



REFLECTIONS

March 4, 2018 Refreshed from the Archives of February 20, 2005

Then the angel showed me the river of the water of life, as clear as crystal, flowing from the throne of God and of the Lamb down the middle of the great street of the city. On each side of the river stood the tree of life, bearing twelve crops of fruit, yielding its fruit every month. And the leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations.

Revelation 22:1-2

Tapestries of Our Lives

Together with a small gathering, my brother and I stood on the grounds of an old church cemetery where our great-grandparents were laid to rest many years ago. The occasion marked the dedication of an historical monument at the site. In a brief ceremony, several representatives of that rural area paid tribute to the history of the place. But we listened in astonishment to the remarks of the otherwise unassuming County Judge. “Beneath every one of these tombstones there’s a story, and those stories form the threads that are woven into a tapestry that has brought us all together today.”

That deeply insightful observation of a seemingly modest man served to remind me that life is a journey, and that most of the journey joins us with others in their journeys. Our interaction with someone—anyone—becomes an indelible thread that bonds our journey with theirs. Something that was will always be. And it’s the collection of all those threads, woven together, that form tapestries of our lives. Somewhere in your tapestry my thread is there. Somewhere in my tapestry yours is there.

One can only imagine that someday all these unique and distinctive tapestries will drape the walls of heaven portraying the river of the water of life that tell God’s story of the world—

And the love and peace of Jesus will be flowing, as clear as crystal, from the throne of God right down the middle of them.

You are the light of the world,

Richard +

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