

## *The Thorn Tree*

Once upon a Yogi time, there was a yogi who was walking through the desert, feeling very calm and peaceful when he heard this sound, the sound of suffering, the sound of “Owww, ow, ow, owww...”

Being the compassionate yogi that he was, he followed the cries to the source of the suffering, whereupon he found a little man attached to a thorn tree. The little man was crying out in pain, “Owww...Help! Help me. This hurts. Please help me!”

And so the yogi, being a good and kind yogi, very gently began to peel off one finger at a time, slowly and carefully lifting the hands, the arms, the torso, and the legs, releasing the little old man from his thorn tree. And after tending the little man’s wounds, they began to walk away together.

Suddenly, the little man started thinking, “Hmmm...Why did the yogi help? What’s in it for him? Why would he do this?” Suddenly the little man’s eyes grew wide in understanding.

The little man turned around and ran back and grabbed onto his thorn tree. He looked at the yogi and cried, “You just wanted my thorn tree! Well you can’t have it! It’s my thorn tree!”

*As told by  
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