

My artist/teacher friend needed my help one day, and I worked in her workshop/classroom to move stacks of materials out of view of the municipal inspectors. It was quite well known that Rome had burned, but somehow I doubted that it was due to artists or teachers. Nonetheless, much material that could conceivably be burned was hidden to be brought back out another day.

As I worked, I again was witness to the way the teacher's students glowed in her presence and watched her every move. They certainly loved her, no so much for the subject she taught but for the love that she continuously showered upon them. They were very proud of their work under her tutelage and often brought their own creations from home to show her. In my mind I saw her as one who brought joy to others, especially those who needed it the most.

After working for a couple of hours, I got tired and stopped for a rest. I sat against a wall and watched the teacher at her work. It wasn't long, though, before I drifted off to sleep. In that state, I had a very interesting dream.

I saw the teacher walking through a beautiful garden, with all types of colorful flowers that bloomed in a dynamic array of rainbow colors. As she made her way, the flowers closest to her seemed to stand taller¹ and become brighter. Any that were broken or trampled, she gave a tender touch that healed them and enabled them to reach again for the sky. I could see sunflowers move their heads to absorb as much energy as they could from her – and they kept their faces turned so that they could continue to look up at her. There are a few thorns and briars, of course, that tried to cause some grief – but with the teacher's care even these bloomed briefly with great beauty. There were also clinging vines, too, that interfered with her steps. But she had a magical (or spiritual) effect on all of them that caused them to produce and present their work of fruit and seeds.

When I awoke, the process of teaching was still going on. Even though I had most likely made some strange noises in my sleep, all of the children were still studying the teacher with great diligence. And the dream made a lot of sense to me.

If only our souls could bloom as well in the Presence of our Creator! We are to be God's luxuriant vine that He takes great care of². We are also part of the garden with Him, as the Christ is the vine and we are the branches³. He loved the flowers as the teacher and I do, for He considered how the wild flowers grew and how beautifully arrayed they were⁴.

We must all bloom where we are planted⁵. We know that God will give the increase⁶.

1. I can't help but think about another dream (Joseph's) where the plants (or sheaves of wheat) bowed down to him
2. Hosea 10:1, Isaiah 5:2, and Jeremiah 2:21, those these verses show how Israel fell away from this ideal
3. John 15:5, "I am the vine and you are the branches"
4. Luke 12:27; "Consider how the wild flowers grow. They do not labor or spin. Yet I tell you, not even Solomon in all his splendor was dressed like one of these."
5. Mary Engelbreit popularized this saying, and many consider it a Biblical theme
6. see 1 Corinthians 3:5