

The Tale of the Naked Truth

There's a great story about the truth, and it goes like this.

Once, the Truth lost all her clothes. Naked, she wandered through the city trying to find a place to stay. She was hungry and looking for someone to take her in.

She knocked on the first door she came to. A kind-looking man opened it, but when he saw the Truth standing there naked, he slammed the door shut in shock.

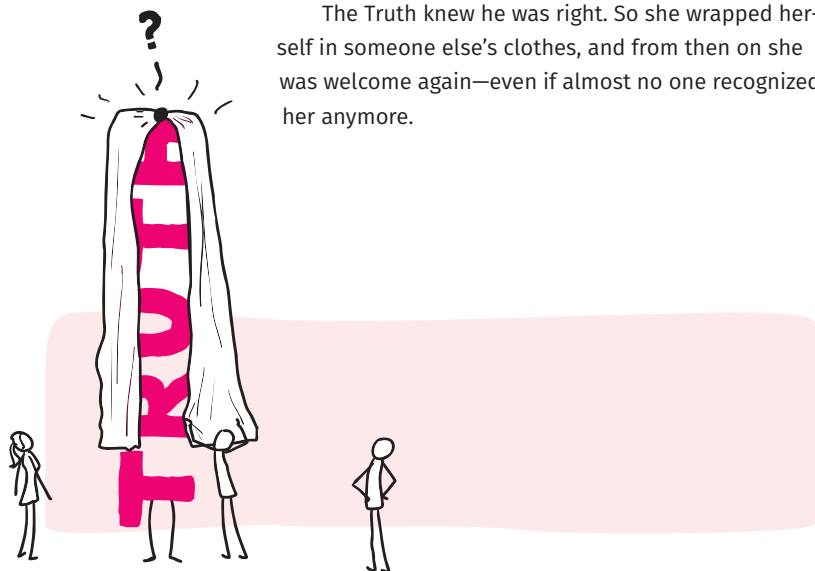
The Truth fared no better at the other doors. "Shameless!" cried one person. "Outrageous!" cried another. "Disgusting!" cried a third.

The Truth became very sad. She thought to herself: I must belong somewhere. Everyone has a place! Am I all alone? Finally, hungry and freezing, she crouched in a dark and forgotten corner of the busy city.

She would have died that night if an old man out late walking his dog had not found her. He didn't waste time asking things like "Who are you?" "What do you want?" "Where do you live?" Taking pity on her, he simply helped the shivering, naked Truth to her feet and took her home with him. He gave her a bowl of soup and a place to get warm.

Then he offered her some clothes. "Here," said the man, "put something on." "But those aren't my clothes," the Truth said. "It doesn't matter," said the old man. "The main thing is, you won't be naked anymore, so you can go back out in public."

The Truth knew he was right. So she wrapped herself in someone else's clothes, and from then on she was welcome again—even if almost no one recognized her anymore.



REFLECT

Read "The Tale of the Naked Truth" out loud. Can you speak the truth to one another? Can you say it in a constructive, loving way? Where do you still have difficulties?