

Under the Water

Jenny McCoy, May 12, 2007

David Bryant shared at the Christ College in March 2007 the difference between the Centrality of Christ (Christ in you) and the Supremacy of Christ (being in Him). Having Christ in you is like being a vessel filled with water. Being in Christ is like being a vessel that is cast into the sea. In both cases you are filled, but in the latter, it doesn't matter how flawed or broken your vessel is, you will never be empty.

A vessel filled with Christ, but separate from the Sea of His Supremacy, must be filled again and again. It might remain on the shoreline, close to that sea in order to return for many infillings, but is subject to being hammered by the breakers. Or it might be cast on the surface of the sea, but is still tossed about by the waves. The only place safe from the buffeting of the tides of circumstance is in the depths of Christ's supremacy. There we ride the currents of His very being.

One of the many questions I have had about the Sea of Christ's Supremacy is, "How long can we remain in its depths? Don't we have to come up for air?" I believe that the Lord answered this question through a dream I had recently.

The dream took place in an underground waterway, very much like the 19th Century sewers of Paris in the movie *Phantom of the Opera*. It was dark, a few torches on the walls, and I was being pursued by someone who wished me ill. I realized that my only salvation was to plunge into the depths of what looked to me like murky waters. I dove in and discovered that not only could I see fairly well, but I could also breathe.

This sensation of breathing under water was quite vivid, yet felt very natural. There was no laboring for air, no build up of pressure in my lungs. I was amazed and wondered if I had developed some kind of gill system. I wasn't sure if this system could filter a large inflow of water and so I was very tentative in my breathing, not wishing to inundate my lungs. The more I thought about this phenomenon, the more I reasoned that I should not be able to do this. It simply isn't possible.

The thought occurred to me that my adversary might have created some kind of illusion and I was deceived into thinking I could breathe. If that were so, I would drown and he would win. If I came up for air, he would also win. I reasoned that I'd prefer taking my chances on the surface, not wanting the unpleasant death of drowning. So I came up for air.

He was there, waiting for me. All I saw was his head, which loomed large, as if projected against one of the walls. His features were quite pleasant. He appeared as a distinguished, scholarly gentleman with beautiful flowing silver hair. He made me think of a kindly professor. He spoke in such reasonable, measured tones. He was the archetype of reason and intellect. I almost thought, at first, "This isn't so bad." Yet, I knew that he was malevolent, and wished me no good thing. I had listened to his voice and now he had me.

When I awoke, I briefly forgot the dream until a little later that morning the Lord brought to my mind all its details and I believe gave me insight into its significance.



For the past 5+ years, since 9/11 our family has gone through a prolonged bout of underemployment. My husband is a computer consultant and contracts have been sporadic. We own a home with a sizeable mortgage, yet the Lord has protected it for us and we have been able to keep up on the payments. However, a number of bills have been shuffled about, including one fairly large hospital bill. Early this year we were served papers for the balance of this bill. We settled out of court, but the payments required of us are large and will continue for 12 months. My husband has had an increase in contract work, but we aren't able to make financial plans more than a few weeks in advance. There is no assurance that when one contract ends another will begin. We've experienced this kind of unpredictable income before, but the financial stakes have never, ever been so high.

So far we have been able to meet the payments, but at times, I feel this pressure rising up inside me, like I need to come up for air. As I reason it out, it is not possible to continue this way. Yet, we are meeting the obligations. I long for a quick fix, for the bill to go away, but the only end I see is the final payment, 10 months from now.

I must not listen to the voice of reason that questions whether it is possible to continue living this way. I am living this way and by the grace of God I will continue to do so. The only safe place is in His depths, riding the currents of His provision, being continually filled with Him. I must trust Him and not attempt to come up for air through my own devices.

"And he is not served by human hands, as if he needed anything, because he himself gives all men life and breath and everything else... For in Him, we live and move and have our being." Acts 17:25, 28b.

As I was reflecting upon this dream, I remembered a song by First Call entitled *Under the Water*.

Here I am, here I stand,
Come take me under the water, cover
me.
I'm not ashamed to call your name,
You save me, amaze me.
Under the water, I'm yours.

Now I lay down my heart to rest
And this weight on my soul.
I know you had to die for me,
So one day I'd be whole.

Here I stand, here I am,
Come, take me, awake me,

Under the water, set me free;
Under the water, cover me.

Now I lay down my heart to rest
And this weight on my soul.
I know you had to die for me,
So one day I'd be whole.

Here I stand, here I am,
Come, take me, awake me,
Under the water, cover me.
Out from under the water, I'll be free.

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