Ask Dad: Little Zen Stories · 1

The Bumpy *Brick Path*

by Adam G.





Behind the house there was an old brick path.

It went past the apple tree, over the little stream, and all the way to the garden gate.



But the bricks were wobbly. Some stuck up. Some sank down.
Some were missing, and when it rained, little puddles sat in the holes.



Every morning, Joseph and Theo walked the path together to feed the chickens.

And every morning, Joseph grumbled.



“This path is terrible! Wobble, wobble, trip!

Why doesn’t anybody fix it?

How am I supposed to walk nicely when I have to watch every single step?”



Theo said nothing. He just walked. Step... step... hop.

His face was calm, and he never tripped once.



One day Joseph stopped in the middle of the path and put his hands on his hips.
“Theo! How are you so happy? This path is the worst path in the whole world!”



Theo smiled.

"You think the bumps are in the way of the walk," he said.

"But I think the bumps

are

the walk."



"Every wobbly brick tells me,
Look! Be here! Right now!

I can't daydream and trip. I have to pay attention to my feet, and my balance, and this exact step."



He hopped over a puddle.

“I think this bumpy path is my best teacher.”



Joseph looked down at the wobbly bricks.

For the first time, they didn’t look so terrible.



The bumps in the road are not in the way.
They are the way.

Three questions to explore together

1. Is there a bumpy path in your day? What could it teach you?

2. How did Theo keep from tripping?

3. What can you notice right now, in this exact step?

The End

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