



The New Don Quixote Times

Article V

"The Musings of a Mad Minister "

- since 2007 -



Paintings

Have you ever looked at a painting and said 'boy I wish I could go there'. I have a painting that depicts a lighthouse overlooking a beach. It hangs in my bedroom and I have been prone to look at it and think (especially during the winter months)... 'boy I wish I were there right now'. I have also caught myself doing the same thing with Thomas Kincaid's landscape paintings. How about you? Is there anyone else that has thought they would prefer to live in the kind of America that Norman Rockwell painted for the Saturday Evening Post?



The sad thing is that none of those places or depictions (I described) actually existed other than in the mind of the artist. The beach scene may capture my spirit for a moment but the reality of going to the beach (at least for me at this stage of my life) is making sure all the children have sun block, that the two older children are not getting two deep while the two younger children are safe, that everyone gets fed, sand forever in your car and...oh yea where is the bathroom.

What about those Thomas

Kincaid paintings? I lived in Idaho at the foot of the Rockies and it was beautiful just like those Thomas Kincaid's paintings. However, every time I was in those beautiful areas I never thought 'boy I am glad I am here' but rather 'where are the mountain lions? Or does anyone else have the feeling they are being watched?' There were also times that it was so cold that you would be afraid to look up and get hit with a blast of arctic air. Suddenly I did not long to be in the painting.

Lastly, in regard to Norman Rockwell, all adults that had a safe upbringing long for the simpler days of youth. I too thought the years I was a child were happy days for America because they were happy days for me. Yet, others did not see the days as happy with the Vietnam War, the race riots, the Watergate scandal etc. The point is that people were not less sinful in past generations we just did not know as much about it (i.e. T.V. and internet). Religion may have had a more favorable status culturally, which I would say exported a greater amount of hope culturally but that is not necessarily what Rockwell was depicting.

Despite all this and no matter how much I understand these paintings do not actually depict reality, I will still look at that beach scene and say 'boy I wish I were there'...why? I believe there is intrinsic to our nature a hope for rest that this world

pretends to offer but never actually gives. However, it has been built into our fabric since the fall of man and our exit from God's garden paradise, to want it. Unbelievers search high and low for that elusive spiritual rest. They may find it for a time but one event makes it all go away like a sandcastle in the wind. Believers learn that this world is simply the work before the rest, which consists first of heaven (if the Lord does not come back soon) or the new Heavens and Earth. We are told in Hebrews that 'there is a rest still remaining.'

"Christmas is not just about the past, it's about your future ... so take Hope and enjoy the season."

What has any of this to do with Christmas? Christmas is God answering the longing of mankind's heart. Jesus is that good shepherd leading us to waters of life and green pastures but on this side of eternity he first leads us through the wilderness. The rest I long for, in those pieces of artwork, does exist just not on this side of eternity but because of Christmas and the gift of salvation provided by Christ alone I have the hope that a real, fuller rest is coming. Christmas is not just about the past it's about your future...so take Hope and enjoy the season.

Pastor Broderick