

Shunning the Shadows

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In the beginning

Was the word
The word was with God
And the word was God.
And God spoke words
To create the universe--
Pulling the strands of the cosmos together
To bring everything into existence.

God spoke the delicate words
That coaxed lilies and vines out from the earth.
God spoke the words of power
That taught the lion how to roar.
But God took his very hands to mold
You.
Instead of comos,
God planted each strand of hair on your head,
Counting as he went
And saying among the company
Of the trinity:
“Ah, isn’t my creation wonderful?
Lovely?
Mankind,
My marvelous reflection.”

God as an artist,
I know him well.
He begins his work as a sketch
And I’m not sure if you’ve noticed,
But there are lines and smudges *I* placed
Upon my saintly face
That the Artist has yet to erase.

As I’ve been formed and molded,

Painted and coated,
There were some changes I embraced
And others I chased
Far away from my complexion
Because I was getting by my *own* way
Designing my *own* work of art.
Too focused on empty spaces
I thought needed to be filled with color,
But I couldn't decide which I liked best
So I painted and slathered and mixed
Paint and now I'm a spotted, muddy mess.
I saw the Painter's palette.
I thought I'd try my hand--
Create something of my own:
Making a masterpiece of myself.
Yet on my own,
I turned out an ugly disaster.

The only thing I knew to do,
Was cover it all up.
Like Adam and Eve,
I hid myself behind shadows--
Layer upon layer
To blend in with the night.
When God called me:
"Where are you running off to?"
I didn't even recognize who I was
Beneath all those shadows.

Then God came and spoke delicate words to me
Coaxing out the lilies of my heart
Springing vines from my hands and feet
To draw me nearer to God
And remind me of my Maker.
He thundered into my soul
To remind me how
And when
To roar
Because I have the lion of the Messiah dwelling in me.

So,
You might just see the smudges
Beginning to be painted over
And the shadows cleared away
To design the great masterpiece
The Artist has planned for me.
My mess made beautiful
By the Creator's mastery
Of the brush
And pen.

Remember,

You are blessed with immeasurable blessings
By a benevolent, personal Creator
Who holds the very brush to finalize your
Masterpiece.

Remember,

You have nothing to add.
Your fruit comes from the Vine
That produces everlasting impact
Forever restoring the damage of
The tree of the knowledge
Of good and evil
And of the snake
That always seeks to shun you into the shadows.

Remember,

Turn your eyes to the One,
Trust in the LORD your God,
And let Him make you lovely.

Remember...