

A Safe Place in a Storm

By John Austin, 2020

Storms are a familiar phenomenon to me. I was actually born on a stormy Monday, just like the old blues song. In my Fifty-five years in this fractured world of sin I've encountered quite the potpourri of inclement weather. Obsessive-Compulsive disorders, depression, anxiety, invasive thoughts, suicidal thoughts and multiple sin bondages; you name it and I've been on intimate terms with these psychic tempests.

And yet, in the worst of life's weather, a still, small voice of reassurance has held me to the true magnetic north for my soul's compass. No matter how frightened, depressed or tormented I've been it reminds me that I'm safe in the palm of the One who spoke life into existence; the same voice who knit all of us in our mother's womb, threading every atom, molecule and cell with the loving care of a great artist.

That same One died on a cruel Roman cross nearly two thousand years ago to save us from the eternal hurricane of God's just and holy wrath, just for the pleasure of our company.

I'm writing this because I've recently experienced some turbulence despite five years of sobriety from alcohol, crack cocaine, speed and cannabis, and four and half years free from a tobacco habit that nearly sent me to an oxygen tank. I still struggle with mental disorders but Jesus sustains me with His peace (John 14:27), the peace that keeps me sober no

matter how rough the weather is. All I have to do is call on Him.

Our Lord Jesus Christ reminds me that no matter how terrifying and stressful the storms of life can be, He's always with us, *especially* when it doesn't seem like it. We can take comfort in knowing God *is* our refuge (Psalm 46:1-3) and that we can take refuge in Him 'until the destroying storms pass by.' (Psalm 57:1).