

# STORM to SERENITY

**Story:** <https://pnc.st/s/cuento-resonante/470deb0c/008-storm-to-serenity>

**Song:** <https://pnc.st/s/musica-variada/4eac558d/musica-variada-008-music-cuento-resonante-podcast-episode-008>

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## Storm to Serenity

Its cobblestone streets echoed with the sounds of labor, but the villagers had become envious of others. Hugo, the blacksmith, hammered horseshoes with resentment, his eyes drifting toward the baker's shop across the street. "Fresh bread must fetch an easier wage," he muttered under his breath. Meanwhile, Marian, the baker, kneaded dough while casting longing glances at the silversmith's polished wares, convinced his trade brought greater prestige.

This cycle of jealousy and discontent weighed heavily on the village. Each person, convinced their neighbor's labor was lighter or their profits greater, toiled for their own gain. Once a community bound by cooperation, Oak Square had become a fragmented place where kindness was rare, and collaboration was shunned.



## The Storm

One fateful autumn evening, storm clouds gathered ominously over Oak Square. The village, nestled near a river, had always relied on its sturdy dam to protect it from floods. But that night, as rain lashed the rooftops and the wind howled, a deafening crack shattered the stillness—the dam had burst.



Water surged through the streets, sweeping away goods, tools, and livestock. In the aftermath, Oak Square lay in ruins. The villagers emerged from their homes, faces pale with shock, clutching whatever they had managed to salvage.

“We’ve lost everything!” Hugo cried, staring at his submerged blacksmith shop. “What are we to do?”

Marian wiped tears from her flour-streaked face. “The mill is gone—there’s no flour to bake. We’ll starve before winter.”

Amid the despair, a voice rose above the murmurs. It was Mathilde, the midwife, a woman known for her quiet strength in times of crisis. “We cannot survive this alone,” she said firmly. “We must help one another, or Oak Square will truly be lost.”



## A Spark of Change

At first, her words were met with doubt and hesitation. But then Mathilde knelt in the mud beside a crying child, her hands gentle yet resolute, and handed the last piece of bread she owned to an elderly farmer. Her actions spoke louder than words, and something shifted in the hearts of the villagers.



Inspired by Mathilde's example of selfless love, Hugo used his strength to clear the streets of debris. Marian salvaged what grain she could and began baking small loaves to share. The silversmith repurposed his tools to repair damaged homes, and the mason worked tirelessly, rebuilding walls with whatever stones remained. Slowly, the villagers began to offer their resources, talents, and time to others without hesitation or expectation of anything in return.

Soon, the entire village was at work. The cooper crafted barrels to store rainwater, the tanner mended leather for waterproof coverings, and the shepherds herded their flocks to higher ground to ensure fresh milk and wool. Each person, regardless of their trade, found joy not in what they received, but in what they could give.





### **Agape in Action**

Weeks turned into months, and the villagers discovered something remarkable: their burdens felt lighter when shared. Hugo, once envious of the baker, now marveled at her ability to turn simple ingredients into nourishing meals. Marian, who had envied the silversmith's trade, came to appreciate the beauty of his craftsmanship as he fashioned a bell to signal emergencies. Acts of kindness became second nature, and the bitterness of comparison melted away.

A sense of unity bloomed in Oak Square, rooted in selfless love. Children sang as they worked, and laughter once again echoed through the streets. The village, once fractured by jealousy, had become a family bound by mutual care and generosity.

### **The Festival of Light**

By the time spring arrived, Oak Square had transformed. To celebrate their renewal, the villagers planned a festival. In the town square, they adorned the branches of the old oak tree with ribbons representing each trade and family. Beneath its shade, they shared a feast of bread, cheese, and roasted lamb, all contributed freely.





Mathilde, addressed the crowd, saying: My dear friends, of Oak Square. The town we all love, has been transformed. As I walked through town, I wrote a poem, of some of the people I saw, I want to read to you now:

In Oak Square, the sun sets low,  
A beautiful place where people grow.  
The apothecary's herbs, finely ground,  
Heal the body, where health is found.

The baker kneads the dough with care,  
Filling the air with scents so rare.  
The barber shaves with gentle might,  
Creating fresh cuts in the morning light.

The blacksmith strikes the iron's heat,  
Forging shoes for horse's feet.  
The bookbinder crafts each page,  
Binding stories that span the age.

The bricklayer's hands lay stone so strong,  
Building walls that last so long.

The butcher sharpens knives with grace,  
Preparing food, for your exquisite taste..

