

extreme GRACE

Put a Fresh Wind in My Sail

*“Lord, put a fresh wind in my sail”
(King David in Psalm 51).*

The beach at Clearwater is long, wide, white and windy. Dolphins play in the surf, pelicans consider it a gourmet restaurant, and humans have declared it to be a great tanning salon.

In the blue above the beach there is usually a brilliant triangle of multi-colored fabric—bobbing, darting, skimming, and climbing above the sand. At the base of the string stands a kite pilot, face glowing with an intense smile, arms lifted slightly toward heaven as he maneuvers the kite across God’s sky.

The wind is a kiteflier’s best friend. Strong, steady breezes from the Gulf make for a perfect afternoon on the beach. Gusty bursts of hurricane-like air are a distinct disadvantage, sometimes collapsing fabric and spars into unrecognizable flotsam. Equally

terrible are the moments when the wind inhales, leaving a disastrous calm. At those times, the kites flutter for a moment, lose all wind, and yield to gravity with a sickening thump.

I prefer a steady wind, but Sunday afternoon the air was flighty or calm. As if the wind was breathing quietly.

We crashed often. Deep into a power-driven left spin, the kite would lose all wind. For a brief second it would hang above me as if pleading for a new lift.

Then the flutter would begin. Left, right, left, sail empty, kite falling, left, right, thump!

Then I, and my beautiful assistant, would rush to the kite, make sure all of the spars were intact and the spreaders were in place. One of us

would tenderly lift the sail toward heaven, and the other would hold the strings, eagerly awaiting a new breeze and the exhilaration of full-sail flight.

I am sometimes like my kite. Windless.

Yes, I fly hard, holding tightly to the wind that fills my sails, diving and turning and twisting in my acrobatic best.

Experience has taught me how to keep my spiritual sails tightly filled with the wind of God’s Spirit.

1. Fly where the winds are steady and strong. For kite-piloting, that means on hilltops, beaches, and on unobstructed fields. For Spirit lift, that means with my Bible open, my heart set on God, and my hands busy serving someone else. When I lean into His power, I soar toward heaven.
2. Memorize Spirit-filled Scripture. I am amazed at how much lift I find in Zephaniah 3:13–17, Psalm 23, Ephesians 2:1–4, Romans 5:1,2, Revelation 3:21, and Jeremiah 29:11–14.
3. Write specific prayer requests in a prayer journal each day. Expressing the needs of others on paper is a sail-filling event.
4. Send an encouraging e-mail, or make an encouraging phone call to one person each day. That fills both our sails.
5. Smile. A smile is the breath of God.

When the wind becomes too strong, or stops, my life turns into a disoriented flutter. That’s when God rushes to my side, checks my spars, spreaders and sail, dusts off the sand and points me back into the glorious blue of His heaven, where I can fly again, thrilling to an acrobatic dance on the tips of His string, with His wind beneath my wings.

“Lord, when the spars crack and the sail shreds, when I am grounded in tatters, or when I am just fluttering aimlessly, please fit me together again — and put a fresh wind in my sail.”

Dick Duerksen

