

The Cracked Pot!

(An inspirational story)

A water bearer in India had two large pots, and each pot hung on separate ends 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 managed to deliver a full portion of water from the stream to the master's house, the cracked pot would always arrive half full.

This would occur daily for a period of two years, with the water bearer delivering only one and a half pots of water to 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 imperfections, and felt miserable that it was able to accomplish only half of what it had been made to do.

So after two full years of what it perceived was a total failure on its part, the cracked pot finally spoke to the water bearer by the stream saying, "I am ashamed of myself, and would like to apologize to you."

"Why?" asked the water bearer. "What are you ashamed of?"

"I have been able, for these past two years, to deliver only half of my load because of this crack in my side which causes water to leak out all the way back to your master's house. On account of my flaw, you have to do all of this work, and you don't even get the full value from your efforts," the cracked pot said.

The water bearer felt sorry for the old cracked pot, and in a state of compassion he said, "As we return to the master's house, I want you to take notice of all the beautiful flowers lying along the path." Indeed, as they traveled up the hill, the cracked pot took notice of the sun warming the beautiful wild flowers along the path, and this did seem to produce a limited amount of joy within the cracked pot. But at the end of the trail, the cracked pot returned to a state of sorrow because it had once again lost half its load, and so once again he expressed his feelings to the water bearer.

The water bearer replied by saying, "Did you happen to notice that the beautiful wild flowers were only situated on your side of the path, but not on the other pot's side? That's because I have always known about your flaw, and I took full advantage of it. I planted flower seeds along your side of the path, and every day while walking back from the stream, you've managed to water them. For two years I've been able to pick these beautiful wild 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."