



# *REFLECTIONS*

December 28, 2014

**"As long as the earth endures, /seedtime and harvest, /cold and heat, /summer and winter, /day and night/will never cease."**

*Genesis 8:22*

## **Seeds of the Harvest**

The setting sun marked the end of another day. What was done was done. Time allowed nothing more to be added to it. Soon it would fall among the long parade of memories known as yesterday. What had been seen, what had been heard, what had been done would live on, but only in story form.

Those trips to the country with Paw Paw always seemed long and a little boring; but looking back now, the best part of them was that he wanted me to be with him. It was planting time and he wanted to see if all was going well on the farm lands that he owned. And he wanted me to see it too. He knew something I didn't.

Weeks went by before Paw Paw took me with him again. This time we found little going on in the fields, yet he drove slowly down the fence line. He peered down each plowed row to see the plants sprouting above the soil. He seemed to be assessing their strength and progression, looking for ways to nurture them for a bountiful harvest.

Daddy was with us the next time Paw Paw took me with him. The season had changed by then. It was harvest time and the fields were crawling with people and tractors and trailers. Daddy explained the business side of the harvest to me—how much the trailer would hold and what the value of each trailer load would be. It was interesting to hear, but I grasped very little of the lesson he wanted me to learn. It would take me almost a lifetime to understand it.

Those days have long since joined the lengthy parade of memories known as yesterday. What I saw back then, what I heard back then, what had been done back then lives on today, but only in story form. But there is one thing new. I understand it better now and the lesson speaks more strongly today than it ever could have back then.

Planting, nurturing, and harvesting, it is the cycle of every living thing on earth. We are among those living things in the midst of the cycle that in many ways will look like all the others; yet is so very different. Each of us occupies a unique presence in this world. No other has ever been like you or me; and no other ever will. Whatever seed we plant in this world, no other will ever be exactly like it. At harvest time it will provide food for the season of *its* life. Then when all has been seen, when all has been heard, when all has been done, the seeds of the harvest will live on—though only in story form.

Oh! And about those stories—they are the seeds for what tomorrow will bring. Nurture them carefully.

*You are the light of the world,*

*Richard +*

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