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A NIGHT STORM ON THE SEA

Matt. 14:24-27

INTRODUCTION:

From our night scenes from the Bible, we visit tonight the Sea of Galilee, which is sacred in the memories of our Christian faith, and will be so for all time. Any devout student of the Gospel history rejoices at the wonderful sight of Galilee. I remember my visit there to that distant land, and I count it as a memorable moment. When with a throbbing heart, my eyes first looked down from the neighboring hills upon the waves of that beautiful sea. Here you think faster than words can utter. Because here was the earthly home and the heavenly work of the Son of God. Along the shining beach he walked in the light of the early morning. These lowly sands bore the imprint and impression of his feet. And the high banks echoed from the sound of his voice.

The shadows of evening closed around him as he taught the multitude upon this once busy, populated shore. He walked and it was many times that he traveled across this sea from shore to shore, in the fishermen's boat.

The Sea of Galilee is located in the depth troth of the Jordan Valley. And the surface of the sea is about 680 feet below the level of that of the Mediterranean. It varies in depth from 130 feet to 148 feet. And at different points, it varies in distance. At one point it is 13 miles across. The water of this lake is clear and sweet. It truly lights up the landscape as the eye travels across. And the mountains on the East and on the West, rise to about 2,000 feet.

The hot and quivering air comes up from the deep cliff between the hills now as it did even in the day when Jesus toiled there and seemed to have no rest.

The wild winds that come down from these high banks heard the voice of our Lord as he walked upon the crystal face of this sea as though it were solid ground beneath his feet. As we look at this sea, we think of the desolate plain. And we think of the little city which one enjoyed the privilege. With its narrow streets where he healed a multitude of sick people. And there in the synagogue which the Centurion built, he spoke on the Sabbath day. And we think of the mansion of the rich which he raised the dead. We think of the huts and the homes of the fishermen. Where he made his abode. And up the steep hillside, Jesus climbed to the mountain for a midnight prayer. On one of these heights, over-looking the lake, he opened his ministry with an address that was destined to carry the words of blessing in every language on the face of the earth.

V. 15-21 We look in another direction and we see a grassy slope when he fed 5000 men with miraculous food.

We can stand at one point and look across and see the desolate mountains beyond. Where he went to escape the multitude. On the shore of this lake of Galilee, he appears again and again to his disciples. Even after he had passed through the awful mystery of death, he appeared to them.

When we think about the sacred memories of Jesus that throng your mind, as you travel there as a Christian, and today the lake no doubt looks pretty much as it did when Jesus was there. Except the cities that used to line the shore and the boats that used to dart across the sea.

On the Sea of Galilee today, there are a few commercial places. There is a hotel and a few boats. And there are fishermen that still work at the trade. And from this hotel, you can have lunch, and look out upon the Sea of Galilee. You can see the boats passing. And it is upon this beach, and across this Sea, that pilgrims have

come to re-live and to gain inspiration.

But there are some sad notes around this sea of Galilee. When you think about the ruins of Capernaum When you look at the sacred scriptures, you read and you discover that there is not a single human being in sight, where that thriving city was. It is silent, it is desolate. Now that is where Jesus once lifted up his voice. And many many people would hear. And it was clear. The water was bright. And there were the steep walls of limestone, 2000 feet high. But the doom which Jesus pronounced upon that city, as he pronounced upon Bethsaida and also Chorazin because they (repented not) - seems to rest upon the naked hills and the silent shores. There is an awful desolation that now rests upon the doomed cities around Galilee. The whole sign is a shadow deeper and darker than any desolation that must come upon the soul - when once the love of Christ has been utterly grieved away and salvation's offer finally rejected.

This evening, (we) come to look at this scene from the Bible which took place (at night) During a (storm) on the (Sea) of Galilee. There are [three things] about it - that will help to fix in your mind this experience. First, the storm. Verse 24. Second, the Saviour V. 25-26. Third, the security. V. 27.

I: THE STORM - V. (24)

Now with all the changes that have taken place in 2000 years, there is one aspect of this sacred sea which (brings) us back to the very days of our Lord, with vivid, awful reality. And it is the storm.

