

I was reading my grandson a book a few weeks ago and I was pleasantly surprised at the amazing lesson at the end. I can't remember the title but I remember the lesson.

In a town of Chinese rats, a rich empress dressed in fine silk stood in the middle of a crowd of simple town-rats scurrying in the muddy pavements left after a heavy rain. She would not budge from her little mound for fear that mud would stain her beautiful garb. She barked at the other rats to carry her but the more she fumed, the more obnoxious she was, the less inclined any of the rats felt about carrying her.

Along comes an elderly rat with his young son in tow. Without saying a word, the father picks up this prideful rodent and carries her to dry land. All the while the empress does not say a word but with her nose up high you can see her satisfaction at finally being treated as the special citizen she believes she is. Behind them the son walks along in anger and glares with contempt that his father decided to encourage her disdainful attitude. The father puts her down when they reach her destination and she walks away without even a hint of appreciation.

The father and son go on their way. The son holds his anger for several hours. Finally, by evening, the son confronts his father and asks why he allowed that empress to treat him in such a publicly embarrassing way. The father looks at his child. He smiles and says "**My son, I stopped carrying the empress hours ago. Why are you still carrying her?**"

I know I am guilty of carrying resentment and anger over situations that should be let go of. I was in a car accident several years ago, where it was the other person's fault, but the insurance companies worked it out and agreed that we were both at fault. Over the years, every time I think about this, it makes me angry at the woman because she knew it was her fault but she did not admit to it. It was a small incident, but because my perceived notion of justice did not occur the memory makes me angry. This is one of the things I need to stop carrying. It happened, it's over, nothing bad happened to me, I need to let it go and focus on the important things in my life. The hurt we carry in our lives ... we see *injustice*... so we *demand justice* ... and sometimes we gather people to *join our crusade* and we *draw the lines*. An eye for an eye ... that's the law of the land. And when embittered people turn into leaders, they sow their "justice" to their enemies and the cycle expands. Life is too short to carry anger and resentments for things that happen in the tapestry of life. Have you been dealt unjustly? Are you still carrying the weight? Forgive. Let it go and start living again.