

THE STEWARDSHIP PAPERS

This Is the Day That the Lord Has Made

One morning, as I was driving in to work, I wondered if I could re-train myself to dwell on the positives of life. Unfortunately, the thought process brought to mind the negative attributes of a fellow co-worker, one of those socially inept creatures that, given even the tiniest encouragement will follow you around and proceed to tell you everything that's wrong with life...and I wondered if he could be re-trained. (It's always easier to re-train someone else, you know.) Surely people such as this would be happier if they could see the positive, fun things around them, I thought.

On arriving at work, I parked the car; and, as was my custom, sat for a few minutes reading various commentaries on the biblical readings for the day. One had to do with dwelling on the "positives" rather than the "negatives" of life. (Hmmm.) Another had to do with using one's imagination and playing a game that I once played with my children: finding shapes in the clouds.

Feeling calm enough to go into the office, I alighted from the car to notice that the person getting out of the car next to mine was the very person that I had been daydreaming about as I drove into work...that negative individual who epitomized all the "downers" in my life. Admittedly, my first inclination was to duck out of sight, but I recalled the reading I had just finished and decided to be...stoic.

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I smiled a cheery hello and asked the usual question, “How are you?” and got the expected negative response. I launched into my favorite topic, snow, and commented that it looked like we might get some this year. His response was “Yuk!” I countered by saying that snow made the world quiet and slowed everyone’s pace down for a bit. He commented that when he “had his son” (he was divorced), he could never get finished shoveling the snow off the driveway, because the child was only three years old and got cold easily; and so he had to take him into the house every few minutes.

Suddenly, for some inexplicable reason, I was filled with exuberance and joy as I responded, “Yes, but aren’t children wonderful!! They don’t even have to be taught how to build snow angels! They just lie down and wave their arms!” and I demonstrated the technique by flapping my arms as we walked to the building. “Plus, if the snow doesn’t slow you down, the child will!” I added with enthusiasm.

He laughed and commented with delight, “Yeh, sometimes it takes me two days to shovel the drive!” and the grin on his face could have lit up the entire sky.

Later, as I drove home, I was struck by an unusual sight in the heavens. All the clouds were swept forward into a singl white triangle, one point of which rested on the horizon...right where the sun was setting...and the sun lit this formation with golden light. Then, as I watched, the largest snow angel that I have ever seen appeared in the clouds directly over the sun and was filled with this

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incredible light. What a wonderful way to start and end the day! But then, why should I be surprised?...

"I am the beginning and the ending" saith the Lord.

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