

Painting Poppies Changes Frustration to Joy

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I am sharing a post this week that I found on Facebook and used in a sermon a couple of weeks ago.

My neighbor complained about our "ugly" fence for years. So I painted these poppies while she was on vacation. When we moved into this house five years ago, the wooden fence was already weathered and gray. Our neighbor, Mrs. Carlson, made it clear she thought it was an eyesore. "When are you planning to replace that hideous thing?" became her standard greeting.

We couldn't afford a new fence. Between my husband's medical bills and putting our daughter through college, extra money was non-existent. I'd apologize and promise we'd get to it "someday."

Last winter, I discovered I had a knack for painting while following a tutorial from this

incredible artist I found on the Tedooo app. She creates the most beautiful floral murals and sells prints of her work through her shop there. When I messaged her about possibly painting our fence, she was so encouraging and even sent me a detailed guide on which outdoor paints would work best.

I practiced for months on canvas in our garage. When Mrs. Carlson mentioned she'd be visiting her sister for two weeks this summer, I knew it was my chance. For seven days straight, I painted from dawn until dusk. My back ached, my fingers blistered, but watching those poppies bloom across our fence filled me with a joy I hadn't felt in years.

Yesterday, Mrs. Carlson returned home. I was nervously watering my garden when I heard her car door slam. There was a long silence, and then I heard her call my name. When I turned around, she was crying. "My late husband grew poppies just like these," she said. "Every spring, our yard was filled with them."

Now instead of complaints, she brings her friends over to see "her" side of the fence. This morning, she left a handwritten note in my mailbox asking if I'd consider painting bluebells on her side. She's already ordered special paint for me from an artisan on the Tedooo app. Sometimes beauty blooms in the most unexpected places—even on an old, weathered fence that was once considered an eyesore.

Credit: Joanna Williamson posted on Facebook

www.facebook.com/permalink.php?story_fbid=628340446909659&id=100092011279045

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