

The Thorn Bush

Once upon a time a man noticed a small plant poking up through the soil of his life. At first he didn't know what it was and thought it was rather pretty with dainty yellow flowers. So he let it stay.

"It's a weed," said one of his friends. "Better get rid of it now while you can; while it's still so small," his friend advised.

"But surely it can't cause any harm," the man said as he justified its continuing existence. The plant grew and got bigger. Thorns developed with the flowers.

"Didn't I tell you to get rid of that plant?" asked the friend. "Look at those thorns. You're going to get hurt."

"But the flowers are so pretty," the man replied. "I'll just be real careful when I pick them so I don't get pricked. I'll admire the plant from a distance."

Again the man justified its existence and decided not only to let it grow, but to feed and water it.

So the plant grew and grew and grew. Eventually, it filled the whole yard from one fence to the other. The man tried to move around it, but he could not escape its thorns. Every move he made caused him to be scratched by the thorns. He could not get out and soon would be impaled on the thorns. The pretty little plant now had control over his whole life.