

How to Walk on Water

Matthew 14:22-33

Pastor Peter Hiatt

May 16, 2004

Last week I was in the Czech Republic speaking to pastors and youth workers from nine different countries in eastern Europe. They're a part of a ministry called Josiah Venture. Many of them get our sermon tapes and consider Lookout to be their church. So on the count of three, I want you all to say, "Welcome to church, Josiah Venture dudes!"

On Monday I was in Poland, and on Monday afternoon I toured Auschwitz. [Peter shows pictures he took in Auschwitz.]

- This is the entrance to Auschwitz.
- This is seven tons of hair found by the Soviets when they liberated the prison. The Nazis would shave the heads of prisoners and sell their hair to textile companies in Germany.
- These are piles of shoes. I didn't see any shoe just the same as any other shoe. They were unique and reflected personality: some colorful, some drab, some large, some small, some chewed on.
- I stood in this gas chamber and walked into the crematorium next door.
- These are the barracks in Birkenau, the expansion on Auschwitz made to hold 100,000.

- I touched these bunks that would hold six people each.
- These are the railroad tracks where the Nazis would unload prisoners from all over Europe: gypsies, Soviets, Poles, homosexuals, Jehovah's Witnesses, some Christians, but primarily Jews—like Jesus.
- These are gas chambers. They were blown up by the Nazis as they left Birkenau. In total, the Nazis exterminated about 6 million people. Here the Nazis exterminated roughly 1.5 million. They needed the workers in the camps to do the immense amount of work: burning the naked bodies and harvesting their belongings, hair, and gold teeth to fund the war effort.
- This is a pond full of human ashes.

Auschwitz was a sea of evil and a raging storm of chaos. It was here that Elie Wiesel watched the young Jewish boy hanging and twitching on the gallows (the "skulon"), and heard the man behind him mutter, "Where is God now? Where is God now?"

As I walked the grounds at Auschwitz, I kept thinking about a conversation I had with a famous, Christian speaker over dinner at the Chart House a few years ago. He said to me, "Go to Auschwitz and stand there like I did and tell me God's in control, that God is sovereign!"

How could God have permitted such a storm of evil? But even if He didn't, couldn't He have done something?

He once parted the sea for the people of Israel, and they walked through the sea to freedom. Jesus once calmed the sea. He once walked on the sea and had Peter walk on the sea. Couldn't He have just parted some barbwire or

calmed the sea of Nazi evil long enough to let His people walk free?

How do you walk on water and go free?

Matthew 14:22-33: (We're skipping verses 13-21 because we preached on those verses two years ago: the story of the feeding of the 5,000.) So Jesus feeds the 5,000, and then in vs. 22:

Then he made the disciples get into the boat and go before him to the other side, while he dismissed the crowds. And after he had dismissed the crowds, he went up on the mountain by himself to pray. When evening came, he was there alone, but the boat by this time was many furlongs distant from the land, beaten by the waves; for the wind was against them. And in the fourth watch of the night he came to them, walking on the sea. But when the disciples saw him walking on the sea, they were terrified, saying, "It is a ghost!" And they cried out for fear. But immediately he spoke to them, saying, "Take heart, it is I; have no fear."

And Peter answered him, "Lord, if it is you, bid me come to you on the water." He said, "Come." So Peter got out of the boat and walked on the water and came to Jesus; but when he saw the wind, he was afraid, and beginning to sink he cried out, "Lord, save me." Jesus immediately reached out his hand and caught him, saying

to him, "O man of little faith, why did you doubt?" And when they got into the boat, the wind ceased. And those in the boat worshiped him, saying, "Truly you are the Son of God."

How do you walk on water?

Well, some have speculated that the water was shallow. Some argue that He didn't walk *on* the water but *around* the water. Perhaps the water was frozen.

