



THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER

By Ian Menzies

Around the turn of the last century my pioneering grandparents set out to establish a new life for themselves at Lorne in the Otway Ranges. Travelling by horse-drawn coach that wound down a rough track through thick forest, my grandmother reportedly sat up with the driver, nursing for protection a pair of bohemian crystal vases that had been a wedding gift from my grandfather, occasionally alighting to walk whenever the track was too steep, either up or down.

I often picture that scene in my imagination when regularly driving (in what would be then-unthinkable comfort) down the same route.

My mother treasured her inherited vase, and now it is

mine. Mentioning this vignette one day in an aside to my cousin, he announced that he, too, had inherited “an impractical glass jug” that his mother always insisted was “an heirloom” and that was “stuck in a cupboard somewhere.” It was the second of the pair.

Now aware of its provenance, he rapidly reassessed his opinion and resolved to ensure his children were aware of its history. Beauty is indeed in the eye of the beholder. Fortunately, each of us has been assured that we are all precious in the eyes of God; loved unconditionally for what we are, our life stories held, unforgotten, eternally.

Reflection:

For I am convinced that neither death nor life, neither angels nor demons, neither the present nor the future, nor any powers, neither height nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God that is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

(Romans 8: 38-39)