On (the day) that I visited this sea, we were scheduled for a boat ride. But about an hour before we were to take the boat ride, and our boat was schedule to leave, it was cancelled because a (sudden storm) had arrived and it was too choppy and too rough. We were to take a ride out on the lake and on the sea, and there read some scripture

Paul says Wind Truancy and the Ways - Birds are still - Thunder envelops the sky -
lightning Tears at it -
Now Rain - wind reveling in confusion!

-4-

and have a service in the middle of the lake.

It is a night storm such as this that the disciples encountered when their ship was tossed with the waves.

The word used by the evangelist is describing the agitation of the little ship. It literally means that it was tormented and it refers to convulsions.

The Sea of Galilee was in such a convulsion in a particular manner with a sudden and violent stroke of the wind coming down upon its waves. After feeding the multitude, Jesus had instructed his disciples to embark on the boat and to go on ahead. After feeding this multitude, they wished to make him a king, and to force him by popular demand to lead a revolution in Palestine. So the situation was such that he sent his disciples on by boat. When he was alone in the mountain, praying, by this time the night had come on, and one of the sudden storms that the lake was famous for had come down and they were struggling against the wind and the waves. And they were making little progress.

The lofty mountain wall on the north eastern side of the lake is tunneled down to the waters edge by deep narrow revines. Now these wild gorges have been formed by the winter rains. Falling in the distant highlands and gathering up into torrents and rushing down to the sea, with a fury that sweeping everything, but the solid rock. In the mid-summer the air in the deep basin of the lake becomes heated like the air of an oven, and rises rapidly into the upper regions. While the heavy cold air flows down through the deep channels, in the surrounding walls to fill the vacancy. Sometimes when the sun has set, the icy winds from the snowey heights of Herman come howling down the narrow gorges and shoot out upon the lake with such violence and torture that the surface is in convulsion.

Sometimes these terrible wind storms come with not a cloud in the sky.

The case that we are talking about is, the disciples were weary. They were rowing, and they were not able to reach the shore. Now the day must have been a peaceful, beautiful day. Because Jesus had taught the great multitude in the open air. On the smooth grassy land at the corner of the lake. The evening must have been as calm when he blessed the barley loaves and had blessed the 5000. Seated in ranks and by hundreds and by fifties on the green grass. And all was still calm in the sea. He constrained the disciples to enter the ship and start for the other side, leaving him to dismiss the excited people.

No sooner were they out a little from the shore, than the wild wind came down from the mountain with its furry and swept them far away from their course.

300 Story Elijah Baker 1st Bap Preacher Eastern Shore - Easter sun 1776 - Clergy man Established Church not show up - He took crowd down road & preached - Wardens of Ch put in jail 56 days at Accomack, sent to Prison - silence him, put on ship, any Port - sang & prayed, with crew - Winds contrary in Harbor (thinking he was Problem) transferred another ship Thoma 3rd of the 3rd put him ashore - like Jonah established the Eastern Shore, Va. May & Dec.

(They) were (strong men,) accustomed to the sea And not easily frightened by the waves. So all night long, a full nine hours, they pulled their tireless sinues against the wind, toiling hard to recover their course, and reach the point where they hoped to take on the Master.

But all is vain the wind was too strong for them. The waves beat upon the boat like a tornado. The strength of the rowers were exhausted. The storm was still at its peak. And the sea was raging under the lash of the winds.

Heard from Mary Had a Little Lamb - Signed to get some Rest Crossing the Sea

So the first point is the storm.

*Mary had a little lamb
And it was quite a sheep,
It went to all the Baptist meetings,
AND died from lack of sleep!*

V. 22 - 23 - Wanted Rest -

I might insert before progressing to my next point, that many times individuals find themselves in the storms of life. Sometimes we have just pushed out and gotten started and a terrific storm comes in upon us. World in Storm

*American tells just 4000 years - Been only 265 yr Peace.
There would be Peace if leaders of Nations listen to Prince of Peace.*

V, 24

The night was divided into four watches 6 P. M. to 9 P. M. 9 P. M. to 12 Midnight. 12 Midnight to 3 A. M. 3 A. M. to 6 A. M.

