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“What Are You So Afraid Of?”

Matthew 8:18-27

October 5, 2003

Peter Hiett

When I was a young man, I was discipled by a group of older men. A disciple is one who admires and follows. I have a short video of some of those men:

[Video clips:]

1. Clint Eastwood is shooting hats off townspeople in *The Good, The Bad, and The Ugly*.
2. James Bond is being chased on skis by men with machine guns. He skis off a cliff and falls about five seconds . . . then his Union Jack parachute opens and the James Bond theme song plays.
3. Indiana Jones is confronted with a Middle Eastern warrior in black, brandishing swords. Jones looks in disgust and then shoots him.
4. Arnold Schwarzenegger walks down the beach in front of burning buildings and cars and general mayhem. He's carrying his daughter, rescued from evil men, to the general who has landed on the beach with a helicopter. The general asks, "Did you leave anything for us, John?" Schwarzenegger replies, "Only bodies."

- After I saw that Schwarzenegger movie, I just wanted to go lift weights until my nose bled.
- After *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, I wanted one of those Indiana Jones hats.
- After that scene with James Bond in *The Spy Who Loved Me*, I grew hair on my chest and couldn't wait to ski off a cliff.
- After watching *The Good, The Bad, and The Ugly* with Clint Eastwood, it was like I *wanted* to get shot at.

See, I was discipled by these guys. And I don't think it was the muscles, skis, hats, or guns that won my heart — it was something else. And the something else was *courage*.

I wanted courage because I was always afraid. Even though my life was calm on the outside, there was a storm of fear inside. But wherever *those* guys went, it was like there was a storm on the outside and total calm on the inside. In fact, it was their calm on the inside that seemed to

cause the storm on the outside . . . like a rock makes a wave crash, but a boat adrift at sea becomes part of the storm.

If it weren't for their internal peace and deep resolve, those guys never would have engaged the storm, and we'd never see their glory. The storm didn't rule their hearts, but in the end their hearts ruled the storm.

They had courage. They lived as if they knew there was an author to their story. So they knew that . . .

. . . there had to be a storm, or there would be no story.

. . . everything had a purpose, or the author wouldn't have included it.

. . . even if they seemed to fail, it would be redeemed in the end.

. . . they wouldn't die, at least not for long.

They knew it and we knew it, because they were the star of an action adventure movie and would one day run for governor of California. They had great courage, so I wanted to follow.

The only problem was, those guys didn't seem welcome in church. Obviously they had issues: James Bond didn't honor women, Clint Eastwood would occasionally rob a bank or shoot the wrong guy. . . but it was *more* than that. Wherever those guys went, they rocked the boat — there was violence. And everybody knows that Jesus is the *Prince of Peace*, certified “meek and mild,” and always gentle. That means He would never say anything offensive but would always validate, affirm, and encourage you.

Christianity is about 1.) building safe homes, and 2.) strong families . . . right? So if you go down to Mardels Christian Book Store, you won't find any pictures on the walls that look remotely similar to Clint or Arnold. If there are any warrior pictures, they'll be cartoon cucumbers holding swords . . . certified safe for the children's department at your local church. No army uses swords any more. Of course, in Jesus' day they were the equivalent of an AK-47 or M-16.

When I was a youth pastor, I had a poster on my office wall of John Rambo holding a machine gun. I knew I'd get in trouble for it, so I crossed out *Rambo II* and wrote *Joshua Entering the Promised Land*.

Well, the point is: Clint Eastwood, James Bond, Indiana Jones, and Arnold Schwarzenegger . . . maybe even Joshua . . . don't seem welcome in church. You'd never invite those guys over for dinner. They'd say something, start a fight, and the next thing you know, somebody gets crucified! But Jesus is *nice*, right? These guys are *not* nice.

Matthew 8:18-22:

Now when Jesus saw great crowds around him, he gave orders to go over to the other side. And a scribe came up and said to him, "Teacher, I will follow you wherever you go." And Jesus said to him, "Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man has nowhere to lay his head." Another of the disciples said to him, "Lord, let me first go and bury my father." But Jesus said to him, "Follow me, and leave the dead to bury their own dead."

Well, isn't that sweet. What *is* it with Jesus? Why would anyone want to follow Him . . . when He's so demanding and rude?

