

Is Beauty in the Eye of the Beholder?

By Cindy Peters

When I think of beauty what comes to mind for me is the joy of seeing a newborn child for the first time. The beauty of nature with the sunset and the changing of the colors of the leaves in Autumn. I think of the beauty of a smile from an ill patient when they receive a bouquet of flowers in the hospital.

What is beauty anyway? Is it really in the eyes of the beholder?

I think of when my 92-year-old grandmother Frieda was dying. Seven of my cousins, all sisters, brought their guitar and sang her favorite hymns. It did not heal her; however, it gave my grandmother great peace as she crossed over to the next life.

I find great comfort within the Psalms in the Bible. The Psalms are made up in five various types which are for praise, wisdom, royalty, thanksgiving and lament. Psalm 91 is my favorite and so beautiful:

Whoever dwells in the shelter of the Most High will rest in the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the Lord, "He is my refuge and my fortress, My God, in whom I trust. Surely, he will save you from the fowler's snare and from the deadly pestilence. He will cover you with his feathers, and under his wings you will find refuge. His faithfulness will be your shield and rampart.

You will not fear the terror of the night, nor the arrow that flies by day, nor the pestilence that stalks in the darkness, nor the plague that destroys at midday. A thousand may fall at your side, ten thousand at your right hand, but it will not come near you. You will only observe with your eyes and see the punishment of the wicked.

If you say, "The Lord is my refuge and you make the Most High your dwelling, no harm will overtake you, no disaster will come near your tent. For he will command his angels concerning you to guard you in all your ways. They will lift you up in their hands so that you will not strike your foot against a stone. You will tread on the lion and the cobra. You will trample the great lion and the serpent. Because he loves me, says the Lord, "I will rescue him. I will protect him, for he acknowledges my name. He will call on me, and I will answer him. I will be with him in trouble. I will deliver him and honor him with long life. I will satisfy him and show him my salvation."

One of my favorite poets is a man from India named Arti Chopra. I think he best describes beauty and the beauty of healing:

There is a poem in every flower. A sonnet in every tree. A tale in every lifetime. It's just for you to see.

There is a lyric in every brook as it rushes over rocks. There is an ode in every nuance as love's wonder unlocks.

There is a rhythm in every sound, every beating of a heart. There's poetry in every union and every couple who are apart.

And just as there is wonder in every new life created, There is sadness and regret for the unsaid and unfeted.

Just listen for the music that your ears cannot hear. Just strain yourself for the melody that's so far and yet so near. The wonder of the creator. The magic of the divine is there to feel, for all of us to soon be yours and mine.