

Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall. Humpty Dumpty had a great fall. All the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't put Humpty together again. But soon the king himself heard of Humpty's fate, and was deeply disturbed. So, setting aside his royal finery, and disguised as a common peasant, the king slipped un-noticed through the majestic palace gates and into the rough-and-tumble street life of his kingdom.

The king meandered through the back streets and alleys in search of Humpty, and after several days and nights, the persistent monarch found him. Humpty's shattered body was scattered over a ten-foot circle amidst the broken glass and flattened beer cans of a back alley. Though he was weak from his searching, the king was overjoyed at finding Humpty at last. He ran to his side and cried, "Humpty, it is I, your king!" I have powers greater than those of my horses and men who failed to put you together again. Be at peace, I am here, and I can help!" "Leave me alone," Humpty retorted. "I've gotten used to the way life is now, and you know, in some ways, it's not so bad." The king did not even have a chance to reply before Humpty continued. "I tell you, I am really just fine - I am doing just fine, -and things are not really all that bad . . . Why, look at that trash can over there, or the way the sun sparkles on the broken glass, and reflects off the surface of the beer cans . . . Why, this could be one of the garden spots of the world!"

The king made another attempt to get through to Humpty,

"I can assure you that life in my kingdom has much more to offer than what you have become accustomed to here in this alley, think of the possibilities of roaming green mountains, enjoying the rolling surf, the exciting cities . . . "

But Humpty had so adjusted his view of life and reality, that he could not, or would not, believe that his life in the alley was anything but normal. And although he heard the voice of the king, he did not really hear what the king was saying. And so with a saddened heart, the king returned to his palace.

A week or so later, one of Humpty's eyes rolled skyward only to see, once again, the concerned face of the king standing over his fractured pieces "Humpty," said the king, "I have come to help you if you will let me." "Will you just leave me alone," said Humpty, "I am doing just fine, I've got it under control, and as you can see, I am a survivor!" "Besides, I'm not sure it's really possible for me to change, or this situation to get any better anyway, so I just need to deal with things the way they are."

"But wouldn't you rather walk?" asked the king. "Walk?", said Humpty, "Surely you must be joking!" -and for a moment Humpty looked a little nervous. "Look," said Humpty, "even if that were possible, once I got up and started walking, then I would have to stay up and keep walking, and I just don't know if I could handle it."

"At this point in my life, I am just not ready to make that kind of commitment, besides, it's really not that bad, I'm handling things ok, . . . so, if you'll excuse me, you're blocking my sun. Reluctantly, the king turned once again and walked through the streets of his kingdom back to the palace - there was little more that He could do.

It was nearly a year later when the king ventured once again to return to the side of Humpty Dumpty. . . but on this morning, perhaps because he had finally grown weary of life in the alley, or because he was simply exhausted from the hard work of merely surviving - or perhaps because his level of pain or numbness had become so great that even he could no longer ignore it - or for some other reason, or combination of reasons, of which we will probably never be completely sure, on this morning he was ready.

One of his ears recognized the sure, steady strides of the King as he made his way down the alley. And this time, as Humpty's eyes turned toward the king, His mouth formed the words, "My king, I am ready."

Immediately the king fell to his knees on the dirty glass covered pavement. His strong knowing hands gently began to piece together Humpty's fragments. At first things went well, but if the truth were to be told, there were also numerous times when Humpty resisted the work, and the king, who never forced Himself, had to wait before He could go on. But finally, after some time, the king rose to his full height, pulling up with him the figure of a strong young person.

Together the king and Humpty stood atop lush green mountains, they ran together along sandy beaches, they laughed together as they walked the gleaming streets of the king's domain. And while it would not be true to say that there was no more pain or sadness, there certainly was never before so much life and joy. Once while walking together down the sidewalk of one of the king's cities, Humpty overheard a remark that made his heart leap both with the joy of his new life, and the memory of the back alley. Someone said, "Say, who are those two men?" Another replied, "Why, the one on the left is old Humpty Dumpty, but the one on the right, I am not sure, but they sure look like brothers.