

## CHRISTMAS 1982

*By Juanita Sparks*

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse. And that is the way it was in Denver, Colorado on Christmas Day, 1982.

Fairly early on the day before Christmas I had started to make the pies for the family Christmas dinner. We always had Christmas dinner at my brother's house, as he had four children, all of whom wanted to enjoy their Christmas toys. Each family member made something special to take for the dinner.

At around ten o'clock I looked out and said, "Yay we will have a white Christmas this year."

I put two pies in the oven, started making two more, and by the time the first pies were out of the oven, the snow was coming down hard."

I went back to the task of making two more pies. When it was time for them to go into the oven the ground was covered with snow, and I couldn't see the house across the street.

The mailman did not deliver mail that day. Every car that tried to get up the hill in front of the house would slip and slide and finally give up to look for an alternate route.

The snow came down and the wind came up. By four o'clock in the afternoon I could not get out of the front door. The wind had piled the snow up against it. The drift was at least three feet deep.

Snow, snow and more snow for the rest of the day, and into the night.

Bedtime came, and it was clear that red nose or not, no sleigh could manage to get through. And still the storm continued.

When morning came, all was white and silent and motionless.

I went out on the patio, which was surprisingly, free of snow. There I witnessed the beauty of Christmas magic. It was as if the whole world had been wrapped in a cocoon of snow..

Gone was commercialism; gone was Santa, and Rudolph and eight tiny reindeer.

Calmness surrounded me, and for just a moment, on that Christmas Day, there seemed to be Peace on Earth.