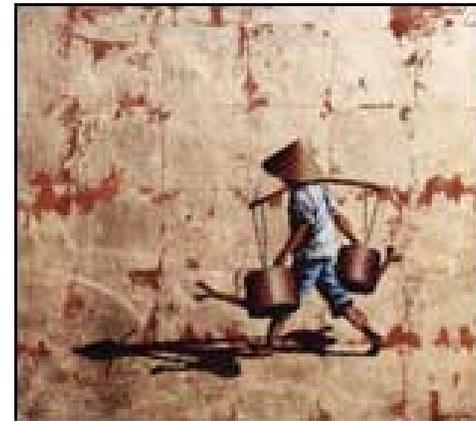


你是一只只有裂缝的罐子吗？

Are You a Cracked Pot?



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A water bearer in India had two large pots, each hung on one end of a pole which he carried across his neck. One of the pots had a crack in it. The other pot was perfect and always delivered a full portion of water after the end of the long walk from the stream to the master's house. The cracked pot arrived only half full.

For a full two years this went on daily, with the bearer delivering only one and a half pots full of water in his master's house. Of course, the perfect pot was proud of its accomplishments, perfect to the end for which it was made. But the poor cracked pot was ashamed of its own imperfection, and miserable that it was only able to accomplish half of what it had been designed to do.

After two years of what it perceived to be a bitter failure, it spoke to the water bearer one day by the stream. "I am ashamed of myself, and I want to apologize to you."

"Why?" asked the bearer. "What are you ashamed of?"

"I have only been able to deliver half my load because this crack in my side causes water to leak out all the way back to your master's house. Because of my flaws, you have to do all of this work, and you don't get full value from your efforts," the pot said.

The water bearer felt sorry for the old cracked pot, and in his compassion he said, "As we return to the master's house, I want you to notice the beautiful flowers along the path."

Indeed, as they went up the hill, the old cracked pot took notice of the sun warming the beautiful wild flowers on the side of the path, and this cheered it up some. But at the end of the trail, it still felt bad because it had leaked out half its load, and so again it apologized to the bearer for its failure.

The bearer said to the pot, "Did you notice that there were flowers only on your side of your path, but not on the other pot's side? That's because I have always known about your flaw, and I took advantage of it. I planted flower seeds on your side of the path, and every day while we walk back from the stream, you've watered them. For two years I have been able to pick these beautiful flowers to decorate my master's table. Without you being just the way you are, he would not have this beauty to grace his house."

Each of us has our own unique flaws. We are all cracked pots. But if we will allow it, the Lord will use our flaws to grace His Father's table. In God's great economy, nothing goes to waste.

在印度，挑水的人有两个大罐子，他们将两个罐子各吊在一根扁担的两端，扁担压在脊梁上，用肩膀挑着水。在运水的罐子中有一只有裂缝，另一只完好无损，当挑水的人经过很长时间的行走，把水从溪流边运到主人的家中后，好罐子里的水还是满满的，那有裂缝的罐子往往只剩下一半的水了。

就这样，在整整两年的时间里，挑水的人每天都运一罐半的水到主人的家。理所当然的，完好无损的罐子就为自己完美无缺的成就而洋洋自得。但那只可怜的有裂缝的罐子就羞愧难当，为自己的瑕疵，也为自己只能完成一半的任务而感到难过。

在尝尽两年的这种深深挫败感之后，一天在小溪旁，破罐子开口向挑水的人说话了：“我真为自己感到羞愧，我想向你道歉。”

“为什么？”挑水的人问：“你惭愧什么呢？”

“因为我身上的这条裂缝而使得每次在回到主人家的路上，我的水就流失了一半，也因为我的瑕疵，你所付出的劳动没有得到相应的回报啊！”那罐子说。

对于这只旧的，有裂缝的罐子，挑水的人感到很难过，他同情地说：“当我们在返回主人家的路途上，希望你能注意到沿途的那些美丽的花儿。”

当他们往山上走的时候，那只破旧的罐子的确注意到了沿途开着美丽的花朵，在阳光的拥抱下格外的娇艳动人，这还让它的心情轻松欢快了些。但到了路途的尽头，它还是会因为水漏掉了一半而沮丧万分。所以，它又再次向挑水的人道歉。

挑水的人对罐子说：“难道你没注意到只有在你通过的这边才有漂亮的花儿盛开，而另一边却没有吗？那是因为我一直都知道你的瑕疵，然后我就利用了这一点。我把花种洒在你经过的这一旁，所以当我们每天从小溪流往回走时，你就可以浇灌它们。因此这两年里，我才能够摘下美丽的花朵来点缀主人的桌子。如果没有你，没有你的瑕疵，主人也无法让他的家锦上添花啊！”

我们每一个人都有自己独特的瑕疵，我们都是裂缝的罐子，但只要愿意，我们的主会使用这些瑕疵来装扮他天父的桌子。在上帝伟大的掌管安排下，没有任何事物会被浪费掉。