



While traveling on an unnamed road in Cleburne County Saturday morning, I come to a dirt road with a sign that says cemetery. The cemetery is out of sight and I travel the road as far as the car is able. Tires spin, mud flies through the sky, as the car halts its progress, so I get out and walk in search of the mysterious cemetery.

I never found the promised cemetery, but just over the next hill I do find this gorgeous tree, I call the rainbow tree. The moment my eyes fell upon this tree, I felt I had found the reason for this strange journey. Looking at this tree was like looking at a great painting hanging in a museum. Each leaf looked as if someone had taken the brush of a master, filled it with many vibrant colors and splattered across the tree until finally they stood back and said, "Perfect".

So, here I am Saturday, standing in front of this stunning tree of many colors and I am amazed at its diversity. Reds, yellows, greens, blues, purples, oranges, and all I can do is say thank you to the one who painted each leaf with such skill and care. Because I know that the same Master Artist who paints the rainbow, who dips his brush into heavens pallet and puts color into the skies above my head each evening is the same one who put color into this tree and you and me.

I accepted this tree as a child would accept a gift from a loving father; what else could I do? I looked at it, I appreciated it, I loved it, I photographed it, and now I share it with you; why? Because I realize that one of Gods great gifts to me is diversity. He does not have a big

cookie cutter in the sky; He has filled earth not with clones or robots but with variety, with uniqueness, and with all things special and precious.

It is easy to look at this beautiful tree and be thankful. But what about when we look at our neighbor; our coworker; our children; when was the last time you were thankful for the diversity God has brought into your life? Let us embrace and celebrate our differences and the variety and wonderful uniqueness of the people who make up the mosaic of our lives. When we can do that, then the Master Artist of heaven will once again look down upon his creation and pronounce it, "Perfect".

Something to think about:

- The price of the democratic way of life is a growing appreciation of people's differences, not merely as tolerable, but as the essence of a rich and rewarding human experience.
- We should acknowledge differences; we should greet differences, until difference makes no difference anymore.
- When we lose the right to be different, we lose the privilege to be free
- We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal;
- God, our wise and creative Maker, has been pleased to make everyone different and no one perfect. The sooner we appreciate and accept that fact, the deeper we will appreciate and accept one another, just as our Designer planned us.
- If this is God's world, there are no unimportant people.

From the guy who is just a little different
Rickey Moore

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