

A PATCH OF DIRT

A lonely and barren patch of dirt lay sprawled upon the face of the earth. Looking up at the clouds, and the birds, and the sun high above, she felt very lowly....



And she wondered if anything on earth was as lowly and lonely and dirty as she....

One day, somebody came to till the earth, plowing the patch of dirt....



“Why is this happening to me!” she complained. “Is it not misery enough to be dirty and barren? Why am I now scourged and scarred?”

As the patch of dirt bemoaned her dirty face and lacerated body, seed and fertilizer fell upon her. And she groaned, “What insult upon injury! Now the foul dung of cattle is like spit in my face! Why was I ever born?”



As time passed, she welcomed in silent surrender the healing baptism of moistening rain and caressing warmth of sun. And one day, from her inner stillness, she looked out to behold risen from her being flowers of every color and size and shape, yellow sunflowers, red roses, white daisies, and purple pansies of many hues of color.



Never had she seen a more beautiful sight. Never had she smelled sweeter fragrance. She was amazed that this bounty of beauty had come out of her, a lonely and rejected patch of dirt. But she was beginning to understand why she has suffered many things.



-E.A. Gloeggler

(This truly sounds like an Alcoholics Anonymous story.....doesn't it? -Sober Cat)