

Snowing in Cleveland

It's the biggest snowfall of the season in Cleveland, Tennessee, and the school systems in the city and county, and all around us, are closed. Of course, the accumulation -- here in the city -- might reach a quarter of an inch to a half an inch, depending on which yard it is measured in. In the higher elevations nearby, however, snowfall of two to six inches is being reported.

Getting to work was no problem. The streets are wet but clear with no icing. The temperature, early this morning, is 32 degrees. More flurries are expected throughout the day, with little, if any, addition to the ground cover.

So, this may be about the only winter "storm" we will have. The youngsters are disappointed, although they got a release from school today, because they enjoy playing in the white stuff. You can put me in that category, too. Our associates in Massachusetts, Michigan and Indiana, as well as other parts, may find that laughable, since they have been dumped on frequently this year. But there is something magical about the beauty and the serenity of the snow. The crisp, clean garments it hangs on trees, shrubbery and flower beds, and the caps it places on fence posts, charm the soul of the romantic, and bring back special memories of yesteryear.

In the spiritual sense, as it transforms the ugliness of garbage dumps, roadside litter and blighted forests, snow reminds us that the darkness of our sins is covered -- yes, even blotted out -- by the sacrificial blood of Christ. "Oh, precious is the flow, that makes me white as snow," proclaim the lyrics of one of the standards of the church. And in that, we are much comforted.

--Beecher Hunter