

THE CANVAS OF MY LIFE

By Paralee Eadie

The canvas of my life
Started out pure and white,
Then the brush of this world
Layered colors dark as night.

I retreated from life;
It was too painful for me.
I hated that painting;
I despised what was me.

I took control of that brush,
Now I would be in charge.
I would cover that blackness.
I would paint bold and large!

But my choice of colors
Brought no joy to me.
I felt hopeless and helpless.
I longed to be free.

Then the Master Artist
Reached out His loving hand.
He asked me for the brush,
Told me He had a plan.

Reluctantly I let go,
Still full of dread and fear.
Gently He took the brush
And painted out my tears.

That dark, awful background
Of despair and of strife
Gave depth to the colors
God was painting in my life.

Such brilliance of color,
Such beauty from pain,
The Master Artist's intention
Became very plain.

One stroke at a time
God was painting in me
The reflection of Jesus,
Hope for others to see.

Isaiah 61:3,10 KJV "...to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the LORD, that he might be glorified. I will greatly rejoice in the LORD, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness."