

# A bit of Philosophy for both the Young & The Seniors

## The Fence

There once was a little boy who had a bad temper. His father gave him a bag of nails and told him that every time he lost his temper, he must hammer a nail into the back of the fence.

The first day the boy had driven 37 nails into the fence. Over the next few weeks, as he learned to control his anger, the number of nails hammered daily gradually dwindled down.

He discovered it was easier to hold his temper than to drive those nails into the fence.

Finally the day came when the boy didn't lose his temper at all. He told his father about it and the father suggested that the boy now pull out one nail for each day that he was able to hold his temper.

The days passed and the young boy was finally able to tell his father that all the nails were gone. The father took his son by the hand and led him to the fence. He said, "You have done well, my son, but look at the holes in the fence. The fence will never be the same.

When you say things in anger, they  
leave a scar just like this one.  
You can put a knife in a man and  
draw it out. It won't matter how  
many times you say I'm sorry, the  
wound is still there. A verbal  
wound is as bad as a physical one.

Friends are a very rare jewel,  
indeed. They make you smile and  
encourage you to succeed. They  
lend an ear, they share a word of  
praise, and they always want to open  
their hearts to us.

Show your friends how much you care.