

Story #355 (Not on tape.)

Informants: Children at Ayşe Ablâ İkkokulu

Narrator: Neriman Hızır (Ayşe Ablâ)

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Watermelons, Walnuts, and the Wisdom of Allah

N.H.
 One day as the Hodja was working in his little garden, he became very warm. Seeing no one about, he slipped off his turban to cool his head a trifle; then he sat down in the pleasant shade of a walnut tree. Now, the Hodja's mind was seldom idle, and while he relaxed for a few minutes in the shade, he meditated upon the great wisdom of Allah. Chancing to note a fine watermelon in the garden, he smiled to himself. "Now there," said he, "is something I'd have done differently had I been Allah. See that great, lovely watermelon growing on a spindly little vine, and then consider the walnut, a midget nut upon a great and lordly tree. Ah, who can fathom the wisdom of Allah? If I had been arranging matters, I should have given the walnuts to that puny vine, and reserved the watermelons for this magnificent tree." So musing, he nodded off for a nap.

Suddenly a walnut fell from the tree and landed with a substantial thump on the top of the Hodja's bald head. Awakened, the Hodja ruefully rubbed the lump which had begun to swell on his scalp. Then an understanding smile spread over his face. In due reverence, he fell to his knees

"Oh, Allah!" he murmured, "forgive me my presumption. Thy wisdom is indeed great. Suppose I had been arranging matters? I should just now have been hit upon the head by a watermelon. Ah, Allah, great, indeed, is Thy wisdom!"