

The woodcutter - A photo journal from the woods



In a metropolis in Northern Greece, there'd been no rain for some time. It was a terrible drought and, due to the situation, the local metropolitan and clergy began to pray for rain.

After long prayers and liturgies to no avail, when the animals were beginning to die, the metropolitan sent an encyclical to all his flock, telling them to hold three days of strict fasting and to pray that God be merciful to His people and give rain. Indeed, after three days of strict fasting, the metropolitan had a revelation from God that 'until this woodcutter that is on the outskirts of the city prays, no drop of rain will fall on the ground!'

The next morning, a large crowd of priests, deacons and officials headed by the metropolitan went to the man's shack. When he came out, he was astonished when he saw them.

‘Please pray for rain’, commands the metropolitan.

‘Alas, your Eminence, how can I pray for rain?’, answered the woodcutter.

‘I’m telling you to pray for rain!’, the metropolitan went on to say and pressed him.

‘Well how ...?’

‘I’ve had a revelation from God to tell you to pray for rain’. The metropolitan closed the discussion.

The woodcutter was scared and began to pray.

In no time black clouds gathered and it started to rain really heavily. All those present crossed themselves and shouted ‘Lord, have mercy!, Lord, have mercy’.

The metropolitan leaned toward the cutter and asked ‘What job are you on?’

‘By God’s grace, I’m a woodcutter’

‘No, no, you didn’t understand ... What are you working on now?’

‘I kiss your hand. Your blessing! I cut wood!’

‘Ok, fella, tell me everything you do from morning till night’

‘Well, what do I do?’, answered the woodcutter . ‘In the morning, if it’s nice weather, I go to the woods, cut as much as I can, load in the back as much as I can, take the wood to the market, sell as much as I can, get food for that day and give the rest to the poor ‘.

‘Aha’, said the metropolitan. ‘Aha!’

Why?

Because the woodcutter didn’t keep anything for the next day. He’d surrendered completely into the hands of God and if it rained that day, the man couldn’t go to the woods to cut wood and so he was hungry.

God liked him so much that He said: ‘This is my man! Until he allows it, there won’t be a drop of rain on the ground! ‘

In the photos a monk along with two loggers bringing wood for the monastery. Vatopaidi, Mount Athos.

























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