

This Week in Kailua-Kona: HURRICANE

This week Hawaii hosted a hurricane.

Lane hit our island quite differently, depending on where you lived.

People on the east got around 45 inches of rain; people on the west, 2 inches.

The five high volcanic mountain in-between made the difference.

**They wrung out all the moisture in the air on one side of the island,
leaving both air and people dry on the other.**

One weather reporter said yesterday, “Lane is sulking off the coast, dazed. He’s having an identity crisis—what am I—a hurricane, tropical depression, or just an ordinary storm?”

In fact, Lane was all three, depending on where and when you met him.

Where do you live?

**Is your life arid and dry, flooded,
or lived high on a volcano?**

All have their risks.

**Sometimes I’m too dry, heady, full of
facts and figures without feelings.
I need a good soaking.**

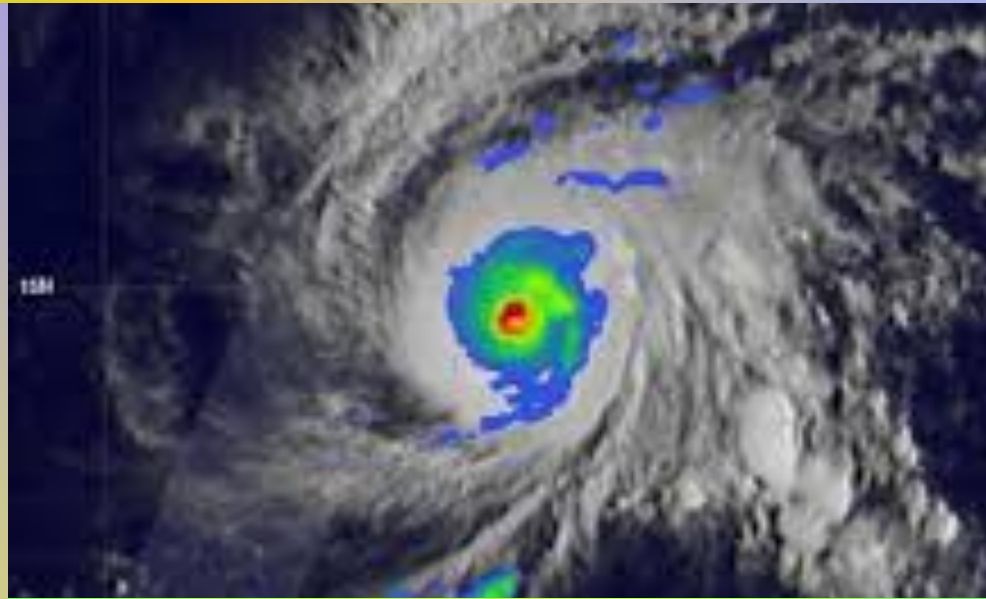
**Other times I’m mucking around in a
swamp of sadness or malaise
without effective guidance. I have
no alternative ways to look at what
I’m feeling.**

**I’m in a topical depression, without
any clear content to sort my felt
topics.**

**There are also those moments when
I’m in the caldera of the volcano,
right when she’s about to blow. I’m
hot-headed, spewing anger without
consideration of consequences.**

**Occasionally I have my moments of
living on higher ground where the
four elements of nature are in
balance
—earth, wind, water, and fire.**

**This is where God wants me to live
all the time. His Spirit balances all
my moods and needs with creativity,
power, and diversity.**



**I spent over 20 years as a relatively high functioning
alcoholic. Never missed work, never got a DUI,
never went to rehab.**

**But did I try my wife’s patience and embarrass my family
with slurred speech, anger,
or being emotionally AWOL?**

Yes. There were plenty of those times.

I remain grateful for their forgiveness and patience.

**I stopped all alcohol in 2005. I was scared of losing my
mind and vacating my senses—living in the hurricane of
addiction was exhausting to me, my family, and friends.
God rescued me from my own sadness and worry, set me
on another course that included our China years as a
missionary couple. I’m grateful now and will be for all
eternity for this change in my life.**

**David Wilcox sings beautifully and poetically of this sort
of hurricane in his song, Eye of the Hurricane. Have a
listen:**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6ECqrs9P9C4>

