

Faith as small as a....Pinto Bean?

When but a wee sprout, I had at least one wart on each finger - an unwanted enigma to me. Having unsuccessfully plied self-surgery, my Grandfather offered to intervene.

Pop was a tall, unexpressive man - bent by life and a bolt of lightning..... spartan of possessions and emotions...silently deeming that sentiments were luxuries better spent on the capricious demands of farming cotton and ranching cattle. I was not repelled by his emotional economy - and took no offense at his stucco demeanor, treasuring the rare times a smile rode the fence lines of his face, shoulders trotting with laughter.

"Sister, let me see what I can do". Coiled curiosity sprung to life as to what this assistance could possibly be~! Immediately I stood at attention where Pop sat in his cracked brown vinyl recliner.

He said, "Go get a pinto bean for each one of them critters".

?? Huh? Pinto beans?! During a seemingly long and disrespectful hesitation, my mind spun like a windmill, working to bring relief to the surface.

Ooohh ~ I get it~! Pop will use the pintos in some clandestine midnight ritual accompanied by ancient incantations specific to the annihilation of my warts.

Of course! Dutifully I returned with my quarry, which Pop unceremoniously dropped into the left pocket of his brown plaid cotton shirt; buttoning it back as it sagged with the burden of my warts.

"Run along. You won't have to worry about them anymore".

"Really?" I asked, hoping for a sample incantation or waving of a magic mesquite wand.

"Sure 'nough - them critters'll be gone in a week".

And gone in a week they were, literally falling off my fingers, never to return~!
The Invincible Faith of a Child....

"...if you have faith as small as a...*pinto bean*..." Luke 17:6; (Revised Pop Version)

The Mind is a Powerful Implement when powered by the Heart....Trust and Faith ignite Courageous & Creative Connection to the Inner Holiness that beats our Heart ~ plowing through doubts, limitations, dramas and criticism to cultivate fertile soil for a Harvest of Blessings waiting to blossom~!

~Anne Marie