A few years ago I read about a private company leasing land rights from the Israeli government, plans to build a \$6.6 million entertainment complex in Capernaum on the Sea of Galilee to include an 80-yard-long platform just below the water's surface to allow visitors to re-create Christ's walk on water, all for \$5 a head. Maybe that's how He did it: shallow water . . . or maybe we're shallow people.

How do you walk on water? Scripture says Jesus did and so did Peter. But some commentators point out that maybe Peter wasn't *supposed* to, because Peter was being impetuous and didn't think it through. Many will point to his failure, yet for just a moment, he did it. He walked on water.

But maybe you really can't.

Maybe it doesn't work.

Maybe this whole Christianity thing doesn't work.

A young soldier who was fighting in Italy during World War II jumped into a foxhole just ahead of some bullets. He immediately tried to deepen the hole, frantically

scraping away the dirt with his hands. He unearthed something metal and brought up a silver crucifix left by a former resident of the foxhole. A moment later another leaping figure landed beside him as the shells screamed overhead. When the soldier got a chance to look, he saw that his new companion was an army chaplain. Holding out the crucifix, the soldier gasped, “Am I glad to see you! How do you work this thing?”

I bet some were asking that in Auschwitz. How do you work this thing, this Christianity thing? How do you walk on water?

Well, if we take our text as a guide, there are seven steps:

1. You need a storm on a sea.

To the Israelites, the sea was the realm of demons and chaos. A storm on the sea was all hell breaking loose. This is the epitome of bad stuff going down, and Jesus isn't there. But Jesus *sent* them there. He “constrained them” or “made them” get into the boat and go. That seems mean. But at least when the storm hit, they couldn't say that they were “out of the Lord's will.”

That's what we do the second a storm hits. We assume it's not the Lord's will for us or others (especially others). But maybe God sent you into that storm. Maybe He sent you sailing into that divorce or that bankruptcy or that wilderness of depression. And if you say, “Well, you see, the storm is my fault . . . I caused the storm,” then confess your sins, and you're forgiven. And the storm is no longer your fault but *His*. If the storm is still raging, He sent you into it for a reason. And even if it *was* your fault, it was still according to His plan.

In the Old Testament, God purposefully trapped the twelve tribes of Israel against the Red Sea. So they had no choice but to see His salvation and walk through the sea.

Well, Jesus sent twelve disciples into that storm on the sea. And get this: The moment Peter and Jesus get back into the boat, the storm stops. Lesson over. No more need for the storm.

One thing is clear: God is sovereign over storms. He's in control.

You may remember that just a few chapters ago in Matthew, Jesus calmed the storm—conquered the storm. Yet it seems He still wants to teach us to walk in them, to walk *on* water *in* storms.

I think we must confuse walking on water with smooth sailing, because we say the stupidest things—like:

“How do you expect me to walk on water with this storm raging?”

“How do you expect me to walk the Christian walk when I can't find a job, my wife's a jerk, and I'm getting crucified?”

“How do you expect me to be like Jesus when I'm hanging on a cross?”

We think Christianity works when our life works. And that may be just when it's *not* working. Yet we Americans advertise that Jesus will make your life work. I think we suffer greatly in America because we work so hard to deny that we suffer, for if there's a storm, we think

something's wrong. So just a little suffering goes a long way here in America, because we suffer alone and die alone.

There are different types of storms, you know. Chaos and evil take different forms. There are Nazis, Satanists, Romans, Pharisees, and then ourselves. Perhaps that's the worst kind of storm: our own shame. Could God even be sovereign over *that*? Did He even send us into *that*? Did He really "consign all men to disobedience" and "subject all creation to futility" like Paul teaches in Romans? Did He send us into *those* storms? Maybe He's mean . . . or maybe He's better than we thought.

Well, to walk on water:

1. You need a storm.
2. You need to fail.

The disciples were spent. They had come to the end of themselves.

