

Some of the fondest memories from childhood are centered around my father after he purchased an Argus C-3 35mm camera.

To make things even better, I was given a Brownie Starflash camera for my birthday that year. In my estimation, we made the perfect team of capturing the blended colors of nature on film.

Dad always liked matching colors in various natural settings. We took a day trip to Brown County to capture the circus-like beauty of nature's quilt spread over the southern Indiana hillsides.

That was the year that we learned to capture winter scenes, Christmas settings, and the many colors of spring flowers as they emerged once again on the earth.

Perhaps some of the most profound life lessons came the next summer when our family vacationed at one of my parents' favorite spots, Rocky Mountain National Park near Denver.

At that time, there was a myth that green and blue weren't matching colors in clothing or design. But my dad hotly disputed that.

"Look," he would say, as we lined up a photo of a beautiful spruce tree against the backdrop of a deep blue western sky.

"Look at that green against the deep blue sky. Have you ever seen anything more beautiful? Don't tell me that blue and green don't go together. If they go together in God's eyes, they certain go together in my eyes," he said.

During that time, I began to realize that color was a real gift that was very personalized. Whether it was different colored leaves, flowers, natural scenes, or people, matching color was one of God's favorite activities.

He did it in gardens, he did it at fall, and he loved creating different colored people so that the human race would be a beautiful blend of his total creation.

In the mixing of colors and their expression in nature, it is easy to see that God is such a person of diversity, different-colored flowers, human race, plants, animals, anything out there is a testimony to God's love of diversity and grace.

Recently, I read a devotional based on I Peter 4:10, "As each one has received a special gift, employ it in serving one another as good stewards of the manifold grace of God."

The author emphasized what I had read several places before; the word, manifold in this text, actually means "many-colored." God's grace is many colored, geared to be adapted to the need of the hour.

If life is blue, His grace is blue; if it is, green, his grace is green. In other words if we need grace for illness, it is colored just for that; if the need is wisdom for a needed confrontation, His grace will be colored for that moment.

It is the season of springtime (well, on the calendar, anyway) and it will soon be a time to take drives taking pictures of brilliant spring flowers. Each time we see a colored flower these days, it wouldn't be a bad idea to remember His many-colored grace, how each period of life is well-seasoned for a reason, to reveal a color of God we have never seen before, and while looking at things through the lens of a camera is exciting, surely nothing is more exciting than realizing how God must see things through the eyes of His creative being.