

refusing to be still at the command of Christ?

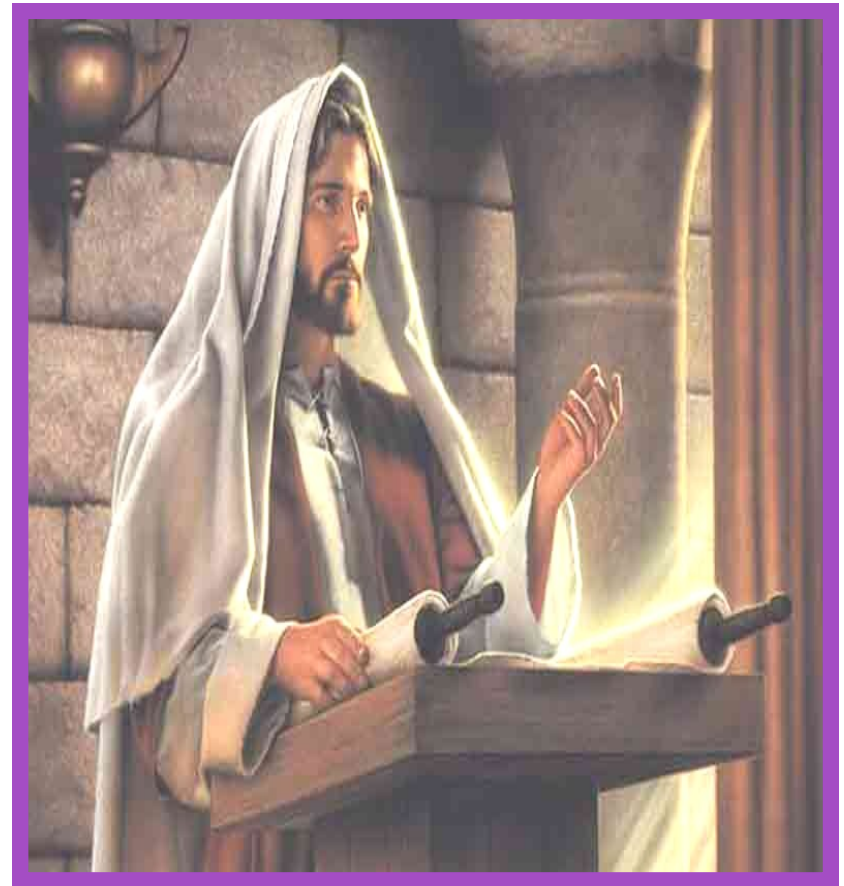
Let not the sea master you in this tempest of the heart. Yet, since we are men, should the wind beat hard against you, and should it awaken passion in the soul, let us not lose hope. Let us awaken Christ that we may sail on in peace, and come safely home. Turning then to the Lord

Our God, the Father Almighty, in pureness of heart; let us as best we can give thanks with all our hearts, beseeching Him that in His goodness He will graciously hear our prayers, and by His power drive evil from our thoughts and actions, increase our faith, guide our minds, grant to us His holy inspirations, and bring us to unending joy through His Son Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Amen.



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**SERMON ON
THE TEMPEST AROSE IN THE SEA
FROM THE FATHER'S OF THE CHURCH
136 - 1**



JESUS, OUR FIRST PREACHER!

4TH SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY

Based on the Divine Office-Douay-Rheims Version

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Commentary on the Gospel of Matthew 8: 23-27

by: Saint Augustine, Bishop and Doctor

Voyaging in this world. I shall with God's help speak to you upon the portion of the Gospel that has just been read, and in its light I exhort you, that you sleep not in your hearts amid the storms and distress of this world. Perhaps the Lord had not power over death, nor had He sleep within His power? It may be that sleep overpowered the Omnipotent, as He sailed upon the water? If you have so believed, then He sleeps in you: if Christ keeps watch in you, your faith keeps watch.

The Apostle says: *That Christ may dwell by faith in your hearts* (Eph. iii. 17). Therefore, the sleep of Christ is also a sign of mystery. Those in the boat are those crossing the world upon the Wood. Even this ship prefigures the Church. Each soul is itself a world of God, and each one voyages within his own heart; nor is he shipwrecked, if he dwells on the things that are worthy.

Christ must be awakened in the storm of anger. Have you received an insult, it is the wind. Are you provoked to anger, it is the buffeting of the waves. As the wind rises, and the waves mount up, your ship is in peril. Your heart is buffeted by waves, your soul is endangered. Swift on the insult you are eager for revenge. You are revenged, and yielding to a new disaster, you are shipwrecked. Why? Because in thee Christ sleeps. What does this mean: in thee Christ sleeps? It means you have forgotten Christ. Then awaken Christ, bring Him to mind; let Christ keep watch in thee; look upon Him.

What was it you desired? To be revenged. Has it gone from your memory what he said while they crucified Him: *Father, forgive them for they know not what they do* (Lk. xxiii. 34)? He Who was sleeping in your heart sought not to be revenged. Awaken Him, remember Him. Remembrance of Him is remembrance of His word. To remember Him is to obey Him. Should Christ awaken in you, you will say to yourself: What kind of man am I that I should seek to be revenged? Who am I that I should utter threats against another?

It may be that I shall die before I can be revenged. When breathing my last, on fire with anger, thirsting for revenge, I go forth from this body, He shall not receive me Who desired no revenge. He shall not receive me Who said: *Forgive, and you shall be forgiven. Give, and it shall be given unto you* (Lk. vi. 37, 38). Therefore shall I bridle my anger, and return to the peace of my heart. Christ commanded the sea, and there came a great calm.

At the command of Christ there is calm. What I have said to you regarding anger, observe in every temptation. A temptation arises, it is the wind. You are troubled, it is the waves. Awaken Christ, let Him speak with thee. Who is this, for *the winds and the sea obey him*? Who is this whom the sea obeys? *The sea is his, and he made it* (Ps. xciv. 5). *All things were made by him* (Jn. i. 3). Be then as the winds and the sea: obey thy creator. When Christ spoke, the sea gave ear. Wilt thou be deaf? The sea harkens to His voice, and the winds cease. Wilt thou keep blowing? What mean you? I keep on talking, I keep on doing. I keep on contriving: what is this but to keep on blowing, and