

An Original Coan

by Grandma Books

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A weary wanderer was walking in the wilderness, when he came upon a serene lake. On the shore of the lake was apparently a brown earthen figure in meditation pose. The wanderer promptly sat down on the figure to rest.

After a few moments he prayed aloud: Oh Lord Buddha, tell me what I must do.

The figure answered: What makes you think I'm your Lord Buddha? If I were Buddha, I'd be somewhere else saving the world.

The poor man insisted: What must I do to be as wise as you?

The figure said: First, you must learn to listen.

The poor man said: Yes, Master. What else.

The figure said: Then, you must learn to respect those who would hurt you. They are your teachers.

...What else, Master.

Then, you must learn to jump.

Yes, Master. How will I know I am jumping high enough?

The figure said: You will know if you don't feel my foot sinking into your fat ass.

But, alas, the poor man was still clueless, because he had fallen asleep on the wise man's knees.

So the moral is, sometimes wisdom gives us pain, and sometimes it just puts us to sleep.

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