

I have 3 nephews and 3 nieces. The oldest is 22 and the youngest is 4.

When you give a kid a box of crayons and paper, they start drawing. The younger they are, the bigger the movements. Usually in the end, the page is filled with swooping lines and colorful scribbles. And, with an air of triumph, the child presents you with the finished masterpiece.

Almost 20 years ago, I'd actually try to understand what all of those lines are about. "What's this?" I'd ask; "and this?" And my nephew or niece would explain what each swirl was. Sometimes they'd get tired of my questions, and roll their eyes and say "don't you see?" Other times, they'd patiently explain things, and when I'd ask what the black smudge at the bottom of the page was, they'd tell me "That's you, Uncle David." And I'd proudly take the drawing to the refrigerator where with great ceremony, I would use magnets to put it on the refrigerator door.

After all this time, I'm still not sure what they're seeing. Or sometimes I guess it may be what I'm NOT seeing.

In Isaiah's prophecy, we hear of an ideal ruler and an ideal world. Animals who should be eating or running away from each other are living in peace. The ruler, we know, is the "Son of David." David was the first "shoot of Jesse," and Jesus Christ is the final "shoot" that comes out of the stump of that Kingdom.

Three times in the prophecy, Isaiah speaks of children. "a little child" will "guide them;" the "baby shall play by the cobra's den;" and "the child shall lay his hand on the adder's lair."

Jesus, himself, tells us, that what is "hidden ... from the wise and learned," God has revealed "to the childlike."

And I think this all begs the question, "What AREN'T we seeing?" I can only imagine that on the other side of Eternity, when we meet God face-to-face, he's going to go through all of the crazy colorful scribbles that made up our lives, and patiently explain them to us one-by-one.

In some of the pictures, we will be in the middle of all the beautiful swirling colors; while in others, we may be the dull smudge down near the bottom of the page.

There is something very wise in seeing the world through "childlike" eyes. And I would think that maybe all of us need to do that in some way or another.

Let us ask the Lord to fill us with His grace today ... to give us 'new eyes' to see things as He does. And whether we are colorful swirls or a dark smudge – to pray to know where He desires us to go from this point in our lives ... and may we use this season of Advent to draw closer to the triune God who loves us, and with His grace to move closer to the person he created us to be.