



# - "Seeds of Kindness"

(Unknown origin)

One afternoon, I glanced out the kitchen window and saw my five-year-old son digging in the garden. This was unusual because my Michael, even as a baby, disliked getting dirty. He never played in the sandbox and absolutely hated sand in his sandals. I went out to the yard to investigate.

"What are you doing?" I asked him.

"I'm preparing a flower bed," my son replied, looking very serious.

I decided to have some fun and play our usual guessing game with him. "Let me guess. Do you want to plant daffodils in the flower bed?"

"No," my son answered, "I won't be planting daffodils."

"Then maybe you'll plant anemones?"

"No," he said, "not anemones either."

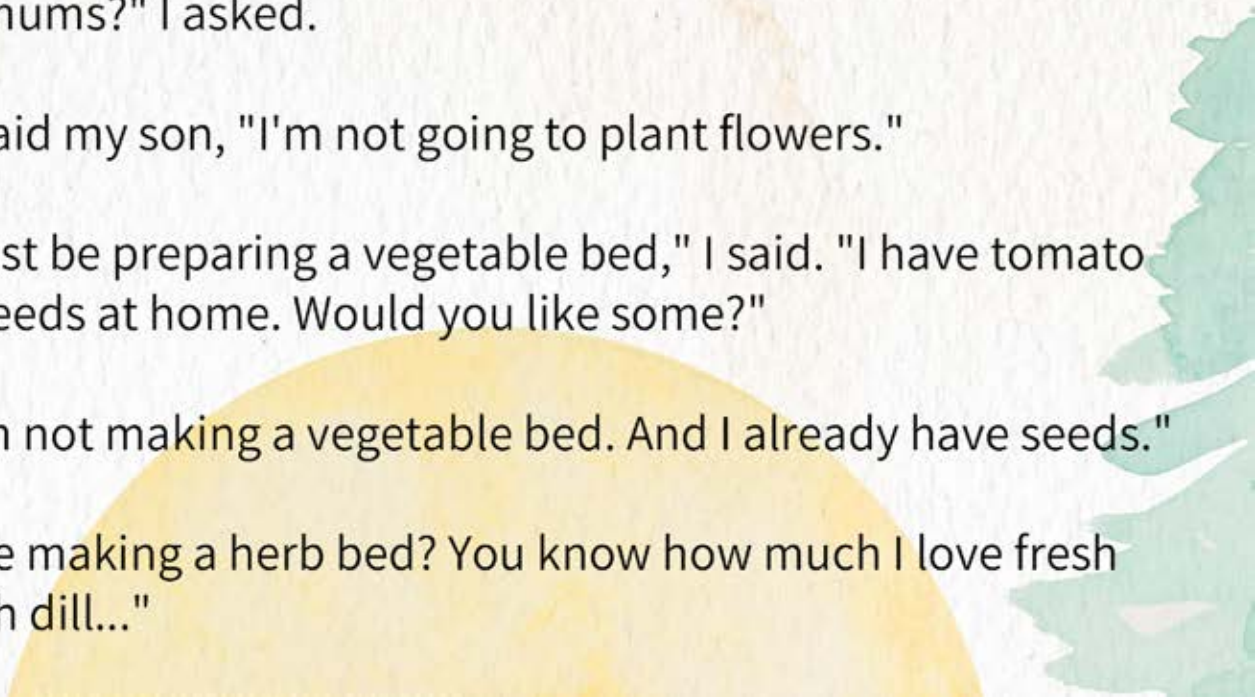
"Chrysanthemums?" I asked.

"No, Mom," said my son, "I'm not going to plant flowers."


"If so, you must be preparing a vegetable bed," I said. "I have tomato and pepper seeds at home. Would you like some?"

"No, Mom, I'm not making a vegetable bed. And I already have seeds."

"Maybe you're making a herb bed? You know how much I love fresh mint and fresh dill..."







"Mom, I'm not making a herb bed," said my son.

"I hope you're not planning on sowing candy or gum seeds, because..."

My son smiled at me. "No, Mom, the seeds I'm sowing aren't for eating."

"And you're not going to plant coins in your flower bed, right?"

