

# The Story of the Weeds

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A long time ago in a land far from here, a man had planted a field of wheat. Wheat was a grain crop which was of significant cultural importance among these relatively primitive people, such as Corn is for our people. The people in that land depended upon the wheat as a primary food to sustain them through the winter. Being so primitive, they practiced monoculture, and had not yet learned to grow a more diverse agricultural base like people in the more civilized areas of the Earth. This man really needed the crop from the wheat to feed his family and relatives. If this crop failed, people would grow hungry.

Shortly after the man finished planting the wheat, Coyote sneaked into the field at night. All through the newly planted wheat, Coyote planted vetch. Vetch was a plant considered a weed by these people. Vetch looks similar to wheat while young, but does not produce a very good food for the people.

Coyote ran off into the night thinking about what a fine trick he had played on this man. He laughed to himself all the way back to his den. "What a good trick this will be", Coyote giggled to his friends, "Just wait a few weeks and see what a stir this makes among the two leggeds".

The wheat and the vetch began to grow. Some of the people told the man that something was wrong with his wheat. Sure enough, most of the crop was the dreaded weed, the vetch. People wanted him to go in and dig out all the vetch, but the man said that would ruin what little wheat was growing there. There might be enough wheat to survive the winter on, but there surely was not enough to risk damaging it to get rid of the vetch.

Coyote was hid back in the bushes watching these primitive two leggeds worrying over the clearing of maturing vetch and wheat. He called many of his friends to the area and they all watched and laughed.

The vetch were sure enough happy. They now outnumbered the wheat and told the wheat, "We are the new crop of the people." "Your kind are so few that you are doomed." "Soon the people will depend upon us, and they will not grow wheat ever again."

The wheat told the vetch, "No, that is not right. The people cannot eat you. We are the ones who feed the people. You vetch are only good for cows and sheep to eat, and even then, they have to be almost starving before they will eat you. You have such a bitter taste that even these savages that try to eat you have to change the water about twelve times in the cooking pot, to deal with your bitterness."

But the vetch just laughed at the wheat. “There are a lot more of us than there are of you,” they said to the wheat. “You wheat do not know what you are talking about. Besides, we are the majority; we are taking over this field. It is ours.” And yes the vetch had a broader leaf, and it was shading and crowding out the wheat.

Soon it became time for the harvest. The wheat were just kind of hanging in there and waiting. The vetch were having a really good time though. They were having dances and feasting and laughing at the little wheat population that had remained. “Soon we will be the crop of choice for the people,” they told the wheat. “Just wait and see.”

On harvest day the people came to the field. They walked the field trampling some of the vetch and began to harvest the small crop of wheat that remained. The wheat was happy and began to celebrate. The vetch were shocked and watched in disbelief as they were trampled and ignored. “But there are so many of us,” they exclaimed. “So little of the wheat.” “The Wheat is probably going to be removed and destroyed, and then the people will harvest us,” Stated the vetch with confidence.

But after the wheat had been removed from the field, the field was set on fire by the people. The last remaining vetch watched as their relatives and neighbors were consumed by the fire. Before the fire got to them they kept saying, “But there are so many of us and so few of the wheat, we had to be the ones who were right for the people. We are many in number, so we must be right,” They cried. Their voices grew weaker as the fire burned up all of the vetch. Soon there was just the quiet smoking field. The wheat could be heard celebrating in the storage jars of the primitive farmer, and to this day the people in that part of the world always post sentries around their clearing of wheat at night, until all of the plants have sprouted so they are not troubled by Coyote and his vetch.

*Matthew 13: 24-29 (NIV Bible)*

*Jesus told them another parable: "The kingdom of heaven is like a man who sowed good seed in his field. But while everyone was sleeping, his enemy came and sowed weeds among the wheat, and went away. When the wheat sprouted and formed heads, then the weeds also appeared.*

*The owner's servants came to him and said, 'Sir, didn't you sow good seed in your field? Where then did the weeds come from?'*

*'An enemy did this,' he replied.*

*The servants asked him, 'Do you want us to go and pull them up?'*

*'No,' he answered, 'because while you are pulling the weeds, you may root up the wheat with them. Let both grow together until the harvest. At that time I will tell the harvesters: First collect the weeds and tie them in bundles to be burned; then gather the wheat and bring it into my barn.' "*

**Many dominant** Christian denominations look upon the vetch or tares, as the King James Version of the Bible reports, as the minority in the above scripture. But some look at the vetch or tares as becoming the majority. The vetch thought their population was so large that they must be right. The minority, in this story, the wheat, were so few that they had to be wrong.

We should probably pray that we are not like the vetch, but like the wheat in the story. I have heard that by recognizing this desire, to be like the wheat, we *are* like the wheat. The vetch were consumed with self importance. They were of the Coyote.

There are lots of churches, denominations and spiritual ways out in the world today. Some are the real crop and some are the real weeds. Just because some are large in population does not mean that they are the real crop.

And if you ever have thoughts and misgivings about following a traditional spiritual path, and are concerned that there are not many others like you, just remember the story about the weeds. Think everything through for yourself and do not follow the largest numbers of people just because there are a lot of them. They may be the weeds instead of the real crop.

Thanks to Creator for having Charles Black press the send key on his e-mail account and send the idea for this story at such a time that it was needed. And thanks Charles for inspiring this story.

**tare** *From Merriam-Webster on-line dictionary*

Pronunciation: \ 'ter \ **Function:** *noun* **Etymology:** Middle English; probably akin to Middle Dutch *tarwe* wheat **Date:** 14th century

**1 a:** the seed of a vetch **b:** any of several vetches (especially *Vicia sativa* and *V. hirsuta*)  
**2:** a weed of grain fields especially of Biblical times that is usually held to be the darnel  
**3 plural :** an undesirable element