We work so hard to avoid step #1, to avoid storms or deny storms, because we think, "There's nothing I can do!" which is precisely step #2: inability to do anything but fail. If there was something you could do, it wouldn't be much of a storm. A storm *is* the loss of control, so there's nothing you can do.

Many people are suffering in terrible storms. If you avoid being with them because there's "nothing you can do," don't expect to walk on water anytime soon.

You need a storm, you need to fail, and you can't *try* to fail. You can't succeed at failing. You can't take that step. If you try to fail, you haven't failed; you've lied about failure and haven't come to the end of your self. But don't

worry: God will send storms into your life until you do.
The last one is called death.

God loves you *too much* to let you not fail.

So to walk on water:

1. You need a storm.
2. You need to fail.
3. You need to see Jesus.

He shows up in storms.
He chooses to be there . . .

or maybe it's there that we look most
intently for Him

or maybe it's there we can see Him as He is,
because it's there that He does what He
does.

But He shows up in storms when we fail.

During that time of persecution in Poland, when the Nazis were rounding up Jews and burning them in the ovens, an old Jewish cemetery keeper came to the graveyard one morning. He found that during the night a woman had crept into an open grave and there given birth to a son. And she died. He found this child, and he said to himself and others around him, "This must be the Messiah, for only the Messiah could choose to be born in a grave."

When we have no choice,
He chooses to be born in our grave.

As I walked around Birkenau and Auschwitz, I kept thinking about my friend's challenge: "Go stand in Auschwitz, see what I saw, and tell me God is sovereign." As I walked by the gas chambers and through the barracks, I kept thinking over and over:

God *is* sovereign. God *is* sovereign. God *is* sovereign because He's been here! He's been here! He's been all over here! God is Jesus, and if Jesus was anywhere, Jesus was here. Because I know Him, and these are the places He shows up, in God-forsaken places.

In God-forsaken places,
God in Jesus shows up and reveals God's glory.
"The light shines in the darkness."
"He descended into hell."

- I've seen it in prayer over and over. He meets people in their place of greatest shame, darkness, and fear.
- I've read it over and over in Scripture. He's born of a persecuted Jewess, laid in a food trough in a barn; He meets people at a cross and walks out of graves.
- I've encountered Him in worship at His table where His body is broken and blood shed for me.

We need to know Him through prayer, Scripture, and worship, so that we'll know who He is and what He does and where He shows up, so that we won't close our eyes when the storm hits. Because that's what we do. We

close our eyes and say, “Oh, my God, this is a God-forsaken place! They stripped Him naked, they’re nailing Him to pieces of wood, and there’s nothing I can do! I’ve failed. All is lost.” And the Spirit whispers, “Open your eyes and look for Him. See the glory of God.”

Well, I walked through Auschwitz, and I knew He was there. Walking up to one of the barracks in Birkenau, I felt His Spirit whisper in my soul, “Peter, would you walk with me here? in a place like this?”

3. You need to see Jesus.
4. You need to want Jesus.

If you really see Him, you’ll want Him, but at first He isn’t easy to look at. At first they thought He was a “phantasma”—in Greek, a phantasm, a ghost. But Jesus called to them saying, “Take courage, it is me,” or in Greek, “eigo eimie”—I AM. In Hebrew you might say “Yahweh,” or you might *not*, for that’s the very name of God: I AM that I AM, the Existing One. All things are relative to Him. Relative to Him, the storm is an illusion, the boat is an illusion, you are an illusion, but:

He is the rock,
 He is the center,
 He is the creator,
 He is the consuming fire,
 He is the ground of all being.

For “from Him and through Him and to Him are all things.” And who is He really? A naked Jew hanging on a “skulon”—a gallows—a cross; the slaughtered Lamb standing on the throne.

At first He's hard to look at. He's different from you. He's holy. But in a storm, at the end of yourself, you can begin to see Him. In fact, to come to the end of yourself is to begin to see Him, "for in Him we live and move and have our being." Get past yourself, and you can't help but see Him.

