

sunset with the messiah

Somewhere near Jost Van Dyke I slept up on deck. The boys of summer were dreaming ocean dreams of sailors beneath heaven and under grace. Across the deck- captain dave (at peace) among furled sails and lines- rested deep with a captain's wisdom that he is only a trained passenger, dreamed well because he was where his dreams always went. before I dreamed I read and maybe it was the remote location or deep water surrounded by steep bluffs that formed a bowl around the inlet where the boat was moored - maybe it was the certain Caribbean breeze that gently flipped the sacred words in my lap but as I prayed under starry night and the perfect creaking of the riggings, everything was exactly as it should have been - as if God had just come up with His idea of peace at that precise moment and then leaned over to me and said, "do you like it?"

the thought of Jesus and his disciples were my very last conscious thoughts of the day - sleep was easy.

one of the enviable positions of any one of the disciples must have been to view the carpenter Christ on the bow of the boat 'doing' a sunset. to have opportunity to move within arms reach of the Messiah as he breathed in deeply his own creation as an artist grasping a canvas that he had painted with his imagination and love and perfection. for the one of these disciples to be close enough to watch Him as He watched the sun slip away into the night would have been almost too much in the moment to fathom. to be overwhelmed by the mystery that had come to sit among the nets and a bunch of uncouth men. maybe one couldn't put his finger on it, but knew it was enough to travel with him. As he rolled onto his back to drift into a breezy sea of Galilee slumber, he knew enough to trust Him another night.

And what peace did God the Son draw from the presence of God the Father in a tranquil moment as waves were drawn gently against the boat? Was He relieved from the constant and misunderstood need of the crowds? A conversation and a prayer with His Father were always necessary in the moment... before the garden and the betrayal of a friends greeting and before hell broke loose against his body and his soul...

and before Jesus laid his head down, did He look at His 'boys of summer? Did he cover and warm their souls with his prayers? Did he move with love about the boat knowing what would be required of them to follow?

knowing what would be required of him to lead...

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