A SMALL STORY

A small story…

You love nature, the Garden of Eden, and so you walk in it every day, without any expectations, but very happy and so content.

One day, in the middle of millions and billions of plants, you see something interesting on your way. Something small, small and green, but it immediately has your full attention.

So you decide to give this little green plant a bit more attention and to take care of it, even though you don't know what it will become, and even though no one told you to. You just do it. You have a very good feeling, and you like to invest in it, without any expectation, but with the hope that one day it may become something special.

You know, sometimes, if you take very good care of it, a small green plant turns into a beautiful flower, lovely, with great colors and a scent you love so, so much. But in life, every flower goes away one day and doesn't come back. You are not sad about it, because you have good memories. The fascinating scent is still in your nose and in your thoughts, and you don't miss your efforts, because you had a very good time. You don't regret it. You always remember the good, beautiful days with that lovely flower.

Sometimes your little green plant grows into a great, big bush with lots of small, shiny, colorful blossoms, and it fascinates you what came out of this little green plant. After a while you can see that all the work you invested was worth it, and the bush now grows by itself without your

efforts. It shows you every day how beautiful and rewarding your work was, and from now on it doesn't need you that much. Even without you, it is always in full and awesome bloom.

Rarely, but it happens, the little green plant you take care of becomes a small, tiny tree. So every day you give it water, love and all your strength to make that little tree big and strong. Now every year you can see lots of tasty fruits on it, and you can harvest and enjoy them. Sometimes there are storms, and the tree shakes a lot and almost breaks, but with all your love the tree stands firm, and nothing, really nothing, can bring your tree down. You are proud that you believed in it when it was just something small, and you are happy that you could imagine before what it would become after your hard work. You held on to it, grew up together and grow old together.

But that's life: sometimes your little green plant, even though you invested so much, gave it all your help, all your passion, every bit of creativity and all your unconditional love, doesn't look like it will grow. You have to see and accept that it's just grass, like millions and billions of little green plants, nothing really special, and it doesn't need or appreciate you. So you decide your way isn't finished, and you go further and look ahead for something new that deserves you…

The moral of the story: what will you be on my way…

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