To truly see Jesus is to want Jesus even more than your boat. Historically, the boat has always been a picture of the church, and sometimes you have to step out of that crowd.

Karl Wheeler said on the Men's Retreat, "If you want to get a club together, it won't help, because statistics show only one in twelve is faithful." That's probably not entirely true, because Jesus didn't bid all twelve to come walk, and Jesus doesn't call you into every storm. Even more than that, every storm is different; that's part of what makes it a storm. Otherwise, you'd know exactly where the lightning would hit, and you wouldn't need to walk by faith. You could just follow:

the formula, the map,
 the tried and true, the law,
 the book, the steps,
 the beaten path, the unchanging road.

Well, it's the same Lord, but every storm is different. He calls to you from *your* storm. So that's step #5:

5. You must want Jesus more than the boat, more than steps to follow, more than religion.
6. You must come when He calls *you* (singular).

If you want Him, He's calling you. Faith in Jesus is "the way." Actually, "Jesus is the way." He's the way even when you fail; *especially* when you fail. Peter failed, but he still had "the way," or I should say "The Way" still had Peter. He pulled him out of the water.

Several years ago, I took my son Jon and my daughter Elizabeth hiking near Lower Cataract Falls in the Gore Range. We came to a ravine with some fallen trees spanning the gorge, and Cataract Creek churning on the rocks below. I could walk on the log over the creek, but with a five- and six-year-year old, it was a rather sketchy endeavor.

I was most concerned about Elizabeth, because she was younger and bound and determined to conquer the world. On the other hand, Jon was older, sensible, and much more cautious. I explained to them very clearly and deliberately, "This is *very dangerous*. Do exactly as I say. No jumping, and wait your turn."

I helped Elizabeth across, very carefully taking care of the biggest problem first. I got her to the other side and turned to help Jonathan, when I saw something that filled me with absolute terror: the eyes of my son. He was looking at me with 100% faith, trust, and total confidence. Immediately he leapt from the bank of the creek and into my arms. We went flying off the log and into the river below. It's a miracle we didn't break a leg or die. I was soaked, the camera was soaked, Jon was soaked.

I pulled him up onto the bank out of the water. I took a deep breath and tried to scold him . . . but my heart just wasn't in it, for he had taken the wrong way in absolutely the right way. I really didn't care about the camera, about being wet, about almost drowning. I cared that my son trusted me out on that raging water. And that *is*

the way. If I was God, I'd move all creation just to get my kids to walk in that way.

Proverbs 3:5:

Trust in the LORD with all your heart, and do not rely on your own insight. In all your ways acknowledge him, and he will make straight your paths.

Trust Him, and He can change the path under your feet. Maybe He does: move the log, move the river, make the water firm. And He lifts you up when you fail. He saves you, but faith is what He wants.

So maybe the issue isn't the road but how it's walked. Roads are no problem for God. He's more powerful than CDOT (Colorado Department of Transportation). But how we walk them . . . that's another matter. Kierkegaard wrote, "Spiritually speaking, it is a deception to know where the road is, because the road is: how it is walked."

"Walk by faith" (2 Corinthians 5:7).

"Walk in the light" (1 John 1:7).

"Walk by the Spirit" (Galatians 5:16).

"Walk in the good works, which God prepared beforehand, that we should walk in them" (Ephesians 2:10).

"Be imitators of God, as beloved Children. Walk in love, as Christ loved us" (Ephesians 5:1-2).

I think I've always been a coward. And when I try to be brave, I only get more frightened. But I remember a day I *wanted* to walk into a storm, and I had great courage. My mom had to catch me at the door and hold me back. I'd been watching my dad put sandbags around our front yard in a downpour. A huge lightning bolt flashed, hitting close by my dad. The whole house shook. I ran for the door. My mom said, "You can't go out there! You could get killed!" And I remember yelling, "But Dad's out there, and if he dies, I want to die with him! I want to die with him." I didn't even think about being brave. Maybe I was walking on water and didn't even know it.

