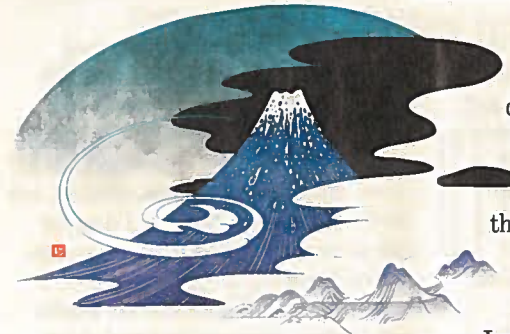


he makes winds his messengers

PSALM 104:4

OUR FAMILY had been living in Japan for months while I worked as a teacher for the Department of Defense. Every day I admired Mount Fuji on my way to work. Now my sons Laughlin and his big brother Ryyan and I were going to climb it.

The tour bus picked us up at the mountain's misty base and took us up to the middle of the mountain, or the fifth station. Mount Fuji is divided into 10 leveled-off rest stops, where folks can stop and catch their breath.



“Let’s try and make it all the way to the top!” I told the boys. It was a beautiful, calm day. How hard could the climb be? But it wasn’t long before Laughlin and I were trailing behind the rest of the group. His eight-year-old legs just couldn’t keep up, and I wasn’t in tip-top shape. “Mommy, where’s Ryyan?” Laughlin asked.

“Everybody’s just up ahead,” I said. I tried to sound confident, but when Laughlin and I finally made it to the sixth station there was no sign of the others. We were ready to turn back. I looked down the mountain but couldn’t see anything for the fluffy white clouds. *If I could only see the bus, I’d feel more at ease.*

Just then a great wind kicked up around us, and the clouds below parted like a divine curtain! The tour bus sat down below as if it were a bright, welcoming beacon. Laughlin and I hiked down to wait for Ryyan and the others.

I might have only made it to the sixth station of Mount Fuji, but the angels catching their breath there had cleared the way down.

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