

□ Reading time: 2 min.

I get up one morning, I leave the house, there is a pothole in the footpath, I don't see it, I fall in.

Next day, I leave the house, forget there's a pothole in the footpath I fall in. Third day, I leave the house trying to remember that there is a pothole in the footpath, but I don't remember, and I fall in.

Fourth day, I leave the house trying to remember the pothole in the footpath, I remember it, and yet I don't see the pothole and I fall in. Fifth day, I leave the house, I remember the pothole in the footpath and I walk looking at the ground, I see it, but even if I see it, I fall in.

Day six, I leave the house, I remember the pothole in the footpath, I look for it with my eyes, I see it, I try to jump over it, but I fall in.

Seventh day, I leave the house, I see the pothole, I take a running start, I jump, I brush my toes against the edge on the other side, but it's not enough and I fall in.

Eighth day, I leave the house, see the hole, take a run-up, jump, land on the other side! I feel so proud of having succeeded, I jump for joy... and as I jump, I fall back into the hole.

Day nine, I leave the house, see the hole, take a running start, jump over it, and continue on my way.

Day ten, only today, I realise that it is more comfortable and safer to walk on the opposite footpath.

*Life's road is littered with potholes: habits, vices big and small, annoying failings and yet always the same. In the family we always argue about the same things, we always confess the same sins, we always make the same mistakes. To convert is to take the other footpath.*