



#137 One Girl



A small, young girl woke up in her large, old city. She yawned, dressed and went out into the city streets to go help her father in his bakery. On her way, she saw people looking down at the ground much more than the sky. She heard voices raised in arguments more than jokes. She saw more grey and tan streets, than colorful flowers. “Dad, I feel like I don’t belong here,” she said as she arrived at the bakery. Her father tried to cheer her up, but to no avail. But he was a good listener, so she continued, “And the worst part, Dad, is that I feel like I can’t do anything to change our city. It needs to raise itself to a higher level - to have a brighter outlook. But there are so many people here! And they have been dreary and hopeless for so long!” Her father put down

the scones and came out from behind the counter. "Let me tell you a story," he began. "It is true, mind you. It's about a remarkable man who brought a way of measuring well-being to our city. He could tell when a person's day was brighter or dimmer. Well, he gathered a group of people in a building and measured them. Then he asked a young girl who was truly happy to walk down the street, past the building. As she did, he measured the people inside the building to find that their sense of well-being had increased." Her father ended by noting that this remarkable man claimed that one person can raise an entire city to a higher level of joy. His daughter was visibly altered by the impact this story had on her. She looked like a new person. All that day she worked with purpose and even, hope. And when she walked home, regardless of people around her, she looked to the sky. She made a point of picking out the flowers in the window boxes. She listened for jokes and even thought of one, herself. Chuckling out loud, she went home for dinner.

*YOUR OWN HAPPINESS
IS ALREADY A GIFT*