

The man on the hill,

Once upon a time there was a man who lived on a hill and worked in a field. Every morning he got up very early to go to his field. He went down the hill, walked along a stream, and crossed a wooden bridge. At sunset, he took the same route back to his hill, and he did it every day without exception. So his days and nights passed, regardless of rain or sunshine.

No one knew exactly what he was working on. But every day he got up very early in the morning with his rake, went down the hill, walked along the stream, crossed the wooden bridge to go to his field, where he worked until nightfall. One day, when the sun was at its highest in his field, he heard a voice: "Hey you, tell me why you don't accept me?"

He turned around but saw no one, when he was about to go back to work he heard the same voice: "Hey you, tell me why you don't accept me?"

A little annoyed, he turned around and replied, "I don't know." The next day, as he was working in his field, he heard the same voice asking him the same question. He answered in the same way as the day before. On the third day, when he heard the same question,

He stopped, took his time, sat down and looked at his field. He noticed that there was also a hill nearby, it was perhaps not as high as his own, it had no stream and no bridge, but it was a hill like any other. So he climbed to the top of the other hill and let his gaze wander below. Suddenly, he saw his own field and saw for the first time that the most beautiful flowers he had ever seen were growing in it. One after the other, beautiful, magnificent, full of colours and fragrant of sun and starry sky

Ps.45