

Thoughts on Snow

The snow is swirling outside the window, tossed and blown by the fierce wind. The flakes appear to have no destiny as they whirl through the air, always looking for a place to alight, but before they can reach it, they are snatched away and blown by the icy wind once more.

They are like my soul, tossed by the winds of life, uncertain as to where the pathway lies. I seem to see the way open before me; then, as I approach, I am snatched away again. The beautiful turns out to be only a mirage. I can find no peace. I am unsure of myself, as the snowflakes seem unsure of their ability to reach the ground. I seem to find myself unable to gain confidence in my abilities. Then, even, as I feel that I have found myself, I am turned away by an unkind word, an unfulfilled hope. Now the wind catches the snow with a new fierceness, and churns the peaceful flakes that have fallen to the ground. My soul aches with a hopeless wish that things could be different. I sympathize with the whirling snowflakes, for I know that if they could have human emotions, they would feel the same hopelessness of soul that I feel now.

The wind is not so strong now. The flakes begin to drift downward. Now they are settling on the ground, covering everything with their pure white beauty. The brown ugliness of the bare earth and trees is crowned with a radiant white glory. A single snowflake settles on the window pane for an instant. It is small and insignificant; yet it is perfectly formed, beautiful, and different from every other snowflake.

Can it be that my troubled life can become beautiful like the snowflake which a second ago was whirling through the air? Do I have the ability to make my life beautiful? Yet, the snowflakes did not make themselves beauti-

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ful. They were each created by God. If He can create each snowflake in such a way, He can make my life beautiful also. I must learn to trust. I must believe that there is a reason behind all my disappointments. Rather than trying to gain more self-confidence, I must gain an unwavering faith in God. May I learn that a power greater than I can better see what is right for me. May I have the faith to know that things will work for good in the end.

The snow has ceased to fall now. The earth is covered in its pure beauty. Everything is still and peaceful. My heart is calmer now. The blind darkness has been replaced by a quiet light. The clouds are not as dark there seems to be a promise of a blue sky soon. It seems to me that I have the strength to be like a snowflake, even though I am still beautiful in my soul and ways seeking to beautify the world by my presence.

Moments of Beauty

The most wonderful things in our lives are not days, nor years, nor moments,
The high points, the seconds when our souls are overflowed by
by rapture, by beauty.

It is not seeing the sea constantly that thrills us;
It is that moment when we first gaze upon it.
No picture, no words can ever show us the sea.
Our first view is our first knowledge and in that moment is caught

The depth, the power, the greatness of the sea.
It is not the entire symphony, but only that moment when the music
reaches its peak,
That moment of perfect unification of sound that makes our hearts
cry out in rapture.

It is not the day that thrills us;
It is that moment when the sun sets,
That moment of holy radiance and splendor
When all the blues and pinks and golds are sprinkled in perfect beauty
That is the glory of the day.

It is not loving that enraptures us,
Peaceful and sweet though it be.
It is the eyes that meet, hands that touch,
Spoken words in gentle tones that give the Golden moments.

It is not the hours of worship,
Though they be filled and beautiful.
It is those tiny moments in prayer
When suddenly God is very near that are the Precious moments.

Our lives are like rose bushes in early spring.
There are thorns . . . sorrow, pain, unhappiness.
There are leaves . . . the routine of daily life.
Then, there are tiny rose buds, sprinkled with diamonds of delight
Moments of Beauty.

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