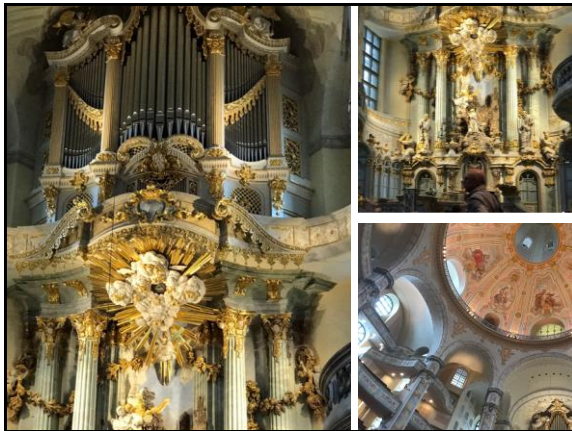




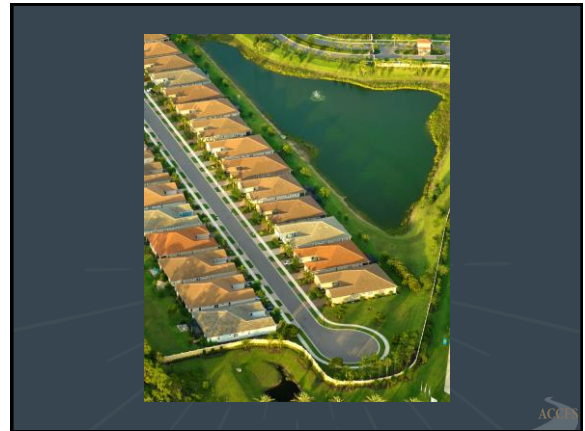
1



2



3



4

God stretched out the heavens, stippling the night with impressionistic stars.

He set the sun to the rhythm of the day, the moon to the rhythm of the month, the seasons to the rhythm of the year.

He blew wind through reedy marshes and beat drums of distant thunder.

He formed a likeness of Himself from a lump of clay and into it breathed life.

5

He crafted a counterpart to complete the likeness, joining the two halves and placing them center stage in His creation where there was a temptation and a fall, a great loss and a great hiding.

God searched for the hiding couple, reaching to pick them up, dust them off, draw them near.

Though they hardly knew it at the time.

After them, He searched for their children and for their children's children. And afterward wrote stories of His search.

6

In doing all this, God gave us art, music, sculpture, drama, and literature. He gave them as footpaths to lead us out of our hiding places and as signposts to lead us along in our search for what was lost.

Shaped from something of earth and something of heaven, we were torn between two worlds. A part of us wanted to hide. A part of us wanted to search. With half-remembered words still legible in our hearts and faintly sketched images still visible in our souls, some of us stepped out of hiding and started our search.

Though we hardly knew where to look.



7

We painted to see if what was lost was in the picture.
We composed to hear if what was lost was in the music.
We sculpted to find if what was lost was in the stone.
We wrote to discover if what was lost was in the story.

Through art and music and stories we searched for what was missing from our lives.

Though at times we hardly knew it.

Though at times we could hardly keep from knowing it.



8

The German poet Rilke tells of one of those times in a fable where the sculpting hands of Michelangelo "tore at the stone as at a grave, in which a faint dying voice is flickering. 'Michelangelo,' cried God in dread, 'who is in the stone?' Michelangelo listened; his hands were trembling. Then he answered in a muffled voice: 'Thou, my God, who else? But I cannot reach Thee.'"



9

We reach for God in many ways.
Through our sculptures and our scriptures.
Through our pictures and our prayers.
Through our writing and our worship.
And through them He reaches for us.

His search begins with something said.
Ours begins with something heard.
His begins with something shown.
Ours, with something seen.



10

Our search for God and His search for us meet at windows in our everyday experience. These are the windows of the soul.

But we must learn to look with more than just our eyes and listen with more than just our ears, for the sounds are sometimes faint and the sights sometimes far away.



11

We must be aware, at all times and in all places, because windows are everywhere, and at any time we may find one.

Or one may find us.

Though we will hardly know it ... unless we are searching for Him who for so long has been searching for us.

- Ken Gire, *Windows of the Soul*



12

This is a way of seeing that begins with **respect**.

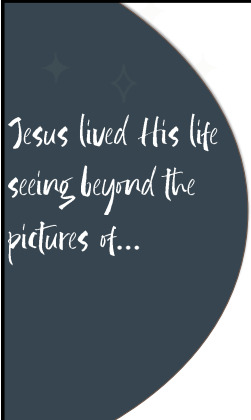
To respect something is to...
 give it a second look.
 understand there is something there below the surface.



13

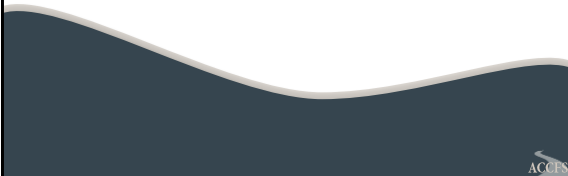
Jesus lived His life seeing beyond the pictures of...

- The widow at Nain.
- The woman at the well.
- The tax collector in the tree.
- The rich man and Lazarus.



14

Slowing down enough to reframe the people and events around Him within the Kingdom of God was the way Jesus lived His life and the way He taught His disciples to live theirs.

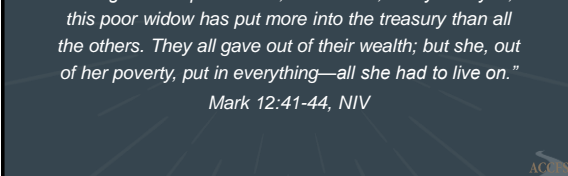


15

Jesus sat down opposite the place where the offerings were put and watched the crowd putting their money into the temple treasury. Many rich people threw in large amounts. But a poor widow came and put in two very small copper coins, worth only a few cents.


Calling his disciples to him, Jesus said, "Truly I tell you, this poor widow has put more into the treasury than all the others. They all gave out of their wealth; but she, out of her poverty, put in everything—all she had to live on."

Mark 12:41-44, NIV



16

How does a person learn to see like that, to look beyond the rags of a widow to the riches of her heart, to see in the everyday moments of life something of eternal worth?



17



18

Was this exercise easy or hard for you?

What did you notice about yourself?

How was this experience different than other times you've looked at a scene or picture?

ACCES

19

Taking it with you...

Developing eyes to see

- Building new habits takes time
- Stay humble
- Start small

ACCES

20