

Why Are There Still Colors in the World?

September 21, 2016

I don't understand. Why are there still colors in the world? The sun still shines, but how? For last night my friend's daughter died.

I wrote her daughter a letter yesterday, but never got to give it to her. Because she died.

The fridge today is almost empty, so I go to the store. Heaviness walks beside me as I fill my cart with food. On the way home I turn on the CD player, half wondering if music will still play. It does, but I don't understand. How can music still play? At home, I wash off my purchases, planning our dinner. Dinner for us ... but no dinner for her. For last night she died.

My friend Ted once said that God is good and life is awful. At times like now, awfulness becomes vivid. Foreground vivid. Could it be that color and sun and music and all the loveliness we take for granted are only shadows of real color and real music yet to come?

Right now, today, everything I see and hear and touch seems so temporary. Real ... but not really real. Death has intruded. It reminds me that this world, solid as it seems, has little substance and no permanence.

Why are there still colors in the world? I think to stir in us a hunger for real color that won't disappear. Heaven's color. But today, right now, earth's color shows itself for what it is – temporary, faded, shadowy color.

Amidst this heaviness, my hunger for the not-yet becomes vivid. Come Lord Jesus into each of our hearts. We need your loveliness. Come close today with the comfort of your presence. Remind us who mourn that you, though not now visible, are still very near.

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