



ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A LITTLE BOY WHO HAD A KITE THAT WOULDN'T FLY. THE LITTLE BOY DIDN'T KNOW THAT THE KITE NEEDED SOME WIND AND A LOT OF STRING, SO ONE DAY IN ANGER HE JUMPED ON IT AND LEFT IT BROKEN ON THE GROUND. THE KITE DIED WITHOUT EVER KNOWING THE JOY OF FLIGHT.

EACH OF US IS LIKE THE KITE. WE ARE MEANT TO FLY BUT WE NEED HELP. WE NEED WIND AND SOMETIMES A LITTLE MORE STRING.

IF WE ARE JUMPED ON OR KICKED JUST BECAUSE THE CONDITIONS AREN'T RIGHT FOR FLIGHT, WE MAY NEVER FLY. AND UNLIKE THE KITE, WE HAVE MEMORIES. WE REMEMBER THE KICKS, THE ABUSE, THE FAILURES AND THE MESSAGES WHICH SAY, "YOU WON'T EVER FLY."

MANY OF US BECOME LIKE THE BOY'S KITE, CONDEMNED TO A LIFE ON THE GROUND WHEN A BIT OF STRING, A BREEZE AND SOME UNDERSTANDING WOULD HAVE MADE A DIFFERENCE.

IN EACH OF OUR LIVES THERE IS OPPORTUNITY TO FLY. ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS BELIEVE IN OURSELVES AND TO TRY. AND IN EACH OF OUR LIVES THERE IS SOMEONE ELSE WE CAN HELP TO FLY.