Seven People Cutting Stones, by Roger Walsh

For several weeks strange sounds had drifted over the mountains from the neighboring valley. There was much talk in the village about what these noises could be, but no one could make sense of them. Even the village elders had never heard anything like them. Finally one of the young men of the village was chosen to cross the mountains and see what was going on.
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After two days of hiking he reached the mountaintop and saw in the valley far below a hive of activity with dozens of people working. As he drew closer, he saw a line of people, each with a huge stone in front of them that they were hammering and chiseling.
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Â When he finally reached the valley floor he approached a young man at one end of the line and asked, â€œWhat are you doing?â€•
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â€œHuh!â€• grunted the young man. â€œIâ€™m killing time until I get off work.â€•
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Puzzled, the hiker turned to the second person in the line, a young woman, and asked, â€œExcuse me, but what are you doing?â€•
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â€œIâ€™m earning a living to support my family,â€• she responded.
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Scratching his head, the hiker moved on to the third person and asked again, â€œWhat are you doing?â€•
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â€œIâ€™m creating a beautiful statue,â€• came the reply. Turning to the next person, the hiker repeated his question.
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â€œIâ€™m helping to build a cathedral,â€• came the answer.
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â€œAh!â€• said the hiker. â€œI think Iâ€™m beginning to understand.â€•
Approaching the woman who was next in line he asked, â€œAnd what are
you doing?
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â€œI am helping the people in this town and generations that follow them, by helping to build this cathedral.â€•
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â€œWonderful,â€• exclaimed the hiker. â€œAnd you, sir? He called to the man beside her.
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â€œI am helping to build this cathedral in order to serve all those who use it and to awaken myself in the process. I am seeking my

salvation through service to others.â€•
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Finally the hiker turned to the last stone worker, an old, lively
person whose eyes twinkled and whose mouth formed a perpetual smile.
â€œAnd what are you doing?â€• he inquired.
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â€œMe?â€• smiled the elder. â€œDoing?â€• The elder roared with
laughter. â€œThis ego dissolved into God many years ago. There is no
â€˜Iâ€™ left to â€˜doâ€™ anything. God works through this body to help
and awaken all people and draw them to Him.â€•

--Roger Walsh, in _Essential Spirituality_

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