

Starry Night

I looked up at the midnight sky, and beheld a beauty unbeknownst to me this present day. The stars were shining brilliantly, a million specks of light shining down upon me like diamonds scattered across black velvet.

If the stars could tell a story, it would weave a tale that spans the age of man, and echoes backwards through to a time before. The light I see today having taken millenia before me to get to where we are now. From where I stand I can see the echoes of all time before me, present and past. When the present moment of the star I see finally reaches where I stand now, the human race will likely be long gone. The future, that is in God's hands. Only God can pierce the veil of time that the stars have yet touched, and that we someday will.

I often wonder when looking towards the heavens, who out there will see the light of my day, and how long will it take to reach them.

God knows.

I cannot take in the heavens in their entirety, so my gaze falls to the fields below, to the tree line in front of me, and I behold a new spectacle of light and wonder. The tree line is illuminated by untold numbers of fireflies. The heavens above are echoed upon the earth in the grace of their light show below them. I stare with awe and wonder as the very air twinkles like the skies above. Surely, few things on earth can mirror the magnificence of the skies above.

My gaze falls yet again to the ground beneath me. The dandelions are standing silent by my feet. They quietly peer upward towards the sky above, perhaps paying homage to the stars, the painting on their walls, waiting for the day that comes without fail, for the light that sustains them and gives them life.

If I were to stand here through the night, I would be greeted by the rising sun. The rising and setting of the sun is perhaps the most majestic work of nature, and of her natural beauty ever to be witnessed by man, at least on this earth. I have born witness to her skies, and seen every shade of red, orange, yellow, and purple that could ever be imagined by man, and perhaps even then, some that cannot.

If all of creation sings to the Glory of God, then truly it is the greatest song ever written. If the world we see is the masterpiece of our Father, then truly God is the greatest artist there ever was, is, and ever shall be. If the world we see is this amazing, then I can hardly imagine how the next one shall appear.

Who are we to ruin this masterpiece of a painting? Who are we to drown this song with our own noise, or mar the melody with the white noise of our own world?

In every painting exists a part of the hand that made it. The brush stroke reveals the character of the painter. The melody reveals the color of one's soul. When we seek and see the beauty of the world around us, then truly we come closer to God. Though we must remember, and not forget, that while God is the painter, and all of creation is his masterpiece, here on this earth, we are the implements of his will.

We are the paintbrush.