

The Harbor of My Heart

What am I harboring in my heart? Is it a haven of rest where ships may find shelter from the tempest? Or is it a haven for rotting relics; vessels anchored for decades with aged barnacles cleaving to their hulls? Can it be that some putrefying odor is emerging from the hold of the ships; evidence of something that has long since deteriorated and decomposed: the remains of those things once treasured?

Is the harbor of my heart so utterly crowded with worthless decaying ancients that no goodly vessel may find anchor there? Perchance do they wait just outside the harbor, loaded with precious cargo? Does indeed, the Ship of Grace await its docking, but I will not acknowledge or receive it

What am I harboring in my heart? Is it an open channel, free from obstruction; Does there rest upon the shoreline a Lighthouse; is there a bright flame shining forth; is it fueled by Precious Oil? May journeying Mariners approach with assurance of their safety?

Is there likewise Precious Treasure to be found within my being: Precious Cargo to be hoisted aboard ship: to be transported to distant ports, that an anchoring may be secured in the harbor of another heart?

What am I harboring in my heart? Oh God! May it be nothing less than the Lord Jesus! May the rotted relics of Self-life lose anchor; may they be carried far out to sea and sink to the bottom. May the stench of Pride succumb to the sweet fragrance of Humility. Oh Ship of Zion, anchor yourself in my heart; And from thence, sail forth to others with Your Love!

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