

THE RIGHT CHOICE The story goes that in the fifteenth century, in a tiny village near Nuremberg, Germany, lived a family with 18 children. His closing words were, "And now, Albert, blessed brother of mine, it is your turn. Now you can go to Nuremberg to pursue your dream, and I will take care of you." They both wanted his cheeks and said, "No, brother. I cannot go to pursue their talent for art, but they knew full well that their father could never afford to send either of them to Nuremberg. All heads turned to the far end of the table where Albert sat, tears streaming down his pale face, shaking his lowered head from side to side while he sobbed and repeated, over and over, "No...no." Finally, Albert rose, wiped the tears from his eyes. It is too late for me. Look what four years in the mines have done to my hands! The bones in every finger have been smashed, and lately I have been suffering from arthritis so badly in my right hand that I cannot make delicate lines on parchment or canvas with a pen or a brush. No, brother, for me it is too late" In order to show his gratitude to Albert, Albrecht Durer drew his portrait and sent it to Nuremberg to study at the academy. no...no