Children's Corner

MR. SNOWMAN

The early sun came through Carol's window. It crept across the room. Finally, it touched Carol's face where she lay sleeping.

She rubbed her eyes and pulled the covers over her head. But not for long. In another minute she pushed the covers back and jumped out of bed. As she did every morning, Carol ran to the window to say good morning to the new day.

But this morning, she opened her eyes wide. There was a fairyland in white. Snow was everywhere. The trees were outlined in white. The hedge wore a soft white cover. Snow lay in fluffy swirls over the ground like icing on a cake.

"Mother! Look at the snow. Where did it all come from? I thought the snow season was still a ways off? Isn't it too early for snow?" All these questions tumbled out as Carol ran into the kitchen.

Mother laughed as she set the table for breakfast. "Yes, it does feel early."

"May I play outside?" asked Carol.

"It doesn't seem to be very cold out. I think this will be a good 'play' snow. It may not last too long with this bright sun shining down."

Carol hurried through breakfast and her chores. She saw her friends, Donna and Janie, out making trails in the snow. After putting on her warm coat and cap, Carol tugged until her boots were on. "I'm going to need new boots soon," she thought. "I'm not sure these boots will fit over my shoes much longer."

"The girls are waiting for me, Mother." Carol stepped out into a snowdrift. She crunched over to the girls—turning to see the tracks she left behind as she walked..

"Hi, Carol," shouted Donna and Janie. "Want to help us make a snowman?"

"Yes, let's make a big one this time."

The girls started with a little ball of snow, rolling and pushing. With each roll the little ball picked up snow and grew and grew. Then they started another ball and it grew and grew.

"Hey, wait a minute," said Janie. "How are we going to get this part on top of the other part?"

The three girls tried to lift it. It was much too big. They took off some of the snow. It was still too heavy. They ate a little snow while they were thinking what to do.

"I know, maybe Danny will help us," said Carol. But Danny had gone to visit a friend.

"Good morning, girls!" called Mr. Barnett. "How are you?" Mr. Barnett was taking a walk.

"We're okay, but look at our poor snowman. We have all his parts but we can't put him together."

"I wonder if I could help?" asked Mr. Barnett. The girls watched as he put the snowman together.

When he finished, Donna said, "Thank you. After we get his eyes and nose and mouth in and put his hat on, we can name him Mr. Barnett, just for you."

Later, the girls were getting a little cold when Carol's mother called, "Who would help me drink some hot chocolate?"

All three were quite ready. The hot cup felt very good to their cold, red hands. They talked of the snow, and giving toast for the birds, and their friend, Mr. Barnett.

I'm glad God plans for snow. It is fun, and it helps people, too. This snow had really been fun. What a good way to say hello to winter!



Color in each block in the snowball below that has a letter that is used 13 or more times.

The remaining letters will have a message.

