

The Cracked Pot



Somewhere in the African desert, where nothing much would grow, a poor water bearer would walk 3 miles each day to collect water to sell at the local market. He carried the water in two large pots which were suspended on a large pole which he carried across his shoulders.

One of the pots was in perfect condition and would carry every drop of water perfectly, whilst the other pot, which was chipped and cracked, only arrived half full.

For years the water bearer walked his route to the well and would return to the market with one pot half full. 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 for it was not able to accomplish the task for which it was made.

One day the cracked pot decided to speak to his owner.

“Master, I am ashamed of myself and I want to apologize to you.”

“What are you ashamed of, what do you have to apologise for?” asked the water bearer.

“I am ashamed for I am only able to deliver half of your water to market, and I lose you valuable money”, replied the pot.

After a moment’s thought the water bearer replied “There is no need to apologise, for your imperfections bring me great joy and happiness in my walk each day.”

“What ever do you mean?” asked the cracked pot.

“Just look down at the ground...the ground where you spill your water. Without the water that you spill none of these beautiful flowers would grow.” With that the water bearer pointed to the ground above the cracked pot, where a beautiful line of flowers flourished, long into the distance.

