

When God Breathes Through My Brush: Painting His Presence Newsletter - May 2025

As a young girl, I loved art—but I didn't fully realize how deeply I could express myself through painting until I entered missions. Writing journals has never come naturally to me. While I can write stories of what God has done in ministry, I struggle to put my personal emotions into words. But when I paint, everything flows. Painting became a way for me to process life, express my heart, and draw closer to God. I often understand what's happening inside of me after I see it come to life on canvas.

This season in my secondary school, someone made an announcement asking if anyone would be willing to paint what God was saying during a worship evening. I hesitated at first—I had only painted for personal connection with God, not publicly to encourage others. But God kept tugging at my heart. A few weeks later, I said yes. And what happened amazed me.

God began giving me visions to paint—pictures that spoke to others' hearts. People were touched. Some cried. Some felt seen. Others said they finally understood something God had been trying to say to them. And I realized: this is one of the ways God speaks through me—through color, symbolism, and creativity. Here are four paintings I'd love to share with you:

First Painting – ***"Let My Spirit Flow Again"***

This was painted during a potluck worship night at my current YWAM school in Northern California, where we gather to share a meal, worship, and encourage one another with what God is saying.

Before I began painting, I simply asked God what He wanted to share with His people that night through His Word. In that quiet moment, I saw a mountain with a stream that was meant to flow—but it was blocked by rocks. The water wasn't reaching the dry path below.

Then I sensed in my heart:

"My children are weary—not because I've left them, but because they're striving without Me. They've been trying to meet their own needs instead of depending on Me."



The green sky in the painting represents distractions and anxiety. The rocks symbolize burdens and barriers that block us from receiving what God longs to pour into us.

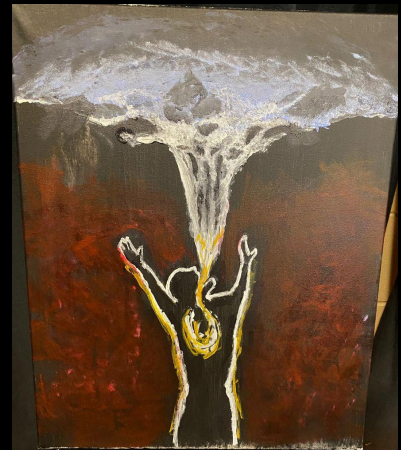
After the evening, I received several messages from people who were in the room. They shared how the painting deeply touched their hearts. Many said they had felt blocked from God's presence, but the painting became a powerful reminder that they needed to lay their burdens down and come back to Him. It wasn't just a painting—it was an invitation to return to rest in God's presence.

*"For I will pour water on the thirsty land,
and streams on the dry ground;
I will pour out my Spirit on your offspring,
and my blessing on your descendants."
— Isaiah 44:3*

Second Painting – "Only Living Water Satisfies"

My team and I joined a weekend outreach at the Expo, where many people gathered—some curious, some seeking, and many drawn to different forms of spirituality. In the midst of the crowd, God revealed something deeper to my heart.

He showed me that many people are drinking "water" from the world—things that seem appealing and promise fulfillment, but ultimately leave people spiritually dry and lost. They believe they've found meaning, but don't realize they've been misled by false versions of truth. Only Jesus, the Living Water, can truly satisfy the soul and bring lasting freedom.



In the painting, a waterfall flows into someone's open mouth. As the water enters, it transforms into the Holy Spirit, represented by gold and white light, filling the person's heart with peace, joy, and clarity.

The black background represents spiritual darkness and confusion. Over it, I painted strokes of red, symbolizing the blood of Jesus—the price He paid to rescue us and restore us to the truth. His sacrifice clears away deception and opens the way for Living Water to flow into our hearts.

My team was deeply touched by this painting. It led us to gather in intercessory prayer, asking God to open the spiritual eyes and ears of those visiting our booth—to help them encounter the real truth and experience the presence of Jesus, the only One who truly satisfies.

"Then you will know the truth,

and the truth will set you free.”
— John 8:32

Third Painting – “Even in Silence, I Am Here”

This painting was created during another potluck worship evening, and it reflects a deep, honest cry many have felt:

“Are You there, God?”

It’s for those who feel forgotten—who cry out and hear no response. Those who sit in the silence, wondering if He sees or hears. But even in the silence, God has not left you. His presence is not based on your emotions, but on His faithful promise. He is still with you, still listening, and still loving you—whether you feel it or not.



