

I had heard about an amazing work of art, a supposed masterpiece, and I had wondered a lot about it. So many people that I talked to gave their enthusiastic evaluation of the work. I finally had a chance to travel to the artist's studio to see it.

I stepped into a huge vaulted room, the floor of which was cluttered with all sorts of boxes and other objects. Being careful to watch my step, I kept my eyes on the floor to make sure I didn't stumble. The floor was covered with splashes of colored paint here and there that had no apparent form or sense of purpose and completion. It looked like a chaotic and random mess, and I could not imagine how this related to the artist that had such a great reputation. I could not understand why that artist had created such an inexplicable vision of disorder. It certainly made me doubt the creative power of the person that I had heard so much about.

But as I began to look around, I suddenly discovered something that simply took my breath away! Painted on the ceiling was the most magnificent mural that I had ever seen! The composition, and the story it told, presented such a meaningful story! In addition to the striking beauty I saw, I could not imagine how the artist had been able to perform the physical work involved.

Now the scattered paint splashes on the floor were not a problem, as the magnitude of the display above me completely overshadowed them. Now I had a much better sense of why the floor was like it was. And I realized that I need to keep my eyes focused on the things that are above!

I then thought of those that were puzzled so long ago by seeing the blood darkening the ground from the man that they had hoped was the Messiah. In looking up to the crucified Jesus, it did not become much clearer. But later the overwhelming and awesome glory of the resurrected Christ enabled them to understand the much bigger picture, and see it as the great masterpiece that it truly was.