It appears Peter didn't know it. In fact, when he knew it, he sank. When he reflected on it, he sank. He looked at the wind and the waves and not at "The Way"—Jesus. Maybe he looked at the water and was impressed with the water, thinking, "Who am I to walk on water?" Maybe he felt inferior. Maybe he looked at the water and was impressed with himself thinking, "Wow! I'm walking on water."

Either way, he was proud, and that made him afraid—afraid for himself. So . . .

He needed to come to the end of himself again.

He needed a storm, needed to fail, needed to see Jesus and want Jesus.

He sank in the storm and called out, "Save, Lord!" and he saw Jesus save him. Then he wanted Jesus more.

He would walk in many more storms for Jesus.

1. You need a storm.
2. You need to fail.
3. You need to see Jesus.
4. You need to want Jesus.
5. You need to want Him more than the boat, so
6. You'll come when He calls you.

Now:

7. To walk on water, you must forget about walking on water and just love Jesus.

On Judgment Day, the sheep will say:

“When did we see you sick and in prison and visit you?”

“When did we see you hungry and feed you?”

“When did we see you naked and clothe you?”

Maybe they'll say:

“When did we walk on water?”

And Jesus will say:

“You didn't notice the water, because you were only thinking about me.”

When I get all stressed about the winds and the waves, finding God's will in the issues of the day, hearing God's voice regarding the problems in my world, discerning the way He wants me to go, judging myself on how I'm doing . . . it seems I miss the way. But when I lose myself in loving Him every now and then, He turns me

around and shows me the way I walked, and it's Him. It was like He was carrying me.

He is the way.

Corrie ten Boom was sent to Ravensbruck for harboring Jews. She wrote, "The will of God is either a burden we carry or a power which carries us." In a storm on the sea, you have no choice. Or maybe you have the greatest choice. Call it *faith*.

Storms reveal our lack of faith and force us into real faith. So then, Christianity "works" when we're hanging on a cross, dying in a storm, crying, "Into your hands I commend my spirit."

You see, you don't work the cross; the cross works you—kills you. You die and are saved by grace through faith.

I think the sea is hell and the walk is love. On the cross Jesus was cast into the sea and descended into hell, like Jonah into the belly of the whale. So on the cross He conquered the sea. He's sovereign over the sea, but in space and time, He still walks on the sea in the storms. He walks in our storms that we would learn to walk with Him.

So why are there still storms on the sea, and evil and chaos in this world?

Perhaps so we'd die to ourselves, see Him, want Him, and walk with Him.

Why is there suffering in this world?

Maybe because in the beginning God said, "Let us make man in our image and likeness."

And who is God?

He is the slaughtered Lamb standing on the throne. He is the God who suffers in love. His perfect image is Jesus Christ and Him crucified. He walks on the sea, and He's taken some astounding steps that we would walk with Him.

So for some, a storm is the absence of choice. But for Christians, it's the presence of the greatest choice—God's choice—Christ in us. We call it faith.

In May of 1941, Father Maximilian Kolbe was taken to Auschwitz, arrested for harboring 3,000 refugees, 2,000 of which were Jews. On June 15, 1941, he wrote this to his mother:

Dear Mama, At the end of the month of May I was transferred to the camp of Auschwitz. Everything is well in my regard. Be tranquil about me and about my health, because the good God is everywhere and provides for everything with love. . . .

He was in the middle of the storm, at the end of himself. But he saw Jesus everywhere and seemed to *want* Him always. He was terribly abused, once beaten and left for dead. When food was brought, he would put himself last in line. At night he'd move from bunk to bunk offering aid saying, "Is there anything I can do for you?" He begged his fellow prisoners to forgive and overcome evil with good. Prisoners would crawl across the floor at night to be close to Father Kolbe.

