

**Volume XXXVII**

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**BAY-CATION**—As a reader, you may question the spelling of this title, or even wonder if it is a word in our English language. (Webster does not have it, so I'll save you that chore.) I assure you that I have heard it, though, from the lips of a special person to me. It was one of my grandsons, whom I will not identify at this time for fear he will read this.

"Bay-cation"---of course he was childish trying to say "vacation"—something that meant time away from home with places and activities that he enjoyed. Here in the U.S. June-August is vacation for families, because the kids are out of school and the emphasis is on vacation. The Fall brings a "vacation" for retired folks. A "bay"-cation is good; come to the sea for your time away! I relate to that and would recommend it.

The sea is most restful to me. All of my stress seems to drift away with the currents. Hopefully one day soon I will take a "bay-cation" out of this world. Because of what Jesus Christ has done for me (payment for my sin by his death on Calvary), and the trust I have placed in His work of grace, I am to be transported to a port of perfect peace, a true haven of rest. The throne of God (in the Father's house) has an unusual location. Check it out in Revelation 4:6. It has before it a "sea of glass". My, what a way to describe what it is like around the presence of God! A sea as smooth as glass! No waves, no storm, no rocking of my life with adversity—perfect peace! What a "bay-cation"!

Will you experience this one day? There is only one way—John 14:6, *"Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me."* The other experience is a "bay-cation" all right—forever in torment and horror in a LAKE OF FIRE. Deuteronomy 30:19, *"I call heaven and earth to record this day against you, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing: therefore choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live..."*. Make plans for God's eternal "bay-cation"!

**NOTE:** Quite unexpectedly Fisher-Mund took that "bay-cation" to the haven of rest on September 6, 2021! Won't you make sure today that you are ready for that trip?

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**THE TIDE WILL TURN**—Years ago I saw somewhere the line, "The lowest ebb is the turn of the tide," and it has lingered with me. The waves on the beach advance and recede and when they have retreated to the farthest point, it will not be long until the advance begins. You can set your watch by it. The lowest ebb marks the turn of the tide.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men," and history records many wanings and waxings. The ebb was low when Columbus discovered the new world. The Gates of Hercules marked the stop sign—"No More Beyond!". But for Columbus the "Stop" sign was a

*"...a net...cast into the sea, and gathered of every kind."* Matthew 13:47

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"Go" sign. John Wesley came along at the low ebb. The Puritans had been buried and the Methodists had not been born.

The darkest low ebb was when our Saviour cried from the cross, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Then came the Crimson Tide of Calvary!

Waiting for God's tide to come is not sitting around waiting for something to turn up. Nothing is more certain. But sometimes we do have to wait. Blessed is the man who becomes part of God's purpose. He will be on time in God's calendar by God's clock.

O changeless sea, thy message

In changing spray is cast.

Within God's plan of progress

It matters not at last

How wide the shores of evil,

How strong the reefs of sin,

The wave may be defeated

But the tide is sure to win!

--Tidbits from Vance Havner

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**HURRICANES**—In the mid-1800s, Last Island was a very luxurious and popular vacation resort. Located a few miles off the Louisiana coast in the Gulf of Mexico, it was blessed with a pearly white beach 25 miles long. In August 1856, over 400 vacationing guests filled the hotel ballroom, dancing as the orchestra played. They were dancing on Last Island the night the hurricane came.

This storm had given plenty warning of its approach. The vacationers could have escaped it entirely, if only they had heeded its advance signals. For instance, one day in early August, those on the beach noticed an odd thing. Far out on the horizon, the sea appeared to hump itself in a bulge. The raised mound of water darkened and lengthened, then surged forward toward the beach, only to reach the shore in a wave less than 2 feet high. Another wave came, then another, and another—four altogether, the no more. Those who were made nervous by that first strange wave, now relaxed, laughing at their brief panic. But then, a few minutes later, the strange heaving waves began anew—seven this time, and then again a lull. "But what can be causing it?" someone asked. "There's not a breath of wind." "And not a cloud in the sky," said another. "No, but there must be a big blow going on somewhere out in the Gulf," said someone else. And he was right. A tremendous hurricane, born in the Caribbean a week earlier, had moved past Cuba into the Gulf of Mexico, and had now temporarily ceased its forward progress, 400 miles south of Last Island. All night the sea grew more and more perturbed. Next morning the waves were continuous, clouds beginning to obscure the sun. None of those islanders knew it, but the giant hurricane had begun to travel northward again, on a course that would hit the mainland at the Louisiana

