

A Farmyard Fable

Once upon a time, there was a farm in the country. And on that farm, there lived a magnificent turkey. This was the most admired turkey in all the land.

One day, the Angel Who Watches Over Nature came to that turkey and said, "Magnificent Turkey, it is time."

The turkey replied, "I understand, for this is the way of all of creation." And the angel departed.

Later that morning, the farmer came and killed the turkey. And he cooked the turkey. And that evening, the farmer's family, and his parents, and his brothers and sisters and all their families gathered around a festive Thanksgiving table. And they joyously celebrated the many blessings the Lord had bestowed upon them.

And the spirit of the turkey looked down upon that celebration and saw how he had displayed the power to pull together a large extended family from many miles around and unite them together and give them great joy. And the spirit of the turkey smiled within.

The next year, in another part of the farm, there was a rosebush. And on that rosebush, there was a beautiful rose. This was the most radiant rose in all the land.

One day, the Angel Who Watches Over Nature came to that rose and said, "Beautiful Rose, it is time."

The rose replied, "I understand, for this is the way of all creation." And the angel departed.

Later that afternoon, the farmer's son came and he plucked the rose. And he presented the rose to the girl of his affection. And the girl's heart melted and she fell in love with the farmer's son. And later that year, they were married.

And the spirit of the rose looked down upon that wedding and saw how it had managed to spark an enduring love of one to another. And the spirit of the rose smiled within.

The next year, in the field just outside the farm, there was a steadfast rock. This was the most enormous rock in all the land.

One day, the Angel Who Watches Over Nature came to that rock and said, "Steadfast Rock, it is time."

The rock replied, "I understand, for this is the way of all creation". And the angel departed.

Later that day, a sculptor came to the rock. And the sculptor carved the rock into a statue of the man who founded the nearby town.

And people of that town came with their horses and carts and ropes and pulled the statue to the middle of their town square. And whenever the people saw that statue, their thoughts

raced back to a time long ago and they remembered how the man who founded the town brought hope and happiness and life into that community.

And the spirit of the rock looked down upon that town square and saw how it had possessed the power to control the memories of the people. And the spirit of the rock smiled within.

The next year, the farmer plowed the field where the rock once stood. And he planted an ordinary field of wheat. And the wheat grew.

One day, the Angel Who Watches Over Nature came to that wheat and said, "Field of wheat, it is time."

The wheat replied, "I understand, for this is the way of all creation. But, Good Angel, I pray, please grant me one final wish."

The angel replied, "What is your wish?"

The wheat answered, "Alas, I am but an ordinary and insignificant field of wheat, not unlike every other field in this land. Lest my passing be as insignificant as my life has been, would that just once, I could display the power to unite people like the magnificent turkey, or I could feel what it's like to symbolize love like the beautiful rose, or I could control the memories of people like the steadfast rock."

And the Angel replied, "It shall be so." And the angel departed.

Later that day, the farmer came and harvested the wheat. And he sold the wheat to the miller, who ground the wheat into flour. And the miller sold the flour to the baker. And the baker took the flour and used it to bake ordinary loaves of bread.

But, as time went by, the town pastor came into the baker's shop and bought one of the loaves. And the next morning, the pastor broke the bread into little pieces, placed it on a silver plate, and gave it to the congregation.

And the spirit of the wheat looked down upon that church and saw how, even more than the turkey had united an extended family, it had the power to unite the very family of God. It saw how, even more than the rose had symbolized the love of a man to a woman, it symbolized the gracious love of an awesome God who loved his people in spite of themselves. And it saw how, even more than the statue controlled the thoughts of the people, it caused the people to remember a man who willingly died so that they might live.

And the spirit of the wheat smiled within, for it knew that its wish had been granted.

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