

The Artist's Masterpiece



There once was an artist and his son. Their artwork was more beautiful than anyone else's in all the world. There just was no art that could match theirs. It was almost as though they breathed the breath of life into their pictures, they were so breathtaking and realistic. It was with joy that they finished each picture. But they always did two very unexpected things with their pictures. "Won't you put this one in a truly beautiful frame?" one would ask. "No, I guess not," the artist would reply. "I think this old frame that I found in my attic will do." "Won't you hang this one on the wall?" another would ask. "No, not this time," the son replied. "I think I'll just set this one on the table." Or another time he might place it on a night stand, or on a shelf in an out-of-the-way place. Everyone shook their heads and wondered, but no one could change their minds. And of course the art was content to reside in whatever frame and wherever the artist and his son wanted it.

Finally the artist and his son each took up a brush, and together they commenced to paint their masterpiece. With the skill that only artists can have, they mixed the colors and began to paint. When they were finished, there before them was the painting of a man that looked just like the artist himself. "Now," he sighed with pride and satisfaction, "this one shall be in a truly beautiful frame, and it shall hang on the wall."

For days they worked on making a beautiful frame out of gold. They engraved fine things in the frame, and when they were finished, it too was marvelous to behold. Then the artist carefully put the picture in the frame, taking care to not damage it at all. After that he put a nail in the wall, and with pride and joy proceeded to hang the picture upon it.

But alas, just as he was about to hang it over the nail, the masterpiece did something that none of his other pictures had ever done. Jumping out of his hands, the masterpiece began to back away from the artist, furiously trying to shake the frame off. The artist watched in astonishment and anxiety. Finally the masterpiece succeeded in getting out of the frame, though not without putting several ugly scratches on itself. Then it boldly began to speak. "I don't need that stupid frame!" it yelled. "You didn't make any of your other pictures sit in a metal

frame! You put them all in junky ones. A metal frame is uncomfortable in the highest degree! And as for me, I don't think I need any frame at all!

"Furthermore," he continued, "I don't WANT to hang on the wall! I don't feel secure there! You didn't make any of your other pictures hang on the wall! Besides, not enough people will see me there! I am beautiful, and must be seen by as many people as possible! I shall make my way out into the front yard and I shall climb a tree and hang myself on a twig. There, many more folks can see me! Do you hear?"

With pained love and grievous tears, the artist and his son watched their pride and joy saunter out into the yard. They could see that the bark scratched more paint off the picture as it climbed a tree, and then watched with dread as their masterpiece hung itself on a very weak twig that would surely break before long. Turning from the window, the artist and his son sat down and wept.

That night there was a terrible storm. The thunder roared and the lightning flashed. The rain poured down in mighty torrents. The tree on which the masterpiece hung crashed to the ground.

"Son!" cried the artist, "There is still hope. Go out in the storm, my Son, and seek to rescue our masterpiece."

"Yes, Father, I will," replied the son, and turned to go out in the storm. Outside he was beaten sore by the rain. Running to the fallen tree, he saw the masterpiece, lying ruined on the ground. "Masterpiece!" he cried, "Don't you want to come back in the house?" As he finished speaking, he was nearly struck by lightning, and fell down unconscious for three hours. Meanwhile the artist's heart was bleeding for his son and his masterpiece.

Recovering from his unconsciousness, the son arose. Amidst the sound of pouring rain and crashing thunder, he heard a voice from the ground. "Master, take me up and into the house. Please." With joy he gathered the masterpiece in his arms, and returned to the house where he was met with love by his father.

Now the work of restoring began. Together, the artist and his son removed the damaged paint from the canvas. They wiped it clean. After that, and after the canvas had dried from all the rain that had

poured on it, they started over. When their work was finished, there before them sat the masterpiece, as it was before it went outdoors. Now it humbly allowed the artist to place it in the gold frame that had been prepared for it before, and to hang it on the wall. Everyone who passed by said, "Why what a beautiful creation the artist and his son have made. Truly they are the best."

