



“The Farmer and the Student??”

March 2020

I was called the other day by one of our members with the following question. Following the news on a daily basis, it makes me ponder, "Why does G-d do good things to some people and then I see He does bad things, pain and suffering to other people"? I answered; Please let me rephrase that question.

"Why does G-d do good things to some, and then He does to others things we don't understand"? I answered, I don't have the answers, as some things are beyond human comprehension; but please let me share with you the parable of "The Farmer and The Student"

Once a man who knew nothing at all about the agricultural industry came to a farmer and asked to be taught about farming. The farmer took him to his field and asked him what he saw. "I see a beautiful piece of land, lush with grass, and pleasing to the eye." Then the visitor stood aghast when he saw the farmer plow under the grass and turned the beautiful green field into a mass of shallow brown ditches. "Why did you ruin the field?" the stunned student asked.

"Be patient and you will see," answered the farmer. Then the farmer showed his guest a sack full of plump kernels of wheat and said, "Tell me what you see?" The student described the nutritious, inviting grain - and then, once more watched in shock as the farmer ruined something beautiful. This time, he walked up and down the furrows and dropped kernels into the open ground wherever he went. Then he covered the kernels with clods of soil. "Are you insane?" the student demanded. "First you destroyed the field and then you ruined the grain!" Again the farmer answered, "Be patient and you will see." Time went by, and once more the farmer called his student guest back out to the field. Now they saw endless, straight rows of green stalks sprouting up from all the furrows. The student stood there and smiled broadly.

"I apologize. Now I understand what you were doing. You made the field more beautiful than ever. The art of farming is truly marvelous." "No," said the farmer.

"We are not done. You must still be patient." More time went by and the stalks were fully-grown. Then the farmer came with a sickle and chopped them all down as his visitor watched open-mouthed, seeing how the orderly field became an ugly scene of destruction. The farmer bound the fallen stalks into bundles and decorated the field with them. Later, he took the bundles to another area where

he beat and crushed them until they became a mass of straw and loose kernels. Then he separated the kernels from the chaff and piled them up in a huge hill. Always, he told his protesting student visitor, "We are not done, you must be more patient."

Then the farmer came with his wagon and piled it high with grain, which he took to a mill. There, the beautiful grain was ground into formless, choking dust. The student visitor complained again. "You have taken grain and transformed it into dirt!" Again, he was told to be patient. The farmer put the dust into sacks and took it back home. He took some dust and mixed it with water while his guest marveled at the foolishness of making "whitish mud." Then the farmer fashioned the "mud" into the shape of a loaf. The visitor saw the perfectly formed loaf and smiled broadly, but his happiness did not last. The farmer kindled a fire in an oven and put the loaf into it.

"Now I know you are insane", said the student, "after all that work, you burn what you have made."

The farmer looked at him and laughed. "Have I not told you to be patient?" Finally, the farmer opened the oven and took out freshly baked bread – crisp and brown, with an aroma that made the visitor's mouth water. "Come," the farmer said. He led his guest to the kitchen table where he cut the bread and offered his now pleased student visitor a liberally buttered slice.

"Now," the farmer said, "now that you see the final product, you understand that all the steps were necessary." End of parable.

Sometimes in life we get to see the final product right away and sometimes we just have to trust in the Divine plan, even when we can't see the final product. Easier said than done, but in life, we have to come to grips and accept the fact that some challenges in life we will never understand the reason. As we all have heard, the expression many times "it is what it is", and we just have to have faith and trust. As I heard from one of my teachers many times a mantra about 'faith', "with it you have no questions, without it you have no answers". And now from the 'Moshe humor files', a short humorous anecdote, to keep you smiling...

"Thinking outside the box"

A wise old gentleman retired and purchased a modest home near a junior high school. He spent the first few weeks of his retirement in peace and contentment. Then a new school year began. The very next afternoon three young boys, full of youthful, after-school enthusiasm, came down his street, beating merrily on every trash can they encountered. The crashing percussion continued day after day, until finally the wise old man decided it was time to take some action. The next afternoon, he walked out to meet the young percussionists as they banged their way down the street. Stopping them, he said, "You kids are a lot of fun. I like to see you express your exuberance like that. In fact, I used to do the same thing when I was your age. Will you do me a favor? I'll give you each a dollar if you'll promise to come around every day and do your thing." The kids were elated and continued to do a bang-up job on the trashcans. After a few days, the old-timer greeted the kids again, but this time he had a sad smile on his face. "This recession's really putting a big dent in my income," he told them. "From now on, I'll only be able to pay you 50 cents to beat on the cans."

The noisemakers were obviously displeased, but they accepted his offer and continued their afternoon ruckus. A few days later, the wily retiree approached them again as they drummed their way down the street. "Look," he said, "I haven't received my Social Security check yet, so I'm not going to be able to give you more than 25 cents. Will that be okay?"

"A lousy quarter?" the drum leader exclaimed. "If you think we're going to waste our time, beating these cans around for a quarter, you're nuts! No way, mister. We quit!" And the old man enjoyed peace and serenity for the rest of his days. LOL!

On behalf of ALL your Chaplains, May G-d bless you and always keep you in His loving care. Should you need an ear to listen or a shoulder to lean on or perhaps some good humor to share?

Please don't hesitate to give us a call.

Chaplains unit: 312-738-7588 or look us up in the FOP book under "Chaplains".

Compliments of your Police Chaplain, Rabbi Moshe Wolf