

Worth

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The whole town claimed the land was no good, and he began to believe it. Looking out over it he had to agree, and looking within himself he began to identify with it. What was the land worth? What was he worth, for that matter?

His neighbors were putting pressure on him to leave, to give up. But one day as he walked around his place, kicking rocks in his frustration, he uncovered a small opening in the ground. Curious, he stooped down and began to enlarge it so that he could enter.

He ran for a torch so that he could explore more fully the cave that he had found. As he descended farther into the depths, he began to consider the emptiness of this place and the emptiness of his soul. What was it but a gathering of useless rocks?

He sat down in the darkness thinking that he would just stay there and die. No one would even care to look for him. But as he played the light around him he suddenly noticed a flashing glint. As he looked more closely he saw a vein of pure gold running across the wall. On the floor below were several free-standing nuggets.

The land was worth something after all! And so, perhaps, was he, for the thought stuck him that the gold had always been there below the impoverished surface of the land. It just needed to be discovered. And now that he had discovered himself, he was ready to take on the world.