

Waters of Death

The fallen trunk of a tree and its branch reflected in the lake seemed to be reaching out like jaws to ensnare and consume my passing kayak! Snare with malevolent intent, as if I should realize and lament my vulnerability to the surrounding world!

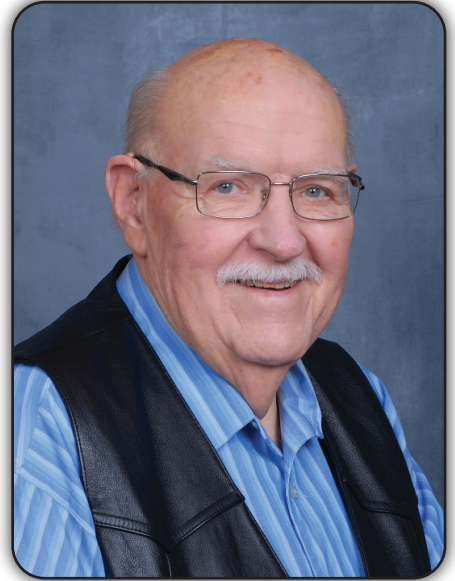


Susan Swanner ♦ Photography

Seasonal Owl

The snowy owl does not lament the death of summer; she puts on her winter coat.

Fall photo of female Snowy Owl on the Arctic Plain near Utquiagvik (Barrow). It is rendered through FotoSketcher, a computer painting program.



Budd Goodyear ♦ Photography

Reflecting on Puddles

"Send out your light and your truth; let them lead me; let them bring me to your holy hill and to your dwelling! Then I will go to the altar of God, to God my exceeding joy, and I will praise you with the lyre, O God, my God.

Why are you cast down, O my soul, and why are you in turmoil within me? Hope in God; for I shall again praise him, my salvation and my God."

Psalm 43:3-5

In times of lament, the world can lose its color, bitterness can leach the vibrancy of life from familiar features around us. But even so, often it is the human-shaped puddles imperfectly imaging our God that reflect the reality of heaven—the hope that this present dimness will yet be subsumed in the spectrum of the Light who himself became human.



Natalie Heppner ♦ *Coffee & Watercolor*

The Fig Tree

A fig tree is barren and fruitless, lamenting the darkness, awaiting the return of the light.



Susan Swanner ♦ Poetic Essay

The Back Side

I have been encouraged by reading about an object lesson that Corrie ten Boom used when she spoke to groups about her life and the time she spent in Nazi concentration camps. She would show the messy and confusing back side of an embroidered piece of fabric. This is our perspective on the circumstances of our lives. We cannot trace the pattern or the beauty very easily. God, on the other hand, knows his purpose and design. He sees the front side, the finished, completed and beautiful picture that he had designed from the very beginning for us. We may not be able to see the beauty and pattern until we see him face to face, but we can trust that his purposes will someday be revealed to us and in us.

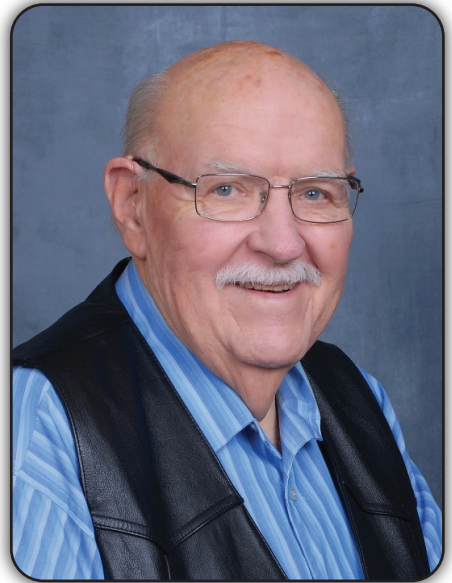


Wendy Golter ♦ Counted Cross-Stitch

Chukchi Sunset

May your lament be as brief as sunset to sunrise at summer solstice.

Sunset over the Chukchi Sea and Arctic Ocean looking northwest from Point Barrow, Alaska.



Budd Goodyear ♦ Photography