

The Pearl of Great Price

(A Little Irritation Can Go A Long Way)

The Oyster

There once was an oyster
Whose story I tell,
Who found that some sand
Had got into his shell.
It was only a grain,
But it gave him great pain.
For oysters have feelings
Although they're so plain.

Now, did he berate
The harsh workings of fate
That had brought him
To such a deplorable state?
Did he curse at the government
Cry for election,
And claim that the sea should
Have given him perfection?

No—he said to himself
As he lay on a shell,
Since I cannot remove it,
I shall try to improve it.
Now the years have rolled around,
As the years always do,
And he came to his ultimate
Destiny, that is, stew!

And the small grain of sand
That had bothered him so
Was a beautiful pearl
All richly aglow.
Now the tale has a moral:
For isn't it grand
What an oyster can do
With a just a morsel of sand?

What couldn't we do
If we'd only begin
With some of the things
That get under our skin.

The kingdom of heaven
is like a treasure hidden.

Matthew 13:44

