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The People News

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Create Spring

The following was sent to The People News by a reader. The author is unknown.

"Long after the cold, bitter and lost days the warmth of hope and ideals renewed still remain," he said.

It might seem strange to you. But I get the same relaxing feeling lying on my back in the snow as I do lying on the beach in summer. I close my eyes and listen to the world around me. I hear children laughing and the sun keeps me warm. I have learned to be where I want to be just by closing my eyes.

We've had some snow here where I live. The kind of snow that calls the hearts of young and old alike. "Come play! Ride the hill and slide down the mountain. Laugh and create tomorrow's memories while you can."

So now that my children play no more beside me in the snow or on the beach, I have all I can do to remember. I bring them back into my life just by lying in the snow and closing my eyes.

It was getting dark and most of the children had headed home to the warmth of dry clothing and a cup of hot chocolate perhaps.

I thought it safe to find a spot alongside the hills I once played on. They aren't so big any more. But at this point, I find big thoughts in little things.

I laid back and closed my eyes. Off in the distance I could hear the laughter.

Wanting it to be so, I swear it was my own two sons and my wife, making all the noise. Then their voices faded as they have in reality.

I remained there in near silence until I heard the crunching sound of bitter cold air and freshly packed snow under foot. It startled me at first, but I remained still until the sound grew louder and the steps quicker.

"Are you Okay?" his voice broke the silence. Sitting up I could see a man silhouetted against the bright moonlight now reflecting off the snow. "Yes, I am," I replied. "I'm just dreaming of days lost and moments treasured from the past." "Your children grew up?" he asked. "Yes they did. But they left me here with the memories. How did you know?" "I've been there, too," he said.

Now rising to my feet, I could finally see his face. He was an older gentleman with soft white hair tucked into his dark blue stocking cap. The kind I remember wearing when I was in the Navy.

His down filled jacket gave him the appearance of a hefty man, but his height, about 5'5" showed him to be small in stature.

"What brings you here?" I asked. "Well, my grandson was sledding here and somewhere along the way he lost the ring I gave him. He wore it on a chain around his neck. I must

have told him a hundred times not to wear it when he's out playing," he said.

"Perhaps I can help you find it," I said. "I think there's little chance of that. It's getting late and even the bright moon isn't enough light to see it."

"Well, maybe tomorrow, if you get here early enough. It's a school day so the park won't be as crowded," I said.

He appeared to be saddened by the loss of the ring. He stood there briefly kicking at the small mounds of snow at the base of the hill.

"Was it very valuable?" I asked. "Oh, not in dollars and cents. It belonged to my wife. It was my high school ring. I gave it to her when I asked her to "go steady." Maybe that's before your time," he said smiling. "No, we called it going steady, too."

I felt sorry for him. A memory like that is truly a treasure to hold on to. "I hope you find it. It really is valuable," I told him.

"If not now, I am sure the Spring thaw will reveal it's location," he said.

"Gee, I wouldn't count on that. I'd keep searching until I found it again," I said. "Like you were searching for those lost days with your children?" he said.

It caught me off guard. The truth does that. "Yes, I have been searching and most likely will the rest of my days," I said.

"Well, my friend, there is

a lesson here. Long after the cold, bitter and lost days of our lives, the warmth of hope and ideals renewed still remain," he said.

"I need to wait for my Spring thaw?" I asked.

"Yes, and that comes when you warm up to the realities in your life. Your children could not remain children all of their lives. If God wills it, you will once again experience the joy of children. Theirs.

If you did a good enough job, on a day long after you and I have left this Earth, your sons will be found lying on their backs dreaming about their memories in the snow."

"So the only way I'll find what I'm looking for is to stop looking?" I asked.

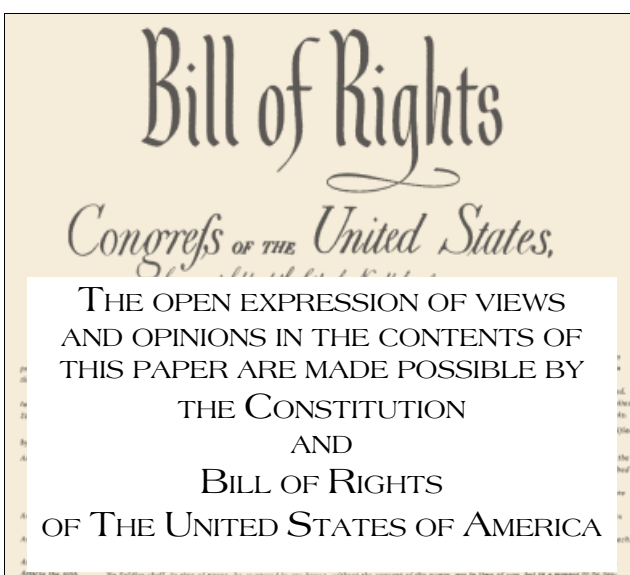
"Not exactly," he replied. "You need to rid yourself of the cold, bitter outlook you have and warm up to the fact that you have what you are searching for already," he said.

"I want Spring. It is my favorite time in my life. The flowers give me hope," I said.

Then moving closer, he looked into my eyes and said, "Create Spring in your soul so that you will always have the spirit of the flower, even in the dead of Winter."

Create Spring my friend... life is cold enough.

"Reflect upon your present blessings - of which every man has many - not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some."



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