And so they had been in the midst of this storm all night. And this brings us to our second point. At 3 o'clock in the morning Jesus walked on the high ground of the North lake, saw the boat fighting with the waves, and came down to the shore

to help them. *Mrs Bailey Rowe write Bapt. Home 1961 Tremendous storm hit Denton, Tex 70-80 mile wind - my husband & I sister " " way home each wk. 11:15 - Highway - wind - Rain - robbing the car - beating the windows - So Ann Shelton's voice came through Radio when the storms of life are raging, stand by me. Request: " The world is tossing me like a ship upon the sea. Throw who resist winds and water, stand by me. For the midst of faults & failures, stand by me. When I do the best I can, and my family misunderstands. Thou who knowest all about me, stand by me.*

When I'm growing old & frail stand by me " my life becomes a burden and I'm hearing chilly Jordan, Oh, Thou Lily of the Valley, stand by me

II. THE SAVIOUR - V. 25-26

She said, I can hear & remember the comfort those words brought my troubled mind. God was standing by us, my husband decided that all we could do was turn the car & face the storm.

Jesus was seen coming to their relief, walking upon the waters. His watchful eye had seen them from the darkness of the distant shore. He was ready to appear at the moment when they needed him most. They were laboring to obey his command to reach a point that they hoped to receive him on board.

V, 25

The Master does not assign a hard service to his disciples. And then leave them to struggle unsupported and alone. The very time when they think themselves utterly deserted - they are watched by the eye of infinite compassion.

V, 26

At first, the disciples were afraid when they saw Jesus walked on the waves. They saw Jesus walking on the waves, they thought it was some bodiless messenger from the spirit world. They thought it was some awful shadow from eternity. And it was an over mastering fear, that here was some form of a living messenger from the state of the dead. And these men were grave as shown upon their faces.

But the significance of this is that in the hour of the disciples greatest need,

↓ 27
disappointed tonight, Jesus is longing to come to you and to take all of your griefs upon himself, and to give you rest.

Men are afraid to receive him as Saviour. They are so troubled with the worldly cares and disappointments. But the divine comforter with infinite strength and sympathy is ready to come to your relief.

Do I speak to someone tonight who has just gone through a period of grief or mourning. Quite often we stand in the presence of our dead. And we try to speak words of comfort to afflicted hearts. I believe that at that time, Jesus comes in the storm. That has beaten upon the household. And he comes in our night of sorrow. And if we listen to his voice, we will hear - it is I. Be not afraid.

But often we seem to be (afraid) to believe. We see no light in the cloud that surrounds us. We do not hear the voice calling us through his love.

I think many times about the young people who are gay. And those who live a life of worldliness. And are on a voyage of restlessness, on the sea, exposed to the tempest of passion. That will wreck the soul. Jesus only can give the peace of joy, the hope for which they long. In saying so, I am saying that I believe that this is the experience of millions. Who have found in one blessed moment of repentance and faith more joyous in Christ than they have found in the world. And yet young people are (afraid) many times to receive Jesus. They are afraid that he will make them unhappy. And they will lose their deepest joy of life.

Some think that when they become old and sorrows accumulate, that will be a time during the storms of affliction and trouble to listen to the voice of Jesus. But

On one occasion, the vessel on which Mr. Moody, evangelist, was returning from Europe accompanied by his oldest son - was disabled by a broken propellor shaft. Moody's wife was home in Brooklyn waiting to receive them on their arrival. Day after day, no word from the steamer. The wife became frantic and anxious. At last, I received this cable dispatch from the evangelist, "so states our Sankey, his song leader, saved, thank God." I learned afterwards said the song leader, that the people gathered around Moody, and begged him to pray for their deliverance. Even infidels on board who had made light of the evangelist's work were kneeling at his side. Through the earnestness of his prayers and divine help they were led to Christ. And the song leader said he thought of this song - pull for the shore.

