

**Sunday 10<sup>th</sup> October 2021**



Heartfelt greetings to you my dear brothers and sisters.

Another week is upon us. I do hope that you and your families are well and in good spirits.

There is a famous saying 'Life goes on'. Perhaps we have been told this or we have conveyed it to our family and friends. Whatever the case, perhaps there is some fundamental truth in this short proverb?

As always, I have a short story that neatly encapsulates this message.

### Build like a Child

On a warm summer day at a beautiful beach, a little boy on his knees scoops and packs the sand with plastic shovels into a bucket. He upends the bucket on the surface and lifts it. And, to the delight of the little architect, a castle tower is created. He works all afternoon spooning out the moat, packing the walls, building sentries with bottle tops and bridges with popsicle sticks. With his hours of hard work on the beach a sandcastle will be built.

In a big city with busy streets and rumbling traffic, a man works in an office. He shuffles papers into stacks, delegates assignments, cradles the phone on his shoulder and punches the keyboard with his fingers. He juggles with numbers, contracts get signed and much to the delight of the man, a profit is made. All his life he will work. Formulating the plans and forecasting the future. His annuities will be sentries and capital gains will be bridges. An empire will be built.

The two builders of the two castles have very much in common. They both shape granules into grandeurs. They both make something beautiful out of nothing. They both are very diligent and determined to build their world. And for both, the tide will rise and the end will come. Yet that is where the similarities cease. For the little boy sees the end of his castle while the man ignores it. As the dusk approaches and the waves near, the child jumps to his feet and begins to clap as the waves wash away his masterpiece. There is no sorrow. No fear. No regret. He is not surprised, he knew this would happen. He smiles, picks up his tools and takes his father's hand, and goes home.

The man in his sophisticated office is not very wise like the child. As the wave of years collapses on his empire, he is terrified. He hovers over the sandy monument to protect it. He tries to block the waves with the walls he made. He snarls at the incoming tide. "It's my castle," he defies. The ocean need not respond. Both know to whom the sand belongs.

Go ahead and build your dreams, but build with a child's heart. When the sun sets and the tides take – applaud. Salute the process of life and go home with a smile.

Life goes on my brothers and sisters! We are not indispensable. Things will come and go, people will come and go but it is our attitude to life that is key to our happiness. Perhaps we can all reflect on this story and identify areas in our life where we could become more childlike and be at peace.

As always, I wish you and your families a blessed new week ahead May God continue to guide you and grant you the desires of your heart.

Yours affectionately,

Rev Fr Nicholas Nwanzi