

Questions

Father and Oliver went walking in the snow. "Father," said Oliver, "how many snowflakes are up in the sky?"

"So many," said Father, "that no one can count them all."

"I can count to one hundred," said Oliver.

"There are even more than that," said Father. "Millions and millions." Father and Oliver looked down at the ground.

"Father," said Oliver, "where did the garden go when the snow came?"

"It is still there," said Father, "sleeping under the snow until spring comes."

"When spring comes, will my flowers come back?" asked Oliver.

"Not the same ones," said Father. "But under the ground the new flower are waiting. When the sun warms the earth, they will come up."

Father and Oliver looked up at the trees. "Father," said Oliver, "where do the birds go when it snows?"

"Some fly away to warmer places," said Father. "And some stay in their nests, where it snug and warm. And now I think it is time for us to go inside and get snug and warm."

Father and Oliver took off their snow clothes. "Father," said Oliver, "why are my toes still cold?"

"It takes a few minutes for the warm to get to your toes," said Father. "But I know what will help."

Father made two cups of hot cocoa. Then he and Oliver sat in the big chair next to the fire.

"Father," said Oliver, "when you were little, where was I?"

"It is like the flowers in our garden waiting for spring. Everything has a time to grow. And now, little Oliver, I have a question for you."

"What is it?" asked Oliver.

"Why do you ask so many questions?" asked Father.

"I think it is because I want to know a lot of things," said Oliver.

Father hugged Oliver. "Someday I think you will know a lot of things," he said.

"Father," said Oliver, "my toes are warm now."

"I am glad," said Father.