

MODERN DAY GYPSY

I am a modern day gypsy. I have spent my life traveling across the nation, selling my trade to those who will pay. Once there is no work to be done, I simply pack up with my family and friends and drift to the next town to start the process over again. I start each morning early and end each night late. The work is incessant but the rewards are immeasurable. Nowhere else could I have learned so well the true values of hard work, humility, and sacrifice. The tools of my trade are not easily maintained, and when something breaks down, it cannot be ignored. It must be repaired, immediately and correctly. I must descend from my air-conditioned haven into the sticky, dusty inferno below. The work may not be over quickly, and may take hours of precious time, but in the end, the lesson of honest, hard work is worth the brief momentary misery. But while I am repairing the machine, the ever watchful and judgmental eye of the farmer bears down on me. The grain will not harvest itself and he finds no problem complaining about the shortcomings of my machine, and me. But I must stand tall and absorb his harsh barrage of bitter words, holding back all retorts, for there are bills to be paid, and reputations to be upheld. These instances have shown me the values of humility. But because of these things, the fiery sun beating down on my neck, and the mockery and disappointment of the farmer, the last lesson is the hardest to learn. Because as I work away in the dusty heat, we try to appease the temper of an upset farmer, a constant thought goes through my mind. The thought that instead of roaming from town to town and being talked about by the locals, and moving every week because there is no more work for us in the area, I could be at home, hanging out with friends and just being a normal teenager. But this thought is soon overpowered by the idea of the duty that I am performing. Because what I do is not just for the money, or the traveling and sightseeing, but it is for the idea that I am harvesting the grain that feeds the world. And this gypsy of the plains will not succumb to the pressures of taking the easy road, or resting in leisure while others do the work. I am a born and bred Custom Harvester, and I am here to stay.