

I came into the darkened room and she was standing by the window, hands around her face to minimize stray light, looking earnestly out into the cold gray morning. I thought to go to her, but then I decided that it would do no good. I knew what she was watching for, and there was nothing I could do to help.

She would pull herself away again and again and work to get ready for school. She loved to teach, and she loved her kids, but...

Suddenly she ran to the window and let out a shriek! "There!" she shouted. I followed her quickly and was just able to see the first snowflake drifting down to the ground.