

The End of the Snobulins

Sorry I've been gone so long. Been a rough few weeks. I discovered something in my daily treks the last few days with the furred one to keep up her health and stabilize mine.

Snobulins. (Pronounced snow bu lins.) These are glumps and glops of snow of varying sizes, anywhere from the size of a fist to that of a basketball. They're made by snowplows pushing with great force against the heavy and now wet snow banks. This caused a wide swath explosion of these snobulins from laying right on the edge of the road to up to thirty feet up from the road. Most of the glumpers (a term that includesglomplers, glops, glumps – all types of snobulins) were tinged with an ashen gray or brown. The daily snowfall covered up some of this gray and brown ugly, but not all of it. The effects of salt and sand were just too hard to overcome. Salt and sand and....

Sin.

All the snobulins, tinged in ashen salt and sand, reminded me of globs of sin. God issued forth from the heaven snow, grace in brilliant white and diamond and silver studded. We in turn took it, treated it, pushed it out of the way, discolored it, hoping the next dose would cover our mistakes and make it look better.

Like the sides of the road, the path of our lives is littered with the debris of sin.

God keeps sending more grace, like snow it falls everywhere, covering everything and anything, and we keep making the white of grace turn gray and brown with what we desire versus what He desires.

So what does God do?

He sends a grace more powerful, using the presence of Himself, in His only Son. Son which rhymes in a supernatural eeriness with Sun. Like the sun does in spring, so does God do with the ultimate in generosity, melting the very essence of sin, at the expense of his greatest gift, Himself. Like the sun melts away the snobulins, so does the Son melt away our sins. But here the miracle becomes something more than anything woman or man has ever seen or heard or experienced before.

The sun of spring is a cycle of God's wonder. His Son is the beginning and the end of Spring Eternal, a spring where there will be no more glops and glumps and globs of our misery and self-indulgency and failure. He brings forth the Spring of eternity, offering Himself as ransom for our selfishness. He brings forth the promise and the reality of life never ending, no more cycles of frustration and predictability, but the presence of Himself joined with all who believe in a celebration of life that defies any language of earth.

Oh! To be present at the Dance of all dances when the snow melts forever and the glory of spring everlasting in all its saturating lushness, enfolds and envelopes us like the perfect air of an early summer day. One, we suddenly realize, with a kind of hope never felt before, that will never end.

God melt away my stupid ness, my stubbornness, my selfishness, my vanity, my despair, my fear, any action that does not include You. And please do the same for those I know, and for those I don't, for You love all.

Your love will melt away all evil. It will conquer like the sun of spring conquers the snow.

It will.

Have no doubt.