

An Easter Story

The Magic Bracelet

by Tom Mathew



Chapter I

"A Steinway. Ran you shouldn't have," Chutney remarked. Earlier in the day, at the Farmer's house, a piano was delivered by Ran Rold.

Ran looked squarely at the Farmer. "Don't worry. It's used. They last forever, Farmer. Enjoy it. I know Chutney can play. Maybe she can teach Maya and Karma to play."

"That's a great idea Ran," the Farmer responded.

The Farmer looked outside the delivery truck. Behind the vehicle was Ran Rold's Cadillac Escalade. He waved "hello" to Sharma, Ran's driver. Sharma waved back.

Ran Rold, owner of all that Is on Golden Mountain wouldn't be caught dead in a Mercedes. The Farmer knew all too well. Ran Rold, knower of all that IS wasn't too keen on German engineering. "They talk a good game, Farmer." Sharma knew why Ran Rold liked the Escalade. Superior American craftsmanship is what it is all about. Custom made. Of course! Real wood. Even had a satellite tracking system for Ran Rold's GPS satellite array.

After they all left, the Farmer sat there looking at the upright. He tickled a few of the keys. Chutney came by and looked at him.

"Farmer, you know he does not know how to say 'sorry' ," Chutney stated.

"It's all right. Ran Rold and I go back a long ways, Chutney. I try to stay away from his lucre," he said.

"I know you do. We all do. But he owns everything. No one can have anything without his say so," she said.

"What little we have is through God's grace," the Farmer stated.

"I know, darling. I know. Look, honey. Let me run out tomorrow and get some sheet music from Golden Mountain. I'll take Maya with me," she stated.

"Two country girls running wild in the big city, getting sheet music; sounds like a plan," the Farmer beamed.

"You are too funny." Chutney laughed. The Farmer started to laugh. They laughed so hard that Lollipop came in. He sneezed. Then he farted. Then he went onto the Magic Rug and fell asleep. Chutney and the Farmer laughed even harder.

The next day, Maya put on a red dress that the Farmer had bought her for Easter from the Ran Rold Department Store, the largest merchandiser located in the center of Golden Mountain. Her mother helped her put on her favorite bracelet on her right hand.

The Farmer came up to the house with the truck and gave the keys to Chutney. "Well, if it isn't the queen of Golden Mountain," he remarked to Maya. He gave his daughter a kiss on the cheek and helped her into the truck. Maya put on her seat belt and sat there looking at the horizon.

"We'll be back in a couple of hours, Farmer. Bye," said Chutney and Maya.

"Bye, honey. Bye, Maya," said the Farmer.

Chutney and Maya got on the highway. Thirty miles down the

road, a double-length semi-trailer truck rolled up next to them. The driver of the semi suddenly made a fast right turn and cut the pickup off. The rear bumper of the trailer hit the front bumper of the truck. Chutney lost control. The pickup spun into the guard rail. It bounced off and spun into the gully and then rolled down the hill into thick brush. It kept rolling until it hit bunch of old cherry trees.

The driver of the semi was high on cocaine and did not notice anything. He kept on driving to Golden Mountain. He had a schedule to meet. He had three rental properties and a million dollar home in Golden Mountain. One day he would be as rich as Ran Rold. Time is money.

Chutney lay there unconscious; her head having hit the driver's side window. Maya was hurt badly.

Two drifters wandering through the forest saw the wreck. They had to walk down the steep embankment and find the car in the thick brush. The occupants of the pickup were unconscious. The burly man told the skinny man to leave them where they lay.

They ransacked the car and its occupants, taking whatever they could carry and quickly sell. The bearded one took Chutney's purse. The long haired skinny man with multiple piercings looked through Maya's vinyl butterfly pocketbook and took a five dollar bill that was in there. He then noticed a shiny bracelet on her right wrist.

"Leave it," said the burly thief.

"Are you kidding? It's solid gold," remarked the skinny thief.

"Leave it. It's not real. That's a carnival trinket," the burly thief angrily stated

"It's gold, I tell you," remarked the skinny thief.

"It's fake. That's not worth anything."

"It's solid gold," said the skinny thief. "Maybe we can buy some cocaine with it."

"You could not even buy a bottle of water with that lead bracelet. It is made in China," he said and showed him the import mark. "Come on. Let's go," yelled the burly thief

The two highwaymen abandon the car and its occupants, Chutney and Maya. Hours passed.

