

# The Candle and the Wick: A Story of Devotion and Light

In a quiet monastery nestled among misty mountains, there stood an ancient wooden altar. Upon it, always present but seldom noticed, was a tall, unlit candle. Curled gently along its base was a thin cotton wick, soft and untouched by flame.

The candle had once been proud—its wax pure, its body strong. But now, it remained idle, gazing into the silence of the temple hall.

One evening, as dusk wrapped the sky in shades of indigo, the candle murmured, “I was made to shine, to offer warmth and direction. Yet here I am, cold and unused.”

The wick, hearing these words, whispered gently, “I too am made to burn. But without you to carry me, I would vanish in a flicker. Together, we are meant to glow—but apart, we are just... waiting.”

As twilight deepened, the head monk entered the room for his evening prayers. He paused before the altar, then looked at the candle and the wick with thoughtful eyes.

“You both feel incomplete,” he said, almost as if he had heard their thoughts. “But that is the truth of consecration. You were never meant to hold back your gifts. You were meant to give them—to something greater.”

The candle and wick listened in silence.

“But,” the wick hesitated, “I will be consumed if I burn.”

“And I,” said the candle, “will melt away drop by drop. What remains of us then?”

The monk smiled. “The Law of Consecration teaches that true purpose is not found in preserving ourselves, but in giving ourselves wholly. When you sacrifice your form, you gain fulfillment. When you combine your light, you guide others.”

With care, he placed the wick within the candle’s heart. Then, striking a match, he brought it near.

As the flame touched the wick, a soft light bloomed. The candle stood tall, glowing gently, its wax warming the air. The wick burned steadily—not alone, but as part of something meaningful.

In that moment, the temple was filled with a serene light, and the prayer bell rang gently in the breeze.

The candle no longer feared melting, and the wick no longer feared disappearing—for together, they had become more than themselves. They had been consecrated to a higher purpose.

They had brought light to darkness.