

Prologue

WALK WITH GOD

Written by: Dan Barker, my beloved brother



I walked alone
On a quiet country path,
Cut through a wood
On a cold and bitter winter day.

The sleet stung my cheeks
As into the wind I plodded on,
Through drift and drift
Of fresh fallen snow.

At length I came to rest
Against a tree that provided no shelter
But was something to lean on,
And I was content.

When just as I had stretched
Out my arms,
A most wondrous thing occurred;
A snowflake the size of a silver dollar
Fluttered down from the heavens –

Trees Wear Glasses, Don't They?

And came to rest
In the palm of my hand.

And here in the wood,
Among millions and millions
Of snowflakes,

I found the One –

I found the One most perfect,
The One most pure –

And I knew it to be a gift from God.

And I drew the snowflake to me
And gazed into it,
And the colors of the rainbow
Danced in the palm of my hand.

And my heart was full and warmed;
I closed my eyes and was filled with peace.
When my eyes were opened,
My joy turned to sorrow
To find but a droplet of water
That remained in the palm of my hand.

And my sorrow bore anger.

And raising my fist to the sky,
I cried to the Lord –

“Thou art a most careless God!
To give a gift most precious,
And allow it to be taken from me
In the blink of an eye!”

And I felt the hand of the Father
On me –

And He spoke to me softly,

“Be still My child,
And hear My word.
Was it the possessing of
The snowflake that first warmed your heart
And not its own rare and natural beauty?

The snowflake knew its purpose
E’re I stretched out My hand,
And bid it ride the winds
And seek ye out
To share in its glory.

The love that this snowflake
Has brought to you –

That is My intended gift,
And nothing
Can take that from you.
It is a gift from God.

And I cried to the Lord,
And my tears mingled with the droplet
Of water that remained
In the palm of my hand.

And they in turn
Fell to the earth from whence they came.

And I reached for Him.

Trees Wear Glasses, Don't They?

And I and the Lord
Walked hand in hand
On a calm country path,
Cut through a wood,
On a warm winter's day.