

WHO SHUT IN THE SEA?
by Pastor Jim Bornzin June 1994
Job 38:1-11 Mark 4:35-41

Ah Job, poor Job, sick and miserable Job,
If ever anyone had a right to complain,
It was you.
Ah Job, grief-stricken Job,
If ever anyone had a right to curse God,
It was you.
We hear it every day, people cursing
Because they broke a nail or it starts to rain.
None of them know your pain.
Ah Job, do they know your God?
They curse the One who gave them life.
They take his name in vain;
Oh how they complain!
You would not curse,
You would not swear,
All you asked was why.
And all your righteous friends
In chorus made reply.
"Ah Job, grief-stricken Job,
If it is not thy God who smites thee,
Why does he allow such tragedy?"
Who is this God to whom you cry?
We too demand a hearing!
Come down and show yourself!
You who shut in the sea with doors
When it burst forth from the womb,
Who stayed it proud and mighty waves,
"Thus far you shall come and no farther."
You spoke and it was so.
You speak and it is good.
You speak and there is peace.

She was a seaworthy craft,
Bearer of men and nets and fish,
Veteran of many a storm,
Survivor of tempests she.
The day she put out to sea
Seven men she carried,
Her sister a few leagues off bore six;
Twelve, plus one.
A sunny day
Bright and full of hope,
A sparkling sea,
Its surface serene,
Its depth foreboding,
Ancient symbol of chaos.

Across the gleaming surface
To Galilee's distant shore
The merry band sailed off from land
The crowds they saw no more.
Ah, peace at last,
Drifting and dreaming,
The breeze softly blowing,
The boat gently rocking,
A time to sleep, perchance to dream.
God's mighty hand upholding,
God's gentle arms enfolding
His Son upon the cushion.
She was a seaworthy craft,
Bearer of the Savior.

Suddenly, a shift of wind
A darkening sky
They wonder why
The waves begin to grow.
"Lower the sail!
Prepare to bail!
All goods below deck stow!"
Jesus is dreaming
The wind is screaming
Into the boat the waters flow.
"Teacher, awake!
For heaven's sake,
We're all about to die!"
Then Jesus stood
On deck of wood
And glaring at the sky,
Cried, "Peace, be still!
This is God's will!"
And the storm became a sigh.
The sea lay calm
Like soothing balm
The wondering eyes perceive.
He urged his friends
To make amends
And trusting faith receive.
"Why did you fear?
Is not God here?
All you need is to believe."

"Who is this, who rebukes the wind?
And calms the waves?
And bids the sea be still?"

Continued

It is God!
Who shut in the sea with doors
When it burst forth from the womb!
It is God!
Who made the clouds its garment
And thick darkness its swaddling band.
It is God!
Who prescribed the bounds for it
And locked it behind bolted gates.
It is God!
Who said to the waves,
"No farther shall you go."
It is God
Who said, "Peace, be still!"

If God can make the wind and waves,
And rule the sky and sea,
Won't he also calm the fears
That trouble you and me?
Some still hide among the crowds
That wait upon the land;
Some set sail without the Lord,
No Bible in their hand.
Ambassadors of Christ, we're called
To witness to the lost,
To love, forgive, and reconcile,
No matter what the cost.
For it's been paid by Jesus
Who died on Calvary's tree,
Who calmed the storm and wind and waves,
All for you and me.

Ah Job, poor Job,
What is this I see?
Is it you or me?
Asking God to state his case,
To show his face!
So God did.
In Jesus.
Amen