In July of 1941, a man from Kolbe's bunker was reported missing. (Later he was found drowned in the

camp's latrine.) The commandant called the men into the yard and screamed, "The fugitive has not been found. You will all pay for this! Ten of you will be locked in the starvation bunker without water and food until you die."

The ten were selected. One of them—Franciszek Gajowniczek—cried out, "My poor wife and my children! What will they do?" At that moment, Maximilian must have heard his name called over the water and through the storm: "Maximilian, walk with me here." For Maximilian stepped forward, out of the boat, away from the crowd, and called out, "I am a Catholic priest. Let me take his place. I am old. He has a wife and children." The commandant looked in silence at Father Kolbe.

I imagine the commandant was thinking, "Well, he is old, and the other guy would be a better worker . . ." Amazingly, the commandant granted the request.

Gajowniczek lived through Auschwitz. He died in 1995. Every year, he returned to give thanks for Father Maximilian Kolbe. He recalled that moment in the prison with these words:

I could only thank him with my eyes. I was stunned and could hardly grasp what was going on. The immensity of it: I, the condemned, am to live and someone else willingly and voluntarily offers his life for me—a stranger. Is this some dream? I was put back into my place without having had time to say anything to Maximilian Kolbe. I was saved.

Years later the guards told the story. In the starvation bunker, Maximilian ministered to the other

prisoners with prayers, psalms, and meditations on the passion of Christ. After two weeks, all but four were dead. Because they needed the space, the camp executioner came in to inject carbolic acid into the left arm of each. Maximilian was the only one still fully conscious. With a prayer on his lips, he lifted his arm to the executioner and died in love.

He had become the image of someone else.
And he had walked on water in the midst of the storm.

Now, if you're disappointed, thinking, "That's not walking on water!" maybe you haven't really seen Jesus, not really.

You know, I doubt that the angels were impressed when Jesus walked on water . . . "Wow, whoopee, the King of Glory can water-ski without a boat. Big deal." But when He hung on the cross bearing hell for His oppressors, and when Peter forgave because he'd been forgiven, oh I bet they just *strained* to look at a being made in the image of God. And what a God!

The angels "long to look" into the sufferings of Christ, His subsequent glory, and your salvation, writes Peter in 1 Peter 1.

Nowhere else in all of Scripture is it recorded that anybody walked on water again. However, Peter did encounter Jesus once again on the Sea of Galilee. Peter was drowning in a sea of his own shame. He had denied Jesus three times, and Jesus appeared on the shore risen from the dead. Peter saw Him, wanted Him, ignored the shame, sprang from the boat into the sea, and swam like a madman to Jesus.

The point wasn't walking on water.
The point was Jesus.
Upon Peter's faith Jesus built His church.

You may remember that according to legend, in 64 A.D. when persecution broke out in Rome, at the urging of the church, Peter fled the city with his brethren. On the way out of the city, running down the Apian Way, he had a vision of Jesus walking the other direction into the storm. Peter fell to his knees and said, "My Lord, where are you going?" And Jesus said, "I'm going to Rome to be crucified." Immediately, impetuously, Peter turned and ran back into the city where he was crucified upside down, with Jesus, for Jesus was with Him.

You see, Peter walked on water in the storm and did not sink *at all*.

Maybe you're in a storm. Jesus walks in every storm. Jesus suffers in every storm. He died for the sins of the whole world. So I believe He wept every tear in Auschwitz. He's there in every storm. The question is, Are you with Him? Look for Him, run to Him, and walk with Him. You know who He is, so you know where to find Him. And you know what He does in storms.

For on the night He was betrayed, in the midst of that storm, he came to you. He took bread and broke it saying, "This is my body given for you. Do this in remembrance of me." In the same way after supper, 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 tell you, I will not drink

again of the fruit of the vine until I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom."

