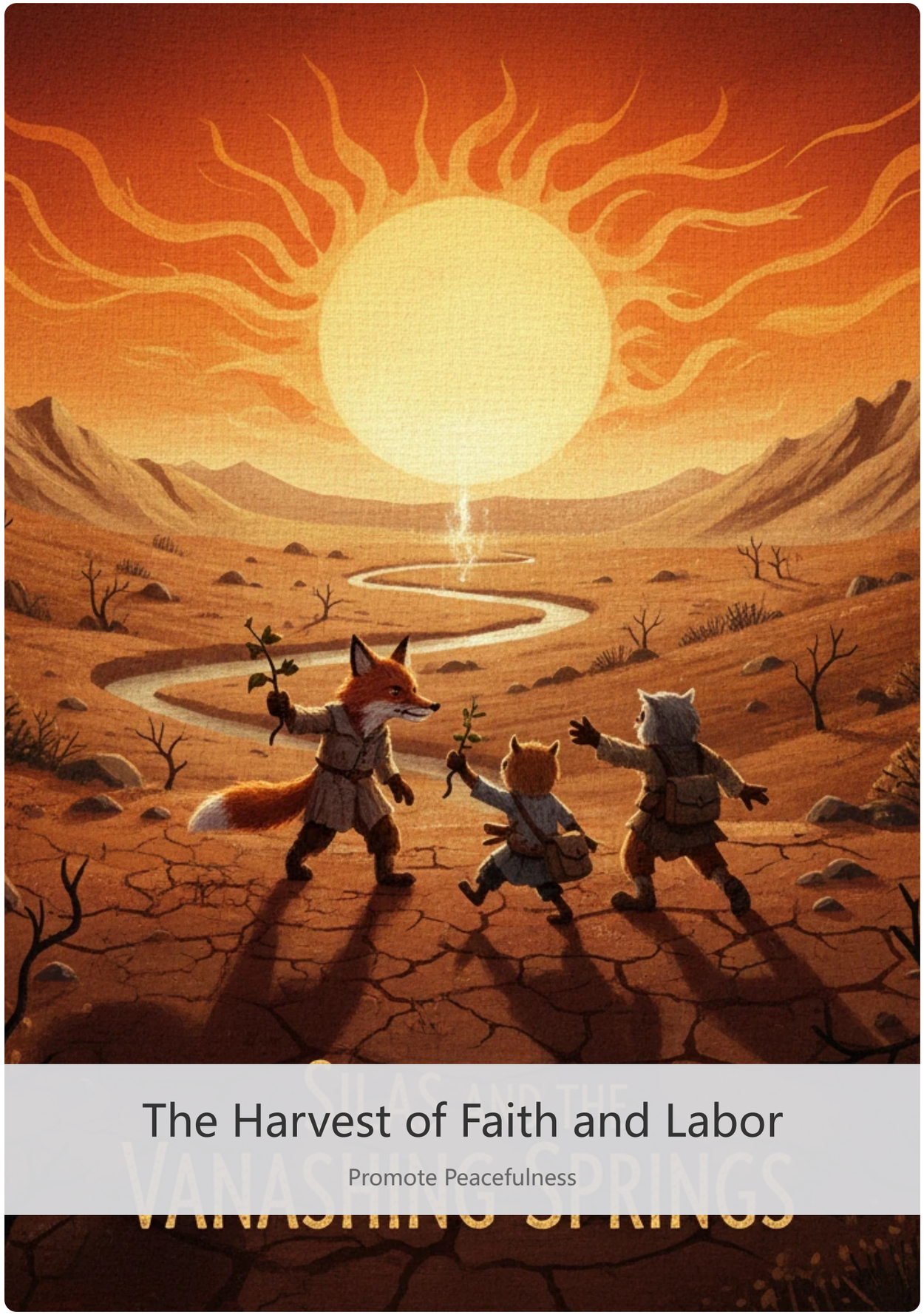

The Harvest of Faith and Labor

Promote Peacefulness

A relentless sun beats down on a valley where the earth has cracked into a thousand thirsty pieces. Two neighbors, Thomas and Silas, stand at the edge of their barren fields, looking up at a cloudless, shimmering blue sky.

Every morning, both men kneel in the hot dust and clasp their hands in prayer, asking for the heavens to open. They share the same hope and the same plea, desperate for their families to survive the long, dry season.

After his prayer, Thomas picks up his heavy wooden plow and begins to break the iron-hard ground. Despite the heat and the dust, he works until his muscles ache, turning the soil to make it ready for a miracle.

Silas watches from the shade of a withered tree, resting his hands and waiting for a sign. He believes that since he has asked for help, he only needs to wait for the rain to arrive on its own.

Thomas walks across his prepared furrows, carefully dropping tiny seeds into the dry, dark earth. He covers them gently, treating the parched land as if it were already blooming with life.

Weeks pass without a single drop of water, and the sun remains a fierce golden eye in the sky. Thomas continues to clear stones and tend his empty rows, while Silas grows impatient, doing nothing but watching the horizon.

Suddenly, the wind shifts and the air grows heavy with the scent of damp stone and ozone. Dark, heavy clouds roll over the mountains, casting a cool shadow across the valley for the first time in months.

The sky finally breaks open, pouring a life-giving deluge onto the thirsty world. Both men stand in the downpour, soaking wet and laughing with relief as the water fills the cracks in the ground.

As the sun returns, vibrant green shoots begin to poke through the soil in Thomas's field, growing taller and stronger every day. In Silas's field, the water only creates puddles on the hard, unworked ground where nothing has been sown.

Thomas looks out over his golden harvest and explains to a frustrated Silas that while faith calls the rain, only hard work prepares the soil. They stand together as the sun sets, understanding that a harvest requires both a prayer and a plow.