



Become What You Want to Be

A True Account

Let me tell you about a little girl who was born into a very poor family in a shack in the Backwoods of Tennessee. She was the 20th of 22 children, prematurely born and frail. Her survival was doubtful. When she was four years old she had double pneumonia and scarlet fever - a deadly combination that left her with a paralysed and useless left leg. She had to wear an iron leg brace. Yet she was fortunate in having a mother who encouraged her. Well, this mother told her little girl, who was very bright, that despite the brace and leg, she could do whatever she wanted to do with her life. She told her that all she needed to do was to have faith, persistence, courage and an indomitable spirit.

So at nine years of age, the little girl removed the leg brace, and she took the step the doctors told her she would never take normally. In four years, she developed a rhythmic stride, which was a medical wonder. Then this girl got the notion, the incredible notion, that she would like to be the world's greatest woman runner. Now, what could she mean - be a runner with a leg like that?

At age 13, she entered a race. She came in last - way, way last. She entered every race in

high school, and in every race she came in last. Everyone begged her quit! However, one day, she came in next to last. And then there came a day when she won a race. From then on, Wilma Rudolph won every race that she entered.

Wilma went to Tennessee State University, where she met a coach named Ed Temple. Coach Temple saw the indomitable spirit of the girl, that she was a believer and that she had great natural talent. He trained her so well that she went to the Olympic Games. There she was pitted against the greatest woman runner of the day, a German girl named Jutta Heine. Nobody had ever beaten Jutta. But in the 100-meter dash, Wilma Rudolph won. She beat Jutta again in the 200-meters. Now Wilma had two Olympic gold medals.

Finally came the 400-meter relay. It would be Wilma against Jutta once again. The first two runners on Wilma's team made perfect handoffs with the baton. But when the third runner handed the baton to Wilma, she was so excited she dropped it, and Wilma saw Jutta taking off down the track. It was impossible that anybody could catch this fleet and nimble girl. But Wilma did just that! Wilma Rudolph had earned three Olympic gold medals.

🏠 **Brian Cavanaugh, T.O.R.**



Pay the Price

There was this museum laid with beautiful marble tiles, with a huge marble statue displayed in the middle of the lobby. Many people came from all over the world just to admire this beautiful marble statue. One night, the marble tiles started talking to the marble statue.

Marble tile: "Marble statue, it's just not fair, it's just not fair! why does everybody from all over the world come all the way here just to step on me while admiring you? Not fair!"

Marble statue: "My dear friend, marble tile. Do you still remember that we were actually from the same cave?"

Marble tile: "Yeah! That's why I feel it is even more unfair. We were born from the same cave and yet we receive different treatment now. Not fair!" he cried again.

Marble statue: "Then, do you still remem-

ber the day when the designer tried to work on you, but you resisted the tools?"

Marble tile: "Yes, of course I remember. I hate that guy! How could he use those tools on me, it hurt so badly."

Marble statue: "That's right! He couldn't work on you at all as you resisted being worked on."

Marble tile: "So???"

Marble statue: "When he decided to give up on you and start working on me instead, I knew at once that I would be something different after his efforts. I did not resist his tools, instead I bore all the painful tools he used on me."

Marble tile: "Mmmmmmm....."

Marble statue: "My friend, there is a price to everything in life. Since you decided to give up half way, you can't blame anybody who steps on you now."

🏠 Author Unknown

From Knowledge to Wisdom

Naropa was a great scholar, a great pundit. This story happened before he became enlightened. It is said that he was the great vice-chancellor of a great university, ten thousand disciples of his own. One day he was sitting surrounded by his disciples. All around him were scattered thousands of scriptures, very ancient, rare. Suddenly he fell asleep and he had a vision. It is so significant that to call it a dream won't be just - it was a vision. He saw a very old, ugly, horrible woman, a hag. Her ugliness was so much that he started trembling in his sleep.

She asked, "Naropa, what are you doing?"

He said, "I am studying."

"What are you studying?" asked the old woman.

He said, "Philosophy, religion, epistemology, language, logic..."

The old woman asked, "Do you understand them?"

Naropa said, "Yes, I understand them."

The woman asked again, "Do you understand the word, or the sense?" And her eyes were so penetrating that it was impossible to lie to her. Before her eyes Naropa felt completely naked, transparent.

He said, "I understand the words."

The woman started dancing and laughing and her ugliness was transformed. A subtle beauty started coming out of her being.

Naropa thought, "I have made her so happy, why not make her a little more happy?" So he added, "Yes, and I understand the sense also."

The woman stopped laughing, stopped dancing. She started weeping and crying, and all her ugliness was back - a thousand fold more.

Naropa asked, "why?"

The woman said, "I was happy because a great scholar like you didn't lie. But now I am crying because you have lied to me. I know, and you know, that you don't understand the sense."

The vision disappeared - and Naropa was transformed. He left the university, he never again touched a scripture in his life. He understood.

A man of wisdom, a man of understanding, has a freshness about him, a fragrant life, totally different from a pundit, from a man of knowledge. One who understands the sense becomes beautiful, one who only understands the word becomes ugly. And the woman is just a projection of Naropa's inner part, his own being, become ugly through knowledge. Naropa went in search. Now scriptures won't help, now a living Master is needed.

🏠 Author Unknown