The Farmer grew worried when Chutney did not call from the music store. There was no answer on her cell phone. Karma came home from school. After Karma came home, the Farmer decided to call the police station and tell him that Chutney was missing.

The desk sergeant was curt with the Farmer. "It takes twenty four hours before you can file a missing persons report in Mojave County," he advised and hung up the phone.

"Who was that?" asked another police officer.

"Just another cocaine addict from Mojave County. His wife and daughter are lost. Most likely they abandoned him. He wants us to go look for them," said the desk sergeant. "Twenty four hours is the rule here."

They both laughed because they realized how many missing persons reports were filed in Mojave County.

Chapter II

Dawn broke on a new day. The Farmer had little sleep. Lollipop started barking. The Farmer looked out his window. Coming up the drive was a very large black Cadillac Escalade. The license plate said "RAN ROLD". It was Ran Rold, the Ran Rold, owner of all that Is on Golden Mountain. Pimped up. Of course!

"Boss, we are here," said Sharma obsequiously.

Ran Rold sat there lost in a dream. He kept thinking of how Chutney came to his company's Christmas party years ago dressed in an oriental costume. Every woman at the party was dressed to impress Ran Rold, the Ran Rold, owner of all that Is on Golden Mountain, except her.

"Oh, sweet Chutney," Ran whimpered to himself. "The dynasty you would have been mother to."

Sharma came to the passenger's door. The mechanical step came out. Ran stepped on it, in all his majesty, wearing Giorgio Armani with reverse pleats. Wearing custom made Ferragamo suede loafers he stepped down. He looked spectacular in his iridescent Zegna shirt. Custom made. Of course!

Ran stood imperiously in front of the house as Sharma ran up to the door.

"Be careful, you lower order imbecile! Do not step on that infernal rug," yelled Ran to his minion.

Sharma knocked. The Farmer opened the door. Lollipop was asleep on the Magic Rug.

"Farmer, da Boss wants to talk wid you outside," said Sharma, careful not to awaken the sleeping dog. "Please come out to the Cadillac. Please," he whispered while keeping his eye on Lollipop, a very large boned Rhodesian Ridgeback.

The Farmer called out to Lollipop. The dog woke up. Sneezed ferociously. Farted. Farted again. Then he yawned as he stretched his front limbs. He shook his head swiftly and followed the Farmer out. Sharma quickly twisted his red stone pinky ring three times and looked up and said "Parvati" pleadingly into the heavens.

"Boss. Boss. I hear the car phone," Sharma looked at the dog and then looked at Ran Rold, smiled, and moseyed into the Escalade.

"Farmer, the Sheriff called me. He told me that you filed a missing person's report," Ran Rold said.

"Yes, Ran, I did," the Farmer answered

"Who is missing?" asked Ran.

"Chutney and Maya," replied the Farmer.

"Where are they?" demanded Ran Rold.

"They were going into Golden Mountain."

Ran asked the Farmer, "Where were they going?"

"They were going to buy some sheet music. That was yesterday," said an exasperated Farmer.

"You think they may have stopped somewhere else?" asked Ran Rold.

"No," said the Farmer softly. Chutney was a trained biophysicist. Deviation from the plan is extremely difficult for her.

"You think they picked up any gas or the truck broke down?" asked Ran Rold.

"I filled her up the day before. Even checked her out fully before they left. Tires, brakes, antifreeze, oil and even the steering fluid," replied the Farmer.

"Where could she have gone to?" the Farmer asked.

"I don't know Ran," the Farmer said.

"Well, we have to find her now, won't we?" Ran Rold answered.

"It's in the hands of the police, Ran," said the Farmer with no anger in his voice.

"Nonsense. I am the police in Golden Mountain," he exclaimed.

"Maybe we need more than the police."

He yelled at Sharma, "Get Dr. Muhammad on the phone"

"Yes, Boss," Sharma whimpered.

"Tell him to see if any hospitals have checked in Chutney and Maya," Ran Rold ordered.

"Yes, Boss," complied Sharma.

"What road did she take to Golden Mountain?" Ran Rold asked.

"899 East," answered the Farmer.

"899 is a long road, Farmer. Go to be sixty miles of road out there. It's faster but there are a lot of miles between Golden Mountain and Mojave County," Ran Rold indicated.

"Look, I'll ask the Sheriff to reconnoiter the route. Hop in, Farmer. We'll go to the police station," Ran Rold declared.

