

Trust In God

I) The Issue- Worries

A) The 'Haves'

There was once a king who said to himself, "Who can have fewer **worries** than I have? I have everything good and I am a king **and a ruler.**"

He went to investigate this. He walked around at night, standing behind the houses, to listen and determine what people were saying. He heard each one's **worries**, and how things were not going well in their business. At one person's house, he heard that the person had troubles, **and had to obtain an audience with the king.** In this way, he heard each one's complaints.

B) The Have- Nots

Then he saw a very low house that was sunken in the ground, so that **its windows were literally at ground level. It's roof was fallen and broken.**

Inside he saw a man sitting and playing his fiddle, but he had to listen very well to hear the sound. The man was very happy. He had a plate and drink in front of him. The drink was wine, and he had other food before him. The man appeared very happy, full of joy, **without any worries.**

The king went into the house, and asked how the man was getting along. The man replied. The king saw the pot, the wine, and the food in front of the man, and saw the joy on the man's face. The man gave the king some wine, and drank to the king. Out of love, the king also drank.

The king then lay down to sleep. The king saw that he was totally happy, **without any worries whatever.**

In the morning the king got up, and the man also got up and accompanied the king.

"Where do you get all this?" asked the king.

"I am a repairman," replied the man. I can fix anything that is broken. I can't make anything, but I can fix things. I go out in the morning and fix things. When I have **five or six gulden**, I buy myself food and drink."

When the king heard this, he said to himself, "I will ruin him."

II) The Struggle

The king returned home, and issued a decree that if anyone has anything broken, he should not give it to anyone to fix. He must either fix it himself, or buy something new.

The next morning, the fixer went out, and looked for things to repair, he was told that the king had issued a decree that nothing be given to others to fix. This was bad for him, **but he had trust in God.**

He walked a while, and saw a wealthy man cutting wood. “Why are you cutting the wood yourself?” asked the fixer. “Isn’t it beneath your dignity?”

“I tried to find someone to cut the wood for me,” replied the rich man, “but I couldn’t find anyone. I had no choice but to cut it myself.”

“Let me,” replied the fixer. “I will cut the wood for you.”

He cut the wood, and the rich man gave him a gulden. He saw that this was a good way to earn money, so he went to cut more wood, until he had earned **six** gulden. He took the money and bought himself his meal. The meal was a feast and he was very happy.

The king went out again that night, and stood outside the fixer’s window to see what had happened. He saw the fixer sitting with food and drink in front of him, very happy. The king came in, and saw the same as the previous time. They then went to sleep as they had done previously and in the morning the man got up and accompanied the king.

“Where did you get your food?” asked the king. “How did you earn money for it?”

“My usual work is to repair things,” replied the fixer. “But the king made a law that nothing can be given to another to be fixed. So I went and chopped wood until I got enough money for what I needed.”

After leaving the fixer, the king issued a decree that no one should hire anyone to cut wood.

When the man heard this, he was upset, since he had no money. But still, **he trusted in God.** He walked a while, and saw a man cleaning out his stable. “Who are you to be cleaning out a stable?” he asked.

“I looked all over,” replied the other, “and I couldn’t find anyone to do it for me. Therefore, I had to do it myself.”

“Let me,” replied the fixer. “I will clean it out for you.”

When he was finished the man gave him **two gulden**. He cleaned out a few more stables, and earned himself the six gulden that he needed. He bought his entire meal, and returned home. The meal was a feast for him. And he was very happy.

The king went out again to see what had happened, and again saw him happy. The king came in, spent the night, and in the morning, the fixer accompanied the king. The king asked him how he got the money, and he explained what he had done. The king then issued a decree that no one may be hired to clean out barns or stables.

That morning, the fixer went out to clean stables, but he was told that the king made a law that no one be hired to do such work. Not having any choice, the fixer went to the recruiting officer and joined the national guard. Some soldiers are drafted, but others volunteer for pay.

The fixer hired himself out as a soldier, and made a condition with the recruiting officer that he would only join temporarily, and that he would be paid every morning. He immediately put on his uniform, and put his sword at his side. At night, he took off his uniform, and with his pay, he bought himself his meal and went home. The meal was a feast for him, and he was very happy.

The king went out to see what had happened. He saw that everything was set before the fixer, and that he was very happy. He entered the house, and spent the night with him as before. The king then asked him how he was getting along, and the fixer told him the whole story. The king called the officer and told him that he should not lift a finger to pay any of the men from the treasury that morning.

When the fixer reported for duty, he asked the officer for his pay for the day. When the officer would not pay him, he said, “But we made an agreement that you would pay me every day.”

“True,” replied the officer, “but the king decreed that no one get paid today.”

The fixer devised a plan. He removed the blade from his sword, and replaced it with a wooden blade, so that no one could tell the difference. He then pawned the sword blade and bought his meal as usual. The meal was a feast.

The king came back again, and saw the fixer completely happy. He came to visit and spent the night, and asked him how things were doing. The fixer told him the whole story, how he had removed the sword blade from the handle, and had pawned it to buy his meal. “When I get paid today,” he finished, “I will redeem the blade and fix it. No one will know the difference. I can fix anything! The king will have lost nothing.”

III) The Fixer's Victory

When the king returned to his palace, he summoned the officer in charge. He said, "I have a criminal who was sentenced to death. Call this fixer whom you recruited as a mercenary, and give him orders to cut off the criminal's head."

The officer went and summoned the fixer. The king gave orders that all soldiers should see this joke. He told them that one of his soldiers had replaced the blade of his sword with a wooden substitute.

When the fixer came before the king, he fell on the ground before the king, and pleaded, "Your Majesty. Why did you summon me?"

To decapitate a criminal," replied the king.

The fixer begged and pleaded. "But I have never killed a man," he said. "Please! Get someone else to do it."

"That's just why I'm ordering you to do it," replied the king.

"Is the case really that clear?" asked the fixer. "Maybe the case is not clear. Maybe he doesn't deserve to die. I never killed a man in my life. How can I now kill someone who might not even deserve to die?"

"There is no question whatsoever that he deserves to die," replied the king. "The verdict is unanimous. And you must be the one to carry out the sentence and execute him."

The fixer saw that he would not be able to dissuade the king. **He looked up toward heaven** and said "God Almighty. I never killed a person in my life. If this man does not deserve to die, let the blade of my sword turn to wood."

With that, he drew his sword and everyone saw that the blade was a piece of wood. All those present had a good laugh. The king saw what a fine man the fixer was, and **let him go home in peace.**