Someone PLEASE Save Me!

The storm rolled in from the ocean. Standing on shore, she could see it coming for miles just as they'd been warning about for days. Now it was almost upon them, and time to prepare was now lost. Gone were those moments to batten down the hatches, board up the windows, to evacuate.

The venom in the storm surge roiled at the shoreline, devouring everything in its path. The girl watched from a blackened window as even the pier seemed to know of the anger, buckling beneath the waves as the wind tossed the weathered planks like pieces of driftwood. On occasion, a lone gull or fitful pelican trying to fly against the blast could be seen like a scrap torn from its haven. Even sea life disappeared beneath the surface. It must have been safer far below the undertow. The entirety of the Eastern Seaboard would get swallowed at one moment or another over coming days which would feel like an eternity to many; as all up and down the coast, lights started going out one by one. She tucked herself into a ball at the back of her closet, wishing not for the first time, her dad hadn't refused to leave.

In another place far away, buried in a cabin lost in a forest, huddled a different girl, just as consumed with the storm railing inside herself as was the other girl halfway across the country being battered by a named hurricane. Wave after wave of grief tumbled over her; the tsunami of emotion eradicating what once had felt like normalcy. Life as she had known it now capsized; her world overturned like a ship lost at sea or the wharf demolished and driven downstream.

A tumultuous tidal wave of tears leaked from her memories. All the '*if onlys*' crashed against her being, and like a levee giving way, every ounce of emotion threatened to drown her, pull her under, hold her down like a submerged swimmer. She wouldn't survive this one, she didn't think, and wished now she'd evacuated long ago, before...before the hard got harder; before the nerve endings became raw; before she could no longer stand against the squall.

There are times when life is no different than a storm. Emotional storms can mirror the power of a storm raging outside our windows. When grief hits, when fear hits, when loneliness and loss hits, it can feel just like being bowled over by gusts and gales or taken up by the tail of a tornado or being suddenly dragged beneath the surface of life by hurricane force waves and winds that are unrelenting.

As with any storm, shelter is necessary in order to survive. We have storm shelters we climb in when the sirens begin screeching and interior places where we crouch and hide. Sometimes we head to higher ground and sometimes we stay in place, and we heed warnings from those who know best how to protect ourselves from the elements.

The Lord is that safeguard, that Lifeguard, that Hiding Place, that storm shelter when the internal tempests begin to threaten our peace. When disaster happens in our personal worlds, and emotional devastation quakes our lives with earth-shattering news, remember, you can burrow down in His presence for peace and protection. He is our Safe Haven in every storm.

Proverbs 18:10 'The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous run to it and are safe.' (NKJV)