

MISSION



It was a blizzardy Saturday in January. The three of us were taking a hike in the mountains in spite of the low temperatures, because it was a beautiful, sunny day. We wanted to get some exercise and we were dressed warmly; we didn't need the cold. We got to the top of the mountain around noon and stopped to have our lunch. Brian and Mary had enough food for everybody: some ham and cheese sandwiches, carrot sticks, potato chips, apples and chocolate cake. So we sat down to eat. It was a good lunch, but the temperature was falling; it didn't take long for us to notice that it was getting colder and colder.

Suddenly, Mary cried, "Look over there!" We did, and we saw that one part of the sky was getting very dark—very dark—and the dark clouds were coming our way. We decided not to wait around to see what would happen; we started back down the mountain instead of going to the other side, but we weren't fast enough. As we were sliding down, it started to snow, just a few flakes at first, but accumulated heavily. By the time we got to the foot of the mountain, there was snow up to our ankles. The wind was blowing furiously by then and we were a bit worried. "What happened to the sun?" Brian exclaimed. There was no sign of it in the sky and the wind was unbearable.

"It's all-around!" I realized. We kept going, faster now, but we knew it would be hard to make it all the way home in this weather; we lived 2 ½ kilometers from these mountains. On the other hand, who could come get us? Mary was about to panic when we heard a noise above us. We looked up and could just barely see a helicopter overhead. Our parents had called the police, who were looking for us. Brian flashed his keys to reflect the lights and the helicopter was able to land near us. Eventually we made it back home "safe and sound" but it was an experience we would all remember.