

THE CRACKED JAR

Once upon a time... there was an old farmer who walked for miles every day to fetch water from the nearest source and carry it to his relatives. The man walked each day carrying two jars on his shoulders, resting on a stick. The vessels, like him, were not immune to the passage of time, and had also aged and deteriorated.

One of the jars had taken the brunt of the man's constant travels and had long since cracked, causing it to lose more and more water along the way.

One day, the cracked jar said to the man:

- I don't know if you have noticed that I have been cracked for some time now and that I am not good for much... While the other pot goes long and long miles carrying all the amount of water that you pour into it, I, however, lose more than half of my water on the way every day. I think the best thing for you would be to abandon me and exchange me for another vessel that would do the work you deserve.

The man stood up, put the pots gently on the ground and said to the cracked pot:

- Have you been able to see what has happened since you began to crack until today? Have you noticed the path we walk together every day?

The vase remained thoughtful for a moment and, resigned, answered:

- No, I only know that I am good for nothing since I am not capable of doing the only function I have. I really think you should change me for another one.

The man stared at her and said to the pot:

- Listen carefully, old friend. Every day, ever since you started cracking on the right side of my shoulder, all along the path we walk together, I planted some seeds, which, as you can see, not only brighten up my walk every day with the colors and smells the plants give off, but they have also borne fruit and allow me and others to harvest them and bring food to our families.

And thanks to what? Thanks to what? Thanks to the water that you yourself have been pouring along the way. You should be proud of who you are.