

Jesus And a Dresser

I was gifted an old dresser from my uncle's house when he passed. It had "good bones" but the drawers had seen better days. I think it passed the "shabby chic" window about a decade ago. I had seen people do the ombre look on HGTV and got a vision of how amazing this dresser could be in my beach themed bedroom. I had talked about it for several years but suddenly I got up the gumption to give it a try even though I am not a very artsy person. The timing just felt right!

I bought the paint, a brush, some little paint pans, sand paper, painters tape...I was ready. I recruited my daughter to help me. She is a very artsy person. We took all the stuff out of the drawers and we took them outside to sand. Then my daughter taped it and we took turns painting. It took us two weekends. We did the first and last drawers with the two colors we had, one deep dark blue and one white. Then on a different weekend we started with the white and mixed in a little bit of blue. The next drawer we used a little more blue and then a lot more blue. When it was finished, it looked great! When my daughter took off the painter's tape, I noticed that a little bit of the edge of some of the drawers still had the old dingy off white color that was covered up by the tape. It drove me nuts! How could I cover up those flaws? It was all I could see. How could I ever match up the shades of blue perfectly again and how could I do that without hurting my daughter's feelings that I "re did" her efforts because they weren't good enough to meet my standards. But how could I enjoy my dresser with the imperfections. Every time I look it, I will see the flaws.

Then I felt the Lord asking me to change my perspective of it. I had such a good time spending time with my daughter. We got to talk, listened to music, sang, laughed, she danced; we had a really nice time enjoying each other's company and working as a team. What if when I looked at the dresser I saw all that wonderful stuff instead of the imperfections? I could focus of the little tiny insignificant things and miss the bigger picture. That dresser is a symbol of sharing precious time with a person I love dearly.

Then I felt the Lord asking me to go a little deeper and wider with that perspective. That dresser was a symbol of me. Sometimes I get overwhelmed focusing on my faults. Focusing on the things I do wrong or don't do not as well as someone else but when God looks at me he doesn't see all my flaws; He sees his craftsmanship, one of his masterpieces! And as much as I cherished that time with my daughter, God longs for that time with his daughter.....with me! Honest, open, enjoying each other's company.

So now I can look at that dresser an instead of it driving me nuts and annoying me, I can look at it and smile. It will always be a reminder of the precious time I spend together with my daughter, of how the Lord doesn't focus on my flaws, and how He cherishes the alone time with His children too. And that is how Jesus spoke to me through a dresser.