrik with a sniffle.

“You are never, ever truly alone. As God’s child, you can be sure that He is always with you—always. And He can bring peace to your heart, even when the storms are howling all around you.”

Patrik sighed. “It’s harder to remember that when the thunder is so loud.”

“It’s hard for grownups to remember that sometimes too. Even Jesus’s own disciples momentarily forgot just who was with them on that struggling ship.”



“Has anyone seen Jesus?” shouted John over the crash of the waves.

Peter wiped the rain from his face with the back of his hand and turned towards John. “He went below to sleep before the storm. But surely He can’t be sleeping through this gale!” “Well, let’s go find Him. He’ll know what to do,” John replied, and the men hurried across the slippery deck.

As soon as Peter’s feet hit the first stairs down into the belly of the ship, he began calling out, “Jesus! Master! Wake up!”

“How can He sleep in this storm?” marveled Andrew as they found Jesus on a bunk below.

“Please wake up,” Peter cried out once more, his voice trembling with fear as the ship continued to rock and pitch with the waves.

As Jesus stirred, John cried out, “Master, don’t you care that we are about to die?”

Jesus looked about at the anxious men before him. He could see the fear and uncertainty on their faces. He could hear the tremble in their voices. He knew the desperation in their hearts.

Still, He calmly rose from his bunk and addressed the men gently, “Why are you afraid of the storm? Where is your faith?”

As the men hung their heads in sorrow, Peter whispered, “Please help us.”



Jesus stepped out into the turmoil of the storm and spoke just a few simple words.

“Peace! Be still!”

In that moment, the storm vanished. The waves were instantly calm. The rains stopped. The clouds disappeared. Everything was peaceful.

Peter wandered out onto the deck in utter amazement. “The sea is completely still,” he marveled.

“The storm is gone.”

“It ended, just like that,” John gaped. “At Jesus’s spoken word, the storm ceased.”

Andrew shook his head in wonder and awe at what he had just witnessed.

“Who is this man,” he pondered, “that even the wind and the seas obey Him?”



“Wow. That’s amazing,” Patrik stated, his eyes wide at the description of the events.

But another clap of thunder brought him out of his reverie. He drew in a quick breath and sighed, his head hanging low.

“I wish Jesus would calm this storm too,” he muttered.

Hans smiled in understanding and gently drew his nephew into a warm and comforting hug.

“God sometimes chooses to calm the storms.

But other times He chooses to calm our hearts in the middle of the storm,” Hans encouraged Patrik.

“We don’t need to fear. We need to have faith and trust God’s plan in it all.

He can handle the storms. And He can help us through them.

Just as Jesus said, ‘Peace, be still,’ to the waves and winds, He whispers ‘peace, be still’ to our hearts through His Word. He wants us to rest in His peace.”



“I want to trust God,” Patrik declared. “I want that peace to be deep inside me. It’s just so hard to remember sometimes. Especially in the middle of the storm when everything is so loud.”

“I know it is,” agreed Hans. “But I have found that knowing the Bible can help bring to mind important truths and encouragements at just these difficult moments. Perhaps we can learn a Bible verse together right now that will help calm your heart.”

“Okay. I think that sounds good,” nodded Patrik, a spark of hope in his heart. “Can we write it down too? So I can hold it and see it when I’m feeling extra scared?”

“Absolutely,” smiled Hans. “I think that would be a great idea. And I know just the verse for tonight.”

“Really? What is it?” Patrik asked.

“Psalm 56:3 ‘What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee,’” quoted Hans.

Patrik smiled at the comforting reminder. “I like that! Can you say it again?”



KABOOM!

A loud crack of thunder caused Patrik to jump, and he scooted himself closer to his uncle. He smiled sheepishly with a lopsided grin. “I think I really need it right now.”

Hans chuckled and patted Patrik on the head before crossing the room to pick up the Bible that was sitting on the boys’ desk.

“We can look at it together,” he said as he turned the pages to Psalm 56:3. “What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee.” Try to say it with me?”

Patrik nodded, and together, they read through the verse over and over again.

The storm had not yet stopped. Thunder still rumbled on.

But in those moments, Patrik found that God truly can grant peace even in the middle of the loudest storms. He knew that God was with him, and he was ready to trust Him even in the storm.

“What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee.”

Psalm 56:3

