**The Painter’s Brush**

In the dreams of the night I saw in vision a large canvass which contained a multitude of people. Each person was alive and moving and radiating a light in their face that reflected great joy. I could not help but smile back at each of them as they gazed up at me from the painting. I began to recognize the face of each person in the portrait as the faces of those whom I had taught over the years. I felt a sense of joy and completeness that swelled my heart to overflowing. As I continued to look upon each person, remembering and reminiscing over the things that I had learned together with them, my vision was expanded so that I could now see the artist, brush in hand, standing before the painting. To my great joy, it was the Savior. In an instant, I realized that it was He who had painted, and I was but the brush in His hands. The many smiling faces were not looking at me but had focused their gaze upon Him; He was the Master and they were His masterpiece! Lovingly He looked upon the painting, rejoicing in the light of the countenance of each individual. Then, with affection and gratitude, He gazed upon me, the brush in His hand. The bristles were worn, and the handle was not in its original shape, but in yielding to the guidance of the Painter, had become molded into the shape of the Master's hand. He had chosen me as His instrument, but the work had been His all along. I simply moved according to His direction to touch the lives of those whom He loved and created to be in His image. The feelings in my heart overflowed into tears of joy as he whispered the words I had longed to hear for an eternity,

**“Well done thou good and faithful servant!”**