

Best Church Snow Day Ever!

I stepped out into the frosty damp air. I was all alone. A small butterfly fluttered inside my stomach as I recalled the movie, "Left Behind." I smiled to myself, thinking I was paranoid, again, as this feeling had happened once before.

As I stepped inside the quiet sanctuary, I thought, "God please, take me from here, when it's my time." The soft dim light reflected the double cross shadow, and the brightly colored wall hanging. I was in the presence of God- again. But would this time be different with no one else to share it with? Would He appear just to me on a Sunday morning, where the usual activity happened? The happy, boisterous greeting of fellow believers, intermingled with laughing children as church begins was absent.

Yes, it was quiet, awesome, in a small way. Just myself, God and the organ. I began playing the repertoire I'd practiced, only this time it was just for God and me. And the organ. I was dressed for church, but this time it was for a solitary worship service for Him. As the "others" were home, safe and warm, watching it snow, I was also safe and warm in the sanctuary with God. I just didn't get the memo. Best church snow day ever!

By Shirley Baltzer, organist for First Mennonite Church