This scribe comes and vows to Jesus that he'll follow Him wherever He goes. That's impressive! And Jesus says, "Oh yeah? I don't have a home."

The next guy says, "Jesus, I want to follow, but first let me bury my father. I need to focus on the family." And Jesus says, "Let the dead bury their own dead." Can you imagine Jesus interviewed on Christian radio? —

"So, Jesus, tell us about your home life and your family."

[Schwarzenegger accent] "Follow me . . . and let za dead bury zeir own dead."
"Ah, well, um . . ."

"Hasta la vista, baby . . . I'll be back."

So these guys say, "We want to follow," and Jesus says, "I'm sailing into a storm." Next verse . . .

And when he got into the boat, his disciples followed him. And behold, there arose a great storm on the sea . . .

Matthew uses the Greek word "seismos" here. This is the only place in scripture where "seismos" is translated as "storm." The other gospels use another word when relating this story.

Matthew wants us to make a connection. He writes, "A great seismos—earthquake—in the sea" . . .

. . . so that the boat was being swamped by the waves; but he was asleep. And they went and woke him, saying, "Save, Lord; we are perishing." And he said to them, "Why are you afraid, O men of little faith?"

He asks this question *while* the storm is still raging . . . as if to say, "You woke me up for *this*?" He had been asleep. He had great peace on the inside while there was chaos on the outside: *Courage*. "Why are you afraid, 'oligopistoi' [little faiths]?"

Verse 26:

Then he rose and rebuked the winds and the sea; and there was a great calm.

The calm on the inside was now on the outside.

And the men marveled, saying, "What sort of man is this, that even winds and sea obey him?"

So what are you so afraid of, disciples of Christ?

1.) Storms? Storms are chaos. Are you afraid of storms? I think Jesus really believed God was writing His story and that He was absolutely essential to the plot. In fact, He was the star of the movie; He was the author's concern. The author wouldn't destroy Him in the first scene, and furthermore, everything was written to bring Him glory. In fact, more than just *important* to the plot, Jesus *is* the plot—the Logos—the Meaning. Stick with Him, and you'll have meaning too.

So anyway, the Logos "by whom and through whom everything is made"—Jesus the Word—spoke a word: Stop! And the calm on the inside was the calm on the outside. No worries. He is the Word . . . more real than all creation.

It's ironic that although it seemed safest that day to stay at home with the family, actually the safest place in all creation was in that boat in the midst of the storm . . . with Jesus.

Don't be afraid of storms.

2.) Maybe you're afraid of demons. In the Jewish cosmology of Jesus' day, the sea was the realm of chaos, demons, and perhaps Hell. Remember, Jonah is cast into the sea as judgment.

In the next verse, Jesus meets the Gadarene demoniacs. He casts the demons into pigs, and the pigs run into the sea . . . the *same* sea. I suspect Matthew is implying that the presence of Jesus somehow caused the storm in the sea.

Wherever Jesus went, He upset the status quo, including the demonic status quo. So wherever you sail with Jesus in this world, you can expect a storm—a fight. You're signing up for a *war* not a holiday at sea. If I follow Jesus, I'm leading my whole family into a war. I'm a target; they're a target; we'll get shot at.

What the heck are we doing as the American church, promising people safe homes and problem-free families if they follow Jesus? The only thing Jesus promised His followers was a *cross* . . . and then a new creation. But crosses are exceedingly violent.

You see, the problem with Eastwood, Bond, Indiana, and Schwarzenegger is not that they're fighting a war, but that they're fighting the *wrong* war and the *wrong* enemy. They've missed the enemy and slain the hostages.

No man or woman is my enemy.

Satan is my enemy.

And I'm at war.

And it's not that Schwarzenegger's weapons are too violent; it's more like they're not violent *enough*. Those weapons can't slay the Dragon, change a heart, or deliver a soul from the bondage of Hell. But the weapons of our warfare are not worldly. They have "divine power to destroy strongholds."

I believe that one day we will see that the most violent people on earth were people we'd call pacifists — Christian pacifists. I doubt you've ever met a real one in the flesh, for they tend to gravitate to very stormy areas where they often get crucified and in the process slay the Dragon and set the captives free.

