

FALLING SNOW

I recall a time being alone one early evening outside in the cold. Not a shivering cold but the kind of cold when you went outside and you took a deep breath of air and it was clean and fresh. I looked up at the twinkling blue sky and it was the color of my Dad's eyes. Gradually one snowflake followed by many others began to fall. They landed on my head, then my face and finally on my shoulders. Not long after they landed they began to melt. I closed my eyes, tilted back my head and deeply breathed in the air. I wanted the snowflakes to wash all over me. I wanted this moment to never end.

My Dad was like those snowflakes. He was a quiet and ever so delicate man. When my Dad entered a room one would immediately feel his warm and kind spirit. Snowflakes quietly falling down on me from the heavens will always remind me of him.