

## THE STEWARDSHIP PAPERS

### Snowfall

“Mommy, I want it to snow,” you said. How old were you? Two? Three? It was a very hot June day.

“Ask God,” I said. “God always listens to the angels of children.” You smiled and went to sleep. The next morning there was snow on the ground.

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Many years later, I asked God why you were being such a difficult teenager. He answered that you were “like the snow.” When some people looked at you, they saw something which was sparkling, white, and lots of fun. When others looked at you, they saw “slippery when wet.” It was all in a person’s point of view.

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I was giving a talk a church. It was Holy Week, and I stood in front of windows that shone bright with the Spring’s promise. But, in spite of the warm weather, I couldn’t help comparing God’s love to...snow.

“I wish you could see His Love,” I said. “It’s white and sparkling...like snow...full of incredible wonder and fun! If I could ask God one thing, I’d ask that you

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realized how much you are loved by Him...that you could see it...and know that what I'm telling you is the Truth."

They stared passed me, as if they hadn't heard.

Behind me, a solid white wall of snow passed by the window. It was there for only a moment, they said later. Then, it was gone.

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That's the way it is with snow. Here for such a short period of time...like you.

For some, it is something to be hoped and prayed for. For some, it's either a joy or a frustration. But for a lucky few, who happen to be looking in the "right direction," it is the essence of all that is: a miracle.

But even though some of us only hear about it or recognize it later, it will come again, when least expected...like Jesus.

(June 5, 1998)