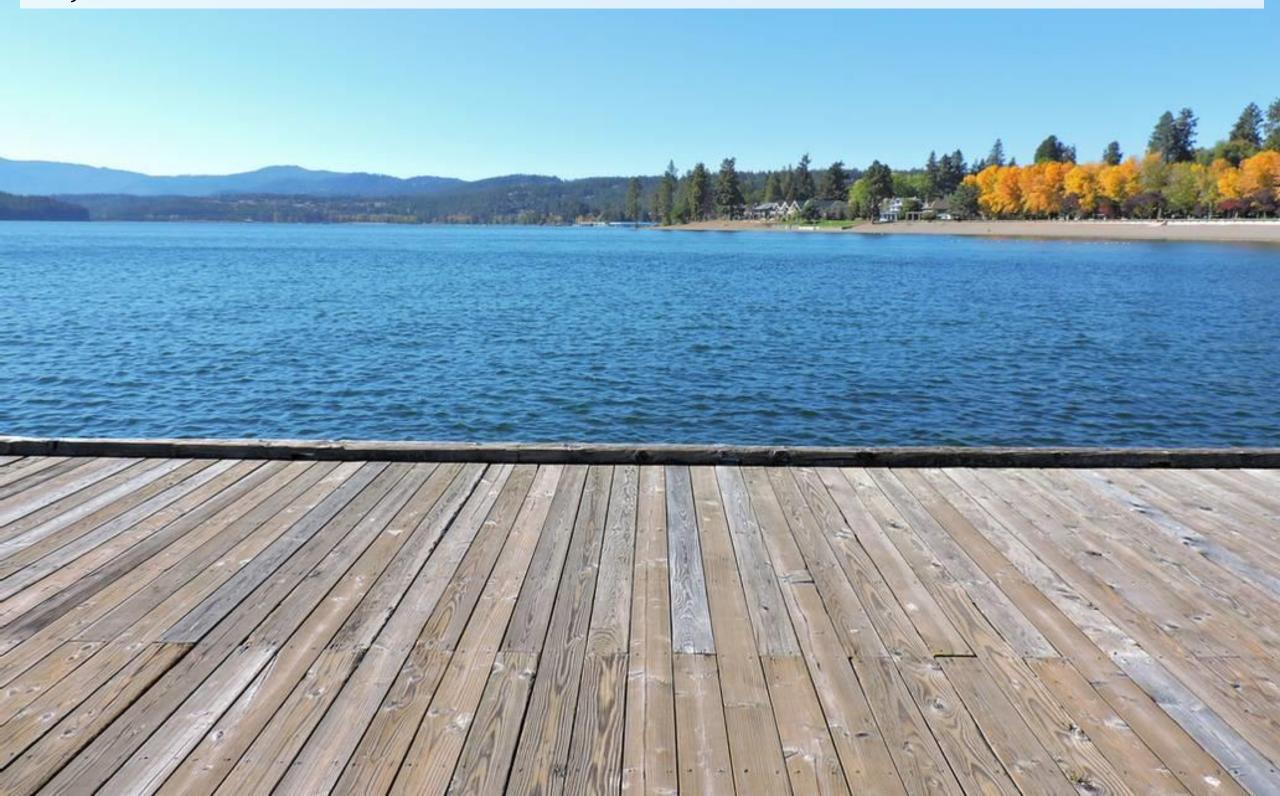
My Captain

At the start of last year I set off on a journey. Sitting on a pier, breathing in the salty sea air, I felt surges of both excitement and trepidation as my eyes scanned an ocean of time that stretched ahead.



