

# The weight of a snowflake

## A story from North America

**Key ideas: peace, responsibility**

**T**ell me the weight of a snowflake', a sparrow asked a wild dove.  
'Nothing more than nothing', was the answer.

'In that case I must tell you a marvellous story', the sparrow said.  
'I sat on the branch of a fir, close to its trunk, when it began to snow - not heavily, not in a raging blizzard: no, just like in a dream, without a sound and without any violence. Since I did not have anything better to do, I counted the snowflakes settling on the twigs and needles of my branch. Their number was exactly 3,741,952. When the 3,741,953rd dropped onto the branch - nothing more than nothing, as you say - the branch broke off.'

Having said that, the sparrow flew away.

The dove, since Noah's time an authority on the matter, thought about the story for a while, and finally said to herself, 'Perhaps there is only one person's voice lacking for peace to come to the world.'