

The Radiance

All around him was a glowing halo, like a rainbow shining in the clouds on a rainy day. This was what the glory of the LORD looked like to me.

EZEKIEL 1:28 NLT

Cold raindrops dripped off the brim of my black cowboy hat and ran down the back of my black, oilskin slicker. The wispy September clouds oozed rain as I rode Czar down the trail that skirted the hillside above the canyon. Behind me trailed five soaking-wet mules loaded with packs, their hooves squishing through the mud. It was late afternoon, and we were headed into a camp in Dry Fork. The icy fingers of a light breeze tickled my neck. I pulled up my wool scarf to block it out.

Overhead the clouds churned, and the wind chased them. The sun poked through, dancing in beams across the trail as we dipped into a meadow. I turned to check the loads on the mules. My brown lead mule's packs rocked off-kilter, swinging heavy to the left side. "Aw, Little Girl, your packs rode so well until they got wet." I groaned. "And we're so close to camp." I reined Czar next to a tall pine and slipped out of the saddle. I tied Little Girl, with the string behind her, to the tree and then led Czar off the trail where I tied him.

Walking back toward Little Girl I glanced at the sky. I stopped. I'd

never seen anything like it. Ribbons of glowing rainbows streamed across the sky. Not just one—multiple rainbows were stacked in rows of brilliant stripes. I'd seen as many as three rainbows nestled inside each other, but never spectrum after spectrum. I stood awestruck, staring into the heavens. The rainbows that rimmed the outside edges of the wide band merely blushed across the sky. The inside ones radiated dazzling colors. Vivid greens were bordered on either side by glimmering blues and shimmering yellows. The luminous reds faded into glistening violets.

There were so many rainbows I couldn't count them at a glance. I pointed my finger at the bottom edge and counted the green bands of color: 1...5...10...15...20...22. I blinked. "No way. There aren't 22 rainbows hooked together. That's impossible!"

Lowering my finger, I started counting all over from the bottom again. Yep, 22. I blinked hard and cocked my head. "No way."

Pointing my finger at the top of the rainbows, I counted the green bands while I dropped my finger toward the horizon. Still 22. "I've never heard of such a thing." I glanced around. *Is it because the canyon curls around the mountain and creates more reflections?*

My eyes were drawn back to the majesty of the rainbows that crowned the deep-green meadow. An interesting thought drifted through my mind: *Will it be like this when Jesus comes back? Will the skies declare His glory with radiant colors streaming behind Him?*

Slowly the colors washed out of the sky, but the memory has never faded. The radiance of the rainbows is permanently etched into my mind. I witnessed a piece of heaven visiting the earth with the glory of God. And I never would have seen it if those loads on Little Girl hadn't rocked off kilter.

Lord, help me to see Your glory in my everyday life. Amen.