

A Gift of Color

By Barbara Wood

Suggested Reading: Psalm 19

Walking out of the hospital, I heaved a sigh. I had just left my husband in the care of the psychiatric hospital staff. My mind was a jumble of questions and prayers. *Lord, help them find the right medicine for him--and help me be strong!*

I climbed into my car and began the lonely fifty mile drive home. As I left the city limits, God began to unfold the most incredible sunset I had ever seen. It started with low sunbeams peeking through a billowy cloud cover, casting a pattern of shadow and golden glow across the road and hills. The sunset progressed into pink and gray billows, which formed a canvas for millions of leafless trees. Each tree was intricately etched in black ink. The billows grew more pink and less gray, deeper and brighter, glowing, peeking through those trees. Each time the road turned, the scene would burst into new hues of violet, rose and orange. Whenever I would crest a hill, the sun itself appeared like liquid fire. This glorious display continued through countless variations of color and glowing light.

I had the feeling that the first and original Artist had painted this scene just for me, to cheer my sad and lonely heart. The beauty flooded me again and again, nourishing and reviving my soul. Not until I made the final turn down the street to our house did the colors and light dim to a quiet dark gray. By this time, however, I was encouraged and ready to face what lay ahead.

Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you. (1 Pet. 5:7 KJV)

Prayer Focus: Mental health workers and patients.