

The Ice Storm

By David Leach

As light enters the morning sky, I can see that the branches of the trees are encased in the thinnest sheath of ice. The temperature has fallen lower than I knew and the falling moisture has begun to freeze on the trees.

As the day wears on the expected thaw never comes. The ice remains and even seems to spread and thicken as if it is condensing moisture from the air.

This afternoon moisture again falls, but the cold wind will not let the ice melt from the trees. Their sheath grows thicker, icicles grow longer and limbs begin to bow. The trees with abundant small branches are more burdened, and the ones which have leaned out to reach the light in spring are strained and bowed to the ground by the frozen burden they bear. One tree afraid of loss has refused to drop its dead leaves in the fall. Now their extra surface gathers ice which clings only to the branches of other trees.

Soon the burden will be too great, and branches will begin to break, as the wind increases.

Lord God, in the winter storms of life, when I experience the ice and cold wind of adversity, I pray you will find me standing straight and upright, sufficiently pruned of branches that my burden will not be too great, in fearlessness having released my dead leaves, and most of all with my roots gripping tightly to you, my strong rock and my foundation.