

Editor's note: The Two Pots is a parable I've adapted that to me epitomizes the mysterious interface between divine grace and profound gratitude, which I call integraceton. (Especially as I have no clue where the version I first heard originates from!)

Ok enough prologue, here tis:

The Parable Of The Two Pots (or Pits... Are Also Seeds)

A water bearer in India had two large pots. Each hung on the ends of a pole, which he carried across his neck. One of the pots had a crack in it. The other was perfect and always delivered a full portion of water. At the end of the long walk from the stream to the house, the cracked pot arrived only half full. For a good two years this pattern continued daily. Of course the perfect pot was proud of its accomplishments, how well its performance fulfilled its purpose. But the cracked pot felt ashamed that it was only realizing half of what it was made to deliver. One day its failure weighed so heavily, it spoke to the water bearer beside the stream. "I know I disappoint you every day, spilling half of the load you fill me with. I want to apologize for this crack in my side that causes the water to slowly leak out all the way back to your house. You work hard carrying me and my brother back and forth several times a day. But because of my flaw, you don't get back the full value of your efforts."

The water bearer smiled gently and said in a soft voice. "It is your crack that allows the light to come into you. Did you ever wonder about the many different kinds of flowers along your side of the path? It is no coincidence that none grow on the other pot's side. I always knew about your flaw and because of it I only planted seeds on your side of the path. Every day you faithfully water them and the colorful flowers they bloom. For two years my house has been blessed with beautiful flower arrangements because of your dedicated service. Without you being just the way you are, my tables would not be graced with such beauty.

Each of us has our own unique flaws. We're all cracked. But it's the crack that lets our light come forth. And it's the diversity of our flaws that make our lives together so interesting, challenging, and

rewarding. The trick is to take each person for who they are, understand what they are capable of doing, and look for the good in their potential. More often than not the problems we think are "the pits" prove to be portals. And when we learn to look at our flaws in a kinder light, it frees us to have the flexibility to see that pits.... are also, seeds.

Blessed are the flexible.... for they shall not be bent out of shape!

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