

**February, 1986 EPHRAIM**

This is such a happy place,  
This place they call serenity.  
Oh Master, there you are in the garden again,  
Come, Oh Mystery Poet from the heaven,  
And share this moment of joy with me.

"Come to you, I will, but let me let you know,  
I've always been here with no other place to go."  
"Then let me let you know,  
I love the way you have let this flower grow,  
but for a moment share coffeee with me,  
and tell me of the Universe and the angels once more,  
Come through the door, at this moment,  
This minute is good for us to talk.

"I will tell you then, Susan, as I sit with you,  
That all that you know is within you.  
When you ask about the mysteries, let me say,  
There are no miracles, each good Light lights each day.  
Seems so special,  
But it is just that way, nothing new,  
One more thing,  
I'm really a part of you."

## SIDNEY THE SNOWFLAKE

Falling, flying from a fluffy cloud,  
Sailing, soaring in the sky about,  
A tiny snowflake so white in make,  
Proud of its little diamond diagonals,  
Its geometric cake.

Sailing into the sky,  
Wandering into the stars,  
So happy it could fly,  
Sidney the Snowflake  
So proud indeed  
That he could swing above the  
~~Rooves~~ and the trees.

Sidney stayed happy while strolling around  
Until something made Sidney Snowflake frown.

Sidney was so pretty,  
No doubt about that,  
But Sidney saw with self-pity  
Other snowflakes went right by  
And would not bat an eye.

Sidney Snowflake looked at the sight,  
And discovered he was not quite right.  
Not one snowflake that passed by him  
Looked like Sidney at all.

Some were rounder,  
Some taller, smaller, or more full.  
"I'm different from all the other snowflakes"  
Sidney cried out loud.

"No snowflake like me is coming from the cloud."  
Looking around and around to see a same snowflake,  
All Sidney could find was a different white drop,  
And Sidney then figured he was indeed a flop.

"I was so happy when I thought I was so beautiful,  
But now I'm sorry to say I'm being a snowflake  
Is tragic and difficult.

For not one flake looks at all like me in make,  
And I know for sure I am different, I must be a fake."  
Then Suzie Snowflake flew by in the wind.  
Said "Hi, Sidney, You have wonderful diamond points".

"I do?" Asked Sidney, looking at his studded joints.  
"Your pretty, too, Suzie Snowflake, with your triangle gems."  
"Isn't it clever we are all ourselves in beauty,  
And all beautiful together like verses in poems.  
Not one alike, but like white sparkles  
All floating pretty," Suzie whispered to Sidney.  
Sidney twinkled and twirled,  
Danced and pranced.  
Since when does a snowflake have to look the same  
As another snowflake,  
To be so bright and white on a winter day  
And fly and float so free  
Looking like not another snowflake at all  
And yet so beautiful independently.

Sue Jones 11-30-96