

Reassembling Community Week 8 - Scripture Readings

Acts 27:1, 13-27, 39-44 [NTFE]

When it was decided that we should sail to Italy, they handed Paul over, along with some other prisoners, to a centurion named Julius, who belonged to the Imperial Cohort.

Well, a moderate southerly breeze sprang up, and they thought they had the result they wanted. So they lifted the anchor and sailed along, hugging the shore of Crete. But before long a great typhoon—they call it “Eurakylon,” the Northeaster—swept down from Crete, and the ship was caught up by it. Since the ship couldn’t turn and face into the wind, it had to give way and we were carried along.

When we came in behind an island called Cauda, we were just able to get the ship’s boat under control. They pulled it up, and did what was necessary to undergird the ship. Then, because they were afraid that we would crash into the Syrtis sandbanks, they lowered the sea-anchor and allowed the ship to be driven along. The storm was so severe that on the next day they began to throw cargo overboard, and on the third day they threw the ship’s tackle overboard as well, with their own hands. We then went for a good many days without seeing either the sun or the stars, with a major storm raging. All hope of safety was finally abandoned.

We had gone without food a long time. Then Paul stood up in the middle of them all. “It does seem to me, my good people,” he said, “that you should have taken my advice not to leave Crete. We could have managed without this damage and loss. But now I want to tell you: take heart! No lives will be lost—only the ship. This last night, you see, an angel of the God to whom I belong, and whom I worship, stood beside me. ‘Don’t be afraid, Paul,’ he said. ‘You must appear before Caesar, and let me tell you this: God has granted you all your traveling companions.’ So take heart, my friends. I believe God, that it will be as he said to me. We must, however, be cast up on some island or other.”

On the fourteenth night we were being carried across the sea of Adria when, around the middle of the night, the sailors reckoned that we were getting near some land.

...The centurion...ordered all who were able to swim to leap overboard first and head for land, while the rest were to come after, some on boards and some on bits and pieces of the ship. And so everyone ended up safely on land.