Light in the darkness, sailor, day is at hand. See over the foaming billows fair haven's land.

elva Sankey - chorister 33. Northside Chicago - frequently used the hymn: Dark is the Night
 On the Sunday Night, City Destroyed by Fire, He made his escape in Small Boat into Lake Michigan
 This Song came to his mind, as he sat there watching the City burn he sang:

Dark is the Night AND Cold The wind is blowing,
 Nearer AND Nearer comes the breaker's ROAR;
 Where SHALL I go, or whither fly for refuge?
 Hide me, my Father, till the Storm is o'er."

III. SECURITY - V. 27

V, 32

The Bible says in V. 32 - and when they were come into the ship the wind ceased. And then they that were in the ship, came and worshipped him saying, of a truth - thou art the son of God. Here is security. Following in the midst of this storm.

It is strange that anyone would be afraid of such a friend. No, not of him. But there is something of which even a brave man should be afraid. He should be afraid to sail upon the treacherous stormy sea of life without Christ, without the Saviour to calm the waves, to hush the winds and to bring him safe to the land of rest. He should be afraid to rush through the thick of this world's cares and pleasures, and temptations without the Saviour to help him. As he travels the perils around him. He should be afraid to give himself up to the vanities and

(sink - part) -

Bro. of Lord Sea Whitefield - just worthless - demanding

duty and character. In fact, I can't do any thing about it " lady hunting" make that for that statement, I cannot say until sinners admit truly serious

The man who has the most of the life of Jesus in his soul, is the most true, genuine, and complete man on the face of this earth. Whatever it is that keeps me from being a Christian - it is something false, something unreal. And something that has no right to control my mind or to provert my judgement, or to mislead my heart - it is a mistake. When I heard the voice of Christ - conversion is turning back from a false way and beginning life in an obedient sense. And however much men may fear and hesitate, to begin the true obedient life with Christ - nobody is ever afraid that he shall die as a Christian. No body is afraid that death will find him too much absorbed in the service of Christ.

V. 28
V. 29
V. 30

Lord Save Me - Class W. m. w. Sunday

Teacher to Quark first - Devotional class for Sunday, the first - "Hush your hum - get up in his glory - no words" No body "Lord Save Me" Ball sound early all sound approval Lord had said he! The Prayer Works!

Peter stepped over the side of the ship here to go to Jesus on the water. He saw the (wind and wild waves) about him and he began to sink. But he had faith enough to say, Lord save me. Or else he would have sunk - to rise no more.

There are many people who try to walk the treacherous waves of the worldly life and gradually more and more - the pleasures and pride - they go farther and

farther from the old safe guards - they leave off prayer and watchfulness. They leave the Bible out of their lives. They leave the Sabbath out of their lives. They leave the church out of their lives. And they leave Christian company out of their lives. And they leave Christian influence out of their lives - and all the while they are sinking deeper and deeper in the treacherous ways of the sea. That they are trying to walk upon. And they are becoming more worldly. By and by, they begin to be alarmed. Trouble and fear come upon them, and they find they are sinking into what has no bottom.

Dr. Ray Angel - visit - Phone - set up Palace grounds - 4 cars still. Cadillac, Lincoln, Impala sports cars - elegance in home - every room expensive Antiques - a house with a house like this must be extremely happy! - small table - dinner - full table - "Do you see how you'll never know how many times a day I think about using this!"

Some people seem to have everything - we would not be so critical of people if we knew the burdens they bear.

They are exposing themselves to a storm that no mortal can face alone. They are in danger of being overtaken by a night that is the blackest of darkness.

Yet, even then, if they will cry - Lord, save me. They will find a hand that is strong. He will lift them.

But alas, there are too many that will not look to Jesus, during the storms of life. They look to the world for comfort. And they sink deeper into their trouble and they are made unhappy.

