

## ***SNOW ANGEL – By Linda Maurer***

Jim Schnase contributed the following true story which was on a Christmas card he received.

“There had been no mention of snow, but I was not surprised when I saw bulky flakes drift down outside my office window. Snow is never far off during our long Michigan winters. By 1:00 PM when I walked to my car headed for a business appointment, curtains of snow gently fell. I started the engine and cranked up the defroster. My wiper brushed the windshield clear.

I merged cautiously onto the expressway, feeling my tires slip. *Good thing for this front-wheel drive*, I thought. As I passed a shopping mall, my mind drifted to the Christmas rush that was in full swing. The holidays made me feel alone. This year would be the first that my daughter Becky, who was attending college, would not be with me. My son Bill had gotten engaged to a terrific woman and would be spending time with his future in-laws. And I would have no time to help out at my church.

I shook off these thoughts and concentrated on my driving. On the northwestern rim of Detroit, the roadway dipped below the urban sprawl through a kind of concrete canyon that went on for several miles with no way to turn off except the narrow ascending exit ramps.

Staying in the right lane, I held my speed below the limit, moving warily through the flying snow. A huge tractor-trailer gained on me. As I slowed down to let it by, the truck began to edge into my lane. The tiny chirp of my horn was lost in the rumble of the massive truck, whose rear section swayed inches from my window.

“Thy will...” was all of a prayer that flew from my lips. Then, in a swirl of ice and snow, a form took shape before my eyes. Translucent, yet unmistakably solid, it gathered itself from the blowing crystals of snow and ice. Its sweeping robes seemed made from concentrated wind. Its magnificent wings glittered and arched heavenward.

In one fluid movement, it placed its massive right hand on the side of the careening truck and put its left hand on my fender. Its wing enfolded my car, and with effortless power it eased the truck back into its lane. Then, as quickly as it had taken shape, it dissolved.

I made it to the next exit ramp, pulled off, and sat quietly for a few breath-catching minutes. *What a wonderful God You are!* I thought. Even in the holiday rush, when I sometimes feel abandoned, I need only remember that underneath all of the hectic hype, this is the season that celebrates God’s presence in our lives on earth.”

*For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. Psalms 91:11  
The angel of the LORD encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.  
Psalms 34:7*