

# ENCOUNTER

*Ark Encounter, Williamstown, KY*

Hey kiddo,  
I ain't told nobody this one before.

So though I know you quite don't wanna see  
me at the moment, I  
reckoned you'd read a story  
'bout this old boy so I  
ran quick to stick this right beneath your door.

Son,  
there's this boat in Williamstown, Kentucky  
where (and, mind you now, that tub don't have a  
PRAYER of floatin') men have modeled, measured  
square the craft that carried eight through judgement

well deserved. It's a muse'm. Fake monkeys  
yell through speakers. Cages a facade. No  
smell, thank God! But I could almost FEEL the  
swell of waves from hidden amps which played the

creaking of a ship at storm, its tortured  
beams that intercede for me with groans too  
deep for speakin', knowin' me the way a  
sinkin' vessel knows the pressure of the  
sea. I hugged my knees. Enraptured by the

sensory Encounter! Curled within the  
tension couplin' fear to faith. And with my  
sins surroundin', peace and comfort found me—  
since, son, HE took this for US. That's HOW He  
won!

What strength! What lengths our God done gone to!—that  
out on this ocean, you  
learn from the lashin': the force  
desp'rate to destroy you  
is, trust me, just the rod to set your course

to a repentance that you don't regret,  
Love Papa