V. 30
Daniel Mark says, on a cold winter night, I was called from my bed to go 10 miles along the drifting snow to see a young man who was sinking into death. He had broken away from everything that would lead him to salvation. He was dying without hope. And he said the messenger who had come for him had helped him on his way in his darkness. But he could not lead him out in the darkness into light. He said, I bid this dying man to look to Jesus. But his wild eyes wandered and he couldn't see the Saviour in the darkness. I whispered to him, say the prayer -- "Lord, save me." That Peter prayed here. And in his despair he looked with a heavy groan and answered "too late, too late." He kept sinking, sinking, until the billows of death passed over him and there was no sign of hope that came from his dying lips. And Daniel Mark went on his way home, on the cold star-lite night, with the icy north wind blowing. And he said those despairing words - too late, too late. He thought of how many times and how many there are who have a great need to offer every day the prayer once by the sinking disciple in the storm. Lord, save me from the sinking into the sea of worldliness, and temptation - with which I am surrounded. Save me from disowning Christ and denying the rock of my salvation. Save me from giving up my heart, my life, my soul to the unsatisfying and perishable things of earth. Save me from living a stranger to peace and pardon. And from sinking at last into the deep waters of death. Without a hope that shall be as an anchor to the soul.

As I think of this point, the security in Jesus which these men felt by the presence of Christ, I think of the night that a preacher was called to the bedside of a man by the riverside in a humble dwelling. He approached this lowly room and seemed that a company of Heavenly messengers were there ready to conduct the soul of this saint from death unto the throne of Glory. He spoke to him about the light of Heaven and the hope of earth - and the man was dying in great agony, and he could signify by the pressure of his hands and the glance of his eyes that Christ was all of his hope. And that beneath him was the everlasting arm. This man had had a stroke. He had lost the power of speech but he could write on a slate. So with his weak hand, he began to write some words and in an irregular line - the preacher could not read them. There was one word in the middle of the sentence that was large - larger than the rest. But still, he could not spell it out. With his dying energy - he ceased the pencil again and slowly printed (victory). That was his last effort and it was enough. And the preacher could now read the whole sentence. "Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory, through our Lord, Jesus Christ." And as he went away from that bedside, it seemed to him as if the roar of the waterfall in the river, and all the sounds of the busy earth and life - echoed victory. And that is truly what happened to these disciples in that storm, that night, the storm on the sea. A victory.

*Remember my church - express hospital
used chalk & slate folk
last word - "Heaven"*

Why - because Jesus, the Saviour, became their pilot.

Major Whittle told the following incident - about Jesus, (Saviour Pilot Me). He said I went with Gen. O. O. Howard to hold meetings for the soldiers at Tampa, Fla. and one day while we were passing through camp, I came upon a man dying with fever. I knelt by his side and asked him if he was a Christian. He replied that he was not and said that his father and mother were Christians. And he asked me to pray for him - I did so, but no impression was made upon his heart. I went away with a sorrowing heart and promised to return another day. Two days later, I visited him

again and praying with him, the Lord put into my mind to sing Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me. The dying soldier said oh that sounds good. It puts me in mind of my beloved sister in Michigan. Who used to sing this hymn for me before I entered the Army. He wanted me to repeat it over and over again for him. And he said, will Jesus be my pilot, into the haven of rest.

I told the young man that Jesus would. And then he said I will trust him with all of my heart. The next day I called to see him again. But his comrades said that he had passed away during the night.

The author of this hymn was born in New York in 1818. And for many years was pastor of the church of sea and land in that church. The hymn was first published in 1871. in the sailor's magazine.

Think of these mighty words

Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.
Over life's tempestuous sea.

As a mother stills her child
Thou canst hush the ocean wild,
Boist'rous waves obey thy will,
When thou say'st to them Be still!
Wondrous sovereign of the sea,
Jesus Saviour, Pilot Me.

Read Word of Hymn
Read

When at last I near the shore
and fearful breakers roar
twist me and the fearful rest
Then, while leaning on thy breast
may I hear thee say to me
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"
amen

UNKNOWN WAVES Before Me Roll,
Hiding Rocks & Treacherous Shoals;
Chart and Compass Come from Thee,
Rescue, Saviour Pilot Me, Before Me

5 min

Shore

Ignorance
since -
helped him

Talked Spiritual things

Jesus

ambitions of this world. With the expectation of when he becomes weary of this wicked life, Christ will come and drive them out of his heart, and make him a happy Christian. Because he is tired of the world.

