

The Acorn Planter **PASSION**



a young traveller was once exploring the French Alps. He came upon a vast stretch of barren land. It was desolate. It was forbidding. It was ugly. It was the kind of place you would hurry away from.

Then, suddenly, the young traveller saw something that amazed him. In the middle of this vast wasteland was a bent-over old man. On his back was a sack of acorns. In his hand was a long iron pipe.

The man was using the iron pipe to punch holes in the ground. Then from the sack he would take an acorn and put it in the hole.

The old man told the young traveller, "I've planted over 100,000 acorns. Perhaps only a tenth of them will survive

and grow." The old man's wife and son were dead, and this was how he chose to spend his final years. "I want to do something useful," he said.

Twenty-five years later, the now-not-as-young traveller returned to the same desolate area. What he saw made him stop dead in his tracks. He could not believe his own eyes. The land was covered with a beautiful forest almost two miles wide and five miles long. Birds were singing, animals were playing, and wild flowers perfumed the air.

The traveller stood there recalling the desolation that it once was; a beautiful oak forest stood there now – all because someone cared.

I am only one but still I am one. I cannot do everything, but still I can do something; and because I cannot do everything, I will not refuse to do something I can.

– Anonymous