Well, my point is, if you boycott all violence, you boycott the cross. At the cross, Jesus defeated the Evil One. So we fight, but in Christ the battle is already won. Luther said, "Even the Devil is God's devil." God has the Devil on a leash. Someone said, "Worry is faith in the Devil." Christian, are you afraid of the Devil? Stop it! It's sin.

3.) Well, maybe you're afraid of death. The disciples must have been terrorized that they would die. And that's ironic, for you read all of the New Testament and discover that God is constantly arranging our death. II Corinthians 4:11: "While we live we are always being given up to death for Jesus' sake, so that the life of Jesus may be manifested in our mortal flesh." God arranged the storm to help them die so they could live, so they could lose their lives and find their lives in Christ.

You know, every time you fail, every time you're criticized, every time you're shot at, every time you're humiliated and you don't retaliate in pride, you die a little . . . until there's nothing left to fail, be criticized, shot at, or humiliated. You're dead, and then you *live*!

I'm so afraid of failure, criticism, and humiliation that I need to be grateful when I fail, am criticized, and am humiliated. I need to say, "Thank you, Father! This Christianity thing is working. I'm dying. And to the degree I'm dead, I can begin to live."

Last week my nephew Jared, who's four years old, said to my eighty-four-year-old father, "Poppy, could I come over to your house for ice-cream one more time before you die?" And without skipping a beat, my dad said, "Of course, Jared." You see, he's not gonna let fear spoil his ice-cream! And he's not gonna let fear spoil *Jared's* ice-cream! Meanwhile, Jared gets a hero with more courage than Eastwood, Schwarzenegger, and Stallone combined . . . a hero who's gonna do battle with the last enemy.

You do realize we're all dying. Don't let that spoil the ice-cream. Don't let that keep you awake at night. Don't let it keep you on shore.

- Perhaps my job as a father isn't really to guard my family from storms as much as it is to teach them to have faith *in* storms.
 - It's not providing a storm-free life; it's teaching them how to have a storm-free soul.

- It's not teaching them to avoid death but how to die well so they can live well.

Jesus asks, "Why are you afraid?" Are you afraid of storms? Evil? Death? It's interesting that the disciples were afraid of these things before they ever got in the boat. They just weren't in touch with their fear until they were hit by the storm.

Well, God led them into the evil storm so they would face their fears, die, and call out, "Save, Lord! We are perishing!" They'd been perishing all along; they just didn't know it and so hadn't called out, "Save, Lord!"

So Jesus asks, "What are you so afraid of?" Storms? Demons? Death? Failure? Don't be silly . . . how about *God*? Well, that's a different matter . . .

4.) In Matthew 10, Jesus says this to His disciples: "Do not fear those who kill the body but cannot kill the soul; rather fear him who can destroy both soul and body in hell." He's talking about His Father.

Don't fear storms, demons, or death. Only One shall you fear, for He is sovereign over all. And according to scripture, we've all sinned and deserve Hell. We're all fleeing God, like Jonah fled God on the boat to Tarshish. Remember, Jonah was asleep and wasn't aware of the storm he was sailing on. The storm was God's wrath. Storms, demons, and death are just manifestations of God's wrath.

So there's really only One to fear.

You know, Jesus fought storms, demons, death, and disease, and you get the feeling it wasn't a fair fight. He just *squashed* them! It seems there's really only one person Jesus wrestles with, and there's only one place it appears He can't sleep. Ironically, in this place the disciples can't stay *awake*. They're sleeping through the one storm they should fear. Jesus is sailing into the storm—the *real* storm, not just Roman nails and wood, not just crucifixion, not simply Satan and all His demons . . . He's sailing into the storm of God's wrath.

God's wrath is somehow God's absence. He removes His hand, and chaos reigns. Jesus is in the Garden of Gethsemane wrestling with God, saying, "If there's a way, Father, let this cup pass from me." On the Sea of Galilee, Jesus calmed the storm. But how could He calm the storm of God's wrath?

In Matthew 12, Jesus says, "As Jonah was three days and three nights in the belly of the whale, so will the Son of man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth." Remember, Jonah was fleeing from God, and the men on board thought they would perish. They found Jonah asleep in the boat, asleep like us, asleep to the power, wrath, and glory of God. Jonah says, "Throw me into the sea." When they do, God's justice is satisfied, the storm stops, and the men are saved.

