

March 27 - The Nap

[Matthew 8:23-27](#)

Jesus leads. The disciples follow. Imagine if your day was like this. You get up for breakfast, go to Jesus' class

where he teaches savants and simpletons at the same time, have a little brunch, and then Jesus leaves the familiarity of Capernaum.

And gets in a boat.

Just like that. There is never a "normal" day with Jesus. In town, on mountains, and even a floating classroom, he will go wherever and whenever he wants. Walking down to the shore, a few disciples are right at home. They were pulled from these very boats at the beginning of ministry. The language is so simple. "And when he (Jesus) got into the boat, his disciples followed him." (Matthew 8:23)

There is no normal with Jesus, though. Just getting into a boat should be no big deal. It wouldn't even be recorded unless there was something abnormal about to happen. We wouldn't care a bit about this embarkment save for what is coming next. In my bible, this is the last verse on the page. If I didn't know what was coming, I might just say, "Hmm. No big deal. It's just a boat, a body of water, and a bunch of bros following behind Jesus like baby ducks with their mother."

However...

There is no normal with Jesus. He could have taken a nap at Peter's house. He had just healed his mother-in-law. I'm sure there was a nice, flaxen bed to lay down on. Nope. He climbs aboard the floating waterbed and reclines. Some of you may remember that 80's phenomenon. People bought big bag

TRULY
LENT IN REVERSE
CONCORDIA UNIVERSITY 2026 - REV. RYAN MATTHIAS

mattresses, stuck a hose in it and filled them to the brim, covered them with some sort of (fitted?) sheet, and listened to the gurgles all night long whenever you rolled over.

Yes. People did that. My own parents did that. I laid on it a couple of times. I got seasick.

Jesus had just told a scribe in the previous section, “Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man has nowhere to lay his head.” (Matthew 8:20)

Except, I guess, in the bottom of a wooden boat.

Or, as we’ll see in 19 chapters later...in a grave. But we’re not there yet.

Jesus sleeps soundly as the wind rises and the sea’s swells begin to pour over the sides of the boat. Imagine how exhausted he is that he can snore while the boat heaves up and down in the trenches of the waves. Water splashes over the sides. The disciples are yelling. The world is in a state of upheaval and chaos. It’s hard to swim in robes, I bet.

Fear reigns. The sea is psychotic. The disciples have no recourse. They believe that this is the end of the ministry. “They went and woke him...” Can you imagine the group of disciples walking together to the front of the boat, shivering with cold and fear. A little, huddled mass of frightened men who can’t do a thing.

The beg. “Save us, Lord; we are perishing.” They think that even where Jesus is at is a perishing place.

How wrong they are. Did they really think that this is where Jesus’ ministry would end? Or would he allow all of them to die and he would just get off at the next stop?

“Why are you afraid, O you of little faith?”

Then Jesus gets angry at the sea, and he rebukes the wind and the waves. Personally, I only talk to things with living ears, but the author of creation can make anything listen. Wind, waves, dead people. It matters not. Jesus astonishes the disciples (and us, I hope) as he growls into the wind. "Silence!"

Immediate calm.

We can allegorize this all we want and ask what our "wind and waves" fears are, but at the end of the day, Jesus' wakes up from a nap and stops the storm short. Only God does that. Only God can do that. When the disciples ask, "What sort of man is this, that even winds and sea obey him," it begins to sink in. Jesus is not merely a healer, but the Son of God.

He is where they can find their rest.

Truly.

Jesus, truly You are the only One who has power and authority over wind and waves. Whether you calm the storms in my life today or not, may I rest in the fact that you are the Son of God. Amen.