

Story 1212 (1990 Tape 8)

Narrator: Beyhan Kavasoğulları, 54

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The ^{All}F^{Allah} Farmer and ^{ally}G^{ally}od as Partners

There was once a farmer who had middle-sized land holdings. One spring before he sowed his wheat crop, he made an agreement with God about it. In his prayers he said, "O God, if you will give me a generous crop this year, I shall share it evenly with you at harvesttime." He then proceeded to plant wheat on all of his land

When fall came, he harvested an unusually large crop of wheat. After it had all been cut and threshed, the whole threshing floor was covered with a heap of wheat this gesture high. The farmer then divided the wheat very carefully and fairly into two exactly equal piles. Speaking to God, he said, "This portion is yours and that portion is mine."

The farmer gazed at these two piles for a minute and then he said, "O God, it is said of you that you dwell apart from others and alone. Of what use would such a large pile of wheat be to you? I, on the other hand, have a family and a whole household of people to feed. Why don't I take half of your pile and leave the other half for you? That should be plenty for you."

That is just what the farmer did. He took half of God's

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portion and added it to his own. God was thus left with only a quarter of the harvest. Looking at this quarter of the crop, the farmer began to muse about it. He said, "O God, I have heard it stated that you neither eat nor drink. If that is true, then what would you do with so much wheat? Why shouldn't I take half of your portion of wheat?"

After he had again taken half of God's share of the wheat, there was only a small amount left on the ground where God's large share had once been. Looking at this remaining wheat, the farmer said, "O God, you are rich, for the whole world belongs to you. Why should you be concerned about what happens to such a remnant of wheat? Be generous this time and give it all to me." Having said this, the farmer did in fact take the rest of the wheat and put it in his pile

Dunk it

He had no sooner done this, however, than thunder started to rumble. It began to rain, first lightly, then heavily. Soon the rain was falling in torrents, and to escape drowning, the farmer had to climb a tree. As he looked down, he could see that the entire crop of wheat had been washed away in flood of water. Still the rain continued to fall, and the lightning continued to flash. The farmer said, "O God, you have already taken all there is to be had here. Why do you keep striking a light to look for more?"