



# ***REFLECTIONS***

December 6, 2009

**I chose you and appointed you to go and  
bear fruit — fruit that will last.**

*John 15:16*

## **Day with Kenneth and Veda**

With his fingers, Kenneth lifted a tortilla chip to eyelevel. “We have a little tradition here,” he said. “We call it breaking of the bread.” Then he held the chip toward Veda. She broke off a small piece. The rest of us did the same. From this miniature Holy Communion model, we learned a new way to bless the food at our table. That is how the meal began that concluded our day with Kenneth and Veda. What a blessed day it was.

For us the day was filled with the wonder of a child at Christmastime. We walked through the aisles of Kenneth Wyatt Galleries, pausing to admire breathtaking paintings that grace its walls. Kenneth’s books lay about here and there, showcases exhibit his handcrafted jewelry, and pedestals along the corridors display finely detailed sculptures. As we walked about we were blessed with the stories that unfolded from his mind. He told lots of them, but one in particular was meaningful to Dan and me. Kenneth recalled the day our dad had presented him a set of oil paints and issued a challenge for him to paint something. He did. “It wasn’t very good,” Kenneth said, “but that challenge led me to a way I could follow my mother’s advice.”

“Find something to do that you’re good at,” she had counseled him. Our dad’s challenge led Kenneth to discover what that was to be. It is a ministry with a brush that sends the message of Jesus Christ. It’s in all his work and he is really good at it.

Veda is good at it too. Her sculptures were among the gallery displays. Her production was slowed by a stroke a few years ago, but she has made her way back with a new piece displayed prominently near the staircase. Her demeanor was quiet, but her smile radiated warmth that filled the building. Our time with her was a blessing. She is a blessing to Kenneth too. The look in his eye tells how blessed he knows himself to be.

Our day with Kenneth and Veda was too short, but our hearts were touched by them. And we learned something about our daddy too. We heard his voice speaking through the memory of Kenneth Wyatt. “I remember the time your daddy talked about his singing.” Kenneth recalled. “Your dad said, ‘I may not be the best singer in the world—maybe—but I want those who hear me to feel what I feel when I sing.’ That’s what I want for my paintings too,” Kenneth added.

Seeds are planted by the way we make people feel. That’s how lives bear fruit. Both Kenneth and our dad were blessed to see some of their fruit in their lifetimes.

Now from seeds they planted, we are blessed to see an orchard grow.

*“You are the light of the world.”*

*Richard* +

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