

A Night to Slow Down and See

One of the very popular television personalities of his day was Charles Bishop Kuralt (1934 – 1997), a journalist widely known for his long career with CBS because of his *On the Road* segments on *The CBS Evening News*, and later as the first anchor of *CBS News Sunday Morning*, a position he held for 15 years.

He twice won prestigious personal Peabody Awards – the first in 1968 for his “heartwarming and nostalgic vignettes,” and the second in 1975 for his work as a U.S. bicentennial historian who “captured the individuality of the people, the dynamic growth inherent in the area, and the rich heritage of this great nation.”

On one of Kuralt’s many travels across the United States, he unexpectedly spent a night on Mount McKinley. He had planned just a day visit, but the plane that carried him to the glacier was unable to bring him back. Since it was getting late, Kuralt and Izzy, a photographer who worked with him, had to spend the night. Kuralt admitted a feeling of fear swept over him in that strange, deserted place.

There was a cabin on the mountain not too far from where they were, their pilot told them. They would be able to spend the night there. The men hiked for nearly an hour before they found the simple cabin. It was small, six-sided, and half buried in snow. Inside, there were sleeping shelves along the walls. What seemed strange to Kuralt when he first arrived were the large windows.

After eating stew, the men were ready for bed. But then they looked out those same windows. They were taken by surprise by what they saw. For one night only, they had the best seats on the planet for nature’s most spectacular show. They stayed up watching in delight and wonder.



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The scene faded away only with the rising of the sun. Both men were left awed and exhausted. That morning, Kuralt began to wonder if maybe the pilot had left them on the mountain on purpose. Maybe the pilot sized them up as a couple of guys who thought they were in a bigger hurry than they really were, and would benefit from a night to slow down and look around and think about this place where they were.

It became a night Charles Kuralt would never forget.

Is this story a lesson for us as well?

We live in a fast-paced, microwave society. Whatever we want, we want it right now! Every moment of our lives, it seems, is bound up in work deadlines, church responsibilities, civic activities and fundraisers, sports programs for the kids, and family requirements.

What if we slowed down to *really* see ...

- A golden moon rising above the purple crests of a mountain range.
- Stars twinkling against the dark blue fabric of the night sky.
- Honking geese flying in a V formation not too far above our heads.
- The redness of berries glowing against the green leaves of a dogwood tree.
- Fanciful formations of white clouds, changing with the winds.
- The warm, yellow glow of lighted windows in a cabin along a lakeshore.
- Flashes of lightning across the heavens in the midst of a storm.
- A pair of bluebirds with their blue and rose beige plumage, searching for a nesting place.
- The delight on a child's face being pushed in a playground swing.
- The pride beaming in a grandmother's eyes over praise of her blackberry cobbler.

Maybe we, too, are in a really bigger hurry than we think we are.

Be still, and know that I am God (Psalm 46:10 ESV).

– Beecher Hunter

