

Chapter I

Once upon a time, there was a Farmer who lived near Golden Mountain. He and his wife had two children, a girl named Maya and a boy named Karma. The Farmer grew beans, carrots and corn on his 10 acre farm.

The Farmer, as a young man, had gone to Cornell University's College of Agriculture and Life Sciences and had learned all the methods to create genetically modified seed. He bought the farm after a career on Golden Mountain. He had found a wife, Chutney while at University, and they had wanted to raise their children, Maya and Karma, away from Golden Mountain.

No matter where the Farmer looked, no one would sell land to him in Mohave County. He had no idea Ran Rold's charitable trust, Triumvirate Inc., owned everything in Mohave County. So the Farmer humbled himself and went to Ran Rold, the Ran Rold, the richest man in Golden Mountain to buy some land. Ran Rold, knower of all that Is on Golden Mountain, ordered his trustee to sell a few acres of worthless land to the Farmer.

Ran was jealous of the Farmer since childhood. The Farmer as a boy was loved and adored by his parents. They had taught him the Word. In turn, the Farmer learned to appreciate life and to respect people for what they were, as opposed to what they owned. The Farmer had no desire for wealth, power or fame. He wanted to get married soon after college and to have children.

Ran's company sold him a small parcel of land. The surveyor who happened to work for Ran Rold Surveying Inc. was oblivious to the fact that the Farmer had bought the worst piece of land in the county. The land had little potable water and the clayish soil would be difficult to farm. Ran Rold was a cruel man just like his father Ran Rold XXIII. He wanted to teach a lesson to the Farmer.

The Farmer had no relatives. His wife's family went to heaven long before they had children. Every few weeks Ran Rold would drive by in his large black car to see the Farmer toil away on his parched piece of earth. Ran smiled at the sweat beading down the Farmer's face.

In the evening, the Farmer and his wife would read the Holy Bible with Maya and Karma. Tears ran down the Farmer's face when he thanked Jesus for what little he had. Chutney and he asked Almighty God to protect their children and to guide them in school, so that one day they could be prosperous and leave Mojave County.

After prayers, the family sat down to eat. The Farmer and his wife would ask the kids about school. They would tell him about photosynthesis and Michelangelo. Maya and Karma would fight to get the Farmer's attention. Over ice cream and pound cake, they would ask their father so many questions. And he in turn would tell them about the secrets of the universe.

Karma was fascinated by interstellar space and cosmic radiation. Maya was intrigued about Jupiter's gravitational pull and Saturn's massive ice rings. They dreamt of being time travelers and Vikings and parading through Paris in the 16th century. All manners of frivolity were encouraged by the Farmer and his wife. Childhood, the parents knew had to be joyful for the children. Otherwise their children, when fully grown, would be unable to accept the vicissitudes of married life.

The harvest was meager this year. The Farmer could not understand why his yields had dropped suddenly. He was unaware that Ran Rold had secretly cut off the water to his farm over the summer. The aquifer that fed his farm was shattered by a huge Caterpillar earthmover (it was the size of a small building) that was being shipped by an even bigger flat bed truck through Mohave County.

The mortgage was due December 25th and the Farmer had no way of paying it. Ran's bank, Bank of Golden Mountain, had tricked him into refinancing his pre-existing low balance mortgage with a NINJA loan the previous year. Although he did not need to refinance, they bullied him to take the loan. He told them "no" as his farm was too small. Finally, the bank convinced him to take a loan to buy a new truck, even though he did not need a new truck. The Farmer bought a used one instead.

The bank put all these provisos into the loan document whereby the 4% interest rate would double each month. Ran's law firm, Lai, Cheetham & Soo, received a significant retainer bonus from the General Counsel of

Triumvirate Inc. for putting all sorts of legal barriers in front of the Farmer.

They told him that the note had been securitized and that they could not adjust the note for him as they would have to do it for everyone else in Mojave County. Mr. Wyeth I. Lai Esq., a graduate of the Ran Rold Law School, actually valedictorian of the class of 1968, with his long beak-like nose and bald pate did not grimace once when he advised the Farmer that the Triumvirate trustee had ordered him to foreclose on the Farmer if he did not pay by December 25th.

Although the bank forced him to take a usurious loan, the Farmer did his best to pay the loan as he could not afford legal advice. He reminded Maya and Karma never ever to borrow from Bank of Golden Mountain. The stress of life never appeared on the Farmer's face when he talked to his children. He walked upright and was proud to have faith in Jesus Christ.

One night over dinner, Maya asked the Farmer, "Why do we help the poor Daddy?"

"We do not help the poor, honey. If Ran Rold even thought we did that, he would put us in jail. All we do is give food to charities like the local clinic and the senior citizens center. They do not get enough money to buy fresh vegetables so we help out a little," said the Farmer.

"But doesn't the Ran Rold Clinic and the Ran Rold Senior Citizens Center have enough money to feed its people?" asked Karma.

"You would think, but they do not. We give them what we can. Besides the cook at the Senior Citizens Center and I went to school together. The doctor at the Clinic and I served in the Army together. In addition, he did some tests on you that I could not afford at the time. So I swapped some vegetables for them," said the Farmer.

"Tomorrow I am going to give them some of what we harvested."

"Daddy, why cannot Ran Rold give more?" asked Maya.

"Ran gives as much as he can and it is a lot. But he has different values than we do. He is a slave to wealth, power and fame. We are not," the Farmer exclaimed.

"Maya he is a slave to terrestrial delusions," said the Farmer's wife.

"What is a terrestrial delusion?" asked Karma.

