# Water Boy

A water *boy* in China 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. This went on every day for many years, with the boy *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 boy one day by the *stream*. "I am ashamed of myself, and I want to *apologize* to you." "Why?" asked the boy. "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 boy 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 wild flowers 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 apologized to the bearer for its failure.

The boy 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 are all cracked pots. Nothing ever goes to waste. So as we seek ways to work together, and as you are called to the *tasks* *appointed* for you, don't be afraid of your flaws. Acknowledge them, and be allowed to take advantage of them, and you, too, can be used to create beauty along the pathway of life.

**What do you consider to be one of your weaknesses?**