



a cracked pot ...

a story

THERE was a water carrier in India who had two large pots, each hung on the end of a pole which he carried across his neck. One of the pots had a crack in it, and, while the other pot was perfect and always delivered a full portion of water at the end of the long walk from the stream to the master's house, the cracked pot arrived only half full.

For a full two years this went on daily, with the bearer delivering only

one and a half pots full of water in his master's house. Of course, the perfect pot was proud of its accomplishments, perfect to the end for which it was made. But the poor cracked pot was ashamed of its own imperfection, and miserable that it was able to accomplish only half of what it had been made to do.

After two years of what it perceived to be a bitter failure, it spoke to the water bearer one day by the stream.

"I am ashamed of myself, and I want to apologise to you."

"Why?" asked the bearer. "What are you ashamed of?"

"I have been able, for these past two years, to deliver only half my load because this crack in my side causes water to leak out all the way back to your master's house. Because of my flaws, you have to do all of this work, and you don't get full value from your efforts," the pot said.

The water bearer felt sorry for the old cracked pot, and, in his compassion, he said, "As we return to the master's house, I want you to notice the beautiful flowers along the path."

Indeed, as they went up the hill, the old cracked pot took notice of the sun warming the beautiful wildflowers on the side of the path and this cheered it some. But at the end of the trail, it still felt bad because it had leaked out half its load, and so again it apologised to the bearer for its failure.

The bearer said to the pot, "Did you notice that there were flowers only on your side of your path, but not on the other pot's side? That's because I have always known about your flaw, and I took advantage of it.

"I planted flower seeds on your side of the path, and every day while we walk back from the stream, you've watered them. For two years I have been able to pick these beautiful flowers to decorate my master's table. Without you being just the way you are, he would not have this beauty to grace his house."

Each of us has our own unique flaws. We're all cracked pots. But it's the cracks and flaws we each have that make our lives together so very interesting and rewarding.

Remember to appreciate all the different people in your life. Take each person for what they are, and look for the good in them. There is a lot of good out there. There is a lot of good in you.

Blessed are the flexible, for they shall not be bent out of shape ... Or as I like to think of it—if it hadn't been for the crackpots in my life, my journey would have been a lot less interesting ...

Anon

And you learn

After a while you learn ...

The subtle difference
Between holding a hand
and chaining a soul.

And you learn

That love doesn't mean leaning
And company doesn't mean
security.

And you begin to learn

That kisses aren't contracts
And presents aren't promises.

And you begin to accept
your defeats

With your head up and
your eyes ahead

With the grace of a woman
or man

Not the grief of a child.

And you learn to build all your
roads on today

Because tomorrow's ground is
too uncertain for plans

And futures have a way of falling
down in mid-flight.

After a while you learn

That even sunshine burns
if you bask too much.

So you plant your own garden
and decorate your own soul

Instead of waiting for someone
to bring you flowers.

And you learn

That you really can endure
That you really are strong

And you really do have worth.

And you learn

And you learn

With every goodbye

You learn.