



COLDLY I WILL GO

By Matthew Ablon

FEBRUARY 8, 2014. The night that I experienced my first major snow on campus.

I saw many snowfalls like this before. I went through an ice storm when I was much younger that shut my entire town down for a few weeks, but this was my first major snow fall in college.

As quickly as I could, I slipped my boots on, stuffed my body into at least three layers of warmth, and trekked outside Anthony Hall to see this snowy paradise. Pure white in the night, with the lampposts as my guide, created what I wish Heaven looked and felt like. It was a dark, cold night in which I found myself at perfect peace with the silence and the snow.

Silent night?

A few brave souls ventured out, asking me to take pictures of them as I wandered about, snap-ping my own photographs to remember this perfect night. I crossed the bridge to the East Village, and there I took a few glorious shots of the ravine. When I journeyed near the river, near Speer Pavilion, I found that it not only grew colder and darker, but more beautiful.

My night photographs down near the Ouachita River were both haunting and soothing as I aimed my phone's camera to the river. Dark and mysterious, I wondered what else I could find. Then I found a lamppost, a dimmer one in contrast to the bright beacons that lined the walk toward the student center. It was an electric one, but it had a more traditional case on it. Black and rectangular, something about the lamppost screamed "Narnia".

And for a while, I almost thought I would encounter a certain beloved faun with a scarf, umbrella, and packages. For a while, I thought I would become a Lucy in a Lewisian land.

And for a while, I pictured that. I had a daydream (maybe more of an "awake" dream since this was at night?) that I stepped through a wardrobe and into a world where Christ was allegorized to Aslan, the beasts talked as we do, and Cair Paravel was in the distance. I pictured adventures beyond once the winter was over, that I would sail the seas in the Dawn Treader and fight against inhumane enemies.

Then a chilling wind brought me back to reality. I looked up again at the lamppost, and after taking a few more pictures of my surroundings, I walked past it and ascended the stairs back to the main part of campus.

The trek back to my dorm was even colder than when I first ventured out. When I finally slipped out of my layers and settled into some pajamas, I warmed up with hot cocoa and Hulu.

Should the snow fall here again, I know I'll venture out again, and coldly, I will go back to the lamppost and experience my own kingdom come.

Coldly, I will trek to my Heaven.