

ANCHORS



When life overwhelms him he enters a quiet room in his basement, lights three candles, and kneels before a golden image.

He has faith in that image.

It has brought him through many a crisis, he believes.

It has kept him sane.

The image never talks back.

It never rebukes him.

It never judges him.

It listens in silence.

The image is his anchor.



Will it hold him through what lies ahead?

Time will tell.

She takes a cab to the financial district and enters an imposing granite building with heavy brass-trimmed doors.

All the chaos of the city gives way to a hush as she steps into a small office to the left of the grand lobby.

She is greeted by an impeccably dressed man, who takes her coat and orders coffee.

“I would like to discuss my portfolio,” she explains. “I think we need to make some changes to get ahead of the coming down-turn.”

“Let me bring up your file,” says her financial advisor. With millions in investments, this woman is treated like royalty.

Money is her anchor, and she has gobs of it.



So why does she have trouble sleeping?

Will her anchor hold in the coming storms?

Time will tell.

He has gathered with his political soul mates, mapping out their future, devising ways to defeat the enemy.

He is not a politician. But he looks to his party to keep him safe, to advance his personal agenda, and give meaning to his life.

Politics is his anchor.



Will it keep him safe in the days ahead?

Time will tell.

It seems like everybody has an anchor, something to hang on to as the winds of change increase, and the fires burn, and the floods rise.

This woman doesn't worry about who will bury her body when she dies. And she could care less about her "legacy". All she cares about---and she cares about it a lot---is what's going to happen to her when she dies.

Not to her body---"Dump my body! Who cares?" Her estate? "Let them fight over it."

This woman wants to know what's going to happen to her soul, her spirit.

She reads every book she can find on "near death experiences", and "out of body" visions.

She surfs the internet for information about the "world beyond".

And she believes she is beginning to figure it out. She's looking forward to getting "over there".

Faith in the world beyond is this woman's anchor.



Will it hold?

Time will tell.

This man has found an anchor that most people have forsaken: the Church.



He has discovered a church with all the answers. No guessing. For every question there is a clear answer.

This church guides him and offers him a path to glory in the world beyond. Whenever he has a problem, the priest is there to show him the way.

His anchor has served him well so far.

Will it hold through what lies ahead?

Time will tell.

She traveled all the way to India to find her anchor: a Guru with penetrating eyes and a voice that sounds like an oracle from the world beyond.

Her Guru has brought her serenity. Whether she is sitting at his feet or riding a subway in Chicago, his vibrations surround her with mysterious protection.



Will her anchor hold?

Time will tell.

You ask me if I have found my anchor.

I have.

My anchor is God.



My anchor is the One who has no beginning and no ending, who holds this universe and all others in the palm of his hand.

My link to God is his deliberate link to me.

God sent a part of himself into this world to break the curse, to open the door to his world.

He comes to us as one who speaks our language.

Who shares our humanity.

Who delivers us from evil.

Who guides our steps.

Who lifts us out of darkness into his light.



He is my anchor.

He knows me, and I know him.

I know that he will hold me through the approaching storm.

He is not an idol.

He is not a guru.

He is not an ideology.

He is not a “belief system”.

He walked this earth in a human body.

He did nothing but good.

He spoke nothing but truth.

Yet they killed him.

No tomb could hold him.

On the third day he walked out of that tomb never to die again.

He is Lord of heaven and earth.

His words circle the planet and fall like fire into the hearts of those who hunger for truth.



***"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are those who mourn, for they shall be comforted.
Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.
Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for righteousness, for they shall be satisfied.
Blessed are the merciful, for they shall be shown mercy.
Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.
Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called sons of God.
Blessed are those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are you when men revile you and persecute you and utter all kinds of evil against you falsely on my account. Rejoice and be glad, for your reward is great in heaven, for so men persecuted the prophets who were before you."***

Matthew 5

He is closer to you than your breath as you read these words.

If you know him, you have found an anchor that will never fail.

If you do not know him, call on his name and he will come to you.

Just say his name and open your heart.

"Jesus"!

For he already knows you and loves you.

He will be your anchor if you will but cling to him 24/7.

***"My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me.
And I give them eternal life, and they shall never perish.
And no one shall snatch them out of my hand."***

John 10



Prayer- Lord as we bob through this life being carried up and down by life itself and sometimes being caught by storms and sudden squalls we need you to hold us firm. Jesus, Jesus hold us, you are our anchor. We believe you will never fail, we choose to hear and trust in your eternal truth. We open our hearts to your loving presence that is always with us, always holding us.

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THE LAMB
WHO WAS SLAIN
HAS BEGUN HIS REIGN