

Panning for Gold

Throughout our childhood, our parents shook us furiously as if they were panning for gold. They hoped to filter away their own doubts and fears. As the fine particles fell away and sifted back down into the Earth, Mother and Father held their breath as they waited to see the fruits of their labor. They were disappointed by the muddy clumps that encased our inner potential. They hung their heads as their friends displayed their children's shimmery treasures. Our dreams were discarded because they didn't fit into our parents' ideal world. If only they knew time would sand off our edges. Encouragement would dust off our failures. Love would reveal a gem.