In one sense of the word, this is a true story. We would call it a parable. Following is the meaning of the parable.

Yahweh is the artist, and Yahshua is His Son.¹ Yahweh and Yahshua, a little less than 6,000 years ago, created the world, and everything in it. Genesis 1:1 – "In the beginning Yahweh created the heavens and the earth." John 1:3 – "All things were made by Him (that is, Yahshua), and without Him was not anything made that was made." Yahweh made light and dark, trees and plants, sky, land and sea, and animals. But He gave no special esteem to these things. But then, Yahweh and Yahshua created their masterpiece. Genesis 1:26-27 – "And Yahweh said (to Yahshua), 'Let us make man in our Image, after our Likeness, and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.' So Yahweh created man in His own Image, in the Image of Yahweh created He him, male and female created He them." Out of the dust of earth, Yahweh formed man and woman, His masterpiece. He gave special esteem to mankind, His masterpiece. He made him in His very image. And just as the artist gave a beautiful frame to his masterpiece, so Yahweh and Yahshua gave man dominion over the rest of their creation. The artist set aside a special place for the masterpiece, on his wall; likewise, Yahweh gave man a special honor. Man could speak with Yahshua and know Him, whereas the rest of creation could not. Everything was beautiful in the Garden of Eden, which is where

Yahweh placed His creation.

All of Yahweh's creation was content to do things the way Yahweh said. But we read in Genesis 3 that mankind disobeyed Yahweh, and tried to do things another way. This resulted in great sorrow. Genesis 3:23 – "Yahweh sent man forth from the Garden of Eden, to till the ground, from whence he was taken." See also Isaiah 45:9

Yahweh was grieved. He had created man in His very Image, and now man must be marred and scratched and ruined by sin. In the storm of sin and disobedience, man was beaten and fallen, ruined and lost.

Yahweh said, "Son, Yahshua, there is hope for this, our Masterpiece. Go from Your beautiful abode here with Me. Go to earth, and seek to save mankind."

Yahshua said, "Yes, Father, I will go." So He came to earth. That was about 2,000 years ago. In love for His lost creation, He came to earth. His very own creation did not accept Him, and did not heed His voice. John 1:10-11 – "He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not. He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." Yahshua, the set-apart Son of Yahweh was cruelly beaten and killed. He was nailed to a tree, and there He died. He died for His masterpiece, for you and me. For three days and nights He was dead, but then, He rose to life by the power of Yahweh.

Yes, my friend, we are His masterpiece. And yet we have strayed so far from Him. We did not want to live according to His standards. We did not want His beautiful gold frame of law and love about us. We wanted our own way. We did not think we needed a frame. We also stubbornly decided that humbly obeying Yahweh did not bring us enough recognition and esteem. And so we ran out into the world. But Yahweh was grieved to see us go, and so He sent His very own Son into the storm of unrighteousness and lawlessness to rescue us. Yahshua died for you, my friend, and for me.

Can we be restored? Can we be made in His Image again? Yes! We can! He is the Master Artist, and He can recreate us! Colossians 3:9-10 – "You may put off the old man with his deeds, and you may put on the renewed man, which is renewed

in knowledge, after the Image of Him that created him." Why can you do this? Because Yahweh loves you, and He sent Yahshua to rescue you. He is calling to you right now. He is saying, "My Masterpiece, don't you want to be rescued? Don't you want Me to restore you?" Will you say "Yes"? It is your choice.

-Rivqah (R.J.Coover)

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If you would like to know more about Yahweh and His standards for you as His special workmanship, feel free to look in the Scriptures, which are His very words.

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Or visit us on the web at:

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We will be glad to help you find out what Yahweh desires of you, as His masterpiece.

And don't forget to talk to Yahweh. Remember, one of the special honors He has given you as His masterpiece is that of being able to talk to Yahshua and to know Him.

Yahweh bless you as you seek His way. Peace be unto you.