"Yes," said the Farmer.

The Farmer sat up front next to Sharma. Ran sat in the back of the spacious Cadillac Escalade with Delilah, his private car hostess, a ravishing buxom blonde. She reached between Ran Rold's legs and pulled out the custom made Gucci driving shoes from under his seat. Then she poured him a glass of Johnny Walker Green Label, discontinued in Golden Mountain but exclusively available for Ran Rold, distributor of all that IS on Golden Mountain.

She reached over to the Farmer. She rubbed her diamond covered nails through the Farmers thick, curly black hair. She gently scraped her nails through his scalp. "Farmer, your name should be Samson," she said. "As an intern for Buddy Airlines, I learned in Shanghai and Macau how to make the customer unwind after a hard day."

The Farmer looked out the window. Sharma stared ahead. His eyes focused on the road. Neither noticed the soft leather, the bright LED displays, the custom mahogany and walnut inlays and the massive navigation system. Awesome, compared to the Farmer's diesel pickup.

But the Farmer actually bought his truck. So did Ran Rold as long as you overlook the fact that he owned the Golden Mountain Cadillac dealership. The difference was cache flow.

The Farmer worked all year to get his corn to market. With an uptick in maize futures, the Farmer locked in his fall harvest's market price ninety days into the planting. That year they had Maya. And they also bought the truck. Through drought, recession, rains, depression and good times, the diesel block carried them through.

The car hostess sat closer to Ran. "Is there anything, you would like Mr. Rold. Anything."

"Not now, darling," Ran Rold smiled.

The Escalade rolled along the highway. Everyone stared. Everyone knew the black SUV from afar. There went Ran Rold, owner of all that Is on Golden Mountain. Three miles behind the Cadillac was Ran Rold's helicopter with Dr. Muhammad in it. And on speed dial was Wyeth I. Lai at Dewey, Cheatham & Soo to obfuscate any of the implications of any of Ran Rold's actions.

Back at the Farmer's house, Lollipop looked bewildered. The Farmer was gone. Karma was at school. Where did the alpha female and Maya go off too?

The dog pushed the front door open. He sniffed around the house. The blue mist from the Magic Rug came out of the Farmer's house. Lollipop came out to the front of the house. Suddenly, a blue cat appeared on the driveway. The dog snarled. He got into a stalking stance. He lunged toward the cat. It vanished.

A few yards down the road, the blue cat appeared again, taunting the dog. Lollipop gave chase. The mysterious blue cat disappeared again. His paw stepped onto a small drop of motor oil. The cat appeared again. It was now in the street.

"This time I am going to get you," the dog snarled. Lollipop jumped ferociously at the blue phantom. The blue cat sank into the road. The dog again ran into a spot of motor oil. Every twenty yards or so, the blue apparition would unexpectedly appear in front of Lollipop. And soon, completely unaware, Lollipop was running towards Golden Mountain following route 899.

Ran Rold's car drove up to the Ran Rold XXI Police Precinct, named after one of Ran Rold's ancestors. The Sheriff came out to greet him.

"Yes, Mr. Rold?" enquired the Sheriff in a toady manner.

"Let's go inside and try to find Chutney and Maya," said Ran Rold, the Ran Rold, commander of all that Is on Golden Mountain.

"Yes, sir," replied the Sheriff.

The sheriff's deputy came up and told him that they can get helicopters up in less than half an hour. But they would have to be fueled by Ran Rold Aviation Fuel, Inc. first.

"Do it," said the Sheriff.

"But, sir, we have to get the appropriation from City Hall," the Sheriff's Deputy stated.

"Sharma," bellowed Ran Rold.

"Yes, Boss."

"Tell, Dr. Muhammad to reroute to City Hall. Tell him to stay there and make sure to get a quorum. Pass all the laws needed to make sure the helicopters are fueled. We must find Chutney," demanded Ran Rold, the Ran Rold, commander of all that Is on Golden Mountain.

Sharma called Dr. Muhammad. Dr. Muhammad instinctively genuflected when he heard Ran Rold's command over the phone. Sharma advised. "Boss, the helicopter pilot is flying to City Hall right now."

The Mayor called Ran Rold and declared deferentially, "The entire resources of Golden Mountain are available to you, my Master." He advised Ran Rold that Wyeth I. Lai, Esq. was in his office. Whole retinues of lawyers were in his office, actually. Sharma could hear the Mayor's servile remarks. "Yes, Boss... Just tell me what to do... Boss ...OK ...OK ...Yeah ... OK...OK... Done."

