

W C I K

As the parade ended, the crowd began to disperse in all directions. Some stopped to chat with friends, others continued on to the fun and games that were planned for the evening. The street dance at the legion, the "brat feed" in the park, the boy scouts selling popcorn and the youth dance at the Methodist church; there was something for everyone to enjoy.

As the evening turned to night, people began to gather at the lake to watch the fireworks display. We arrived at dusk, just as the sun was giving a beautiful display of colors as it sank over the horizon. Our family spread a blanket on the ground and prepared to enjoy a quiet, peace-filled evening.

Waiting for the fireworks to begin, I leaned back to do a little star-gazing and cloud watching. My wife cuddled up to me to do the same and we began to play a game that small children sometimes enjoy. This cloud looks like this.....that cloud reminds me of..... or look at those stars....is that the Big Dipper?

And then it happened. We both looked at a cloud and saw the same thing. It appeared that someone had done skywriting. The cloud was in the shapes of letters:

W C I K

That's funny, somebody misspelled the word. After saying the letters out loud I mentioned they sounded like call letters of a radio or TV station. We began to put words to the letters. You know how **K J L Y** is "Know Jesus Loves You." **W C I K** - What could those letters mean?

Where Christ Is King

That's it! That has to be IT! I like the sound of that.

Just as quickly as those clouds appeared, they were gone. The silence of the moment was broken by the first burst of fireworks. There were cheers, hoots and hollers of enjoyment. "Oohs" and "ahhs" as the sky was filled by the various colors of light emitted by the display. All I could think of was **W C I K**. What a beautiful place that must be. All peace, all joy, all love would be felt in such a place. As the fireworks came to a bright, thunderous climax, I began to look around and see peace, joy and love on the faces of everybody around me. Young and old, they were all from the same place. A place I like to call **W C I K**.

**For God is the King of all the earth; sing to him a psalm of praise.
Psalm 47:7.**

Contributed by Steve Schoppers