

The Bundle of Sticks

In a village, many years ago there lived a family with five children. When the oldest child was of age, he prepared to leave his family to find work and build a life of his own. As he placed his few meager possessions in a cloth sack, his father sat next to him and asked what his concerns were. "I am wondering what work I will find. Will it pay so that I will get enough food to eat and a place to sleep that is protected? How will I know when I have met the woman that I will want as my wife?" When he started on the, what-ifs, his father gently interrupted him. Reaching just behind the cooking fire, the father picked up a bundle of sticks used as kindling and asked his son to break the bundle of sticks. As hard as he tried, the son was unable to break the bundle. Then his father untied the bundle of sticks and handed his son one stick. "Break that one", said the father. Quickly and easily the son broke the stick. "Life is like that" said the father, "problems cannot be solved all at once, they need to be solved one at a time."