

Death's Beauty

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Looking out into my backyard, I marvel at the colors of Fall, my favorite time of year. Not only is the air crisp, but the colors are breathtaking.

The leaves seem to burst with color and life - but alas, they are dying. Ironic that God gives us such beauty - in death. What meaning do we find in this irony?

As a spiritual director, I've had the honor of companionship a young mother to her death by cancer. Ironically, as her body continued to fail, there was a strange beauty about her - strange because there were no words to describe it - just a deepening beauty that 'increased as she decreased'.

When we walk with the dying, do we only notice the failing of the temporal body or do we also notice the beauty which indwells His saints at their last hour? Perhaps this is the beauty of a redeemed soul, on it's way home...

Next time, notice the beauty.

- 1*Since, then, you have been raised with Christ,
set your hearts on things above,
where Christ is seated at the right hand of God.
- 2*Set your minds on things above,
not on earthly things.
- 3*For you died, and your life is now hidden with Christ in God.
- 4*When Christ, who is your life, appears,
then you also will appear with him in glory.

AMEN