

## The Trouble Tree

The carpenter I hired to help me renovate an old house had a rough first day on the job. A flat tire made him an hour late for work, his electric saw stopped working, and then his old truck refused to start.

That evening, as I drove him home, he sat in his seat quietly. After we arrived at his house, he invited me in to meet his family. When we walked toward the front door, he stopped at a small tree for a short period and touched the tips of the branches with both hands.

When he opened the door, his mood completely changed. His dark face was smiling and he held his two small children tightly and gave his wife a kiss.

Afterward, as he walked me to the car, I asked him why he had touched the tree.

"Oh, that's my trouble tree," he replied. "I know I can't help having troubles on the job. But one thing is for sure: - troubles don't belong in the house with my wife and my children. So I just hang them up on the tree every night when I come home. Then in the morning I pick them up again."

"The funny thing is," he smiled, "when I come out in the morning to pick them up, there are never as many as I remember hanging up the night before."