

Creator God 8/17

In the Beginning God created. (Genesis 1:1)

Create. Express. Describe. Form. Establish. Craft from nothing.

In the beginning God created. The master artist. The visionary, with a desire to fashion something from nothing, something which had never before even been imagined.

I'm a frustrated artist. I long to express myself in and through art – but it fails me. I don't have that flow. To balance myself I do stupid craft projects. I don't give them for gifts or even show them to anybody. They just satisfy the right side of my brain, they relax me – except when I knit. I love color and texture, I relish seeing them come together – even if they just fill the page with color and texture and no real image.

Creative. Artistic.

Surrealist artist, Leonora Carrington, once said, "There are things that are not say-able. That's why we have art." These words bloom in my mind. Since the beginning of time people have expressed themselves, what lies in their souls and in their world, in drawings, sculpture, music, dance, and other forms of artistic expression.

I am a writer. My art is words. This is how I express myself – I try to use words to describe what I see, even when words themselves are not enough. I always wanted to be a writer. I admire writers. I love to read. Writing is important, it captures thoughts and events, it takes the mind to places yet unimagined. There is power in words. I love how John captures existence – "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. He was in the beginning with God; all things were made through Him, and without Him was not anything made which was made." And "Jesus Christ IS the WORD. In Him is life." Nuf said.

I reigned my mind in and couldn't or wouldn't let it run free enough to write – so I never pursued it. I couldn't pass a grammar class, I don't know a participle from a plate of plan-tain. But I love to write. Eventually, I realized the desire, the ability was a gift from God. He had created me to write. He gave me a creative mind, nimble fingers, and a desire to tell others of His love.

I write every morning. I should journal, I hear it's good for you. Maybe I'll try. Maybe that's what I'm doing. I struggle to say things in a way so people can received a Word from God, seeing Him and not me. Seeing themselves in His story. Hearing a Word just for them. I wrestle with words, they have to be right. I want things to flow. As I write and rewrite, it is like painting for me, each stroke purposeful.

I'll never publish, I never said I was a good writer. I don't think I have the needed discipline to put together a whole book, someday I can't even put together a whole sentence. But I write.

I can prepare a sermon. I can write a Wednesday devotion. I come up with a thought, a theme, a verse, a word. As I ponder it, my mind is soon – hopefully soon enough – filled with related ideas and stories. I capture random thoughts which make the point, images I want to express. I ramble and reorganize. I reword and refine. I practice and polish. Then pray it is the message God wants His people to hear and that their hearts are open to listen – to Him. Some sermons work, some not so much. Some sermons reach only one person – and that’s as it should be that time.

What is your gift? How has God gifted you to tell the world of His love? It’s in the trying, it’s in the practicing, the repetition, the persistence, the giving it to God for His use, we touch others with God’s love, being the people we were created to be.

What is your art? How do you reflect the love of the Lord in your life?

Please pray with me.

Master of the palette, God of creation, thank You for how You have gifted each of us to tell Your story. We especially thank You for those gifted with artistic ability, bless them in their mediums. Help each of us to know we, too, have been gifted by You to be a special messenger of Your love. May we use our gifts, our talents, our resources for Your glory. May others see Your love through our lives. Amen