

The Seed Sower

by Pat Moore

I went to the field as usual, clasping my hand tightly, not wishing to lose even one tiny particle of hope. An old man was already there, hammering a wooden pole into the ground with a sign announcing NO PLANTING! He stopped me at the gate and shook his head.

"But I've brought seed!"

"Not today."

"But it's always right to sow seeds..."

"Not today."

"But ... it's my life's work - to sow seed."

He nodded. "Bet you're diligent about it, aren't you?"

"Absolutely!"

"Dedicated?"

"Of course!"

"Put a lot of effort in?"

"Put my whole heart into it!" I was frustrated; stopping was not what I had in mind!

"Not today."

This was my whole focus! Couldn't he see? "I'm a Seed Sower!" I declared.

He was concerned. "That's great. I am for you - *I really am*, but right now.... right now - it's time to change focus."

"But the field..."

"Is prepared!" He announced then took pity on my helplessness. "Ok. Ok. I don't do this for everyone ...but let me show you." He pulled out an x ray magnifier. I saw as I had never seen before: seed beneath the surface; seeds hidden; seeds as far as the eye could see. Seeds sleeping, waiting for their time....

The old man sighed, satisfied. His face cracked into a smile - a knowledge - a hope of things to come.

"Blessing's coming," he said.

(Based on Lev 25:20)

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