

One winter's day a wild dove happened to land on a branch of a tree, and noticed a sparrow nearby. After a few moment's of silence, the sparrow addressed the dove.

"Can you tell me the weight of a snowflake?" asked the sparrow.

"Nothing more than nothing," replied the wild dove.

"In that case, I must tell you a marvelous story," the sparrow said.

"I was sitting on the branch of a fir tree, near the trunk, when it began to snow—not heavily—not a raging blizzard—no, just like a dream, gently, ever so softly. Since I did not have anything better to do, I counted the snowflakes settling on the twigs and needles of this branch. Their number reached exactly 3,741,952. When the 3,741,953rd snowflake dropped onto the branch, nothing more than nothing as you say, the branch broke off."

Having said that, the sparrow flew away.

The dove, who since the time of Noah's ark had been 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 the peace of Jesus to come to the world."