

The old man sat in silence, listening for the world to respond. He had always been a believer and very devoted to the Creator. The old man cherished life, not knowing how much of it he had left. His daily routine consisted of going to church, and then sitting on his favorite hickory bench near the ocean and listening. He listened to the sound of nature mingling together: the falling leaves, the ocean breeze, the ladybug's footsteps.

"What do you hear?" asked the boy next to him, getting impatient.

The old man replied, "I hear the wind whispering in my ear. It brushes through all of those enigmatic ear parts", at this the boy laughed, "and flows into my soul."

"But grandfather," the boy asked, "why is it that you can hear the wind, and not me?"

Again he answered to the little boy, "Because I listen. I want to hear the wind."

The boy turned away from his grandfather and shut his eyes tightly. He, too, wanted to hear the wind. He tried wiggling and slapping his ears, still not hearing the wind whispering to him. He went home to his mother and asked if he needed to go to the ear doctor.

"Why Jimmy?" his mother asked.

"Grandfather said he could hear the wind. I want to hear it too."

"Oh Jimmy," the mother laughed, her eyes twinkling, "your grandfather is full of nonsense. You can't hear the wind."

Jimmy ran away from his mother in tears. Why was it that his grandfather had lied to him? Jimmy ran all the way to his grandfather's house and all but knocked his grandmother down on the way.

"Why do you cry, dear?" His grandmother asked, thoroughly concerned.

"Grandfather told me the wind talked to him, so I tried listening too. Then I went home and asked my mommy about it and she told me he lied. I just wanted to hear the wind!" Jimmy started wailing, tears falling out of his eyes faster and stronger than the Niagara Falls.

Jimmy's grandmother wiped his tears and told him a little secret. Excitedly, Jimmy ran to his mother and whispered in her ear the secret he had so proudly carried. His mother smiled and Jimmy ran away again to tell his grandfather.

"Grandfather, I tried to listen to the wind and I couldn't. I asked my mother why this was and she said because the wind didn't whisper. Then, discouraged, I ran to your house to tell you this, but I bumped into grandmother instead and she told me a secret. She told me, "The wind does whisper to those who listen to it." Grandfather, I understand now, what you meant! The wind is just a representation of someone or something. But I still don't know who it represents."

The boy sat down on the cold, cement sidewalk in a deep thinking session.
“Please grandfather, who does the wind represent?”

The grandfather, so astonished that the little boy had figured out his enigmatic way of life so soon, and so far ahead, told the little boy, “ The wind represents the One who you believe in. The Creator of all things. It is up to you to figure who this is.”

The little boy contemplated again on who would be the ‘Creator’ his grandfather had so highly spoken of. Could it be his mother? She had, after all created him. *No*, the little boy thought, *this person has had to have made a big difference and created a lot of stuff.*

“I’ve got it!” The little boy shouted loudly.

“Grandfather, grandfather!” The boy was giggling with gladness!

“I know who the ‘Creator’ is!”

“Who Jimmy?”

“Well, I know for certain that he created a lot of things, and that he must be really important and famous. Then, I thought, *Who is the person grandfather looks up to?* and it hit me! You are talking about God!”

Jimmy’s smile was contagious, and soon the grandfather started smiling himself. He couldn’t believe how lucky he was to have a grandson so perceptive. The little boy went on his way happily skipping along. Soon, the skip turned into a gait, and that gait turned into a slow, but steady walk with a cane to help. The

boy was no longer a boy, but a grandfather whose grandson would one day asked him, "Grandfather, what do you hear?"

The grandfather would reply, " I hear the earth, I hear my religion. I hear the beginning of the earth, and the end of it. Tell me, what do you hear?"

The grandson would answer, " I hear a grandfather and a grandson asking the same exact question."