

## Devotion, Week of January 12, 2025

### Rev. Jeanne Simpson

“The woods are lovely, dark and deep....” Those famous words in the poem, Stopping By Woods On a Snowy Evening, by Robert Frost, came to mind this week as I watched the snow falling. It was so strange to look outside at 4:30 Friday morning and not a hint of snow, and then to get back up at 7:30 to get the newspaper out of the driveway and confront soft, beautiful snow. When it snows, sound becomes muffled or nonexistent outside, since few people venture forth. Objects in the yard disappear under the white, fluffy mounds, and everything flattens out. And there is peace – a warm sort of quietness that we don’t often encounter. I’m thinking about that this Sunday morning as I sit with cancelled worship services – I can still look outside and worship God with the beautiful whiteness and calm.

I love it when it snows. I grew up with frequent, heavy winter snows in western N.C., and then it was a time of joy, when school closed and we took our sleds, toboggans, cookie sheets, and pieces of cardboard over to the country club and sledged down the fairways. We didn’t have cushiony, lined snow boots then – we had rubber boots that went over your regular shoes. So snow always got down in them and our feet would start freezing. Our gloves weren’t waterproof, so our fingers would start freezing as well. So home we’d have to go for some hot chocolate before we went back out. At some point we learned to take plastic bags and wrap them around our shoes with rubber bands before putting on our boots, and to wrap plastic bags over our gloves to keep them dry. That maximized our sledding time. Lunch was always Campbell’s tomato soup and crackers – at times with a grilled cheese sandwich. It depended on my mother’s level of patience. After all, she had to deal with all the wet clothing we brought in, as well as the wet tracks we left on the floor. Suppers were beet stew, or blackeyed peas and greens, and almost always, cornbread.

I miss those days of sledding, but one of the last times I got on a sled in high school, I shot down our dead-end street in N.C, fell off, and broke a finger! I hope God sends us some more snow just like the weather we just had – soft and fluffy, and oh so peaceful, and I’ll stay off sleds.

Yours in Christ,

*Jeanne*