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BLOWING WITH THE WIND

The wind blew wild yesterday. Normally unrestricted views of Vancouver Island were blocked by a curtain of rain, fog and water as wind speeds, edging closer than I'd like to hurricane force, shook the house. My decision to assemble aging Christmas candles and an emergency container of matches proved to be a wise one since I'd no sooner turned off stove elements and pulled a tasty casserole from the oven when the power went off. It proved almost delightful.

Family members were here so we quickly arranged the glowing candles on the coverless table and we set out the dishes. We left the nearly baked cheesecake (prepared by one of the granddaughters) in the oven and sat down to dine by candlelight. The meal, albeit served from the pots, was delicious and the dessert, done to perfection. Following the meal we headed next door to Elder Son's home and gathered round their wood-burning stove. We sipped tea (I'd made a thermos full just before the lights went out) and played "word association" games. Aside from having my weekly schedule disrupted, I'm not sure I could have planned a lovelier evening together. Sometimes storms, when accepted with a positive attitude, can prove to be a special treat.

While I couldn't use my computer last evening I was trying to come up with some kind of a purposeful "moral to the story" for this article. In spite of focused contemplation the result was: Nothing. Zip. Zilch. It was when I opened my eyes this morning that a Scripture came to mind.

"...Oh, I pray that the [cold] north wind and the [soft] south wind may blow upon my garden that its spices may flow out..."

No matter how great the storm, from whatever direction, I pray that the fragrance of Christ may be dispersed from my life!