

There is artistry in creating a Snow Angel.

Agility stumbles her way to the top of the list. She smiles as the human form plops down into the canvas of fresh fallen snow to snuggle into the center of the artwork. (Laughing out loud would be harsh). Angels are known to glide, to ease on down the road, to appear without footprints muddying the canvas. Do not know if they giggle. Angels may not even whisper. If you know please enlighten my ignorance.

Motion is also in line of ability of creating a work of art. Waving arms and legs in an outward and upward direction is paramount to forming an angel likeness. "Move your arms higher," suggests my husband gently. Higher seems a bit more difficult to maneuver, even after years of Jazzercise, Yogo, and Tai Chi. Seems as though stopping those exercises for two years has stunted much needed creative movements. "Okay, comes my humble reply while struggling to raise arms higher up toward my ears, now covered with a wooly cap. "There, that's it," comes the chant.

Resting before the surge of energy needed to lift a body up out the angel mold is also a necessary ingredient to creating a Snow Angel. "The sky looks wonderful," the angel making human sings. Blue and white swirls give movement to the canvas above allowing sunbeams to filter through soon to be casting a spotlight on another snow angel. "Do you need help getting up?" says my husband. "No," says the now snowy creator. "I will try, I just don't want to ruin my artwork."

His, "I know," comes gently. He doesn't want to ruffle any feathers. While swallowing pride I relent to receive help getting up out of the Snow Angel form. He pulls me forward and up I come as if I were floating in mid-air. "WOW, you pulled really well," I say smiling. He looks surprised as if he knows he is strong and agile and has the ability to move with grace. I smile again. (Laughing out loud would be harsh).

The angel quilt is almost perfect. Every year when the snowflakes gather around our home for a celestial meeting, I am compelled to make my presence (presents) known and create. A Snow Angel seems the most perfect gift to acknowledge the annual renewal of a clean beginning of life. Next year pressing down on the head part of the angel form will be my task.

Snow Angels do melt transforming into elements lasting forever. Perhaps Snow Angels snuggle into warm places surrounding our heart. When needed our artistry may swing by creating a smile. A heart-warming smile.

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