Jesus was not asleep to the glory of God; *we* were. Yet at Calvary, "He who knew no sin became sin"—took our sin.

Men cried, “Save, Lord!” and He cast Himself into the heart of the sea.

At Calvary, Jesus is unfazed by whips, thorns, Pilate, and Herod. I don’t think He is even worried about Satan as such. He’s certainly not afraid of physical death. But at the ninth hour, He lifts His voice crying, “My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?”

According to Matthew, at that moment there was a seismos”—an earth storm—sky storm . . . rocks split, the dead were raised.

As if God the Son was wrestling with God the Father.
 As if the Rock of Ages was dropped into the heart of the sea.
 As if the Prince of Peace did battle in Hell.
 As if God struggled with God for the love of me.

On the third day, He rose from the belly of the beast. And He said to Mary, the disciples, and me: No more fear. NO MORE FEAR! “Perfect love has cast out fear.”

Perfect love is God wrestling God on your behalf.
 Perfect love is Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

G. K. Chesterton wrote:

I approach a matter more dark and awful than it is easy to discuss . . . It is written, “Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.” No; but the Lord thy God may tempt Himself; and it seems as if this was what happened in Gethsemane. In a garden Satan tempted man: and in a garden God tempted God. He passed in some superhuman manner through our human horror of pessimism [fear]. When the world shook and the sun was wiped out of heaven, it was not at the crucifixion, but at the cry from the cross: the cry which confessed that God was forsaken of God.

And now let the revolutionists choose a creed from all the creeds and a god from all the gods of the world . . . They will not find another god who has himself been in revolt. Nay (the matter grows too difficult for human speech), but let the atheists themselves choose a god. They will find only one divinity who ever uttered their isolation; only one religion in which God seemed for an instant to be an atheist.

There’s only one religion in which God wrestled God for the love of you.

This is a deeply theological statement: Jesus is the Last Action Hero, the Uttermost Adam, the Eschatos Adam, the God Man. If you are with Him, you have nothing to fear . . . including God.

In Matthew 10, Jesus says, “Don’t fear that other stuff; fear God.” Then He says, “God knows you, and you have great value. Therefore, don’t fear. Anyone who confesses me before men I’ll confess before my Father. I’ll say, ‘Dad, she’s with me. Meet my Bride.’”

If you're with Him, you're with the *Point*, the Plot, the Meaning, the Glory of God. And "all things work together for good." He is the Last Action Hero, He is the Star, and you become His body.

If you're *not* with Him:

- maybe you should fear storms . . . but only because God controls the storms.
- maybe you should fear demons . . . but only because they work God's wrath.
- maybe you should fear death . . . but only because you'll meet God.

If you have any fear, there is only One that you should wrestle with. He's behind the storm, and He is in your boat.

So call out, "Lord, save!"—

In Hebrew it's "Yeshua"—Joshua.

In Greek it's "Jesus."

And He calms the sea.

He really is the Prince of Peace.

Well, you may say, "Why do we have to go through the storms then?" Well, we never have to go through the storm of unmitigated Hell, but we still feel the wind, sense the presence of demons, and die a physical death. Why do we have to go through those storms? Well, I'm not sure you always *have* to. Maybe sometimes you can stay on the other side of the lake, comfortably at home guarding your family. And you don't *have* to go in the boat, into the storm, with Jesus. Maybe you don't *have* to; maybe you *do* — I don't know. But having seen Jesus, don't you kind of *want* to?

Why would anyone ever want to follow Jesus?

- For the same reason I wanted to get shot at after watching Clint Eastwood.
- For the same reason I wanted to ski off a cliff after watching James Bond.
- For the same reason I lifted weights until my veins popped.
- For the same reason Paul gave up everything and preached the Gospel: ". . . that I may know him and the power of his resurrection, and may share his sufferings, becoming like him in his death, that if possible I may attain the resurrection from the dead."

Why would anyone want to follow Jesus?

- For the same reason everybody wanted an Indiana Jones hat after seeing *Raiders of the Lost Ark*.

