

So God Made a Farmer

On the eighth day, God looked down on his planned paradise
and said, "I need a caretaker."
So, God made a farmer.

God said, I need somebody willing to get up before dawn, milk cows, work all
day in the fields, milk cows again, eat supper and then go to town and stay
past midnight at a meeting of the Farm Bureau.
So, God made a farmer.

I need somebody with strong arms to wrestle a calf, yet gentle enough to
deliver his own grandchild. Somebody to call hogs, tame cantankerous machinery,
come home hungry and have to wait until his wife is done feeding visiting ladies,
then tell the ladies come back soon.
So, God made a farmer.

God said, I need somebody willing to sit up all night with a new born colt
and watch it die and then dry his eyes and say maybe next year. I need somebody
who can shape an ax handle from a persimmon sprout and shoe a horse with a hunk
of car tire. Who can make harness out of a hay wire, feed sacks and shoe
scraps. Whose planting time and harvest season will finish his 40 hour week by
Tuesday noon. Then, with the pain from tractor back, he will put in another 72.
So, God made a farmer.

God had to have somebody willing to ride the ruts at double-speed to get the
hay in ahead of the rain clouds and yet stop in mid-field and race to help
when he sees the first smoke from a neighbor's place.
So, God made a farmer.

God said, I need somebody strong enough to clear trees and heave bales, and
yet gentle enough to wean lambs and pigs and tend the pink combed pullets.
And who will stop his mower for an hour to splint the broken leg of a meadowlark.
So, God made a farmer.

It had to be somebody who would plow deep and straight and not cut corners.
Somebody to seed, weed, feed, breed, and rake and disc and plow and plant
and tie the fleece and strain the milk and replenish the self-feeder and finish
a hard weeks work with a five mile drive to church. Somebody who would bale a
family together with the soft strong bonds of sharing. Who would laugh, then
sign and reply with smiling eyes... When his son says he wants to spend his life
doing what Dad does!
So, God made a farmer.