The minutes of the day were changed. A quorum call was made. Bill 12-789 was brought up in Golden Mountain's City Council. All parties present for the quorum in the chamber, yelled in sync, "Yes, Boss!" Dr. Muhammad also chimed "Yes, Boss" from the massive white helicopter he was flying in.

"Yes, Boss," said Wyeth I. Lai.

"Yes, Boss," said the Sheriff.

"Yes, Boss," said the Deputy

"Yes, Boss," said Delilah, the private car hostess, from within the

Escalade.

The Farmer watched the remarkable spectacle presented by Ran Rold, the Ran Rold, commander of all that Is on Golden Mountain. Ran Rold was flexing his power for all to see!

No one heard the Farmer's prayer through the din in the precinct. The Farmer prayed that no one would get hurt during the search. He prayed that God would keep Maya and Chutney safe.

The Farmer was afraid that something bad had happened to his wife and his daughter. He hid his fears from others. He looked at the clock and realized that he left Lollipop back at the farm. "Great," he thought to himself.

A situation room was set up. Detectives called the Farmer's neighbors, their relatives and friends. The Sheriff called Ran Rold Surveying for aerial satellite arrays. It took an hour, but they were delivered. The police looked at the photographs from space of Route 899 with special glasses. No one saw anything.

A loud barking sound was heard outside the police precinct. "Sir," he said to Ran Rold. "There's a large Rhodesian Ridgeback in the parking lot."

The Farmer heard and yelled, "That's my dog Lollipop."

The Farmer ran out to find his dog barking at something on the road. When he got closer, Lollipop quieted down. The dog grabbed his pant leg with his teeth and pulled him to the road. When they got to the road, the Farmer saw it. The blue cat. Right away he knew it was the Magic Rug.

"Thank you, Jesus!" he yelled up into heaven.

The two ran along route 899. Lollipop ran into a ravine and then up a deserted access road. The Farmer followed. Both started going up a steep incline.

It was no ordinary hill. This was Ran Rold Mountain they were climbing. Rumor had it that it was made of solid gold. The Farmer laughed whenever he heard people say that. There was no gold in this mountain, just millions of tons of rock, clay and soil. "If you dig deep enough you may find China" he would say to Karma's friends.

Lollipop dragged the Farmer to a clearing. He walked to the edge of the cliff. Out there on the horizon were Golden Mountain's magnificent steel towers.

"What's wrong Lollipop?" The Farmer could not tell what was wrong.

"Out there, Farmer" the dog was barking. But the Farmer did not speak Ridgeback. Lollipop was looking east at some smaller hills. The Farmer was looking West, along the route of 899, going into Golden Mountain.

Lollipop kept barking, "Over there!" "Over there!" "Over there, Farmer!" Over and over again. Finally, in frustration, the dog tripped him up. The Farmer fell on his knees. His head was at Lollipop's height. He could now see along Lollipop's field of vision.

Lollipop looked over at the small hills. There was a shiny golden glimmer. It was barely visible. The Farmer looked toward the small hills. "What do you see, boy?" he asked his dog.

"Over there, Farmer. Your pup is over there. The alpha female is over there. Over there, between the hills," barked the dog. A blue rush of air came over the mountain. The Farmer could not tell what color it was. It was too dark.

The clouds above Ran Rold Mountain dispersed. The star light from the North Star bounced off the moon and into the small hills. There it was! He saw it! A shiny glint of golden metal.

"Eureka," the Farmer realized. Dog and master reversed their trek. They ran down the steep incline. They sprinted back towards the police precinct.

The Farmer tried to get people's attention, but everyone was focused on impressing the knower of all that Is on Golden Mountain, Ran Rold.

No one even noticed the Farmer heaving, trying to catch his breath. In the lobby, the Farmer called his buddy, Dr. Patel. The two had served in the Army together. Although Dr. Patel was an officer in the military, he would never deny friendship to the Farmer. Both knew how hard it was to have a friend in Golden Mountain. Dr. Patel was a combat helicopter pilot. He did three tours in Iraq with the Farmer. They both came back and went to school on the GI Bill. They both had taken IVY Verbal Review. Chutney gave the Farmer her copy while they were in school. Dr. Patel's father paid the \$30,000.