"That is the mythology of wealth, power and fame. No matter what we may own, it cannot satisfy our spiritual needs. We need some things. Sure. But other things we do not need. And anyhow, Jesus gave us the greatest treasure in the world," said the Farmer's wife.

"What's that?" asked Maya and Karma.

"You two rowdy kids." He yelled and tickled them under their chins. "You are worth more than all the diamonds in Russia".

"I bet you Ran Rold owns all of them too," said Karma.

"Who cares?" said the Farmer's wife.

The next day the Farmer went out from his farm. He had three baskets full of vegetables. The kids went off to the Ran Rold Elementary School. His wife wished him well on his trip to Golden Mountain.

On the way to Golden Mountain, his truck started to act strange. Suddenly it slowed as he tried to push it into third gear. The clutch popped.

"Great!" yelled the Farmer. Five miles from home and five miles from Golden Mountain. He grew frustrated and soon became angry.

He calmed himself and rested against the back of the truck. Suddenly, a light flickered far off into the highway. He couldn't make out what it was. It looked green, then gold, and also blue. Whatever this light was it was heading straight to him. Must be a stranger, the Farmer thought to himself.

His mind drifted back to his farm and its poor crops. The last of his harvest was in the back of his truck. What was he going to do about the truck's clutch? He had no tools with him. They were back at the farm.

What was he going to do about the mortgage payment?
The Farmer became despondent.

The stranger suddenly tiptoed by. He smiled at the Farmer. He had a rolled rug on his back, paint brushes in his pocket and multicolored sneakers on his feet. In the sun the stranger looked blue and in the shadows he looked golden. He noticed paint stains on the man's jeans and sneakers.

"Yo," he said.

"What's up, brother" said the Farmer. They exchanged pleasantries.

"May I get a ride to Golden Mountain?" asked the blue man.

The Farmer said, "Sure. But my clutch popped."

By the time the Farmer finished what he had said, the blue man went to the back of the truck and put the rug and paint brushes in it. He climbed into the passenger seat.

"Yo, start 'er up, Mr. Farmer," said the blue man.

The Farmer climbed into the cab and started the engine. He pressed the clutch and manipulated the transmission into first gear. The truck started to move! He then shifted the truck into second gear. He couldn't believe his luck. Then, the blue man asked him to push it into third gear. His eyes opened wide when the truck went into third gear.

"My word", thought the Farmer. His fears and hurts left him. He no longer felt despondent. Sweat started beading up on his forehead. The Farmer soon realized that an angel of the Lord was sitting next to him.

"Thank you Jesus," the Farmer prayed. He looked to his right and the blue man was gone. He pulled off the highway. He climbed out of the cab and looked back into his truck. The blue man's rug was still rolled up in the back of his truck. The paintbrushes were gone as well.

The Farmer looked around and smiled as he got back into the cab. He drove up to Ran Rold Clinic and said "Hey" to the Doctor. He left a bushel of carrots and

corn at the rear and drove off to the Ran Rold Senior Citizens Center. When he got there, he left the remaining two bushels of corn and carrots. He offered felicitities to the Social Worker and salutations to the Teacher.

He got back into the truck and drove off knowing full well that a treasure was in the back of his truck. "Why did Jesus pick me?" he asked himself.

The ten miles back to the farm went quick. He got out near the irrigation ditch. His wife came up to the truck. He kissed his wife "Hello". She saw the rug lying in the back of the truck and asked if he went shopping.

He told his wife that Someone had given him a present. She smiled at him when she saw the old musty rug. The Farmer carried the rug into the house. They unfurled it together in the small house's living room. It was only 4 feet by 8 feet. It had a weird pattern on it.

"Honey, it has every color in our house on it", she giggled.

Maya and Karma returned and were excited to see the new rug. The Farmer and his wife lived a simple life. This was the first new piece of living room furniture they got since the kids were born. They felt blessed to have something new and decent in their house. The Farmer's dog, Lollipop, a large boned Rhodesian Ridgeback, came in, sniffed the rug and sat right in the middle of it. He started to roll around it and soon went to sleep.

The kids laughed at Lollipop and soon went outside to do their afternoon chores. When they got back they started their homework and took their baths. They came down for evening prayers and ate dinner and went to bed.

The Farmer and his wife sat together in the evening and looked at the rug. It was so ordinary and threadbare at places, that Chutney had a hard time believing her husband's story. Knowing his faculty with diesel engines, she knew he would never make up a story about the truck breaking down. Clutches did not fix themselves. That she knew for sure. A miracle occurred on the way to Golden Mountain. She kissed

her husband strongly on the lips and was happy that Jesus had helped him today.

The blue angel, whoever he was, left them this Magic Rug. Lollipop slept happily in the middle of it. The Farmer and his wife went to their bedroom hand in hand. They passed their children's bedroom and saw them nestled under their covers. They kissed them good night and retired for the evening

While all were sleeping, a powder blue haze came out of the rug. It permeated the living room and went throughout the house. It rolled out of the cracks of the house and onto the farm. The mist rose into the sky above the farm and also disappeared into the ground. In the dark of night, rainwater started to fall onto the farm as if from a giant garden hose from the sky.

The Farmer's plants drank up the rain water as if they were strangers lost in the deserts of the Sahara. Every plant was surrounded by intense ultraviolet light. Each plant's cellular structure was strengthened. Withered plants soon stood erect. Yellow plants turned green. Swarms of voracious lady bugs flew over

the horizon and landed on aphid covered leaves, cleansing them of their pests. The farm quickly became lush and verdant.

Dawn came to Mojave County. The Farmer woke up and looked out onto his farm. He shook his wife awake. They looked over the hills with admiration. What an extraordinary sight to witness. Jesus had come through. A second miracle had occurred. They thanked God for his infinite grace.