

The Story of Hay Rolls: A Cycle of Gratitude

Story: <https://pnc.st/s/cuento-resonante/381a61f0/002-the-story-of-hay-rolls>

Song: <https://pnc.st/s/musica-variada/6cf46a7a/002-music-cuento-resonante-podcast-episode-002>

This PDF: https://oportuno.org/1/Hay_Rolls.pdf



In a quiet valley surrounded by rolling hills, a farmer named Walter tended his land with a devotion that echoed generations of stewards before him. His farm wasn't vast, but every acre teemed with purpose. Walter believed his work was more than a livelihood—it was a partnership with the earth.

Each year began with careful planning. Walter selected the best grasses for his fields, choosing hardy varieties like timothy and clover that thrived in his region's soil. After testing the soil's nutrients, he enriched it with lime and natural compost, ensuring the land would yield healthy crops.

When spring arrived, Walter sowed the seeds by hand, walking the fields with deliberate steps. "This isn't just grass," he'd remind himself. "This is life—for the animals, the soil, and for us." Watching the green shoots emerge after the rains filled him with a feeling of thankfulness for being able to tend the land, and provide for others.

By mid-summer, the grasses stood tall and fragrant, their seed heads heavy with promise. Walter waited for the perfect moment to harvest—when the grass was just in bloom, ensuring the most nutrients for his livestock. Timing was everything, and so was the weather. Too much rain could ruin the crop; too little could delay the cutting.

On the right day, Walter hitched his tractor to the mower and began the careful process of cutting the fields. The rhythmic hum of machinery was a melody in the fields, joined by the swoosh of grass falling in neat rows. Over the next few days, the sun and wind dried the cut grass as Walter used his tedder to turn and aerate it, ensuring even drying.

Once the grass reached the perfect moisture level, Walter raked it into windrows, long lines that reminded him of waves on a green sea. With the round baler hitched to his tractor, he began the process of forming the hay rolls. Inside the baler, the grass spun and compressed, emerging as tidy, cylindrical bales.

Each hay roll, some weighing over a thousand pounds, was a marvel of efficiency. They were easy to transport, store, and feed to his livestock. Walter wrapped them in netting, protecting them from rain and mold, and stacked them carefully near the barn. Every roll felt like a victory—a tangible reward for his labor and patience.

When the frosts of winter set in, the fields lay dormant, blanketed in snow. But Walter's hay rolls stood ready, feeding his cattle and sheep when pasture was scarce. Each time he unrolled a bale, he thought of the sun that ripened the grass, the rains that nourished it, and the hours of work it took to prepare.

He marveled at how these simple rolls sustained not only his animals but also the soil, as leftover hay and manure would enrich next year's fields. Even damaged bales found purpose as mulch in his garden or as erosion control on the hillside.

One snowy evening, Walter sat by the fire with a cup of coffee. He thought of the hay rolls in the barn and the cycle of life they represented. From seed to soil, sun to snow, each step relied on nature's balance and his own steady hand.

“To grow grass, to make hay—it's not just work,” he murmured. “It's gratitude.” And in that quiet moment, Walter understood that his small corner of the earth, with its humble rolls of hay, was part of something infinitely larger.

The story of hay rolls wasn't just about farming. It was about trust in the seasons, respect for the land, and the joy of providing for life itself.

The end.

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Verse 1

The morning comes, the field's my guide,
Grass sways gently, the earth provides.
With every step, I see the plan,
Life grows strong in this farmer's hand.

Verse 2

The mower cuts, the tines rake through,
Each row a story, each bale is true.
Stored for winter, when the snow will stay,
The land gives life in these bales of hay.

Chorus

Thankful for the earth, the sun, the air,
For the rain that falls, for the time to care.
The work it takes to grow and tend,
The cycle of life, the gifts that never end.

Verse 3

Each bale I roll is a promise made,
A gift of the land, in sun or shade.
Through the cold of winter, it feeds and stays,
A farmer's hope in these simple ways.