

An act of kindness is never a waste of time

The Story of a snow flake



It is snowing outside! All around us it is beautiful! As far as you can see the land is filled with purity and snow's clarity. I was playing in my grandma's garden.

Suddenly, when I watched the snow flakes coming down, I saw a huge snow flake coming towards me. I stretched my hand to feel its tender touch. It was fascinating to watch its descending to Earth. It was like a dance. I realized that if I caught it in my hand I would shorten its life. I decided to let it fall all the way down on the cold snow, to be a part of the winter dream landscape. I marked the spot where it fell and I began making a snow man, and I named it „Snowflake”; I even put a tag name on it. By doing this I felt I could keep the beautiful and big snow flake with me the longest; and I was right. I had it with me until the spring came and the sunny rays melted it.

Where the snow man was, a snowdrop sprang. I showed it to my grandma and I gave it to her for the 1st of March, as a symbol of the spring that had arrived.

My grandmother was very much impressed by the snowdrop's story. One day when I visited her, I found her reading the Bible. She had a beautiful book mark in the Holy Book. It was my snowdrop. She pressed the snowdrop and she kept it as a beautiful memory.

Next winter, I will try to build another snow man, in the same place, and probably when the spring comes another snowdrop will rise and I will give it to my mother ...

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