The candlestick maker molds the wax,  
Lighting the night, to light from black.  
The chandler's soaps, fragrant and bright,  
Cleanse the body and bring delight.

The cheesemaker's art, so rich and fine,  
Turns milk to gold, a taste divine.  
The clock maker's gears tick and hum,  
Marking time as the hours come.

The cooper bends wood into shape,  
Crafting barrels that will hold the grape.  
The cowherd leads the herd with care,  
Guiding them from here to there.

The draper sells fabrics, lush and bright,  
Cloths of color to warm the night.  
The farmer plows the fertile land,  
Planting crops with steady hand.

The glassblower's furnace flames and glows,  
Shaping glass where the beauty shows.  
The grocer stocks the shelves with pride,  
Offering goods from far and wide.

The innkeeper greets with open door,  
Guests welcomed in to rest and more.  
The mason carves the stones so grand,  
Building structures to withstand.

The midwife stands with tender heart,  
Bringing life into the world's fresh start.  
The miller grinds the wheat to flour,  
Turning grains to food's great power.

The milliner's hats are worn with style,  
Having wonderful hats, make people smile.  
The ploughman tills the earth below,  
Preparing fields for crops to grow.

The potter spins, his hands are swift,  
Shaping clay into a gift.  
The preacher's voice, both kind and wise,  
Leads the village to the skies.

The printer presses ink so clear,  
Bringing stories we hold dear.  
The schoolmaster, with knowledge vast,  
Imparts the lessons that will last.

The shepherd calls the flock each day,  
Leading them through fields of hay.  
The shoemaker, with thread and skill,  
Crafts footwear for each foot to fill.

The silversmith molds metal bright,  
Creating treasures, a gleaming sight.  
The tailor stitches with careful hand,  
Clothing the village in threads so grand.

The tanner tans the hides with care,  
Turning leather into wear.  
The thatcher weaves with straw and reed,  
Roofs that shelter from the storm's greed.

The town crier's voice rings clear and strong,  
Proclaiming news as if a song.  
The wagoner drives through the night,  
Guiding his wagon with lantern light.

The watchman keeps the peace so true,  
Guarding the village as the moon breaks through.  
The weaver weaves with thread and loom,  
Creating fabrics that gently bloom.

The wheelwright shapes the wheel with grace,  
Spinning wood to take its place.  
In Oak Square, each soul does their part,  
Crafting with skill and love, from the start.

Together they build, with hands so true,  
A village of work and love, for me and you.

The end.

As the sun set, Mathilde stepped forward, holding a single candle. “Let this flame remind us of the love we’ve found,” she said. “A love that asks nothing in return but gives all.”

One by one, each villager lit a candle from hers, until the square glowed with a warm, golden light. Tears filled their eyes, not from sadness, but from the profound realization that they were no longer just tradespeople or neighbors—they were a family.

### **The Ripples of Kindness**

And so, the village of Oak Square became known far and wide not for its skilled trades or bustling markets, but for its spirit of unity and the selfless love that saved it. The story of their transformation spread with travelers who passed through, carrying tales of compassion and generosity to distant lands. These ripples of kindness inspired others, changing lives for the better, all around the world.

### **The Lesson**

If not for the storm, the town might never have transformed. Don’t wait for adversity to force you onto the right course; choose it willingly by embracing selfless, unconditional love for your fellow man. Help others whenever and however you can. True abundance lies not in what we keep for ourselves, but in what we give freely with love. For it is through giving that we truly receive.

**The End.**



## Agape Love

Faith keeps us steady, through storms we survive,

Hope gives us vision, a reason to strive.

But agape love, selfless and true,

Reflects true love in all that we do.

Love isn't selfish, it is patient and kind,

Giving to others, resources, help and time.

It bears every burden, it forgives and restores,

Helping needs of others, love never ignores.

In faith, we stand strong; in hope, we press on,

But love is eternal, the light of the dawn.

Agape love transforms, it calls us to give,

Unselfish giving to others, is how to live.

## The Greatest Gift

Faith, hope, and love, three virtues divine,  
Guiding our hearts through life's grand design.

In times of trial, they light our way,  
Anchoring our souls, come what may.

Hope lifts our spirits when darkness falls,  
Faith gives us strength to scale life's walls.

But love, the greatest, reigns supreme,  
Reflecting God's grace, an eternal theme.

When all else fades, these three remain,  
Enduring through joy and through pain.  
Love is the greatest gift, to young and old.  
The gift of love, is more precious than gold.