

A Summer in the Hayfields

The predawn air had a distinct chill to it when the pickup truck horn sounded each morning that summer.

Rob would wander out to the truck where Ben waited. Farmers hired Ben with his New Holland hay stacker to collect baled hay from their fields and build large square haystacks for feeding the livestock during the winter.

The work itself was always the same, but the ease of doing it varied tremendously because of the type of hay. Alfalfa made tight, hard bales that were easy to handle. Wheat made looser bales that were apt to break apart and thus were much more work.



The first thing Rob would ask each morning, “Are we working wheat again today?” He always hoped for alfalfa, but, without fail it seemed, Ben would respond, “Yep, wheat it is.”

Rob would then doze until they arrived at the fields. Once there, the two young men enjoyed a cup of coffee and watched the sun rise into the still morning air before the long day of hard work began. Neither said much during those times, nor was it necessary.

Ben is now retired and Rob has a family of his own. They rarely see one another now, but when they do, it doesn’t take long for the conversation to turn to that special summer. Each man recalls different lessons learned from their work together, but a common one is their shared belief that finding God’s will requires a commitment to serving Him no matter how hard – or easy – the work.

God’s presence is like that. It’s not what is said or not said that matters so much as it is the being together and the lessons we learn.

In a real sense, I am a product of the men and women I have known and worked with through the years – people who cared about me, who inspired me, who supported me, and who believed in me.

And I am grateful for what they taught me. Our Lord uses others to accomplish His will and purposes in our lives.

But it was you, a man my equal, my guide, and my close friend (Psalm 55:13).

– Beecher Hunter

