

Story #399 (Tape #3, 1972)

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A Bektashi and Allah As Partners

A Bektashi plowed and sowed his field, but he did not have a crop that year. "God did not give me a crop this year, but I am sure He will be more generous next year." He consoled himself with this thought.

He plowed and sowed his field the following year, but he still did not get a crop. The Bektashi said, "You and I shall be partners next year, my Lord."

That year the Bektashi had a very good crop. After he cut and harvested the crop, he put the wheat and the straw in two separate heaps. When the work was finished, he proudly looked at the heaps of wheat and straw and said, "My God, thank you for a good harvest. Half of it is yours." Then he started thinking, "You are all alone, so half of the crop will be too much for you." He raked part of the wheat and straw belonging to God over to his own side. He looked at the heaps of wheat and straw once more and said, "Even this amount will be too much for you." Then he took some more of the wheat and straw he had set aside for God. Actually he did not intend to share any of his crop with God.

Just then the wind came up, and it began to rain. Later the wind

## Story #399

turned into a storm and the rain into a torrent. The Bektashi took shelter in a cave close to his field. The wind blew away the hay, and the torrent swept away the wheat. The Bektashi watched his crop blown away and carried away in fear. Then he saw a streak of lightning which was followed by a very loud roll of thunder. He said in fear, "Oh, my God, it was You who gave the crop to me. It was also you who took it away from me. Therefore, now that the matter is over, why do you continue making such angry gestures at me?"