

WHAT IF WE BUILT A SNOWMAN?

By Colby Ferrin

If we are willing to give and serve, God will use us as instruments in His hands to bless others.

Sister Cobia had always been a friend to the young men in our ward. Whenever we collected fast offerings as deacons, she would invite us in and tell us stories about her family, her miraculous life, and her blessings from God.

She was a widow, and lately she had been struggling with her health. In fact, she was bedridden. We were priests now, and a service project seemed like a good idea for someone who meant so much to us.

As we debated what type of service to do, someone asked, “What if we built her a snowman?” We all considered that for a moment and then nodded in agreement.

When we showed up at her home a few evenings later, however, we had a problem. It had been snowy a couple of days before, but a warming trend had melted almost all the snow.

We were disappointed until one of us pointed toward the mountains and said, “There’s no snow down here, but there’s snow up there.”

We looked at each other, unsure if he was joking. But then one of our leaders said, “Let’s go get that snow!”

Eager and determined, the seven of us hopped into the cabs of our leaders’ pickups and started toward the mountains. Thirty minutes later, we got out, grabbed shovels, and filled the two truck beds with snow. Then we promptly headed back to Sister Cobia’s home, parked a few houses away so she wouldn’t notice us, and shoveled the snow out of the pickups.

Sister Cobia was lying in a bed in her front room near a large window, so we decided to make our snowman right in front of the window. In the dark, we quietly formed three large snowballs and piled them on top of each other. Next, we dressed up our snowman. Then we rang the doorbell and ran.

We didn’t know what Sister Cobia thought until the following Sunday, when a few of her relatives visited our priests quorum after finding out we had built the snowman. With tears in their eyes, they told us that Sister Cobia had passed away the day after our service project. They said her last words included an expression of gratefulness for the snowman and the love it represented.

When they asked where we had found the snow, we explained that we had gone to the mountains. They thanked us again, and we all wept as they said good-bye.

We don’t always know what others are going through or how powerfully a simple act of service can lift their spirits. But if we are willing to give and serve, God will use us as instruments in His hands to bless others. I know that—as does everyone who was part of our priests quorum. ■

The author lives in Utah, USA.



KNOWN TO GOD

“Loving service anonymously given may be unknown to man—but the gift and the giver are known to God.”

President Thomas S. Monson, “See Thou Tell No Man,” *Ensign*, June 1992, 5.



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