Coast. By August 9, the wind was a steady gale. The waves were immense. The few who lived through the hurricane remembered the eerie sunset that evening, the sky a poison green, the sun the color of blood. The wind grew weird. It ceased being a breath, it became a voice moaning across the land, uttering nightmare sounds. Howling and moaning, hooting and shrieking, the wind beat about Last Island all night. They kept dancing. They didn't notice when the water began to rise. It was too late when they heard, out of the Gulf, roaring louder than the wind itself, a noise more felt than heard. The hotel shook. The ground trembled under the impact of a moving mountain of water—the *hurricane wave!* Almost everything that stood, grew, or lived on Last Island was wiped out instantly. Sadly, many had ignored the warning signs and kept dancing.

The Last Island hurricane in August 1856, is a sad and tragic story. But it is a story being repeated countless times today. The Bible warns us of the coming judgment of God on sin, but many continue on as if nothing will ever change, ignoring the place of safety provided by God through His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ. The Bible speaks of a wise man and a foolish man in Matthew 7:24-27, *"Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock: And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock. And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it."*

Don't be foolish with your life. The storm of God's wrath will surely come. Call for help and run to safety! It is only through Jesus Christ that Psalm 107:28-30 can be true. *"Then they cry unto the LORD in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven."*

Jesus Christ's death on Calvary made a way for drowning sinners on their way to destruction to be delivered from the wrath to come. Trust Him to be your Saviour. He can calm the troubled sea. Matthew 8:27, *"...What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey him!"*

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**ONE COTTAGE BURNED**—A fishing fleet went out from a small harbor on the east coast of Newfoundland. In the afternoon there came a great storm. When night settled down, not a single vessel of all the fleet had found its way into port.

All night long the wives, mothers, and children paced up and down the beach, wringing their hands and calling on God to save their loved ones. The added horror of that night came when one of the family's cottage caught fire. With all the men at sea, the small cottage and all possessions contained inside were lost.

When morning broke, to the joy of all, the entire fleet had found the bay safely. There was but one face of despair, the wife of the man whose home was destroyed the previous night.

Meeting her husband as he landed, she cried, "Oh, my husband, we are ruined! Our home and all it contained was destroyed by fire!" But the man exclaimed, "Thank God for the fire! It was the light of our burning cottage that guided the whole fleet into port!"

Romans 8:28, *"And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose."*

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### **IN TIMES OF TROUBLE, GOD'S TRUSTING CHILD MAY SAY**

First—He brought me here; it is by His will I am in this strait place: in that will I rest.

Next—He will keep me here in His love, and give me grace in this trial to behave as His child.

Then—He will make the trial a blessing, teaching me the lessons He intends me to learn, and working in me the grace He means to bestow.

Last—In His good time He can bring me out again. How and when He knows.

SAY: I am here...

(1) By God's appointment.

(2) In His keeping.

(3) Under His training.

(4) For His time.

*"And call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me"* (Psalm 50:15).

--Andrew Murray

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**FISHY QUESTION**—Last edition's question was what kind of sea described in the book of Revelation lies before the throne of God; the answer is the sea of glass like unto crystal (Revelation 4:6).

This edition for protection from the elements, fishermen wear what they call slicker suits, oilskins, or rain gear (there are many more names). Where in the Bible do you find Peter wearing such? Write soon.

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### **FISHY HUMOR**

Some tidbits acquired/heard at school:

--In elementary school, in case of fire you have to line up quietly in a single file line from the shortest to the tallest. What is the logic? Do tall people burn slower?

--You learn something every day if you pay attention.

--After his first day in K-5 the little boy told his mom he needed a new teacher because she didn't know anything; she kept asking the kids for the answers.

--When told to comb her hair, one little girl said, "My hair's not messy; it's on an adventure!"

--The parents of one K-5 boy asked what he learned the first day of school. He replied, "Not enough. I have to go back tomorrow."

--His mother asked her young son, "How did you find school today?" He replied, "I just hopped off the bus and there it was."

--Today's excuse for not having done homework is "the computer had a glitch." Back in 1963 it was "the dog ate it."