

## He's a God of Beauty

God is not only a God of power, of authority, of love and of mercy, but He is a God of beauty as well. That truth was demonstrated again to me in dramatic fashion over the past four days. It began on Thursday as Forrest Preston, Cathy Murray, Tyler Owens, Scott Gooch and I from Life Care, along with Bob Goyette and Doug Veazey from Century Park, flew to Bremerton, Washington. We were going to do some business at Port Townsend, and visit facilities in the area, including Life Care Center of Port Orchard, Cottessmore of Life Care and Harbor Place, en route to a groundbreaking at Post Falls, Idaho, on Friday.

We were met at the airport by Todd Fletcher and Jeron Walker, Life Care associates who provided transportation and became our hosts for the day. While the State of Washington conjures up images of evergreens of a wide, and tall, variety, the radiance of the colors of leaves of hardwood trees along our route was striking. The next day, driving from Spokane to Post Falls, on display was a panorama of reds and yellows and oranges, mixed with green.

After arriving back in Tennessee, Lola and I drove through the Sequatchie Valley and up the plateau to Crossville, Tennessee, to visit with family members. Again, the Creator's palette, fixed in the mountain ridges, glowed in the afternoon sunlight under a rich, blue sky. It was obvious: God intended for us to enjoy His handiwork. And we did. The experiences for me in those three states – and for you, too, wherever you reside this October 30 – make me grateful for the wonders wrought by the Heavenly Father, extended as gifts for our enjoyment. They remind me of a song that has stuck in my mind for years. It is *The Old Master Painter*, and the artist who performed it was Frank Sinatra. It is, to be sure, a love song, but it is a moving tribute to the God Who created the universe. Its lyrics are:

*That old Master Painter from the faraway hills painted the violets and the daffodils.  
He put the purple in the twilight haze, then did a rainbow for the rainy days,  
Dreamed up the murals on the blue summer skies, painted the devil in my darlin's eyes,  
Captured the dreamer with a thousand thrills,  
The old Master Painter from the faraway hills.  
Then came His masterpiece, and when He was through,  
He smiled down from heaven and He gave me you.  
What a beautiful job on that wonderful day,  
That old Master Painter from the hills far away.*

(more)

As you consider the majesty of all that God has done in nature, claim the truth of that song: You are His masterpiece. He created you, and He delights in you. Allow that to be your encouragement as you approach this day.

--Beecher Hunter