

Simply One Page- The Subtle Promise Of Full Color

This piece was created from my own reflections and vision. I used ChatGPT as a tool to help shape the text from my original concepts and structure. The final form is the result of thoughtful revision, my own editorial hand fueled by my one page intent. Mike Haddorff, 2512

“It is the Lord who goes before you; He will be with you. He will not fail you or abandon you. Do not fear or be dismayed.” — Deuteronomy 31:8

Every year, always after the Fourth of July, it happens. Out of nowhere, I sense fall in the air. I know it sounds a little crazy. Summer is in full swing, but that makes no difference. It always seems to come in the mid-afternoon—in earlier days, while fetching a tool from the van; these days, while walking or driving.

It’s never loud or dramatic. It’s something about the shifting sun, the way it angles just enough to cast longer, quieter shadows. A subtle awareness, never sought, yet always arriving.

Over the years, this awareness has become a welcomed guest. I’ll mention it to Sandra, and she just smiles. She thinks it’s a bit silly—especially on days when the air conditioner hums away, trying to beat back a ninety-degree July afternoon.

But then, almost before I know it, here we are—in full color. Hillsides blazing, aspen groves shimmering, the world alive with our Colorado gold. And each year I’m reminded: this vivid beauty began with a subtle promise.

I’m learning to understand God like this. My tendency is to get stuck in personal despair, or to replay the old tapes of regret and defeat. But then comes the reminder: the promise of full color. It points me forward. It tells me God is never duped, never hindered, never white-knuckling His way through life’s chaos.

God is always out ahead. That means He has already been where I am yet to go. This is how I’ve come to understand Him: always knowing, always choosing to be with me, never failing, never abandoning. That’s where I find hope.

Full color will come. And yes, full color has come once again. Which leaves me free to look ahead and wonder: what might be waiting just around the next bend?

Reflective Thought

Listen for the subtle whispers of promise. They may seem small, they may arrive at odd times—but who knows what they might be saying?