

Picture Perfect

My husband, Paul, and I went into the portrait studio to pick up pictures of our 12-month-old son, Ezekiel. We waited with excitement until our names were called, and then, as the sales associate placed the pictures in frames for us to look at, we both stood in shocked silence.

This happened every time we went to pick out our son's most recent pictures. As we looked into those perfectly brushed and lighted photos, we were reminded once again of Ezekiel's Down's syndrome. It was like receiving the news of his condition for the first time.

Finally, we would break the quiet and begin to express our preferences, commenting on how well he smiled in this picture or how blue his little eyes were in that one. Always we would look at each other and smile reassuringly that God had given us this little boy and that in our eyes he was perfect.

It amazes me how God uses our children to reveal to us more of Himself. This recent event with Ezekiel's pictures showed me how God looks at me.

For most of my life, I struggled with self-image. As a Christian, I'd often felt that I'd fallen short of God's expectations for me. I thought God, like almost everyone else, was performance-based and obsessed with outward appearances. But unlike the cameras at the portrait studio, He sees deeper than that.

The most high-tech equipment couldn't filter out the fact of Ezekiel's Down's syndrome. Yet it was the filter of our love that caused us to look past the facial features and into the heart of the little boy we cherish.

God reminded me that He has a filter of love for me as well,

and that is Jesus Christ. In His eyes I am perfect, despite all my flaws. And just as Paul and I look into the eyes of a young little boy and see the perfection of our love, so God looks into my eyes and sees the perfection of His love for me.