

Rockhound

Natalie J Ledford

♩ = 90



Out on the de- sert he was hun- ting one day for rocks that would be seen as much



more. Like a- gates and such that don't seem like much but when



bro- ken and po- lished re- veal co- lours and pa- terns that catch ev- ery one's eye.



I- t was hot it was not ea- sy to walk as he scanned the ground for a



si- gn of some thing much be- tter than he could re- mem- ber till the



eye of the rock hound caught a glimpse and he reached down to see what he had




found. Then tu- cking it in- to his sack, he shu- ffling on as the sun beat




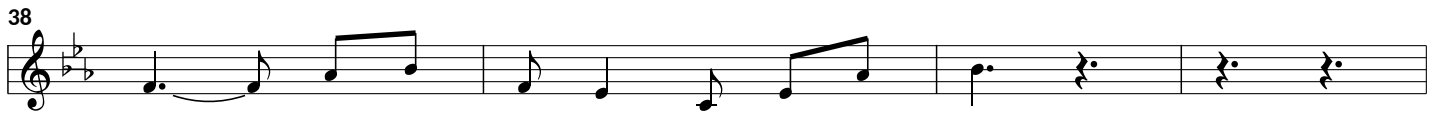
down. Were these trea- sures, things to re- mem- ber or was h- e just wa- sting





time? And as he walked he thought of all the trea- sures in- side. To


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him it was ma- gic yet to oth- ers it just seemed like hard work.


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Hi- king and hau- ling pounds of rocks through the heat. Was it real- ly worth the la- bor and


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time? He just smi- led and ca- rried on.

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He knew the se- cret the joy of con- tent- ment though sear- ching fo- r so much

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more. the jour- ney the le- ssons and learn ing to see was found in the ca- ry- ing

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on. for knew when the most val- u- a- ble rocks would be found..

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Take a- no- ther step e- val- u- ate and grow. Con- tin- ue to see the

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val- ue in what doe- sn't a- ppear to have a- ny. These are the

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le- ssons he taught me.