Sometimes I'm honestly amazed that you come to church. And I'm honestly amazed that you come forward for communion. I think the angels are too. Probably most of the time they're not all that impressed with us praying for a new Buick, trying to heal backs and walk on water. But I think *you* are impressive to them. I suspect that during communion they were poking Jesus and saying, "Look at that! Look at them, Jesus! They're walking in the storm to you! And you told them that was your body broken and your blood shed. Jesus, they *see* you; they *want* you. It's working! They look like *you*, Jesus!"

Aram just showed me this verse, written hundreds of years before the text we read today, Psalm 107:

Those who go down to the sea in ships,
 Who do business on great waters,
 They see the works of the LORD,
 And His wonders in the deep.
 For He commands and raises the stormy
 wind,
 Which lifts up the waves of the sea.
 They mount up to the heavens,
 They go down again to the depths;
 Their soul melts because of trouble.
 They reel to and fro, and stagger like a
 drunken man,
 And are at their wits' end.
 Then they cry out to the LORD in their

trouble,
And He brings them out of their distresses.
He calms the storm,
So that its waves are still.
Then they are glad because they are quiet;
So He guides them to their desired haven.

Don't get me wrong: Sometimes He calls you to parties by the side of the lake, and sometimes to rest by the side of the lake, but sometimes He calls you onto the lake out on the sea. The storm rages, and when you hear a voice calling out through the storm, may you jump out of the boat and run with all your might to Him. May you walk on water. In Jesus' name, amen.

Relevant Texts and Quotations (from bulletin)

In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. The earth was without form, and void; and darkness was on the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God was hovering over the face of the waters.

Genesis 1:1-2

The waters returned and covered the chariots and the horsemen and all the host of Pharaoh that had followed them into the sea; not so much as one of them remained. But the people of Israel walked on dry ground through the sea, the waters being a wall to them on their right hand and on their left. Thus the LORD saved Israel that day from the hand of the Egyptians; and Israel saw the Egyptians dead upon the seashore.

Exodus 14:28-30

O LORD God of hosts, who is mighty as thou art, O LORD, with thy faithfulness round about thee? Thou dost rule the raging of the sea; when its waves rise, thou stillest them.

Psalm 89:8-9

And when he got into the boat, his disciples followed him. And behold, there arose a great storm on 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?" Then he rose and rebuked the winds and the sea; and there was a great calm. And the men marveled, saying, "What sort of man is this, that even winds and sea obey him?"

Matthew 8:23-27

So they took up Jonah and threw him into the sea; and the sea ceased from its raging.

Jonah 1:15

He alone spreads out the heavens, and treads on the waves of the sea . . .

..

Job 9:8

Trust in the LORD with all your heart, and do not rely on your own insight. In all your ways acknowledge him, and he will make straight your paths.

Proverbs 3:5-6

Then he made the disciples get into the boat and go before him to the other side, while he dismissed the crowds. And after he had dismissed the crowds, he went up on the mountain by himself to pray. When evening came, he was there alone, but the boat by this time was many furlongs distant from the land, beaten by the waves; for the wind was against them. And in the fourth watch of the night he came to them, walking on the sea. But when the disciples saw him walking on the sea, they were terrified, saying, "It is a ghost!" And they cried out for fear. But immediately he spoke to them, saying, "Take heart, it is I; have no fear." And Peter answered him, "Lord, if it is you, bid me come to you on the water." He said, "Come." So Peter got out of the boat and walked on the water and came to Jesus; but when he saw the wind, he was afraid, and beginning to sink he cried out, "Lord, save me." Jesus immediately reached out his hand and caught him, saying to him, "O man of little faith, why did you doubt?" And when they got into the boat, the wind ceased. And those in the boat worshiped him, saying, "Truly you are the Son of God."

Matthew 14:22-33

In a physical sense a road is an external actuality, no matter whether anyone is walking on it or not, no matter how the individual travels on it—the road is the road. But in the spiritual sense, the road comes into existence only when we walk on it. That is, the road is how it is walked. . . .

