MOSAIC

Years ago, I had a friend who was incredibly creative. In fact, she had more creativity in her right hand (she was left-handed) than I would ever possess in my entire body. She carved little statues out of hunks of wood and could paint an entire portrait on a canvas of stone; and she twined any piece of ribbon, rope, or wire, to form intricate figures. Not to mention her origami animals! I stood fascinated in front of a tremendous plank of plywood and watched as she stuck on bits of broken pieces of glass and chunks of pottery, beads, and rocks. She had been describing her latest creation she dreamt up that literally was being birthed in front of me. I was dumbstruck and could not fathom what she intently was forming. It didn't make any sense at all, nor could I envision it.

It wasn't until months later when I had a chance to visit again that she relished in my 'Aha' moment.

Suddenly, it made perfect sense. As I walked down the long winding path toward the back of her property, there, leaned up against her old log studio, was her masterpiece. Every broken bit of glass, each chunk of pottery, all the colorful beads and brilliant see-through stones, altogether, fashioning a beautiful mosaic, complete in its design and my friend's intent. But to see just one section, to glance at one piece, to take in only a portion of her creation, meant nothing. They say beauty is in the eye of the beholder, and we talk frequently in this life about seeing the big picture, and I suddenly knew exactly what those sentiments meant. And it was awe-inspiring! It is easy to take in one little snatch, to hear a small snippet, to glimpse at just one part of the picture, and think how incomplete, to judge, to find confusion in what we can't determine and to magnify misunderstanding of what we view. It is only when we step back and take in the full picture, that all of it can make sense, when realization dawns and comprehension comes. A mosaic emerges.

Isn't it amazing that our God chooses to see us through the lens of the big picture instead of focusing on all the broken pieces that make up our messy existence?! I praise God that He chose to look deep inside of me and see what I could be; not what I was. I am so grateful God sighed and said, "Aha!" when He gazed upon the wreckage that was me instead of walking away, He fathomed a greater purpose and took a chance on creating the best version of me. Every busted choice, each shattered dream, all the hurt I caused; each and every mistake I made, He is using for my good and my testimony and for His glory. He is gluing it altogether to create a Masterpiece in me that purposes me in His Kingdom Story. He is doing that for you too. Not one thing is wasted in our lives that He is not using for His purpose.

Ecclesiastes 3:11, "He has made everything beautiful in its time. He has also set eternity in the human heart; yet no one can fathom what God has done from beginning to end." (NIV)