

# St John Church of Christ

November 8, 2020

**Now meeting Online Only**

## Will Your Anchor Hold?

**ONLINE**



*John & Jan sailing Santa Teresa*

Our programs are available over the internet starting Sundays at 10:30 for Adult Class and 11:00 for Worship. Just visit

[www.StJohnChurchOfChrist.org](http://www.StJohnChurchOfChrist.org)

and select "Sermons" from the menubar at the top, or click this link to visit our page on YouTube:

[St. John Church of Christ](https://www.youtube.com/channel/UC...)

During the first week of our trip on Santa Teresa, we had clear blue skies, but the winds and the waves drove us on. We reached Isla Coronado Sur in record time. At one point, our sixteen-ton boat reached eight knots, driven by the wind alone! That was glorious, but when it came time to anchor for the night, the island didn't protect us very much. All night long, Santa Teresa backed and rocked, at times threatening to throw us out of our bunks. Just a few yards away were dark, ugly rocks bathed in white foam. The shore seemed to be smacking her lips, wanting to devour our wooden boat. The only thing holding us in safety was a thirty-five-pound anchor, a hundred feet of chain, and two hundred feet of half-inch nylon.

All night long—that gives you a lot to think about as you lay in your bunk. Is the bottom hard-packed sand or soupy mud? Does the anchor have a good bite

or has it become fouled in the chain? Are the shackles tight or slowly coming unscrewed with each jerk on the chain? Is the rope chaffing against the hull or a rock? Are we fast or are we slowly inching toward those jagged rocks? Many times I sang the old hymn that asks, "Will your anchor hold in the storms of life?"

Jan reached across the V-berth and took my hand. Even as the wind sang in the rigging, she smiled in the darkness and said, "I'm glad we used the best anchor!"

Faith in the chart and faith in the anchor are important, but how much more important is our faith in a loving heavenly Father?

From my book, *Changing Tacks: Lessons I've Learned from an Old Wooden Boat*.



# Complaining

A farmer had a neighbor, a constant complainer, a wet blanket in the linen closet of life. The farmer decided to impress this man for once in his existence, so he bought the world's greatest hunting dog, trained it thoroughly, and invited his joyless friend to go hunting. He showed the neighbor how his dog could stand motionless for an hour and pick up a scent a mile away. No response. From the blind the farmer shot a duck, which landed in the middle of the pond. Upon command, the dog trotted out, walked on the surface of the water, retrieved the bird, and dropped him at the feet of his master. "What do you think of that?" the farmer challenged his neighbor. To which his friend responded, "Your dog can't swim, can he?"

From John Ortberg, *The Life You've Always Wanted*

# News & Prayer Requests

We've been praying constantly for the Turner family in Great Bend. As you know little Maren has been wrestling with her bone marrow transplant and associated issues. Please continue to pray for her. The family has also be touched by co-vide-19, and Alicia's father, Gary has been on a ventilator. Last week, they took him off and he passed on Friday.

Meanwhile, John's friend Paul in Washington State, and Stan's friend Curtis in Pratt are both dealing with pancreatic cancer and have earnestly desired our prayers.

These are dangerous times and we need to continue to pray for our

healthcare professionals, those in assisted living facilities, and our schools. This week the numbers are going down slightly, but we still need to pray hard!

Likewise, this is a time of political transition too. Let's remember the apostle's admonition:

First of all, then, I urge that supplications, prayers, intercessions, and thanksgivings be made for all people, 2 for kings and all who are in high positions, that we may lead a peaceful and quiet life, godly and dignified in every way.

1 Timothy 2:1 - 2

# A Place for Pictures

Jan and John McKeel lived on their old, wooden sailboat for five years and still dream of the sea while living on the prairie.

