

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY: "A Little child on a summer morning stood in a great Cathedral Church. The sunlight streamed through the beautiful stained glass windows and the figures in them of the servants of God were bright with brilliant colors. A little later the question was asked, 'What is a saint?' and the child replied, 'A saint is a person who lets the light shine through'." ~ Anonymous

A SNOW DAY WITH GOD

Tired of freezing winds and low 20 to 30 degree temperatures, I was elated when Tuesday morning it started to snow. By evening, four feet of snow covered the ground and the warmer temperatures brought relief from the icy cold winds and rain.

I love the first snow fall. The glory of God's hand touches the earth with His gift of snow. Slowly, it covers the ground, houses, cars and everything round about. It brings changes, beautiful to the eye and peaceful to the soul. Falling slowly and methodically—colors of man-made objects disappear under its white covering—yet spots of color randomly peek through. Beautiful snowflakes in varied sizes, shapes and patterns fall to earth from the heavens above.

Dressed in beautiful fluffy, white layers of snow, trees and bushes are the epitome of beauty; each a designer creation. Branches dip low with the weight of the snow, as if saying, "*Father, we worship and adore you!*" yet, when the snow starts to melt, they spring up like ballet dancers with heads and arms raised high giving praise to God. Now, with the weight gone, they dance freely and gracefully before their Lord as the wind blows through their branches.

Some of the larger trees, bare from the winter, are now clothed in beautiful white designs—one of a kind—distinct—uniquely formed from the Hand of The Master Designer. Their branches rise majestically to the sky in graceful lines and blend in with the billowy clouds and the blues of heaven and ever so often, as the wind blows, little drifts of snow float downward from their branches to land softly upon the ground. I love the humor snow invokes and laugh when I see a bird stir or land in a tree because I know the trees response is to send a mound of snow spirally downward and if you happen to be walking under it at that moment, you are adorned with a beautiful white hat, neck and shoulder covering.

First snow; no footsteps or signs of life yet appear upon the snow. Snuggling deeper into my favorite chair, hot drink in hand, I sigh as the peace surrounds me. I thank the Lord for my warm—cozy home, as I gaze upon the beauty of His creation—fallen snow. I watch the sun rays touch the snow. I love

the affect—sparkling lights dancing across the snow—glimmering like diamonds waiting to be gathered.

My attention is diverted as movement catches my eye. I watch a cat stray into the front yard. It is comical to watch as it tentatively explores the strange white stuff invading its world. Tiny footprints stagger from bush to bush in his curiosity to investigate. I laugh as he tries to shake the snow off first one paw then another. “What is he thinking” I wonder. Then it happens! I see a paw reach up, bat at the snow on a bush and jump back in surprise as the snow plummets down upon him—now he too, wears a snow dress. His action seems to say enough of this, as he bounds across the snow and disappears behind the neighbor’s fence.

My mood changes as visions of snowmen, snowballs and children playing bombard my thoughts. Snow appeals to the child within us. We can’t resist the urge to form a snowball, follow our childlike instinct—pick a target and let it fly. A grey haired granny now, I still love snowball fights. My strategies—pick the targets, let snowballs fly, and hopefully I can out maneuver them before they can retaliate. If not, seeing the snowballs posed for the strike, I appeal to their sense of respect—how could they possibly hit an old lady with snowballs— not falling for that line either, I’m wiping the snow from my face and clothing amidst the laughter. Snow brings fond memories!

The scene changes; the stillness broken, as I watch children gather on the streets to play. Snowballs are flying left and right and kid’s snow antics are hilarious to watch. Snowmen start appearing as children scatter to find wood sticks for arms, carrots for noses, hat, scarves and little black rocks for eyes and mouths. They race to see who finishes their snowman first and they are all different—each created in the joys of childhood. Laughter floats across the air as the children run to and fro yelling at one another in play; their joy is contagious.

My trailer house sits next to the mobile park’s playground, so there are usually children playing outside my home. I am also a collector of angels and on that snow day to my great joy, suddenly several snow angels are appearing right before my eyes, as two little girls, about six years of age, run into my front yard and drop to the ground. I see little arms and legs wiggling and giggles erupt as other children join them upon the ground. When they are through and run off to new adventures in the snow, tears, fill my eyes. I see their gifts left behind—snow angels adorned my front yard.

Play time over, the children disappear. Remembering when my children were young, I visualize rubber boots lined at the front door, hats and coats

strewn about the floor and the sound of laughter and shouting echoing from the kitchen where hot drinks are poured and voices call out, "Pass the SMORES!"

Activities ended, day spent, night falls—bed time beckons. Before crawling into my warm bed, I peek out my window for one last look at the snow. Not to be outdone by the glories of the day, the night shows forth its splendor. My eyes behold the beauty, the elegance, of the Creator, as moonbeams cast shimmering rays of light—whites, oranges and yellows mingle, separate and mix again in a magnificent array of colors coming from the heavens above to grace the earth below. Snow crystals sparkle in the moon light as they dance and skip across the snow in all their splendor. Icicles—all sizes and shapes—hang in various places and as the moon beams fall across them, they too, add picturesque beauty to the night scene.

Smiling, I climb into bed, snuggle deep into the warmth of the covers. My body's exhausted and as the heaviness of sleep surrounds me, I close my eyes and softly whisper, "Oh God, after experiencing a day and night such as this who can doubt Your existence. You are truly the Master Designer, the Great I AM!!" Thank You for sharing the wonders of Your love for all the world to see.

Goodnight world and sleep tight for tomorrow is another day of wonder!