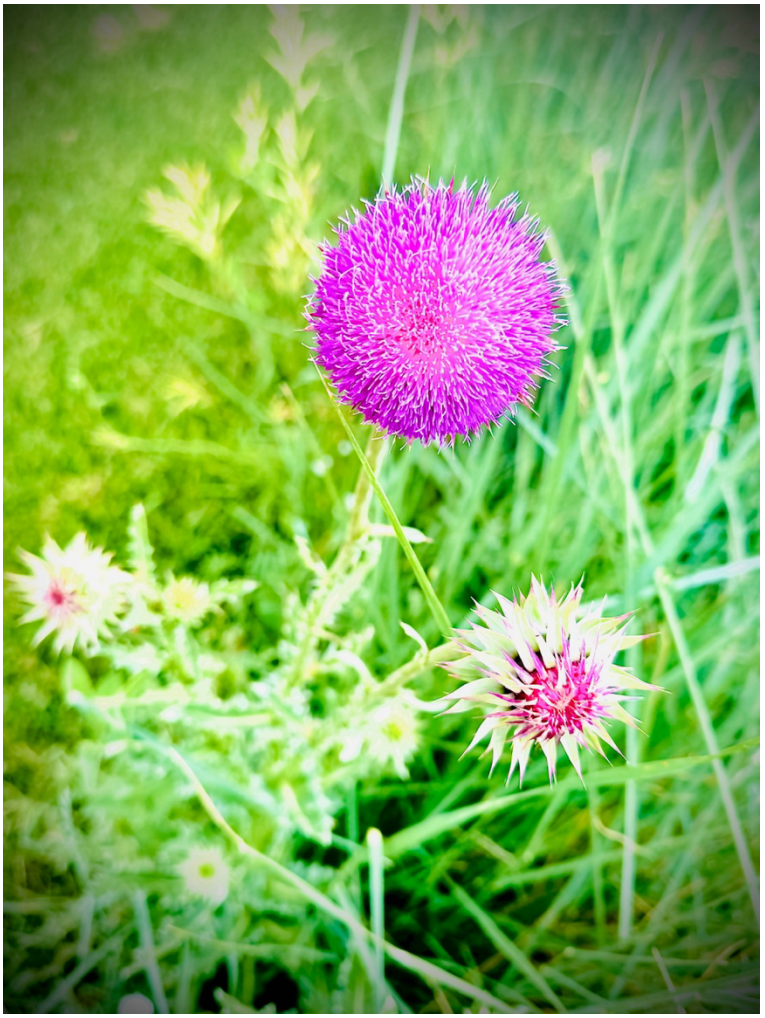
Pretty but Prickly *(a Summer Series)*

It is wicked sometimes.



I am stunned by unusual and unexplainable beauty. The macabre nature of the creations in life that are devastatingly beautiful and oxymoronic in content. The day after my home burned to the ground, the winter sky suddenly was colored with a brilliant rainbow, the huge snowflakes deflecting the crash of thunder and flashes of lightening. They call it 'Thundersnow', I am told. The tears burned my eyes and froze on my face. The way the night sky glows with brilliance as fire eats the path in its way. It's not my imagination when the sky seems pregnant and expectant of the rain it is about to birth; when it is so swollen, it pulses with life. But if the laboring of its clouds begins, it could burst and weep, drowning out even its very breath. The beauty of the barren woman; the rich man, wealthy in belongings, but impoverished of emotion, elation and joy. We can have everything and nothing all at the same time. I can be full yet empty and so very lonely in a crowd. The loudest silence is the shattering of a human soul.

What is even crazier, so wickedly confusing and uncomfortably heartwarming, is that the God of the Universe chose me! He squinted through time and envisioned me in His-story. How much is my life worth? It cost Him everything and me nothing, but there is nothing He wouldn't spare to be my everything. He accepts my imperfections; He offers me a grace I am so far from deserving of, but His certainty about my worth casts out my misgivings and replaces it with hope. He is the God who shows up. He even shows up in my tomorrows. Having been there, if I would but trust Him with the details, I might surprise myself with how orderly things in my life when done His way turn out.

It is wicked sometimes. I am stunned by the unusual beauty, so prickly, yet pretty, so amazing that it is true.

Psalm 139:3-6 'You are so intimately aware of me, Lord. You read my heart like an open book, and You know all the words I'm about to speak before I even start a sentence! You know every step I will take before my journey even begins. You've gone into my future to prepare the way, and in kindness, You, follow behind me to spare me from the harm of my past. You have laid Your hand on me! This is just too wonderful, deep, incomprehensible! Your understanding of me brings me wonder and strength.' (TPT)