Beneath the Rubble
August 7th, 2014

There is an attorney's office here in town that I pass every day on the way to my office. For years I have noticed the heavy overgrowth of tree's, brush, grass, and weeds. There is a river back there. Tall trees that are old enough to remember the beginnings of Three Rivers. The building is old and has such beautiful character in its design. I always try to imagine what it really looked like back in its day?

One Winter morning, a few years ago when the snow had knocked down most of the weeds and the trees had lost their leaves, I caught sight of some man-made stonework. The landscape is naturally sloping down a hill towards the river. At the bottom of the hill there appeared to be an old stone pond where a water fall led into it. I always tried to imagine what it really looked like back in its day and wondered how beautiful it would be now if someone cleaned it up?

For the past couple of weeks someone has been cutting down the brush and clearing the grass and weeds. I never see anyone there, but their efforts and hard work are very evident. I watch every day to see how much further they have gone. Beneath all that rubble, there is still beauty appearing with each day.

I now see many man-made waterfalls and stone work, leading down the hill in what must have been a beautiful cascading little river dropping into that old stonework pond?

On a street corner in any town now, we see them. They stand with a sign that reads "Need Help! Hungry! Family in Need! God Bless You!" I always try to imagine what they really looked like back in their day before the rubble covered their lives?

They each have a name. Some are veterans who after seeing their buddies blown to pieces in a war somewhere in a far off place could no longer function normally in society. Some are living beneath the rubble of broken marriages
and broken lives. Others are just broken, needing someone to look at them and see past the rubble and imagine the beauty that lies beneath. And, they are all crying out to be noticed.

Beneath the rubble of all of our lives there lies something beautiful. God created us as Christ's workmanship and He created us for good works. God never makes junk and never makes mistakes. God made each of us and in that making He added His greatest love and sacrifice so that we can live above the rubble. Rubble that has been dumped on us, one weed, one old tree, one dead branch at a time by life's circumstances.

How then do we rise above the rubble when we feel broken, tired, worn out, used up, and useless? By heeding the invitation from the Savior:

"Come unto Me, all you who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you and learn from Me, for I am gentle and lowly in heart, and you will find rest for your souls. For My yoke is easy and My burden is light."

This invitation is for all of us, you included. Why not let God restore "that which was lost" beneath the rubble.