

The Art of God



I plunged. Pushing off the pure sand bottom I burst upward, my head shattering the sea of silver glass of the Big Sea, water – the blood of the earth - streaming down my face, my neck and onto my shoulders. Rain fell on me. The kind of rain anyone would be glad to walk in (or swim in). It was warm. Steady soft rain you could wear.

The Art of Adonia, God, differs from any other kind of art. Because each piece includes not just the two dimensional but the three and then some. All five senses are present to absorb. Not just sight, but also sound, smell, taste, and touch. And it not only includes the visible. It also includes the invisible. There is no man made comparison.

Earlier in the day a dear friend told me about going into the Big Water 'one more time'. She said, "You have to go". So I did. In the stillness of a steady rain yet no wind I went. I was grateful beyond earthspeak. I told myself, "Remember to tell her."

In this county we are constantly assaulted with His Art in all its natural splendor. If we don't thank Him every day several times a day, we are missing something really important. Moments like these often turn me to thinking of those who live in big cities, particularly areas of those cities we call slums. And I wish they all could experience what I, what we, experience.

Then I remember the ultimate Art of God, that we are created in His Image and Likeness. So anyone, anywhere, can see this in each other. When I look at people or greet them, I always look at their eyes. Eyes are the window to our souls. You'd be amazed how many times you see the 'sparkle'. It is like looking at a micro view of heaven, Home.

This gives me great Hope. Together we will figure 'it' out, the mess we find ourselves in, made by us. Our leader, Who I call my Jewish Boss, the Son of the One God Triune, gave us the map, the instruction manual and the second chance.

So I implore, I plead and I pray that we follow Him. By our example others will come. When time is no more, we will complete His Art, all of it and the ultimate which is us, because we came to do His Will.

Of this I am sure because I am reminded every day in the hundreds of glimpses I am privileged to see.

Here I am Lord, I come to complete Your Will.

Clement