

I painted this a couple of years ago, during a very difficult, dark season characterised by deep fear and anxiety. I had found that, if a sense of panic began to build up in me, then painting something really helped to take my mind away from itself and to focus on the colours blending in front of me. And this painting happened on one such occasion.

I blended the colours together, knowing only that I wanted to depict light coming out from darkness. I imagined it like the sun breaking through a storm cloud, or a dawn breaking after a long night...

All through that season, I had felt a promise from Jesus whispered in my heart that He kept repeating – “The light is breaking through.”

I knew I had wanted to write something onto it but I didn't do that until just a few weeks ago. I chose the words “there's no fear in love”, and as I wrote the words onto it, the ink wasn't sticking to the painting... I think because it's an oil painting, the ink was almost disappearing as I wrote each letter.

I kept going over what I'd written and the ink gradually built up, and the words gradually started to stick onto the painting and then I so clearly and suddenly felt God whisper – “It's just like this with your heart.”

He went on to remind me how sometimes it takes a while for His truths to ‘stick’ on our hearts, and we need to keep coming back, keep remembering, choosing to ‘write His words on our hearts’.

I find that art only really finds its purpose for me when I add words, and these days I really tend to paint only so that I can then write onto the painting... I write snippets of scripture... a phrase from a worship song... something I've heard that has resonated with me or words I've felt God speak to me personally. Maybe I paint them and write them as a prayer that they would be true in my life, maybe as an expression of their importance, a celebration of their truth and the freedom in that truth, maybe as a tool to communicate these truths to others, or maybe all those things at once?! I'm never too sure but I feel the importance of expressing words in this way.

I like to write in white ink, and small scrawling font, because to me the words feel like whispers of truth... whispers that you need to look at closely, that have an almost mysterious weight and importance... whispers that slowly permeate into the heart... words that sometimes come quietly, gently, gradually, but that change and transform and remain faithful and eternally true.

– Naomi Levine