He should be afraid to live constantly exposed to death and yet without any subtle satisfactory preparation to enter upon the untried state of being beyond the grave.

It is the saddest and the strangest thing in the world that men should be afraid of such a friend as Jesus who has proved himself to be the blessed security for all.

Should we be afraid of him who worn the thorns for our sake. That we might wear a crown in Heaven. Should we be afraid of him who bore our sorrows and bitter agony in the garden, and on the cross. Should we be afraid to have our name written in the holy and the blessed of all ages.

Although it is impossible to find a single individual upon the face of the earth, who will say, I have received Jesus to my heart and he has made me unhappy. Do you know of anyone who has accepted Jesus and who is unhappy about it.

When the disciples saw Jesus walking upon the waves, they thought it was some spirit or some unreal ghost. And they were terrified. And there are still men who are prone to think that Jesus is something unreal. That he is a ghost. And then think of religion in the same way. And they think it depresses, excites, or bewilders people. And makes them act unlike themselves. In him the troubled longing, weary soul finds the only reality which satisfies and brings security. And it would make us be like him - true in every purpose. This is what it is to be a Christian. To have our own human nature purified. And consecrated by the truth. Christian faith,

they cannot think of receiving him now.

Many times people who have some form of insanity often are afraid of their best friends. They flee from those who would give them relief. Now this is a sad mistake. And it is also true concerning those who are afraid of Jesus, to take him in their heart. Because when he comes in, there is happiness.

Those disciples, men in that ship, had rode hard against the wind. And they were farther off their course than when they started. But only to receive Christ and his peace. The elements were changed. And the troubles then become good ministers of the soul. And every wind then would blow toward the haven of rest.

Christ is Lord of all the tempest that shakes the world. He walks abroad in the bright sunshine of youth and prosperity, as well as in the dark night of affliction. And sorrow.

Wherever wanderers are astray - he is near, to show the right way.

Whenever the weary and heavy-laden are sinking under their load, he is near to take on himself their burden.

Wherever the young and thoughtless are endangered - he is near to offer the crown of life.

He comes in the voice of his word, in the lessons of his providence, in the thrivings of his spirit - he comes and we may many times reject him - but he still comes to bring peace to a man's heart.

Therefore, fix in your mind the storm. And second, the Saviour.

which was perfectly clear, Jesus came to them. When the wind was contrary and when life was a struggle. Jesus was there to help. No sooner had a need arisen than Jesus was there to help them.

V. 27 (In life) the wind is often contrary - we are up against it in life. And when the disciples heard the voice of their beloved Master saying, it is I. (be not afraid - their fear was changed to confidence.) These words of (hope.) And the foremost member of their party was ready to step out on the water to walk to meet Jesus. And the wonder is not that his faith failed him and he began to sink - but it is that he dared to go at all upon the sea during such a storm. The hand of the Lord was near and he rescued him. This impulsive disciple from sinking. And the two came aboard and immediately the wind ceased. And the ship was at the land - whether they went.

The Saviour comes to the human heart, in its great deep trouble and tormented by the strong winds of passion. When the soul can find no rest, until Jesus walks upon the stormy waves and calms the weary soul. The great sea of human life is ever agitation with the fear and conflict and change until Jesus comes with a message of peace. The whole history of the world from age to age, has been a history of trouble and battle, and storm. Jesus always comes to the sorrowing world and the weary heart with a blessing of peace. And yet somehow, the unhappy world is afraid.

When we speak of Jesus to the wicked man, the dark thoughts of death and eternity, come over him. And he looks as though he is calling every sin to remembrance - and this torments him. But Jesus does come in the night of our spiritual depression. To take the burden from the heart. He comes to the suffering who will submit to him and those who have eagerly sought will enjoy him.

Remember this, the Saviour wants to help. When I say to the disheartened and the