Comes the Morning

Last week, we were in a storm. Many of us were. And if you weren't last week, I bet you just came through a storm or perhaps you're heading into one. Do you think it's possible that behind every storm there is a purpose, and can peace be found, if not during the squall, then at least on the other side?

We had just come off the weekend on an incredible high. It had been a *good* week. And an even better weekend. Productive. Blessed. Positive. Memorable. You know, sometimes a storm can hit, and you didn't even see it coming. Grief is like that. You didn't know it would hit you so unexpected, so sudden. All you can do is brace yourself for the next wave, the coming cyclone, the sudden blast of memories, and for the appearance of what you thought you had swum beyond. It's hard to prepare when you're buoyed, anchored, floating in a pool of grace and goodness and good times. But at once it pulls you under. This thing you didn't expect or see coming. And suddenly everything changes.

In fact, so often; it is the small stuff, the aftermath, the aftershock, that burls you the hardest, roils you furthest from shore, the undercurrent tugging you under, holding you there. When—and *IF*—you come up for air, when you know you really can't breathe and the wind has been knocked out of your sails—and *you*, when you are waterlogged and gasping for help…that's when you know.

What can you do when you find yourself caught in the relentless deluge of an unexpected storm? When the color of a storm and its grey day and blackened sky and dark blue tempest rival the color of your emotion and its angry red sneer and pale pallor of skin and the charcoal sloppiness of your pain. Can you relinquish it—the unknown, uncomfortable, painful surprise— to the God Who is over all you know?

We forget we know the One Who sleeps through storms, the One Who also can calm any storm with just a whisper. He either creates the storms or allows the ones we trudge through, but those same storms and the effects of the storms are obedient to His command. With one word, He can say, "Hush. Be still." And the wind and the waves, and the grief and the hurt, all must obey. Today, we have the blessing of the Bible, so we know how the story goes. Unlike the disciples in the boat that day, the ones who were so terrified because a great tempest was bearing down on them while their Master slept soundly. They were greatly afraid they were going to capsize (Mark 4:35-41). How many times am I so certain I am impacting with a storm that has come against me and I forget He is in the very storm with me. He is right in the midst, going through the same thing as me. I am losing my mind because I don't trust the One Who can calm all of it with just one word.

If the disciples had the benefit of the Bible, do you think they would have freaked out that Jesus was sleeping in the middle of their hurricane, if they knew how the story would end? I think they still would have, because we do! We have the Word of God at our very fingertips, and we know how the story ends, and we still lose ourselves to fret and panic. In fact, we judge. We say, 'Those disciples mustn't have had any faith, because Jesus said, "Come, Let's go to the other side (v35)." Why would He have said that if they were going to die in that storm? But when you are in the middle of your storm, it is impossible to remember all He has called you to. Be at peace, friend, be encouraged, you're not going to perish in whatever storm you find yourself in today if you know the Lord has purposed you for far more than being shipwrecked in a dinghy on a storm-tossed sea. And from the mourning comes the morning, the bright yellow and beautiful promise of a new day!

Jeremiah 29: 10a-11 'I'll show up and take care of you as I promised and bring you back home. I know what I'm doing. I have it all planned out—plans to take care of you, not abandon you, plans to give you the future you hope for.' (MSG)