

'I am only a farmer'

...I am only a farmer.
I know the sun better than anyone...
and the soil and the wind and the rain.
I am the man who works with them, who lives with them,
who loves them, and who sometimes fears them.
I am only a farmer.
I am the sower of seeds, I am the tender of stock,
I am the reaper of harvest.
I am the man who feeds the young, and the old,
the weak and the strong.
I am the black earth of spring,
I am the green hills of summer,
I am the harvest gold of autumn,
And, I am the cold white stillness of winter.
I am only a farmer.
I am the warm memories of the past,
The steeley reality of the present,
And the hopeful dream of the future.
I am the optimist, a thinker...a watcher...and a doer.
I am only a farmer.
I live in a complex world made of simple things,
and they are my source of joy...and hope...and comfort.
I have walked the morning fogs...I have listened to the summer song of a
meadowlark...and I have savored the breeze off freshly cut hay.
I have paused, remembering, by the stream I knew as a boy.
I have felt the power of a thousand storms
And rejoiced in the fresh world left in their wake.
I am only a farmer.
I am accountant, chemist, and doctor...
I am midwife and mechanic,
I am seller, trader, and buyer,
I am husband, helper and partner to my wife,
I am father, friend, and comforter and teacher to my children.
I am only a farmer.
Not a man of riches but a man of great wealth,
I have learned to treasure life and all things living,
To respect their maker and my own.
I am humbled by the earth's bounty

And awed by endless rebirth.
I am fascinated by the marvelous intricacies of my world
And enriched by their beauty.
I am only a farmer.
If a man can be truly free, then I truly am.
The day, the week, the month they have been entrusted to me.
They are mine to spend, they are mine to invest,
They are mine to use wisely.
It is a solitary profession I have chosen...
or, perhaps, that I have been chosen for,
A profession where there are no certainties
and no guarantees are granted,
No promises given, no excuses taken.
I have but one man to answer to, one man to depend on,
one man to confide in,
And in the quiet of the years I have come to know him well.
I am only a farmer.
I am the perseverance and creativity and courage,
I am confidence and ingenuity, and intelligence.
I am only a farmer.
A seeker of excellence,
And I will endure.

- *Reprinted from the Rocky Mountain Union Farmer*

