Sea of Galilee Retired Sailing Boat

My Anchor Holds

Ein Gev Harbor

Violin Solo
COVER:  My Anchor Holds

Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and stedfast, and which entereth into that within the veil (Heb. 6:19).

Believers are sometimes exposed to storms—spiritual dangers, persecutions, afflictions, temptations, fears, sin, and death. At sea, in storms and tempests, when the skill of the mariners is overcome by the fierceness of the wind and waters, the anchor is cast out to keep the ship from being wrecked. Likewise, it is up to believers to lay hold of the unfailing and firmly fixed anchor, which God has set before us, that we may outside the storm. There is in this anchor the promise of all that is good, and deliverance from all that is evil. This anchor is intended to hold us fast to truth, holiness, and perseverance—to hold us to the Lord.

Not only do we grasp the anchor and hold it fast, but the anchor grips us. An anchor, grounded in the sea bottom, keeps its hold upon the ship, holding it hard and fast. Under temptation and depression of spirit, and under trial and affliction, when the devil tempts us to say, “I will give it all up,” the unseen God will hold us to Him. In a vessel we feel the pull of the anchor, and the more the wind rages, the more we feel the anchor’s hold on us.

The context of our text speaks of this anchor as “a strong consolation,” so that when affliction bursts on us with unusual strength, as a furious tornado, the strong consolation, like a wrought iron anchor, will be more than a match for the strong temptation, and will enable us to triumph over all.

Not only that, but our anchor has entered into “the veil,” where Christ is and where Almighty God is. It holds us fast by its grip within the veil. What stronger hold can there be?

This sure and steadfast anchor will not prevent our being tossed about. A ship may rock a good deal, and the passengers may suffer discomfort, but they shall not suffer shipwreck.

The condition of every believer is like that of the landsman on board ship when the sea was rather rough. He said, “Captain, we are in great danger, are we not?” When no answer came, he said, “Captain, don’t you see great fears?” The old seaman then gruffly replied, “Yes, I see plenty of fear, but not a bit of danger!”


Solo Violin
W. C. Martin, 19th Century, alt.

MY ANCHOR HOLDS
Daniel B. Towner, 1850-1919
Arr. by Glenda Macomber

Tho’ the angry surges roll On my tempest-driven soul, I am peaceful, for I know, wildly

though the winds may blow, I’ve an anchor safe and sure, That can evermore endure.

Chorus

And it holds, my anchor holds; Blow your wild-est, then, O gale, On my bark so small and frail; By His grace I shall not fail, For my anchor holds, my

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MY ANCHOR HOLDS

Troubles almostwhelm the soul;
Griefs like billows o'er me roll;
Temp'rs seek to lure a-stray;
Storms obscure the light of day:
But in Christ I can be bold,
I've an anchor that shall hold.

Chorus

And it holds, my anchor.

Blow your wildest, then, O gale,
On my bark so small and frail:
By His
grace I shall not fail. For my anchor

holds, my anchor

holds.