

THE STEWARDSHIP PAPERS

It's As Simple As That

“Listen to the wind, little one,” I paused.

And she stopped and listened, too.

“Look at the trees...far away over that hill. Can you see them move?”

And she nodded.

I looked up at the sky and felt the coolness of the breeze wipe away the sweat on my face. It had been hot and humid for days, and I welcomed the respite from the haze that seemed to hang on every movement.

The far off leaves rustled...first, faintly, then louder and louder as the chorus was joined by grass and bushes. We watched the stillness of a few minutes before change into a movement that swept from field to field...feeling it touch us, while it still moved the trees in the distance, and sweep past us...covering a larger and larger area.

“The wind is like God, you know,” I said as I knelt motionless at my work.

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“You can’t see the wind, but you can see the things that it touches, because they move. And sometimes it makes the things that it touches “speak”...like the leaves on those trees.”

“Listen...”

And we both were very still.

“What do you think they’re saying?” I asked.

And her tiny face turned in the direction of the wind before turning back to me with an impish smile on her face...and her answer was a sure and simple

“Hello.”

[John 3:7, 8]

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