Dr. Patel told him he would meet him on Route 899. "OK, Dev. I'll look for your car"

"My car? Ha. Ha. Look up in the sky Farmer, for my new Bell

helicopter," Dr. Patel said.

Chapter III

Dr. Patel saw the Farmer waiting near the police precinct. He settled the helicopter, which was smaller than a police helicopter, near the emergency lane on Route 899. The Farmer ducked his head and ran into the helicopter. Lollipop followed.

"Hey, Dev", greeted the Farmer.

"Hey Farmer. Hey Lollipop," Dr Patel greeted. Lollipop barked back enthusiastically.

"Where are we headed?" Dr. Patel asked.

"Let's follow 899, for a mile or two. Lollipop thinks they went East off of 899," the Farmer answered.

"There is no East on 899. It only goes east in Golden Mountain," Dr. Patel remarked.

"I know that and you know that. The dog does not know that," remarked the Farmer.

"Ok. Farmer," Dr. Patel replied.

About a half mile east of Ran Rold Mountain, the dog started barking

"Lollipop what is it?" asked the Farmer.

"I don't see anything," said Dr. Patel.

Lollipop kept barking, looking east. And then Dr. Patel remarked, "Look, there's a shiny light."

The Farmer looked out the windshield. As they got closer to where Dr. Patel thought he saw a shiny light, Lollipop barked louder.

"He definitely see's something," said the Farmer.

"Let me put on my search light." Dr. Patel flicked a switch. "There." Dr. Patel pointed towards the light. Lollipop started barking profusely.

"It's OK, Lollipop. We are going to find them," said the Farmer to his dog.

Out there, at the tip of the search light's beam there was a glimmering spark. It looked like a star.

"It's dark, Farmer. We need to call the police," said Dr. Patel.

The Farmer did not want to leave. "Can we radio them?" he asked.

"Of course, we can. It's a Bell helicopter," said Dr. Patel.

Dr. Patel called the police. The desk sergeant passed his call to the Sheriff.

"What's up, Doc?" the Sheriff enquired.

"Sheriff, the Farmer and I are 2 miles east of Route 899. We are near some deep Brush. There is something shiny out there," Dr. Patel stated.

"Let me talk to my men," said the Sheriff. "What is your 10-20?"

The Farmer read out the degrees and minutes off of the helicopter's GPS system. The Sheriff relayed the information to Ran Rold, the Ran Rold, knower of all that Is on Golden Mountain.

Ran Rold immediately called his attorneys. The attorneys called the Mayor. The Mayor called the Army base and asked for a full search and rescue team to fly off to Golden Mountain.

Within the hour, two Sikorskies flew off with full Ranger teams. A full medevac burn team was on stand by. Satellite scans were ordered.

Ran Rold demanded the satellite scans as soon as they came.

"I want them now!"

"Yes, Boss," replied the officers in the entire precinct

The Farmer thought about his daughter while Dr. Patel piloted the helicopter. About when she was born. He recalled when they told him she would not be as smart as her peers. He had felt so ashamed.

He thought he had committed some great sin. He wondered if Chutney had done something wrong. They had not used any cocaine. Maybe it was in a past life. Why would God punish him so? Wasn't he a good servant? Did he not live a Christian life?

Dr. Patel lowered the helicopter. The top rotor slowed slightly, the nose dipped forward and then went back to horizontal as the landing skids touched terra firma. Lollipop could see the blue glow coming out of the windows of the alpha male's abode. The Farmer and the dog exited the helicopter.

They said "Bye" and walked toward the house. Karma was inside worried as no one was home. Lollipop comforted the boy as the Farmer told him the bad news. The boy was afraid for his sister. "Don't worry, Dad. The police will find them."

Suddenly, the phone rang. Karma ran to it and picked it up thinking it was one of his classmates, "Yo. Yo. What it is."

The Farmer ran over and asked Karma who it was.

Karma replied, "Pops, it's the fuzz."

"Please give me the phone, son," the Farmer asked. "Thank you, honey."

"Hello."

"Farmer, it's me," said the Sheriff.

"Sikorskies are over there, east of 899. Military satellite's picked up Dr. Patel's GPS stats. Pilot definitely saw something shiny," said the Sheriff.

"Sheriff, let me talk to Farmer," Ran Rold, the owner of all that Is on Golden Mountain demanded.

"Hold on Farmer, Mr. Rold wants to talk to you," said the Sheriff. He passed the receiver to Ran Rold.

