# Honor Your Father

Once upon a time there was a very old man who lived with his son and daughter-in-law. His eyes were dim. His knees shook when he walked. His back was bent. He was so deaf that he could hardly hear when people spoke.

As he sat at the table his hand trembled so much that he would often spill his soup on the tablecloth or down the front of his clothes. Sometimes he could not even keep the soup in his mouth when it got there.

His son and daughter-in-law were so annoyed to see his actions at the table that they placed a chair for him in a corner behind the door. They gave him his meals in a thick earthen bowl. As he sat in his corner all by himself, the old man, with tears in his eyeswould often look across the room at the table. But he did not ever complain.

One day, while the old man was thinking sadly of the past, his hands shook so hard that the earthen bowl fell to the floor and broke. The young wife scolded him. "I try to keep a proper house," she shouted. "A wife should not have such careless messes as this!" But the old man did not say a word. He only sighed deeply.

The next day at the market the young wife bought a small wooden trough for a penny. She took it home and showed it to the old grandfather. "Here," she said, "now you will eat your meals from this trough in the kitchen."

Some days after that, the old man's son and daughter heard the sound of hammering on wood behind the house. They looked out and found their young son trying to fasten together some pieces of wood.

"What are you making?" they asked, pride swelling in their hearts for their clever little boy. "I am making two wooden troughs for you and Mama," said the boy. You will have them to eat your food from when you are old and I am grown up.

The husband and wife looked at each other for a long time without speaking. At last, they began to cry. They went into the house and led their old father back to the table.

Never again did they send him away from the table to eat his meals.