



*Waiting*



When asked if I could paint a picture to accompany writing about ‘suffering’ I struggled. You see my journey with paints is a very recent one, and normally my hope is to bring life and joy with my dabbling. However, as I pondered and prayed about this given subject, the picture of specific dear women kept coming to mind. Yes, whilst I was working in Central Asia we were involved in a village quilt project. We distributed quilts to 200 of the poorest people; the process all carefully monitored by the local imam. There was one lady, around 100 years old, who didn’t have the required card—

she was so poor, but we made sure she did receive a quilt, blanket, and some coins. Goodness, to see the poverty and difficulties there was heart wrenching. It was freezing cold too, for everyone queuing, waiting their turn.

So, as I set about my painting, I added the dark grey cloud above the women sitting amongst the fallen leaves on the ground, indicating some of the suffering and oppression of life there. Remembering the precious ladies I encountered, their strength and determination was such an asset to behold. I painted rays of light, in the corner, as a heartfelt prayer for each of the 'fearfully and wonderfully made' (Ps. 139:14) females I met—may they come to know, by some miracle, better times and true hope.

Yours, Setara