



GOD'S GARDEN

May 2016

For God is not a God of disorder but of peace.

1 Corinthians 14:33

During those wonderful years when we travelled to Greece, one of our favourite islands to visit was Paros. Near our hotel there was a field of poppies—a field of all kinds of weeds, actually. I like to call it God's Garden. My husband and I loved to spend time photographing in it.

What I loved about God's Garden is the challenge it presented to bring order to the mess of it in a photograph. I want to reveal beauty in what appeared to be chaos.

I believe our lives are much like this, chaos from which we try—with God's help—to find order. Mess out of which he helps us find beauty. Beauty and peace.

I don't think weeds are ugly, especially when you look at them up close. Aren't they simply wildflowers, part of the natural plant life we so revere? When you think of it, aren't we—in a way—part of a garden God created? And what are we to him? An ugly weed or a beautiful

© marja Bergen

Copy to your heart's content. Share. But don't sell.

wildflower? Aren't we simply flowers that choose to live wherever God the Most High plants us—obedient to his bidding?

Little did I know as I photographed this garden of weeds that my emotional life was going into disarray as well. I was overwhelmed by my visit to Greece. There was more here than I could take in. The brilliant whites and the bright sunlight had initially brought joy, but eventually it all became too much. The peace I so badly needed had disappeared. Inside me was chaos.

"It's so hard to take it all in, Lord!"

Order is not natural. It takes photographers like my husband and me to help weeds look beautiful in a photograph. But only God can bring order out of the emotional chaos of our lives. We need his help to bring us the peace we need.

Each of us needs God in a different way, depending on who we are and what we deal with. Coping is not always easy. All that God asks of us is to grow like the poppies do, obedient to where he plants us. There is a beauty in that chaotic field of weeds. After all, God is the gardener.

Did God intend me to be in this chaotic field I found myself? He *did* bring me here.

I found God's answer, in the amazing way it sometimes comes. I came to see that he wanted me to remain a part of this chaos and to find beauty in it in the best way I could while I had the opportunity. This is where he planted me for now.

Are you finding yourself in a chaotic garden? Can you see God revealing order and beauty, despite the mess?

You are a beautiful flower, not a weed in God's eyes. Through him you will find peace.

marja