Something amazing happened after I finished painting. Someone asked me to share the message behind the artwork. After I shared, the speaker got up to preach—and their message matched exactly what I had just described through the painting!

Afterward, the speaker came to me and said, *“Thank you for hearing God’s voice and painting the very message I shared.”* In that moment, I recognized—it was definitely God. He knows how to speak to hearts—even when words are few.

*“The Lord is near to all who call on Him,
to all who call on Him in truth.”*
— Psalm 145:18

Fourth Painting – “Beauty in the Cracks”

My team and I were invited to a local art space owned by a woman who has been slowly growing in curiosity about Jesus over the past few years and has built a relationship with YWAM. Though she had previously been involved in mystical beliefs, we were told that this time she was more open than ever before. It amazed me to see how she had begun to be drawn to the presence of God and how He has been gently watering the seeds planted in her heart. God continues to pursue her, drawing her closer to reveal the truth. It reminded me how important it is to keep nurturing the relationship between her and



YWAM as God continues His work in her life. She welcomed us to use her space for a time of peaceful worship, prayer, and painting—a space where people could reflect on how God sees them, experience His peace, and be encouraged in their journey. She knew we were followers of Jesus and gave us the freedom to express our faith in that way.

As I sought the Lord for what to paint, I sensed an image of something cracked. Then I saw a vision of a cracked clay vase, with light shining from within and pouring out through the brokenness. God revealed that through Jesus, people can find healing, hope, and freedom—even in the midst of pain, trauma, depression, bondage, and hopelessness. A shattered life can be transformed into something beautiful—restored with peace and joy, like light shining through the cracks.

As I was almost finished painting, a woman came and stood behind me. She was drawn to the canvas and asked what it meant. With an interpreter beside me, I explained the message behind the painting. She nodded slowly. I gently asked, “Have you experienced struggles—like depression, pain, or feeling hopeless?” She quietly replied, yes.

I briefly shared part of my own story—how I went from hopelessness to discovering truth in Jesus, which led me to real peace, joy, and purpose. We talked for about 10–15 minutes. She stayed fully engaged, listening closely. Then I asked if I could pray for her, and she agreed. As I prayed, she said she felt a deep peace—one she couldn’t put into words.

Afterward, she asked if she could take a picture of the painting. I said yes. She went to our booth to fill out feedback about her experience and said she was going to get her phone. While she was filling out the form, I felt a strong nudge from the Lord: this painting was meant for her.

So I stood nearby, waiting for her to finish. As she got ready to leave, I gently stopped her and said, “This canvas is for you.” She looked surprised and hesitated. “No... I can’t accept that.” I continued holding the wet canvas out, gently offering it. She asked, “How much should I pay for it?” I smiled and replied softly, “It’s a free gift. I would like you to have it.” She kept asking how much, but I kindly repeated, “It’s a free gift.” She paused again, then finally accepted it.

And then, she asked me to sign my name. I replied, “I can, but I want you to know—this is really from Jesus. He is the one who wants you to have it.” She went silent—speechless for a moment. Then she slowly nodded and whispered, “Yes... this is from Jesus.” Then she shared something deeply personal: “This morning, I woke up crying. I didn’t know what to do with my life. I didn’t even know why I came here... but now I understand. I feel something different here.” I responded, “I’m so glad you came. Jesus truly loves you. Even in the middle of the mess—He is with you.”

I then taught her how to sign “I Love You” in sign language. She looked at me with tears in her eyes, then signed ILY back and gently touched her hand to mine. On the back of the painting, I wrote: From Jesus, and added the ILY handshape. When she saw it, she paused again—still speechless—but I could tell she understood what it meant: Jesus loves her. Before she left, she gave me a long, heartfelt hug.

"He heals the brokenhearted and binds up their wounds."

— Psalm 147:3

Thank you for walking with me on this journey. I never imagined that God would use me to paint like this—but I've learned that when we surrender even our quiet gifts, He multiplies them for His glory. As this secondary school comes to an end, it doesn't mean I will stop painting. I plan to continue using this gift, allowing God to reach people through art wherever He leads me.

Although each painting was created in a specific moment and often for the people who were physically present around me, I believe their message goes beyond that space. These paintings carry God's truth and love, and I believe they can still speak to others—just like they may speak to you now. If any of them encouraged or touched you in some way, I'd truly love to hear how. That's how I know: the message was meant for you too.

Let's keep listening to His voice—through whatever creative ways He chooses to speak.

***With love of Christ,
Kevlasha Humphrey***