

JULIE'S STORY-GLIMPSES OF GOD IN EVERYDAY LIFE

Snow Days

PREACH IT, TEACH IT DEVOTIONAL

SCRIPTURE STUDY

Psalm 51:7-10
Isaiah 1:18
Daniel 7:9-10
Revelation 1:12-18

PRAYER FOCUS

Dear Jesus,
Help me to slow down and see
Your glory. I want to be pure and
holy like You.

In Jesus' Name,
Amen



SNOW DAYS

Snow days were few and far between in my hometown of Dallas, Texas (as in “Deep in the heart of...”). Texas weather was as fickle as a moody, hormonal teenager. I would wake up every morning and never know what I was going to get. I’d pull out my t-shirt and jeans to go to school, only to be knocked over by a blue norther by the time the afternoon bell rang.

Such capricious temperature swings made snow days even more unexpected and exciting. My sister Kathy and I would start praying for snow days in early November and persisted in our intercession until the March bluebonnets began to appear. We earnestly beseeched Jehovah for precipitation on math-test days. Somehow, though, God deemed it necessary to faithfully subject us to learning decimals and long division—all answers that can now be ascertained in a nano-second on our iPhones.

Snow days far surpassed other holidays like “Columbus Day” and “President’s Day,” which required a pop quiz to name Lincoln and Washington and a re-enactment of the infamous cherry-tree chopping. As for Columbus Day, once we had memorized “In 1492, Columbus sailed the ocean blue,” we pretty much covered the pertinent facts about the commemorative school-skipping day. Now, nobody gets to enjoy these holidays except a few giddy bank tellers and mailmen.

As the air grew crisp, our hopes ran high. And when we least expected it (like the Rapture) the snowflakes would gently fall. We would plaster our noses to the frosty window, blow foggy little circles with our breath, and spell our names on the window pane with our pointer fingers.

Just because the white powder dusted the grass, Sissy and I were unsure that the powers be would cancel classes. The snow had to “stick” to the ground like cotton batting and the streets had to ice over. Kathy and I, emboldened by the token flakes, prayed like Elijah for God to pour out blizzards from heaven.

However, most of our snowstorms lasted about thirty minutes. Snow-shovelling was also unheard-of in Dallas. In Minneapolis, giant zambonis combed the streets pushing away large piles of muddy slush, but we could brush away our extra snow with a sand pail and a garden trowel.

Mom and Dad did not seem nearly as excited about snow days as we did. They were forced to unearth Hello Kitty mittens, Minnie Mouse galoshes and Barbie woolen scarves from the waste dump we called our closet. Once we were bundled so tight we could barely breathe, we were released into the frozen yard to make snow angels and frosty forts. We flung ourselves to the ground and began hoarding snow for upcoming snowball wars and snowman-making.

Kathy and I did not have enough icy flakes for Frosty the Snowman. We were lucky if we could muster sufficient precipitation for Zacchaeus the Snow Lump. Kathy and I would then run around our creation doing the motions to the song “Zacchaeus was a wee little man.” Sycamore trees were scant in Texas, so we settled for a leafless maple.

As long as the tiniest layer of snow remained, the Tacker girls would collect it in piles for snowball fights with our next door neighbors, Dougie and Donnie Scott. If I surreptitiously hid behind the rear axle of my Dad’s Chevy and lobbed a snowball high in the air, I could knock Donnie Scott clean off his feet. But Donnie secretly retaliated in his own way...

Next to snowball pelting and snowman building, Daddy taught us to make “snow cream.” The tasty treat was made by gathering a bucket of snow, stirring in vanilla, sugar and heavy cream and pouring the silky mixture into our ice cube trays. Popsicle sticks were inserted, and an hour later we’d enjoy our frozen dessert. But occasionally when we sampled our snow cream, we learned of Donnie Scott’s nefarious retaliation. Sometimes the batch was a little yellow and bitter, and we’d have to throw it out....

I cherished my precious snow days not only because of the rare adventure of romping in the yard until my nose froze, but because my Mom got to stay home from work and make homemade cinnamon rolls. Cinnabon had nothing on my Mom. She could have put that bakery out of business in one fell swoop. Yeasty, gooey and delectable, the cinnamon roll aroma would fill the whole house. Kathy and I would plop down in our bean-bag chairs with a plateful and scarf the warm sugary goo while watching Tom and Jerry cartoons. By the end of the afternoon, our tummies were distended and our behinds expanded to the size of the beanbag bottoms.

It was like heaven. No school. Frosty icicles, snow cream and cinnamon rolls. When I get to heaven, I shall ask Jesus to serve Mom’s cinnamon buns at the Marriage feast of the Lamb. In the meantime, I’m dreaming of a White Christmas.

Snow days brought to mind many spiritual lessons. Our surroundings looked so clean and pristine after a snowfall. The earth was blanketed with beauty and the air was full of smells like fireplace smoke, cider, and of course, homemade cinnamon rolls. The prophet Isaiah wrote that though our sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow. (Isaiah 1:18) Snow days were frozen Sabbaths that caused us to slow down and relish the wonder of God’s work and world. When my life is filled with mistakes, murky sameness and misery, I remember my Savior’s promise to wash my life and make me white as snow.

- Meditate upon the cross of Christ. See His blood washing over all your sins-both past, present and future. Write down those sins that the Holy Spirit reveals, and confess them to God. Read Psalm 51:7-10. King David prayed this prayer of repentance after his sin with Bathsheba. He made four requests of God. What were they? What were the happy results of God’s answers?
- The prophet Isaiah in Isaiah 1: 18 declared a promise God has made to those of us who have received Jesus’ free gift of salvation. He contrasts scarlet and crimson with snowy white. Why do you think the prophet uses those colors? What do they represent?
- Read Daniel 7:9-10 and Revelation 1:12-18. Both passages are unique descriptions of God the Father and Jesus the Son in His glorified body. How are they described? Why do you imagine descriptors of their appearance include “snow white?” What could these adjectives represent? Sing the hymn “Holy, Holy, Holy” and imagine being in the Throne Room of heaven. Thank God for His purity and holiness.