

THE LOVER OF NATURE

With adaptations from a story of John D. Crossan.

Intent of the story

- *To make us realize that our upbringing and the cultural values we imbibed condition our perceptions, thinking and judgments*
- *Our mind set and past experiences blind us to many aspect of reality.*

The Story

Once upon a time, there lived a man who was a great lover of nature. He was crazy by the beauty and grandeur of natural landscapes and waterscapes.

He was especially fond of rivers and waterfalls.. He stood for ours on end staring at the flowing of the rivers, watching the tumultuous rash of waters rolling majestically down the waterfalls and dashing the rocks below.

He bought a cozy bungalow close by some mighty water falls. He dreamt of the day when he could leisurely admire, the rage, the thunder and beauty of the billowy waters, dashing below the water fall.

After many days of hard work he managed to carve a road from his house to the top of the water falls.

Later on, he used to walk several times a day to the top of the water falls and spend hours engrossed and enthralled watching the water braking at the bottom of the falls enjoying its roaring and smelling the moisture and freshness of the its foaming clouds

The simple people around who had seen him building the road and now saw him walking on it several times a day, in their simplify and common sense, they use to say “This gentleman is a good road builder, a hard-working man and, a very good walker!”