

# A Bag Full of Seeds

Once upon a time there was a young man who set off down a rocky road full of weeds and thistle carrying a large bag of seed over his shoulder, he was meant by his dearest friend.

The friend ask him: “ Hello, my best friend where are you going?” He replied, “I am off to change this old road”. Well, his friend, retorted; “But how, your upon a dead road full of rocks, weeds, and thistle, there is no life here, how can you make a difference?”

“Well, said his friend, I don't know that I can, but I must try.” His best friend then said; “Indeed, but start with a road having life, at least you'll have a chance!” “No, said his friend, I must start here, where life is needed more than any place I know, I have seeds in my bag that surely must grow”.

So off he went bidding his dearest friend good bye, he patiently planted each seed along his way, but the road was hard, and dangerous, he was attacked by wild beast along his way, left for dead, but always someone appeared from no where and cared for his needs.

Many times he lacked food, and water, but within a few miles their would always be food, and drink, enough to provide for his daily needs. But this road proved long, as long as his whole life, but still he saw no sign of life, for all his hard days.

Now he was reaching the end of this hard road, he was old, his feet had no shoes, his coat was ripped, and tattered, from all the years of uses, and wild beast attacks, the knees of his trouser had holes, and his poor old knees were bloody from crawling over this rocky road, and his bag of seeds was empty.

Looking back he sighed with a deep painful sigh into his old soul, “what have I done with my life? I've paid such a great price in family, friends, and success, certainly I could have taken an easier road in life”.

But suddenly his dearest friend appeared before him, saying; “I hardly recognized you my old friend in your wretched state, where have you been all these years of my life, you dear, dear, friend?”

He replied, “I have finished my planting on this wicked old rocky road, I have failed miserably, you were right, I should have listened too many years ago”.

No, no, my dear friend I have traveled this road often looking for you, and it has life all over it, your work is not in vain, I was wrong, I took an easier road than you, but mine has produced nothing but rocks, weeds, and thistles, in my late years, while yours produced life, come with me and I will show you what I mean”.

The old man slowly got to his feet, with a renewed spirit, like it had often been given along this rocky old road while planting his seed. They walked slowly down the road, and at the first bend in the road they found life; “how could that be, I never knew life was this close, but I never look back from my work, I guess it is my own fault?”

“No,” said his dearest friend, “you were right, in not looking back, perhaps you would have stopped, and not finished your course”. Well, they had just finished talking and they were at the next bend in the road and it was full of life, there were waters bubbling up, green grass growing everywhere, and trees sprouting into life.

The old man's hands started shaking in joy and fear, “this can't be from me, how can such life grow in a place like this?” “I don't know my friend, but it is wonderful to see don't you agree?” Oh, yes, with all my heart I do agree, with God's wondrous creation of life for me”.

Now they moved down the road, and the further they went the greater the life until springs broke into creeks, and creeks into rivers, there where

field full of grains of life, and fruit trees lining the road producing sweet delicious fruits.

The old man humbly went to his knees; “Oh Lord it is a paradise of grandest beauty, my labors have not been in vain, how could I'd doubted you when you gave me that bag full of seed, so many years ago”?

His friend now said, “Tell me please what kind of seed did you plant all these years along this rocky wicked road?” “Well my dearest friend, the seeds, were seeds of love”.

“You mean to tell me you crawled on your bloody knees over this rocky dead road to plant seeds of love?”

“Well, yes, as foolish as it sounds, I believe it was the only thing that could make life grow on this old dead road”. “You mean to tell me you left home and every thing behind in your life, for love!”

“Well, I believed with all my heart love would never fail”. “So you would cross Hades and hell, upon your knees to plant seeds of love?”

The old man did not say a word, he crawled on his old bloody knees to his friend side, and gently took his hand, looking into his eyes, and said: I have found life”, then he died in peace.

His friend shocked, with disbelief, then opened his hand, and there he found one small seed.

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