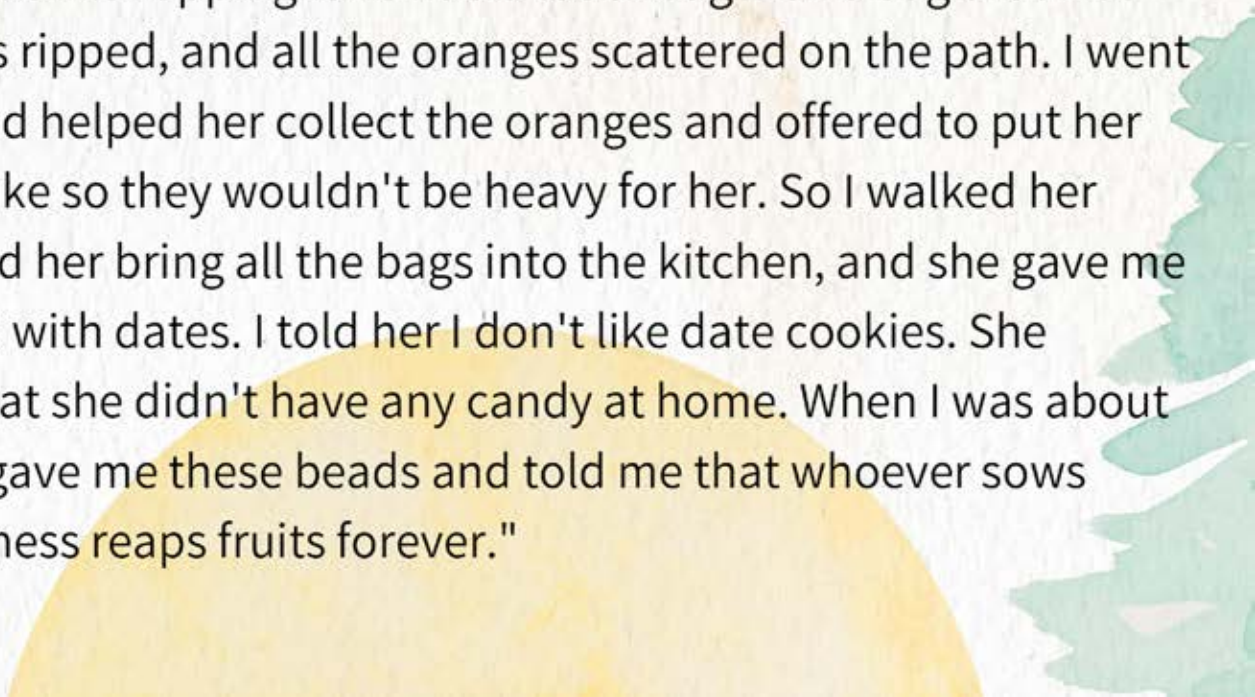
My son laughed. "Mom, I know money doesn't grow on trees."

"So what are you going to sow in your flower bed?" I asked.

My son rummaged in his pocket and held out his clenched fist. When he opened it, I saw three small heart-shaped beads inside. "I'm going to sow seeds of kindness."

"Why?" I asked, stunned.

My son made holes in the ground and placed the beads in them. While covering the "seeds," he told me: "I went out to ride my bike on the path near the house, and suddenly I saw our neighbor, Mrs. Rachel, coming back from shopping. She had a lot of bags. One bag that was full of oranges ripped, and all the oranges scattered on the path. I went over to her and helped her collect the oranges and offered to put her bags on my bike so they wouldn't be heavy for her. So I walked her home. I helped her bring all the bags into the kitchen, and she gave me a cookie filled with dates. I told her I don't like date cookies. She apologized that she didn't have any candy at home. When I was about to leave, she gave me these beads and told me that whoever sows seeds of kindness reaps fruits forever."







So you know these are beads and not seeds," I said. In a way, I was glad that my son wouldn't be disappointed when his "seeds" didn't sprout, but on the other hand, I was a bit sad that my little son was already old and wise enough to know that heart-shaped beads aren't seeds

I know," said my son. "Seeds of kindness aren't sown in the ground, Mom, you sow them in the heart

Then why did you make a flower bed for them anyway?" I pressed him. "Why did you sow the beads in the ground

So as not to disappoint Mrs. Rachel," said my son, straightening up and wiping his hands on his pants. "Mom, look, she's watching me from her window

"Whoever sows seeds of kindness enjoys an eternal harvest"

### **Food for Thought:**

**Think of a time when you did a good deed and made someone else happy.**