

## Jesus, Savior Pilot Me

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Feeling a plane lift off the ground releases a myriad of emotions. Watching the ground fall further away, I am reminded of my powerlessness in which to keep the plane from continuing its journey to the next destination. Having made the choice to go, to purchase a ticket, and get on board, I have put my complete trust in the hands of the pilot as he flies the massive machine up and forward.

Somehow the wonder of Jesus choosing to place his complete trust in the Father feels similar. The same is true when we choose to journey with the Lord as our pilot. Knowing the plan will include vulnerability, discomfort, miracles, separation, and joy. It may be a stretch, but once we commit to the journey, the enjoyable and difficult days may feel filled with similar emotions.

Embracing the vulnerability, discomfort, and joy of each day is a part of living. The same reality exists more so around holidays. Allowing yourself to acknowledge what is real yet rely on the Spirit of God. Whether the plane lands well or not, the end result is all a part of the Father's greater plan. We can plan what we have the ability to control: when we go, when we leave, what we will bring or not bring. The rest is in the hands of the Lord. He leads and guides us through it all. Just as we listen to the pilot's announcements so we listen to the voice of God.

The days may be filled with good conversation, yummy food (definitely not plane food!), football, presents, games, naps, conflict, tension, and the relief of leaving once again. Whatever the case, the journey is ultimately in the hands of the Lord. Whatever comes our way, His promise is to provide exactly what we need when the time comes. Our job is to listen and obey. As we do, my prayer is we would become acutely aware of His guiding, protective hand.

Jesus, Savior Pilot Me  
Edward Hopper, 1818 - 1888

Jesus, Savior, pilot me  
Over life's tempestuous sea;  
Unknown waves before me roll,  
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal.  
Chart and compass come from Thee;  
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

Though the sea be smooth and bright,  
Sparkling with the stars of night,  
And my ship's path be ablaze  
With the light of halcyon days,  
Still I know my need of Thee;

Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

When at last I near the shore,  
And the fearful breakers roar  
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,  
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,  
May I hear Thee say to me,  
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

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