

Crossing the River

John Claypool, writing in *Leadership Journal*, tells of two Buddhist monks walking just after a thunderstorm. They came to a swollen stream.

A beautiful, young Japanese woman in a kimono stood there wanting to cross to the other side, but she was afraid of the current.

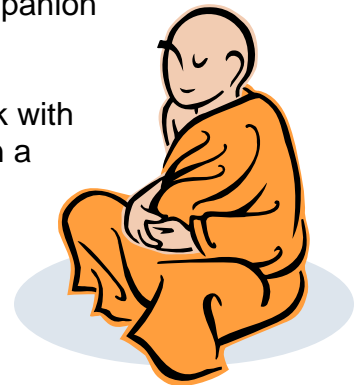
One of the monks said, "Can I help you?"

"I need to cross this stream," replied the woman.

The monk picked her up, put her on his shoulder, carried her through the swirling waters, and put her down on the other side. He and his companion then went on to the monastery.

That night, his companion said to him, "I have a bone to pick with you. As Buddhist monks, we have taken vows not to look on a woman, much less touch her body. Back there by the river, you did both."

"My brother," answered the other monk, "I put that woman down on the other side of the river. You're still carrying her in your mind."



How easy it is to be obsessed with the past at the expense of the future.

Are you carrying around some baggage that needs to be left behind?

– Beecher Hunter