

# Biscuits Can Get You in a Jam

A story about the importance of respect

Swish, whack, swish, whack...the sickle sliced through the tall golden hay, the scent, the sun and the azure blue sky creating a breathtaking day. Grasshoppers played in the piles that lay strewn, in tidy long rows left where they'd been mown.

The farmer would let the hay dry for awhile, then rake up each row in a tidy round pile.

Then...

each pile would be tied with just the right knack, into a perfectly handsome, heaping haystack.

It was honest work that the farmer lived by, that produced such fine hay, so sweet and so high.

Beads of sweat ran down from his brow to his beard, as he looked back satisfied at how much grass he'd cleared.

At lunchtime the farmer decided he'd seek, a cool place to eat by the crystal clear creek.

Plopping down on a rock, he spread out his lunch, opened his sack and started to munch.

There were vine ripe tomatoes, stuffed with pickles and cheese, some leftover stew filled with carrots and peas.

Desert was a juicy, sweet raspberry pie, that he ate with delight then leaned back with a sigh.

His wife, such a good cook, always packed too much food, and he'd eat every morsel so as not to be rude.

Hard work mixed with food was a sure recipe for a farmer to stop and get very sleepy.

The rock where he sat had been warmed by the sun, so he took full advantage as today's work was done.

Rubbing his tummy, he started to ooze, down on the rock for a well deserved snooze.

But, about the time that sleep settled in, he was rudely aroused by an earsplitting din.

Out in the middle of his freshly mown hay, was a pack of coyotes who'd decided to play.

They were shrieking and screaming, kicking hay in the air...the rows all now ruined and they didn't care.

Hay lay strewn in every direction and it was abundantly clear this pack needed correction.

The farmer marched angrily out to the mob; fist raised in the air as they'd messed up his job.

***"Hey...what in the world do you think you're doing?! Get out of my pasture or it's you I'll be suing!!!"***

***"Suing?!..."***

***Eeeeeewh we're really scared, ya silly old goat...don't let those big threats get stuck in your throat!!!"***

The farmers face turned bright red with rage...***"You young'uns had better start acting your age!***

***I'm finding your parents, let them know what you've done...there's a price to be paid for this type of fun!"***

Baring their teeth, the pack circled round, their ringleader growling and pawing the ground.

***"Don't threaten us now, don't threaten us ever, or we'll push your life to the end of its' tether!"***

The farmer was stunned and so remained quiet, as their game spun close to a dangerous riot.

It was only him against this unruly pack, so he stood very still so they wouldn't attack.

They finally tired of this tormenting game; slinking back to the tall woods from where they came.

He was shaken but grateful that the pack disappeared, but he sure didn't trust them; they'd be back he feared.

He packed up his things in a furious hurry, his mind racing home as it was hard not to worry.

Singing and shouting, he scurried through the woods, hoping the ruckus would scare off those hoods.

By the time he got to his own front door, he was breathless, tired but ready for war.

*"My conscience Papa...what's going on? Are you O.K.? Is something wrong?"*

*"Wife, we've got a problem!" he said sitting down, "there's some rowdy young coyotes who are new in town.*

*They came to the hayfield and ruined the place, then threatened me when I stopped the disgrace.*

*I told them I'd not put up with their guff! They'll find out this old goat's no pink powder puff!"*

*"Oh please," begged his wife, "just let this all go...I'm sure they meant no harm...they just didn't know."*

*"Huh!...they'll know when I'm through with them, that's all I'm saying, so they'd better get ready and better start praying!"*

*"Ooooooh no!!!"* pled his wife, *"Don't do anything rash! I'm going to get Hartlie..I'll be back in a flash!"*

But his wife almost jumped clean out of her skin, as a rock smashed a window, landing right where she'd been.

*"I'll bet that's the work of those coyote thugs,"* said the farmer picking shards of glass up off the rug.

He looked out the window just in time to see, the coyotes enjoying this shameful spree.

