

Work of Art

I've always wanted to be a connoisseur of art. Let me get it out of the way right up front that I am not! I don't know a thing about art and often I don't even know it when I see it! I know what I think is beautiful and unique and that's about where it ends. Consequently, I rely on others much more qualified to enlighten me when I see "it."

In the 1880s French artist Georges Seurat introduced an art form known as pointillism. As the name suggests, Seurat used small dots of color, rather than brush strokes of blended pigments, to create an artistic image. Up close, his work looks like groupings of individual dots. Yet as the observer steps back, the human eye blends the dots into brightly colored portraits or landscapes.

I remember seeing artwork like this back in the 70's and 80's. I was always fascinated with how the image would come into view if I just stepped back a little bit from it. Up close it looked like someone had just randomly puts dots of color on the canvas, but from the right perspective, I could see the painting come to life with its story. Once the picture came into view, you couldn't miss it.

Life can be like that sometimes, can't it? It can seem like a big mess of random dots thrown together. We go through it day by day and we experience the ups and downs. Sometimes it's like a roller coaster at the Fair and other times it's like sailing on a sea of glass. All in all, when we're down in the thick of it (which is where we seem to spend most of our time) we experience it frame by frame. It's messy and random and makes no sense. It's living on defense and reacting to surprises and storms; to victories and defeats.

At least that's what it seems like when we're too close to it to see its true beauty. When we step back from it a little; when we disconnect from it for a moment, its beauty comes into focus. Sometimes this means getting some distance between us and a particular event or series of events. Sometimes, it's only when we are years down the road that we can see how those events add color, definition and beauty to our life.

I think "Anonymous" summed it up beautifully in the following poem:

My life is but a weaving, between my Lord and me,
I do not choose the colors, He weaveth steadily.
Oft' times he weaveth sorrow, and I in foolish pride
Forget He sees the upper, and I the underside.
Not till the loom is silent, and the shuttles cease to fly,
Will God unfurl the canvas, and reveal the reasons why
The dark threads are as needful in the Master's skillful hand
As the threads of gold and silver in the pattern He has planned.

Don't worry. God's got this.