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When The Walls Are Full

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<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WETWby9S7b0>

Whoever follows me will never walk in darkness, but will have the light of life.

JOHN 8:12

When I heard my husband say, "I think we are done," I couldn't have agreed more.

For years, we had shared the joy of collecting western art for our Montana home. Nothing extravagant - just pieces that stirred something in our hearts. Prints, a few originals, and all of them evoking the rugged, soulful spirit of the West.

Our collection told stories through paint and canvas - bison roaming open plains, majestic horses in motion, snow-dusted barns, towering mountain peaks.

One of our most cherished pieces depicted the historic Lewis and Clark expedition at Ross Hole. Set in Sula, Montana, it portrayed Sacajawea, her infant son Pomp, and her emotional reunion with her long-lost brother - a moment that echoed themes of homecoming and hope.

One day, while visiting Great Falls and touring the Charlie Russell Museum, we realized we had nothing by Montana's most iconic artist. That led us to comb antique stores until we found a hidden gem - a piece of Charlie Russell's legacy to bring home.

Yet nothing compared to "Two Souls One Spirit" by James Ayers. The painting of a Native American man shielding his bride with a buffalo robe became the heart of our great room. It wasn't just art - it was a symbol of the sheltering love we shared.

Eventually, though, the walls were full. Not a square inch remained. "We're done," he said - and we meant it. Or at least, we were done hanging art - not collecting it in our hearts.

That's where the deeper gallery lives - the one not framed in wood but etched in memory. One childhood piece stands out above the rest: The Road to Emmaus by Robert Zünd. It was my mother's favorite.

In it, the resurrected Christ walks alongside two disciples, unrecognized until He breaks bread with them.

For my mother, who loved long walks, I'm certain she imagined herself as one of those walking with Jesus. My father, on the other hand, favored the old hymn Just a Closer Walk with Thee. Together, they mirrored the very harmony of that biblical scene - companionship and quiet communion with the Lord.

John 8:12 reminds us: "Whoever follows me will never walk in darkness, but will have the light of life." Even when our journey leads us through the shadows, Jesus lights the path when we walk with Him.

Ben Fuller's song "Walk With Me" captures that cry of the heart so beautifully:

"While I'm on this road, I don't wanna go alone. I want Jesus to walk with me... I've worn the shoes right off my feet... So, I'm down here on my knees - Walk with me, Lord."

Though our walls may be full, our souls always have room for more of Jesus. The true masterpieces aren't hung in our homes but lived in our hearts - moments of divine closeness, sacred memories, and the steady companionship of Christ.

As we walk through life - worn shoes, weary steps, joyful detours - may our prayer echo that of the song: "Walk with me, Lord." For there's no greater art than walking with the Master Artist Himself.

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