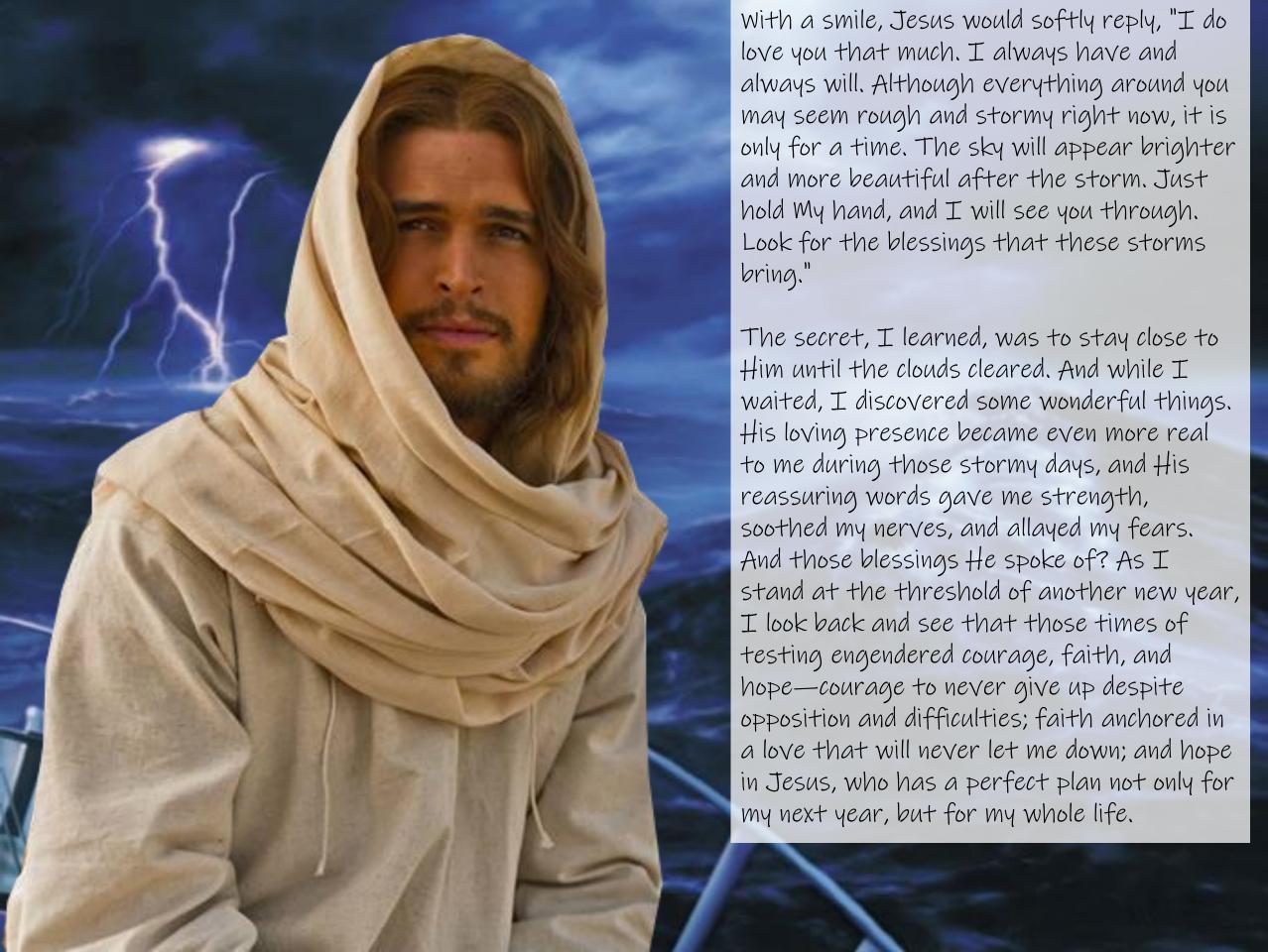


In the course of my voyage, I sometimes faced turmoil and adversity. The turquoise sea became a churning, foaming expanse of dark, angry waves. Stinging rain and blustering winds battered my ship. But there were also times of blessings and steady progress, when bright sunlight sparkled on rolling waves and gentle breezes carried my boat forward.

I didn't experience these things alone. My captain, Jesus, was with me. Together we faced each day. Together we braved the storms of adversity. Together we laughed and enjoyed the sunshine. I knew Jesus had a plan for our voyage and had charted the way.

Still, there were times when I questioned His judgment, when I already felt weak and weary of the struggle but would catch sight of yet another storm gathering on the horizon. "Jesus, must we go through more hardship?" I would plead. "If You love me as much as You say You do, can't You make my voyage easier?"





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