

Treasures of the Snow

Years ago God gave me a word that He would give me the treasures of the snow. Now this is the way God sees all of you who are paying with your life the debt of the perverse human race. You are a sacrifice and the arrogant world looks upon you as someone of less value than themselves. However this is the way God looks upon you.

I feel it an indescribable honor to have you all as my treasures of the snow.

When the first snow fall came in Wisconsin, it usually came silently in the still of the night. I would put on my heavy coat and walk for blocks watching the gentle, pure, no guns, no anger snowflakes just tenderly mysteriously, silently, transforming the whole world around me.

As I sit here today telling all of you how God sees you as this gentle beauty, transforming the world, I began to ponder the pain and change this little entity had to go through to make a wonderland out of a bleak Wisconsin winter night.

This little drop of dew or rain was tossed around by some power totally out of its control, shocked with a cold blast of air, subdivided until it became a fragile, unique entity, really not of its own choosing. And as it submitted to God's will, my young heart got a peek at the wonders of His creation and although I did not know Christ, my spirit was stirred much as it is today with all of you, my unique one of a kind, gift from God, my treasures of the snow.



Marie

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