



GOD'S HIGHWAY

Gary Wadding

This month I look back on that unimaginable day of Sept 11, 2001. Where were you? I know exactly where I was and what I was doing. I remember the thoughts and the strong emotions that ran through my mind on that terrible day. Millions of others share those memories with me. Terrorists attacked targets in the heart of the United States of America. They killed thousands of innocent people. America tasted HORROR, and it shook the souls of people as much as it shook New York City. People didn't know how many other cities might experience more of this violence and bloodshed. Many filled churches as they prayed to God for understanding during this agonizing time. Later they began to ask, "Where was God on September 11, 2001?"

In the Bible we read about a trip the disciples took across the Sea of Galilee one night. They were professional sailors/fishermen. They knew that huge lake as well as anybody. They knew their boat through years of rugged experience. They knew the stars above, and how to use them to guide the little group across to the other side of this 10-mile wide lake. They were all followers of Jesus of Nazareth, and saw Him as a wonderful religious teacher, maybe even a prophet. He had asked them to go across this sometimes-wild Sea of Galilee. They told Him to take a back seat and watch how real men handle a boat. They put Him in the back of their little boat while they took up their oars. They began to row for the other side with self-satisfaction, confident of their abilities.

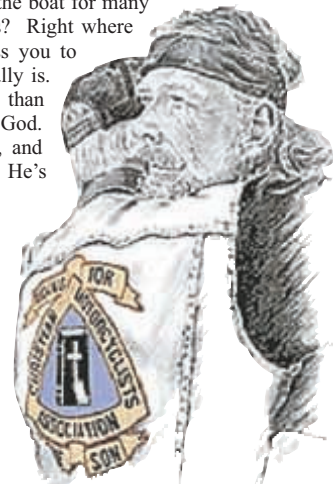
In the middle of the trip they began to feel the winds shift and grow cold. They saw the waves pile up higher and get white foam on their tops. Fear grew in the pit of their stomach as they watched the sky grow dark and foreboding. This lake was famous for its sudden storms, but they thought they were more than enough for the task. Soon they realized that this storm was bigger than they were. They were looking at a life and death situation that they never dreamed of a few hours earlier. They looked death in the face and knew it was just a matter of time as the tiny boat took on water. In the middle of the pandemonium, someone remembered Jesus, and looked around for Him. Where was He? Had He fallen overboard? Had He vanished into the skies just before the storm broke? Where was Jesus? Then they saw Him. He was right where they put Him during the times when they thought they didn't really need Him. He was taking a nap and staying out of the way of the "experts". He was right where they left Him. They cried out, "Don't You even care that we are all dying?" He calmly stood up and spoke the words that only He could speak, "Peace. Be still." And the sea became like glass.

These disciples/fishermen thought they knew Jesus

before, but this wasn't the Jesus they knew. This One was able to stop a furious tempest with just His quiet word. He wasn't just a nice religious teacher. He was someone far more than that. He was God incarnate, God Almighty in the flesh. He was the one who made that lake, and that wind, and that rain and that whole world they lived in. And they never really knew Him until that moment when they looked into the face of HORROR and then looked into the face of Jesus, and saw that He was greater.

Where was Jesus on September 11, 2001? Right where we left Him on September 10, 2001. Most Americans headed off to work without ever checking in with God Almighty. They began to work on their "To Do" list and didn't have His name written down. They saw nothing different about that day, and figured they would just roll along like every other day, putting Jesus Christ on the back seat of their lives where nice religious teachers ought to be. That's where God was that horrible morning. Many screamed, "Oh, my God!" He heard their cries and spoke peace into hearts where He was allowed. He gave peace that was beyond understanding for those who had grown to know Him over the years of following His still, quiet voice. They looked into HORROR, and then looked into His face and saw that He was greater. Others, full of themselves, went right on slandering Him and saying, "Don't You even care that people are dying?"

He cared that day, and He cared 2000 years ago when He was nailed to a cross so they could have a Savior on this dreadful day that He knew was coming. He was in the hearts and lives of many people on that Day of Infamy, and He took them to Heaven, as their Lord and Savior. He was on the back seat of the boat for many more. Where was Jesus? Right where we put Him. God bless you to see Him for who He really is. The Lord who's bigger than the HORROR. He's God. Look at Him right now, and trust Him with your life. He's greater.



WHERE WAS GOD?