

Farm Life Then and Now

If you want to see what farming was like 100 years ago, just take a trip to [Amish Country](#).



Horse Drawn Binder

Back when my grandpa was a boy, the Amish and [“English”](#) both farmed using the same methods. This was the pre-tractor era. Every farm had workhorses and horse-drawn implements. You walked or rode behind the horse as they dragged the plow, rake or binders through the field.

It was hard work.

There is a feeling of peacefulness looking at a field of [wheat or corn shocks](#). Calmness rides on the backs of butterflies as they gracefully flit about the fence rows. These images invoke memories of quiet summer days in the hot sun, swatting flies while beads of sweat rolled down the face, taking quiet rest under the trees, and listening to bees and birds while drinking cold water or lemonade to refresh and rejuvenate the body and soul.

Driving by a field of standing rows of golden wheat bundles, I wonder about the hands who labored there, guiding the horses as they cut the ripe grain, gathering and stacking bundles of wheatone by one....all in a row....

The contrasting image of technology is exciting as it rumbles through the field, slashing swaths ten feet wide at a time, while tumbling and pulsing the grain through sharp heads, separating kernels that human hands will never touch.



Combining Wheat

Life is so much faster on the modern farm. It kept up with technology as the world progressed with a pace that threatens to lose touch with the ground we stand on.

But, I believe that all farmers are tied together in unity, as the shocks of wheat

stand in a row, bound by a love of the earth and the goal to nurse the soil and seed into producing sustenance for both man and animal.

It is the seed that connects us to one another, whether farmer, gardener, balcony grower or consumer. We cycle through this earthly life, beginning as seeds ourselves, cultivated by the choices we make and the fields we plant ourselves in. Some prefer the slower, quiet lifestyle while others race along feeding their souls with excitement driven by numerous inventions.

In the end, these outer husks end up back in the earth, regardless of the plots where we grew. *However, we shall not all sleep, but we shall be changed* ([1 Cor 15:51](#))...Because a *seed cannot grow until it first dies*. ([1 Cor 15: 36](#)).

We are all connected- man, animal, vegetation, water, soil, and air, being brought into existence by a mosaic word from our Creator, with the goal to teach us about love and acceptance, forgiveness and eternity. ~KSGF072316



Wheat Shocks