"Farmer, they found Maya. We have a sonar image being passed through to us by three droid cameras. They have infrared cameras. She is sitting next to her mother right next to the pickup," Ran Rold stated.

"I'll be over there in a minute," the Farmer answered.

"No! Meet us at the hospital. They'll medevac her there," Ran Rold, the commander of all that Is on Golden Mountain stated.

"Yes, sir," the Farmer replied. He turned and told Lollipop to stay. "Karma, come on."

The Farmer quickly called Dr. Patel. "Dev, they found them."

"Praise, Ram," said Dr. Patel with tears welling up in his eyes. "I'll go to hospital."

"Dev," the Farmer interrupted.

"Don't worry, Farmer. I'll drive by and pick you and Karma up," said the Farmer.

"Thanks, man," said the Farmer.

The Sikorskies had already left when Dr. Patel's car drove into the physician's parking lot. The Farmer and Karma went to the emergency room. They watched as nurses passed by. Ran Rold walked by followed by Dr. Muhammad. The Chief of Surgery, Dr. Rosenberg, AAOS, MD, and Board Certified walked smarmily behind them.

"Farmer, we were lucky. The Sikorsky's captain spotted her bracelet twinkling in the moon's twilight. If we hadn't found them then, Chutney would have definitely succumbed," said Ran Rold.

Ran Rold put his hand on the Farmer's shoulder. "That bracelet is no ordinary bracelet."

"What do you mean, Ran?" the Farmer asked quietly.

"That is a magic bracelet. Saved her life. Saved Chutney's too," the Ran Rold, knower of all that Is on Golden Mountain said.

"Good night Farmer," Ran Rold said.

"Good night, Ran. Thank you, Sir." The Farmer grabbed Ran Rold's hand and shook it.

"You're welcome, Farmer," said Ran Rold.

He thanked the Sheriff, Dr. Muhammad, the medevac team members, the nurses and everyone who was there at that moment.

"Good night, Mr. Rold," Karma interjected before the retinue left the waiting room.

Dr. Patel came through the emergency room doors. "Farmer, she is in pretty bad shape. You can see them for a minute. They are pretty messed up. Karma has to wait until tomorrow afternoon."

"Yeah," said the Farmer.

Dr. Patel took the Farmer through the emergency room and up the stairs into the intensive care unit. Ran Rold made sure Chutney and Maya had the same room. After all it was his hospital. The Farmer saw them. He was overwhelmed.

Chutney lay under an oxygen tent. Her face was bandaged. She had tubes all over her. Maya was in her bed, sleeping. She had an ivy drip, and some monitor wires. Dr. Patel told her that his daughter was fine. She had some bruises and was malnourished. "A glucose drip will fix that, Farmer," advised Dr. Patel.

"Dr. Rosenberg checked Chutney out. Her head took a good hit when the truck hit the bottom of that ravine. Thank God you guys had that diesel. The engine block took most of the hit. She has had severe head trauma. Farmer, it is serious but she will recover. The neurosurgeon is at a convention in La Jolla. We have to wait till he is

back. He has looked at the scans and all he sees is routine auto accident brain activity. Right now she needs rest," stated Dr. Patel

"Thanks, Dev," said the Farmer. "Give me a minute."

"Sure thing," Dr. Patel replied and left the room.

The Farmer looked at his wife. Tears welled up and fell to the floor. "Thank you, Jesus. Thank you for everything."

At that moment, at that place the Farmer realized that God had loved him and had sent him Maya. Even the Farmer found quantum mechanics difficult to understand. The mystery of God was beyond the comprehension of any homo sapien. An eternity was an amoeba's life span.

The Farmer realized that God sent Maya to save Chutney. Had she walked away from the accident, she would have been lost. There is no way anyone could have seen that magic bracelet. The Farmer realized that God was not testing him. God loved him. He was sending him a child to protect him and to protect her mother. What was just a toy bought at the State Fair turned out to be a talisman worth more than all the tea in China.

The Farmer looked at his wife and daughter. He dropped to his knees and cried. Not the tears of dignified sorrow, but the tears of anguish. He had come to realize His majesty.

He realized life was an ocean. God created man to identify waves of prosperity. It was mankind's job to move from one wave of prosperity to the next, until it could find a sea of tranquility. That was the meaning of Jesus Christ. That was the essence of the resurrection. God is and always will be there.

Happy Easter!