[Fruitful Farms](https://justinlong.org/musing/2024/fruitful-farms)

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Once upon a time, there was a town in which nearly all the men were farmers. Each owned a farm that had been in their family for generations. All were poor yet steadfast, honest men – doing their best to raise their families. But over the last few generations, their farms had become less and less productive. Then, one harvest time, a stunning report was heard: the son of one of the farmers, who a few years ago had taken over the farm from his father, had reported a huge harvest: ten times what anyone had seen before. In the coffee shop where this was heard, a variety of reactions came forth.

1 “Oh, you’re exaggerating. A harvest that big just isn’t possible.”

2 “He’s a clever chap. I’ll bet he’s working a scheme to take advantage of those naive city-dweller wheat purchasers.”

3 “No, he’s just recently back from that city school. I’ll bet he’s brought back some of that newfangled genetically altered grain and planted it. That’s not real wheat. It won’t last.”

4 “He’s probably lying about the harvest so he can get in good with the town mayor and marry his daughter.”

5 “Well, you know, he has better soil on his land. His dad was clever and bought up a lot of that ground. Ours is all rocky and hard and thin. There’s no way to see that kind of harvest on my land.”

6 “That’s probably because there’s been a lot of rain on that side of town. You know, God’s given me the land I have, and called me to be a farmer. My dad taught me how to farm the way God taught him. Some of us get some good years, God bless ‘em, but that doesn’t mean I’m gonna change what I do.”

7 “That’s amazing! What’s he doing differently? Is there a way I could do that on my farm?”