

THE STEWARDSHIP PAPERS

Climb to the Highest Mountain

Thoughts are like snowflakes.

They crystallize without your even realizing it...and often melt just as you get your hands on them.

They can be sparkling and beautiful or cold and forbidding, depending on how you're "dressed" for the occasion...and no two have ever been found that are exactly alike.

When one is deep in thought, the clatter of everyday life is as muffled as the world under a deep blanket of white, and everything comes to a halt...outside.

But inside?

That's where the snow is really falling...for thoughts can come floating down with feathery softness on a nose, just begging to be tasted by an inquisitive tongue...or raging in a storm that's fit for neither man nor beast.

And as quickly and unexpectedly as they come, so, too, do they go: never quite certain when a thought is finished...here a flake...there a flake...resting on the ground awhile, until a wind stirs them up in a whirlwind of ideas.

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And just as the snow moves, so, too, do our thoughts: drifting along until they find something to cling to...and, there, building a mound around which the heat of day may melt all else, but the mound remains...long after all the snow that's fallen on low and barren ground is gone...

For, if we look to the mountains, on the tallest peaks the snow remains.

And like thoughts striving for the highest ideals...white and sparkling in the light they reflect...though all else may pass away, that which clings to the Rock endures forever.

[Micah 4:1]

(February 26, 1980)