

Explosion

For those who cannot see with their eyes, I speak about what our dear Creator, in all His magnificence is doing right now.

The change of seasons He set in place so many many many moons ago, perhaps not too long after the first, is moving from the stage of year where summer green has turned to autumn red, gold and so many derivatives of the same that every spectrum of the colors of His Glory are on full display all at once. This season change reminds me of the human 'golden years'. The time of year that proceeds the Great White Death, winter. (Though some of us in the Upper Peninsula of the Great Lakes State are getting a heavy dose of both at once as I write.)

I've had the chance this year to just drive around armed with an iPhone and a camera for no other reason than to record, in pictures, His Great Splendor on display. It seems like every year I say, "Well, this is the best I have ever seen the art of God come Fall."

I'm pretty sure this year is unique. I was asked by a close friend to take some pictures of the color changes this year. They'd moved to a part of the country where the kind of eruption of we see now, on the Peninsula called the Little Finger, does not exist. As I took one day and then another and drove through the heart of 'The County', I kept gasping. It was not for lack of air. It was because every turn in the road posed another chance for a photo shot.

On the first trip I do not know how many times I stopped to attempt to capture a tiny glimpse of His Artful Magnificence. The 'Oh Wow's' streaming from my mouth were countless. The beauty of it all seeped into my heart and I felt, perhaps for the first time, color in the very depths of my soul, the vision of His Florescent Flames sprouting everywhere imprinted in me like never before.

Like I really did not need the camera, the memory of His Art forever emblazoned on my soul.

But the pictures I did take, one after another, stopping and yes, gasping, then clicking many times. I 'toured' the first time for three hours. The second was about an hour and a half.

How lucky are those of us that can still see with our eyes. How much luckier are those of us that see with the eyes of our heart and soul and know we will take with us when we head Home, what we've witnessed, what we've done...

For others.

Is that not what it is all about? What we do for others? Especially those who lack what we have, whether it be senses, or limbs, or hope. Yes, I always see in those incredible colors, unpaintable in their true reality by any woman or man, hope. God is with us. He shows us in so many ways.

So how do we show the same to every single person we meet and love. After all, He is in them too.

Amen.

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