A couple years ago, I took my family to the Magic Kingdom. One of their favorite rides was the Indiana Jones Adventure Ride. It was scary. Fire shoots out, a giant rock rolls down, the earth quakes . . . but if the kids screamed at all, they screamed for joy. They knew someone controlled

the ride and authored the story. Indiana Jones always wins, and they were in his Jeep. They wanted to go again and again . . . just to be a little bit more like Indiana Jones.

Surrender to Christ, and you enter the kingdom. I don't mean this lightly: Your life becomes the Jesus Christ Adventure Ride. Fire shoots out, rocks roll, you feel the storms, you encounter evil, you pass through death, you even taste the wrath of God, but by the end of the ride, you've seen "the glory of God shining in the face of Christ."

Don't miss the ride because of fear. He's keeping you quite safe. In fact, there is no place safer in all the earth than in the

boat in the storm with Him. He is your ride. And this [communion] is how you get in.

On the night that Jesus was betrayed, He took bread, and He broke it saying, "This is my body, which is for you. Take and eat. Do this in remembrance of me." And in the same way, after supper, having given thanks He took the cup and said, "This is the cup of the new covenant in my blood shed for the forgiveness of sins. Drink of it, all of you, in remembrance of me. I will not drink again of the fruit of the vine until I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom."

If you take the body and blood:

- You are acknowledging Jesus before men.
- You are saying, "Save, Lord! I surrender my life, my fears, my sins, and I want you to live your life in me."
- You become His body, the body of the Uttermost Last Action Hero.

Please don't worry. Enjoy the ride. He's already won! Amen.

At one point in *The Chronicles of Narnia: Voyage of the Dawn Treader*, they sail to the end of the world. Reepicheep the mouse exclaims, "This is a very great adventure, and no danger seems to me so great as that of knowing when I get back to Narnia that I left a mystery behind me through fear."

You're on a great adventure called your life.

- Perhaps you sense God calling you to quit your job and do something else.
- Perhaps He's calling you to hang in there, but you're scared.
- Perhaps He's calling you to adopt a child or build water systems in the Dominican Republic.
- Whatever the case, He is saying, "Follow me. Follow hard after me. Seek me."

I'm just saying that perhaps "the greatest danger is leaving a mystery behind through fear."

Fear not and get in the boat.

Further Reading

“So have no fear of them; for nothing is covered that will not be revealed, or hidden that will not be known. What I tell you in the dark, utter in the light; and what you hear whispered, proclaim upon the housetops. And do not fear those who kill the body but cannot kill the soul; rather fear him who can destroy both soul and body in hell. Are not two sparrows sold for a penny? And not one of them will fall to the ground without your Father’s will. But even the hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not, therefore; you are of more value than many sparrows. So every one who acknowledges me before men, I also will acknowledge before my Father who is in heaven; but whoever denies me before men, I also will deny before my Father who is in heaven. Do not think that I have come to bring peace on earth; I have not come to bring peace, but a sword. For I have come to set a man against his father, and a daughter against her mother, and a daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law; and a man’s foes will be those of his own household. He who loves father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; and he who loves son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me; and he who does not take his cross and follow me is not worthy of me. He who finds his life will lose it, and he who loses his life for my sake will find it. . . . From the days of John the Baptist until now the kingdom of heaven has suffered violence, and men of violence take it by force.”

-Matthew 10:26-39, 11:12

As Jonah was three days and three nights in the belly of the whale, so will the Son of man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth. The men of Nineveh will arise at the judgment with this generation and condemn it; for they repented at the preaching of Jonah, and behold, something greater than Jonah is here.

-Matthew

12:40-41

But the LORD hurled a great wind upon the sea, and there was a mighty tempest on the sea, so that the ship threatened to break up. Then the mariners were afraid, and each cried to his god; and they threw the wares that were in the ship into the sea, to lighten it for them. But Jonah had gone down into the inner part of the ship and had lain down, and was fast asleep. So the captain came and said to him, “What do you mean, you sleeper? Arise, call upon your god! Perhaps the god will give a thought to us, that we do not perish.” . . . And he said to them, “I am a Hebrew; and I fear the LORD, the God of heaven, who made the sea and the dry land.” Then the men were exceedingly afraid, and said to him, “What is this that you have done!” For the men knew that he was fleeing from the presence of the LORD, because he had told them. Then they said to him, “What shall we do to you, that the sea may quiet down for us?” For the sea grew more and more tempestuous. He said to them, “Take me up and throw me into the sea; then the sea will quiet down for you; for I know it is because of me that this great tempest has come upon you.”

