

Redecorating has never been so spiritual.

I dreamed of ribbons and roses, but I had no idea God knew. As a single mom for five years, I had little money, but I wanted to redecorate my dining room. So I began saving my pennies. My vision included pale green walls and rose prints. I found the items I needed on sale, and within a year, I had the ingredients to create my new dining room.

One Indian summer morning, I began reupholstering the chairs and painting the walls. Afterward, I stood back to admire the room. It was good—but not excellent.

It was the valance over the sliding doors. If I had had more money, I would have bought a lovely fabric with hunter green ribbons and a profusion of burgundy roses. Determined to be content, I thanked God for what I already had.

As I contemplated who would be my first dinner guest, my doorbell rang. It was my young neighbor, bearing a package from his grandmother. In the past, this woman had given me an assortment of craft supplies. Wondering what goodies the bag might hold this time, I looked inside.

To my astonishment, the bag contained yards and yards of cream fabric emblazoned with hunter green ribbons and burgundy roses. What a delightful surprise to have the perfect material heaven-sent and home-delivered. I felt humbled to know that the God of the universe had bent His ear to my “nonprayer” and given me the desire of my decorating dreams. And I remembered: “If you, then, though you are evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your Father in heaven give good gifts to those who ask him!” (Matthew 7:11)

In that moment, I understood His tremendous love for us and His knowledge of the tiniest details of our lives. Nothing is too small to escape His notice; nothing is too big for Him to handle.

The last few years have brought many trying circumstances and deep

darkness. At times, I’ve found it hard to find joy. But God takes my hand, and we go forward together. Adversity and a broken heart have taught me that the only life worth living is a life for Christ.

The scalloped valance, along with a table runner and coordinating pillows for the adjacent living room, remain tangible proof that He knows my heart and blesses my obedience. As long as I continue to trust Him, He will fulfill His purposes for me.

The sun—or Son—as it slides into my dining room in late afternoon, casts a warm, golden glow and wraps me in its embrace. When friends comment on how beautifully the room turned out, I tell them the Lord is my interior designer—in more ways than one. *spf*

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Ribbons & Roses

by Sheila Petnuch Fields

