

God Sits at The Easel

By Rabbi Michele B. Medwin, D.Min.

I am the morning dog walker. Each morning, very early, Mollie stares in my face until I open my eyes, to let me know she is ready for her morning walk. While I might not be quite awake as we exit the door to the apartment, I quickly look forward to the quiet of early morning anticipating what the sky might look on that day. I am blessed to be living in a beautiful apartment complex with a promenade along the Hudson River, so the sky is vast and open, as it reflects on the water. Living here has enabled me to envision the sky as a canvas on which God paints. One day, while walking the dogs, these words came to me. I have not written a poem since I was in high school. I believe God's words passed through me as I sat at my computer to write them down.

Rosh Hashanah is considered the birthday of the world. This is a poem celebration creation, and the world God created for us.



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Every evening God's sits at The Easel
Contemplating the new day.

What shall My canvas look like in the morning?
What colors should I use to start the day?
Reds, oranges, yellows, pinks, for a beautiful sunrise.
And the clouds –
Should they be wispy, full, billowing, fluffy, towering, or diffuse?
Should they move swiftly across the sky, or slowly drift by?

For if I don't change it, they will forget.
The holiness of my beautiful heavens will become mundane.
Each morning I renew My canvas,
lest they forget the glory of creation
Lest they forget the joy of life.

And if their day is challenging and difficult,
Feeling sad and alone, yearning and grasping,
I renew their hope at night.
Reds, oranges, yellows, pinks, as the sun sets.
Glorious and majestic.
My canvas fills the sky with possibilities for tomorrow.
The moon - bright and encouraging, dark and contemplative
The vastness of the stars as a reminder that I am here for them.
They twinkle and sparkle, as a wink of assurance.

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Lest they forget the joy of life.