

Jesus Calms the Storm

And when He got into a boat, His disciples followed Him. And, behold, there arose a great storm in the sea, so that the boat was covered with the waves, but He Himself was asleep. And they came to Him, and

Jesus said:

I am the door;
if anyone enters
through Me, he
shall be **saved,** and
shall go in and out
and **find pasture.**

awoke Him, say-

ing, "Save us,

Lord, we are per-

ishing!" And He

said to them,

"Why are you

timid, you man of

John 10: 9 *little faith?" Then*

He arose and rebuked the winds and the sea, and it became perfectly calm. And the men marveled, saying, "What kind of a man is this, that even the wind and the sea obey Him?"

Matthew 9:23-27

No ordinary human being could control the wild elements of nature, and yet Jesus made the wind and the sea obey him. I believe he has that kind of power because I've seen him bring order and calm to the uncontrollable circumstances in my life.

Having always risen to any academic challenge that came my way, I was devastated when I failed to pass the New York State Bar Exam by 8 points out of 1000. I felt the shame of failure and a defeat I had never known before. It took over a year with Jesus in the boat with me calming the storm, before I took it again and passed. In that year, I came to see my self-worth not tied up in academic success or social standing, but in the value of my life to God.

After I had taken the test for the second time, I was hospitalized for a spontaneous pneumothorax (collapsed lung) and had to have a major operation. Never before had I had any physical problems that required hospitalization or sur-

gery. But Jesus was there again calming the storm and helping me realize that my body and my health were not under my control, but ultimately under his. So I resolved to take care of myself to avoid overtime work whenever possible and not let work run my body down, to make rest a priority, to eat right and exercise daily. But I also understood that my physical well-being always had been and would be a precious gift from God, and that what he'd given he had a right to take away.

Years later when I was walking home late at night, I was robbed for the first time in my life by knifepoint right in front of my apartment. My watch and some cash were taken, but I was unharmed. I felt personally violated, humiliated, vulnerable, and powerless. But Jesus was there again, and this time I could see my lack of control over my possessions, dignity, and life. I struggled with this a bit, but in the end came to the realization that what had mattered most was that I was still alive and that my life was valuable to him. He let me through the door of his protection and calmed another storm in my life.