

The Secret to Powerful Peace in the Midst of Your Swirling Storm

During a recent trip, I held the arm of the flight attendant guiding me to my seat inside the airplane. "Here's your seat, Mrs. Eckles," she said.

Not the Bulkhead Seat!

After I settled in, I realized that, *ugh*. I was in the bulkhead seat. That meant there was no seat in front of me and no place to stuff my bag.

"I'll take your bag and your cane," the attendant said. "I'll store them in the overhead compartment."

What? What if I had to visit the ladies' room? I'll have nothing to guide me. Without my cane, I could end up in the cockpit and accidentally plop in the pilot's lap.

I faked a smile and lifted my bag toward her. "Here you go."

Approaching a Storm

I took a deep breath. No fretting for this *chica*. Until the announcement came from the pilot, "Please take your seats and fasten your seat belts; we're approaching a storm and..."

Turbulence shook the plane. We bounced. We rattled a bit.

Then the thought came. *Heavens, what if an emergency happened? Without my white cane, finding the exit would be impossible.*

You've Been There, Haven't You?

Life changes and turbulence shakes your peace. To add to the confusion, God seems to be absent. No guidance. No way to find

our way through the storm.

But the real storm isn't on the outside. It's not even the one that surrounds us. Instead, it's the storm that brews within, inside, in the hidden spots that no one sees. In the muffled lament in the silence of night. In the midst of tears that soak the pillow.

That's the kind of storm David probably faced. But rather than ask and plead for God to lift him from the tempest, he became bold. Confidence became the white cane to guide him. The confidence he had when he talked to God intimately as He says:

"You take account of my wandering; put my tears in Your bottle; are they not in Your book? In the day I cry to You, then my enemies will turn back; this I know, that God is for me. In God whose word I praise, in the Lord whose word I praise" (Ps. 56:8-10).

A Question

The question for you and for me is not the kind of storm we're facing, or the intensity of the winds that flog our heart. The question is how confident are we to trust in God to supernaturally remove the fear that plagues.

With that level of reassurance, terror turns to trust. And as our words of pity turn to praises, He's preparing the way out.

And even when the storm doesn't end, we declare we'll not be afraid.

We don't have to wait for the storm to stop; peace is ours when we trust God will take care of all the pieces.

Let's Pray

Father, how often I looked for the white cane of my own abilities to guide me out of dark moments. I confess I need a constant reminder that Your hand is always extended to guide

me, to lift the fear and to take me to a place secure and safe. In Jesus' name, amen.

What is your level of confidence during the storm you face?
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