

Salvation from the Storm

Chaos. The chill of choler engulfed us, filling us with fear, drowning us amongst its wrathful waves.

Paranoia permeated through my mind, every thought, every belief, every bit of faith within me clinging onto the last of my sanity - my hope - as creation became the bringer of death before me, hell-bent with fury and destruction.

It blew out its cold-hearted breath, words that whispered dark secrets, threats, temptations, all things and everything subjected to its discord and disagreement, roaring, shouting, the skies' spittle tarnishing our dignity - our respect - as we fell helpless to its monstrous, menacing power. We cowered further into our haggard boat as it were tossed and toyed around: tormented by the suffering, the sorrow, the splitting distress that surrounded us while we travelled across the sprawling seas of such saddening agony, one that we could not bear to endure, forcing us to cower further into our sailing sanctuary.

But he did not.

He slept in peace amongst the disorder and chaos amongst the world, a warming fire amongst the cold forests of darkness, the one whose faith would make evil surrender before him; he who awakens to the throne of the heavens, who casts away the corrupting power of sin, and raises those scarce, dim beacons of hope and goodness that succeed to persist against the temptations of this tainted earth; he turns heads towards the light and nurtures man into people of God; who wins wars, battles death, saves the poor, the unfortunate, the helpless, without a single drop of blood shed, not a casualty, not an injury, not a loss - a masterful servant, and a serving master who comes to bear out of humanity fruit worthy of good judgement.

And awaken did he. He rose at our plight, rose when we were at need of mercy, of hope, of faith. Evil cowered into its crevices, no darkness to leave us lost in its inky nightmare, nothing but us and him, peace and goodness, faith and freedom. Undisturbed, unafraid, unconcerned, he walked over, outside into the lashing calamity of rain, wind and waves - exposed, unprotected but armed with the greatest shield of all: his undying, inextinguishable, flaming faith that stood, a fortress of fire before him, untouched by the cold, the bitterness, the rage and anger and fury.

“Quiet, be still”

His voice echoed throughout the skies - the obscuring, opaque clouds cleared at his command, no match to his almighty power. Silence had fallen at the sound of his words: the wailing wind turned into warbles of wonder, his speech louder than their roars; the havoc-wreaking waves calmed with the tranquil that rippled from him; chaos ceased to exist, mayhem mollified and destruction made docile before him. No fear. No hatred. No anxiety. Only awe and gratitude. Only faith and hope. Only peace. With him, there is always salvation.

Salvation from the Storms.