For example, when we read in the Gospel about the good Samaritan, there is mention of the road between Jericho and Jerusalem. The story tells of five people who walked "along the same road." Spiritually speaking, however, each one walked his own road. . . .

The traveler who in truth walks life's road does not ask, "Where is the road?" but asks how one ought to walk along the road. Yet, because impatience does not mind being deceived it merely asks where the road is, as if that decided everything as when the traveler finally has found the highway. Worldly wisdom is very willing to deceive by answering correctly the question, "Where is the road?"

while life's true task is omitted, that spiritually understood the road is: how it is walked.

Worldly sagacity teaches that the road goes over Gerizim, or over Moriah, or that it goes through some science or other, or that the road is certain doctrines, or certain behaviors. But all this is a deception, because the road is how it is walked. It is indeed as Scripture says—two people can be sleeping in the same bed—the one is saved, the other is lost. Two people can go up to the same house of worship—the one goes home saved, the other is lost. Two people can recite the same creed—the one can be saved, the other is lost. How does this happen except for the fact that spiritually speaking, it is a deception to know where the road is, because the road is: how it is walked?

Soren Kierkegaard

“And when I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and will take you to myself, that where I am you may be also. And you know the way where I am going.” Thomas said to him, “Lord, we do not know where you are going; how can we know the way?” Jesus said to him, “I am the way”

John 14:3-6a

The will of God is either a burden we carry or a power which carries us.

Corrie ten Boom

So we are always of good courage; we know that while we are at home in the body we are away from the Lord, for we walk by faith, not by sight.

2 Corinthians 5:6-7

But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship with one another, and the blood of Jesus his Son cleanses us from all sin.

1 John 1:7

He who says he abides in him ought to walk in the same way in which he walked.

1 John 2:6

But I say, walk by the Spirit, and do not gratify the desires of the flesh.

Galatians 5:16

For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus for good works, which God prepared beforehand, that we should walk in them.

Ephesians 2:10

Therefore be imitators of God, as beloved children. And walk in love, as Christ loved us and gave himself up for us, a fragrant offering and sacrifice to God.

Ephesians 5:1-2

Dear Mama, At the end of the month of May I was transferred to the camp of Auschwitz. Everything is well in my regard. Be tranquil about me and about my health, because the good God is everywhere and provides for everything with love. It would be well that you do not write to me until you will have received other news from me, because I do not know how long I will stay here. Cordial greetings and kisses, affectionately, Raymond.

Father Maximilian (Raymond) Kolbe

I could only thank him with my eyes. I was stunned and could hardly grasp what was going on. The immensity of it: I, the condemned, am to live and someone else willingly and voluntarily offers his life for me—a stranger. Is this some dream? I was put back into my place without having had time to say anything to Maximilian Kolbe. I was saved. And I owe to him the fact that I could tell you all this. The news quickly spread all round the camp. It was the first and the last time that such an incident happened in the whole history of Auschwitz.

Franciszek Gajowniczek

I told our Lord that I knew it was His cross that was now being placed upon the Jewish people; that most of them did not understand this, but that those who did would have to take it up willingly in the name of all. I would do that. At the end of the service, I was certain that I had been heard. But what this carrying of the cross was to consist in, that I did not yet know.

Edith Stein (Gassed in Auschwitz August 9, 1942)

One can only learn the science of the cross by feeling the cross in one's own person.

Edith Stein, The Science of the Cross

Therefore, since we are surrounded by so great a cloud of witnesses, let us also lay aside every weight, and sin which clings so closely, and let

us run with perseverance the race that is set before us, looking to Jesus the pioneer and perfecter of our faith, who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is seated at the right hand of the throne of God.

Hebrews 12:1-2

© 2004 Peter Hiatt

Lookout Mountain Community Church

534 Commons Drive, Golden CO 80401

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

E-mail: info@lomcc.org