***"That's it!... I'll teach them a lesson they'll never forget, and by golly you can bet this is no empty threat!"***

Before she could stop him, he was out of the house, shouting over the pleas of his frightened spouse.

She cried, she pleaded and started to beg, then flew through the air grabbing hold of his leg.

***"I won't let you go, at least not without me!"*** she cried, holding fast to his knobby goat knee.

Wobbling out with his wife to threaten the pack, only caused an hysterical giggle attack.

The pack laughed like hyenas, screeching and shrieking, laughing til their sides hurt with every eye leaking.

The farmer turned slowly, staggered back inside...still dragging his leg along with his bride.

He knew nothing had changed, that the pack had just won, but...the game wasn't over, and he wasn't done.

The next day brought rain and he couldn't work, so he decided to find out where the coyotes lurk.

He took off early in the rain and fog, beyond the boundary of the lush green Bog.

It wasn't long before he found their lair, as the sound of their shrieking started filling the air.

He watched from the safety of the dense white fog, crouched safely behind an enormous oak log.

The youngsters tussled, their play quite rough, aggravating the elders who'd had quite enough.

They'd stop when the elders would fuss and fume, but the young'uns wild antics would always resume.

A parent came over; grabbed one by the ear, but the young'un just laughed as it had no fear.

***"You'd better behave and you just better mind or I'll be playing the bongos on your behind!"***

***"That's right!"*** yelled the elders, who all now conspired, against this unruly mob that never grew tired, of talking back, of breaking the rules, of being self-centered and acting like fools.

But...

The threats had absolutely no effect, as the youngsters had absolutely no respect.

It was obvious they'd never been taught to obey, now he understood why they plundered his hay!

The farmer then thought he must have been dreaming as all of a sudden the whole bunch started screaming.

He covered his ears to block out the yelping, but the noise got so loud that nothing was helping.

You lose respect when you start to yell and they'd lost every inch, he could quite clearly tell.

Every last temper was out of control; what a ridiculous, raucous rigmarole!

He thought he'd best leave before the sun popped out, and the smell of wet goat reached a coyote snout.

On the long walk home, he had much time to think, savoring that the whole pack was now on the brink.

It wouldn't take much to send that whole clan reeling, and he delighted in the power he was presently feeling.

Now he knew that coyotes always loved to roam, but always in packs and never ever alone.

And that most of their time was spent looking for food, to fill the belly's of their hungry brood.

Buttermilk biscuits were their favorite treat, and there was nothing more they would rather eat.

So...

With this in mind, he formed a plan of attack; it was now his turn to get the coyotes back!

By the time he reached home, his spirits were high, but his wife was confused as to exactly why.

*"Now Sugar," he cooed with an impish smile, "would you bake me some biscuits, I need a huge pile?!"*

*"Why certainly dear, I'd be delighted to, but why so many as there's just us two?"*

*"Don't worry why, just fix em real quick, and fill em with jam so they're sweet, hot and thick!"*

As she baked those biscuits, she was worried sick; she knew her husband was up to some trick.

But she wrapped them up, still piping hot, handed them over and he was off like a shot.

*"Oh goodness! Something's wrong...this doesn't feel right...I'm getting Hartlie before there's a fight!"*

She made her way to the old Bog church, as her husband, in the the woods, started building a perch.

When finished, he climbed to the top of a tree, where he nestled the perch so he could see perfectly.

Climbing back down, he dug a deep pit, piling branches and leaves over top to hide it.

Then he walked a little way back through the wood, trailing warm biscuits smelling oh soooooo good!

The trail wound back to the covered pit, where the rest were piled carefully on top of it.

With his delectable biscuit trap now baited, he climbed up to his perch and patiently waited, for them to fall into his trap where they'd pout, as he'd be the only way they could get out.

He chuckled...

*"They'll learn this lesson and they'll learn the hard way! If you don't show respect, there's a big price to pay!"*

Before very long he heard the woods rustle, then a yelp, then a whoop, then a whole lot of hustle!

