

# GOD and my box of CRAYONS

## GOD AND MY BOX OF CRAYONS

{Allegory}

One day I received a big box of crayons on my computer screen. It was marked:

To My Beloved Child

With love, from  
Heaven.

As I clicked on the lid to see so many crayons sent from heaven I was overwhelmed with the depth, nuances and flavors of expression. There were so many colors, each unique but

all effecting one another. Many colors were different than what I was used to, and some were the same. I first noticed they were organized to reflect similar shades together. But another section was organized in opposite contrasts. Some colors were blaw but when put next to another, it made the combination show a reflection I hadn't seen before. The colors came in swirls and lines and dots and shapes. The vastness of how each part interrelated was so amazing.



My eye stopped on one color I didnt like at all and that was **okra**. Yuck, that had to go. I clicked on okra and pushed delete. When the okra disappeared, it took all of the okra out of the box. I had not realized that okra had been blended in among the colors and shapes.



In that instant the colors all changed, the shapes became smaller by one color; the box adjusted and reduced in size. That was better but with okra now gone, the color closest to it suddenly looked like okra. I clicked on it and it was gone. My colors all changed and my box shrunk. I thought I remembered what okra looked like and decided anything that was similar to that color needed to be culled out of my box. One by one I started clicking delete and my box changed and reduced.

Finally I had worked through all the colors to my liking. The shapes, lines, dot and swirls were either missing or something very different than what was given, but they appealed to me and I was satisfied. The colors in my box were rather primary and simple but I remembered that

okra and decided this was fine for me.



Years passed and I no longer remembered okra or the time that I had worked through my box. I started to notice other people had boxes that were much bigger than my own and they were passionately using their boxes of many colors and their boxes were expanding with even greater colors and reflections. Why was my box so small? Try as I could, I was not able to change its size and so I sent a letter to heaven asking for a bigger box.

Heaven responded very sadly that each color in the box sent to me had represented a shade of its Creator. It contained His heart, His thoughts, His feelings, His depth and the very essence of Who He was and how He uses everything in our lives for His purpose and good.

Heaven told me I had deleted weakness, and judgment, sickness, and vessels of dishonor. I had deleted accountability for seeds I had sowed and warnings of being friends with the world. I had deleted that the Creator hides Himself and reveals Himself to those who listen and seek Him. I had deleted that He speaks in mysteries and parables for a purpose and that to know Him clearly was costly.

I had deleted that the Creator uses evil as instruments of judgment and discipline with all things working together for good; that nothing escapes His Sovereign eye as He watches over me. I had deleted that when I judge others, I am judged by the same measure. I had deleted what happens when I don't forgive or when I don't ask for forgiveness. I had deleted that I would be treated exactly as I had treated others. I had deleted that sin produces death of everything abundant and good.

He told me that His thoughts were not my thoughts and His ways were not my own. And when I was done, my box of Who He was to me, had set the boundaries of my mind about the scripture, my faith, and how He could reach me and affect my life.

After I saw the fruit of my errors, I told Him I was very sorry for not accepting Him as He really was and asked Him for another box. In His infinite mercy, He forgave me and then



surprised me. He said that the box of colors was in His Word and I could pick it up anytime I pleased and use the colors He had provided. He told me this time not to throw away any color, but respect each Word as a portion of Who He is, for He does not change; He is the same yesterday, today and forever and He uses everything in my life for good.

*Mark 4:24-25 NKJV*

*Then He said to them, "Take heed what you hear. With the same measure you use, it will be measured to you; and to you who hear, more will be given. For whoever has, to him more will be given; but whoever does not have, even what he has will be taken away from him."*

*James 1:17 NKJV*

*Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and comes down from the Father of lights, with whom there is no variation or shadow of turning.*

*Heb 13:8 NKJV*

*Jesus Christ is the same yesterday , today, and forever.*

