



Little Boat, Big Storm

Hope for the Hopeless

Dave Edwards

“O God be good to me, Thy Sea Is So Great and My Boat Is So Small”. This Old Breton Fisherman’s prayer was inscribed on a block of wood on the desk of President John F. Kennedy. He loved the quote and always kept it on his desk in the Oval Office.

I’ve felt this way many times in the past. I’ve felt that the storm was too big, and my boat was far too small. The strong winds were blowing violently, my little boat was rocking and the big waves were crashing over me.

I wished that God would rescue me. I wished He would take this storm away. Yet, I know that sometimes He wants to be with me in the storm. Sometimes He wants to give me strength and peace through the storm. He wants to give me hope that I will make it, though the waves are crashing against my little boat.

A few years ago, I went through a violent storm. It was one that shook most every aspect of my life--emotionally, relationally, spiritually, financially, and career-wise. I needed hope, I needed peace, I needed joy, I needed provision and I needed healing. I needed a miracle. But God didn’t miraculously pull me out of the crisis. He chose to be with me as I went through it. It would take over two years to begin to heal from this trauma. The waves sure did beat against my little boat. And the storm lasted far too long.

In Matthew 8:23-28, Jesus calms a furious storm with one word. However, sometimes He chooses to calm me. Isaiah 43:2 says “When you pass through the waters, I will be with you. When you pass through the rivers, they will not sweep over you.” Notice it doesn’t say He will pull me out of the water. It says He will be with me in it. He keeps me anchored in the storm.

“God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore, will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.” Psalms 46:1-3.

Thy sea, O God, so great,
My boat so small.
It cannot be that any happy fate will me befall
Save as Thy goodness opens paths for me
Through the consuming vastness of the sea.

Thy winds, O God, so strong, so slight my sail.
How could I curb and bit them on the long and saltry trail,
Unless Thy love were mightier than the wrath
Of all the tempests that beset my path?

Thy world, O God, so fierce,
And I so frail.
Yet, though its arrows threaten oft to pierce
My fragile mail,
Cities of refuge rise where dangers cease,
Sweet silences abound, and all is peace.

Winfred Ernest Garrison