

Positively Speaking

By Mark Wilson

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Solid Gold

Farmer John was plowing in his field one day and hit a rock. Kathunk!

He climbed off his tractor, went around to the rock, and began to pull it out of the soil, to discard on the rock pile in the back 40. He noticed, as he dug around in the dirt, that it wasn't really a rock after all. It was a brick.

The brick was encrusted with filthy grime. It looked almost like a brick-shaped dirt ball. As the good farmer picked up the brick, he was surprised at how heavy it seemed. This was no ordinary brick!

He scratched through the caked exterior, and discovered, to his amazement, a streak of gold gleaming through.

Could it be? Could it be?

The farmer hurried to the old farmhouse, where he washed the brick off in the sink, and discovered that his hopes had been realized. Sure enough, it was a bar of solid gold! What a treasure!

Farmer John told his wife, who told her friends, who in turn, shared the news with their neighbors. Pretty soon, everybody in town had heard about the discovery.

All the other farmers in the community started digging away in their fields, looking for some gold bars of their own!

Fred, who lived next door to Farmer John, was jealous. He dug all over his fields, but came up empty handed. There were lots of rocks, but no gold. It didn't seem fair that his neighbor would have all the luck. Why should Farmer John get all the attention anyway? Fred wished somebody would notice him for a change.

Then, a splendid idea popped into his brain. Fred took a brick into his woodshed, and spray painted it gold. Then, in the middle of the night, he buried it in the small field behind his house. The next day, he asked a couple of buddies to help him dig for gold.

Lo and behold, as Fred was digging, he hit something. Kathunk! His friends ran over to see what it was.

Fred lifted the "gold brick" from the soil victoriously. "Wow!" his friends exclaimed, "You lucky dawg!"

But then, they laughed. They laughed so hard, they slapped their knees.

In the digging, Poor Fred's shovel had scraped a big chunk of gold paint right off one side of the brick.

There are two morals to this story:

1. Be sure your sin will find you out.
2. The secret to life is to be solid gold on the inside.

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