The pack had reached the first biscuit treats and he could tell they were eager for more jam filled sweets.

The more they found, the faster they ran, til they reached the pit, then the trouble began.

Before their eyes sat a huge biscuit mound and they could barely believe just what they had found.

But...instead of waiting and being polite, there started a most ridiculous, disrespectful food fight.

Coyotes were jumping and biscuits were flying, while up in the tree the farmer was dying with laughter that he simply couldn't contain, laughing so hard that it addled his brain.

He lost his grip, tumbling out of the tree, squashing warm biscuits and stunned coyote.

They all sat in shock on the bottom of that pit, covered in leaves, gooey jam and biscuit.

Meanwhile...

Hartlie and Sugar were making their way through the woods to make sure that all was okay.

On hearing the sound they started to run, to the place where the sound had just come from.

When they got to the pit and looked over the side, the only thing injured was everyone's pride.

They stared in silence, feeling plenty of shame, as each one knew they were partly to blame, for all of the foolishness over some hay, and a lesson having ended in complete disarray.

Hartlie climbed to the bottom; helped each one out; asking them to his office to sort all this out.

The office was small but he packed them all in, then asked which one would like to begin.

*"I guess that's me," mumbled the old farmer goat, "I tried teaching a lesson but I missed that boat.*

*I'd worked so hard cutting all my hay and those durned young coyotes messed it up in one day!*

*Now that's pretty disrespectful if you ask me, and it got me riled up and really angry!"*

*"Well..." said Hartlie, "you can't learn a lesson when everyone's mad and to not learn this one would really be sad.*

*Did it end up the way you hoped it would, and has everyone learned all they possibly could?"*

*"No," said the leader of the unhappy pack, "concerning respect...I'm afraid there's a lack.*

*It seems we failed to give clear direction to our young'uns by not giving enough correction.*

*It's not their fault...what can you expect...we've allowed them to behave without showing respect."*

He turned to the young'uns to apologize for not making them mind so they could realize, that without respect, life just falls apart, and to live life this way is not very smart.

*"We have to treat others as we want to be treated, the Bible says this and it's often repeated.*

*And we can't just say it, we have to live it...we can't just have it, we have to give it!"*

Hugs and apologies were given all round and Hartlie hadn't even had to utter a sound.

Then the farmer stood up, said he'd be delighted, if they came to his farm and that all were invited.

His wife had offered to bake a fresh bunch, of biscuits and jam they could all eat for lunch.

Later...

With tummies packed full and all hearts now clear, they were treating each other without anger or fear.

Respect was now the rule of the day, a rule they decided that each would obey.

On the long walk back to the farmers place, there were genuine smiles on everyone's face.

Realizing life's better and not nearly as hard, when we choose to hold others in high regard.

Life is a mirror that will always reflect love, peace and joy when we show others respect.

The end...or could it be?

**The Beginning.**

# THE BEGINNING

Scriptures from the Holy Bible that help us understand the importance of respect.

**Matthew 19:19** "Honor your father and mother. Love your neighbor as yourself."

**1 Peter 2:17** Respect everyone and love your Christian brothers and sisters.

**Romans 10:12** Love each other with genuine affection, and take delight in honoring one another.

**1 Timothy 3:4** He must manage his own family well, having children who respect and obey him.

**Ephesians 6:1** Children, obey your parents because you belong to the Lord, for this is the right thing to do. This is the first commandment with a promise. If you honor your father and mother, "things will go well for you and you will have a long life on the earth."

**1 Peter 2:12** Be careful to live properly among your unbelieving neighbors. Then even if they accuse you of doing wrong, they will see your honorable behavior, and they will give honor to God when he judges the world.

**John 3:16** For God loved the world so much, that He gave His one and only Son, so that everyone who believes in Him will not perish but have eternal life.

This series was written in an effort to help children understand that nothing can overcome us if we are walking close to Jesus, trusting in His love, and obeying His commandments