

On a Troubled Sea



Beyond the Billows

A woman caught in a frightening storm in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean had kept all the little children on board from panicking by telling them Bible stories. After finally reaching the dock safely, the ship's captain approached the woman, whom he had observed in the midst of the tempest.

"How were you able to maintain your calm when everyone feared the ship would sink in this storm?" the captain asked. As she looked up, he noted the same quiet peace in her eyes that she had maintained throughout the journey.

"I have two daughters," explained the Christian woman. "One of them lives in New York. The other lives in Heaven. I knew I would see one or the other of my daughters in a few hours. And it really didn't matter to me which one."

—Ron Mehl (*More Stories from the Heart*)

Yesterday, the sea was calm. You promised yourself that you would sail out into the open waters, and that nothing would stop you. Your heart was ready; your courage at its peak. Your hands gripped the vessel's helm and the gentle breeze calmed your spirit. You steered forward.

But today ... today, it

seems as though the darkness of last night prevailed. Rain lashes at your ship. Towering waves roll before you. The fog obstructs your vision so you cannot see beyond your bow. But you don't need to see. You just know that something spurs you onward—the same thing that gave you such peace yesterday. That thing

called faith, a belief in what you cannot see. It anticipated and rose to this challenge. It tells you that the sun will eventually break through those murky clouds. That knowledge buoys your spirit and guides you. It makes a perfect composition—the sky above, the ocean below, you in the center. You're safe there, with your faith.

Sail on, with your focus not on the storm, but beyond it. There, your destiny awaits you. Today is the tomorrow you dreamed of yesterday. It is stormy, yes, but faith knows no limits, no depths, no boundaries. With your faith in God strong, you will be able to weather any storm and sail any sea.

Sail beyond the billows!

—Nyx Martinez

Just one thing,
O Master, I ask
today,

**Now that the
old year has
passed away,**

And a promising
new year, through
grace of Thine,

**With all its
unspoiled dreams
is mine—**

Just one thing I ask
as I onward go,

**That I'll walk with
Thee—not too fast,
nor slow.**

O Master! This is my
only plea—

**Take hold of my life
and pilot me.**

—Author unknown

A PRAYER FOR THE NEW YEAR:

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