-Jonah 1:4-6, 9-12

Then Jesus went with them to a place called Gethsemane, and he said to his disciples, “Sit here, while I go yonder and pray.” And taking with him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, he began to be sorrowful and troubled. Then he said to them, “My soul is very sorrowful, even to death; remain here, and watch with me.” And going a little farther he fell on his face and prayed, “My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt.” And he came to the disciples and found them sleeping; and he said to Peter, “So, could you not

watch with me one hour? Watch and pray that you may not enter into temptation; the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.” Again, for the second time, he went away and prayed, “My Father, if this cannot pass unless I drink it, thy will be done.” And again he came and found them sleeping, for their eyes were heavy. So, leaving them again, he went away and prayed for the third time, saying the same words. Then he came to the disciples and said to them, “Are you still sleeping and taking your rest? Behold, the hour is at hand, and the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Rise, let us be going; see, my betrayer is at hand.”

-Matthew 26:36-46

Now from the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land until the ninth hour. And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, “Eli, Eli, lama sabach-thani?” that is, “My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?” . . . And behold, the curtain of the temple was torn in two, from top to bottom; and the earth shook, and the rocks were split; the tombs also were opened, and many bodies of the saints who had fallen asleep were raised, and coming out of the tombs after his resurrection they went into the holy city and appeared to many. When the centurion and those who were with him, keeping watch over Jesus, saw the earthquake [seismos] and what took place, they were filled with awe, and said, “Truly this was the Son of God!”

-Matthew 27:45-46, 51-54

I approach a matter more dark and awful than it is easy to discuss; and I apologise in advance if any of my phrases fall wrong or seem irreverent touching a matter which the greatest saints and thinkers have justly feared to approach. But in that terrific tale of the Passion there is a distinct emotional suggestion that the author of all things (in some unthinkable way) went not only through agony, but through doubt. It is written, “Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.” No; but the Lord thy God may tempt Himself; and it seems as if this was what happened in Gethsemane. In a garden Satan tempted man: and in a garden God tempted God. He passed in some superhuman manner through our human horror of pessimism. When the world shook and the sun was wiped out of heaven, it was not at the crucifixion, but at the cry from the cross: the cry which confessed that God was forsaken of God. And now let the revolutionists choose a creed from all the creeds and a god from all the gods of the world, carefully weighing all the gods of inevitable recurrence and of unalterable power. They will not find another god who has himself been in revolt. Nay (the matter grows too difficult for human speech), but let the atheists themselves choose a god. They will find only one divinity who ever uttered their isolation; only one religion in which God seemed for an instant to be an atheist.

-G. K. Chesterton, *Orthodoxy*

It costs God nothing, so far as we know, to create nice things: but to convert rebellious wills cost Him crucifixion. . . . But we must not suppose that even if we succeeded in making everyone nice we should have saved their souls. A world of nice people, content in their own niceness, looking no further, turned away from God, would be just as desperately in need of salvation as a miserable world—and might even be more difficult to save.

-C. S. Lewis, *Mere Christianity*

The greatest danger to Christianity is, I contend, not heresies, heterodoxies, not atheists, not profane secularism – no, but the kind of orthodoxy which is cordial drivel, mediocrity served up sweet. There is nothing that so insidiously displaces the majestic as cordiality. Perpetually polite,

so small, so nice, tampering and meddling and tampering some more – the result is that majesty is completely defrauded – of course, only a little bit.

-Soren Kierkegaard, *Provocations*

The spiritual life cannot be made suburban. It is always frontier and we who live in it must accept and even rejoice that it remains untamed.

-Howard Macey, quoted in *Wild at Heart* by John Eldredge

Ships can be made and put in little bottles, but that's not what they're for.

-Anonymous

In peace I will both lie down and sleep; for thou alone, O LORD, makest me dwell in safety.

-Psalm 4:8

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Lookout Mountain Community Church

534 Commons Drive, Golden CO 80401

Phone: 303-526-9287 Fax: 303-526-9361

E-mail: info@lomcc.org