

The grain which wanted to become Bread

Hey you! Yes, you, you who goes by!

Yes, yes, you...

Look at me; I am here, on the ground, on the road.

Bend down, look at me, I am a wheat grain.

What are you doing here?

I fell from the cart, on the road; I don't want to stay here.

I am useless! The road is too hard, I don't feel good.

What do you want?

Take me in your hand.

Me?

Yes, you.

Why?

I am cold, your hand is warm.

How do you know that?

I remember, before I was born, I was already a grain and a warm hand gave me the strength, the way, it laid me down on the fertile Earth, it gave me my mission, my Path, the chance of my birth.

And I met the welcoming autumn Earth, comforting, pleasant.

The rain came, then the Sun that caressed this Earth, warmed it again and awakened me to all my senses.

To all your senses?

Yes, I was dry, the summer had been very hot, I was trapped in my shell, I was sleeping.

In the Earth, I was welcomed by wonderful arms, warmth, vibrations, raindrops, I sprouted, broke my shell and I grew; then I became grass and I could see the sky again, finally breath, find the light.

Then, I saw that I wasn't alone, that many of us were there, until the horizon. I felt strong, wanted to grow, grow again, see above;

See beyond, find all my brothers, my sisters grains;

Swinging in the wind of spring...

The summer came, hotter and hotter, dryer and dryer.

I matured, my beautiful ear full of begotten grains, me, grain, with the love of the Hand, of the Earth and the Sky.

They all came, to watch over us, touch us, feel again with their hands our suppleness, our vital strength.

We have been harvested, gathered in the cart, I fell and here I am in your hand.

What do you want to do?

To be reborn.

Where?

I don't know...., or let's say yes.... I know.

Yes, yes, it is this life that I want to live, I want to become Bread.

Bread?

Yes, that's it, I want to become a body, a dough, I want to be reborn from my dust.

Do you want me to bring you to the miller?

Yes.

Aren't you scared of becoming flour?

No.

You are going to get ground on the stones!

Yes.

You are happy?

Yes.

Why?

The stones of the millstone, it's the Heart of the Earth, the memory of many years, they know everything, they are very wise, they have seen a lot, learned a lot.

Aren't you scared of becoming dust?

I won't die, I will receive the wisdom from the Heart of the stone, it is just a passage, the stone will teach me all its strength;

The friction of the two stones tickles me, makes me laugh; they make me happy. Then I go to the sieve, it turns, turns, to get me rid of my old barks, my protection, my resistance;

Let them go to become light, light and soft, soft and alive, alive.

What will you do next?

I will become Yeast and Bread.

How?

I will go meet the baker, who learned to know about Life, to observe it, to respect it, he who has the time and who will take care of my rebirth.

First he will make yeast out of me, then he will give me to drink. A fresh water that is Alive because like me, it went through the Earth and the stone and came back with Joy and Purity.

It will pick a beautiful spot, in the peace of nature with a lot of oxygen.

Oxygen?

Yes, a good pure air to breathe, to be born again, I will need it.

He will pick a cozy nest, heated by the flame, I will be warm and above all, he will be there, with his Heart, his Hands, his Voice, his Presence.

I will be back to life, to sing, to transform myself thanks to the Love of the baker. I will become as soft as the milk and sparkling, happy, I will fill myself with bubbles and burst with Joy.

I know that my baker will take care of me and when I will be hungry, he will give me more flour so that my life as Yeast will go on and on.

Why do you have to eat flour?

In order to stay soft, in a good and soft lacto-fermentation like the good milk.

I cannot become acidic because it drives me angry and an angry Bread cannot be good.

The baker knows it, he will take good care of me and thanks to me, happy Yeast, he will bake an excellent Bread.

What will you do in the Bread?

It's magical!

I will teach the flour of the dough to accept the transformation, to die and be reborn as I have done it already when I was grain.

As you can see, it's simple!

I haven't understood.

When the baker lays me in the dough, I am happy to find the flour I already know, as I have been flour myself. The Flour doesn't know what is happening, the baker has put water on its head, it's warm, the baker's hands are brewing, it isn't always fun to go through.

Thus I will explain to it, no need to be scared, he is a good baker; it is his hands that are mixing us. That he loves to touch it gently and that is why he sings.

Flour, you have been chosen to become Bread, you will be born again with me.

I help it become a softer and softer dough, infusing it with the life of my Yeast, sharing the experiences and tribulation of my heart to get to grow with it and be born again.

I see it become as soft as a skin, I feel the warmth under that skin... then only I know that it understood me and that the bread will be good, because it resigned to die from the heart of its flour and to become Bread with me. I am eager to meet the flame with it tomorrow.

The baker is back, I can hear him, he is singing, also rejoiced to find his beautiful doughs that still need him.

He lights the fireplace, the fire in the big stone oven, creating the flame and illuminating his heart from his oven's sunrise. He watches all the sparkles and listens to the fire purring. Gazing at it, he puts it in his eyes and feels his blood twirling in his body; he is also alive himself.

Then he comes to see us, pulling us out delicately of the trough. Yes, the dough has transformed nicely. Yeast and time made it body. And from body, a new fold is necessary so that it is held in the pride of its existence.

This body is a gift from the Earth and the Sky, the hand of the man can only escort it with the goodness of the Heart.

We are ready, ready to be reborn again, the baker puts his hands on us, asking us if we are soft enough to take in the stone's fire. If we will bear turning into Bread. Yes, yes, we love good heat and your heart and your hands prepared us; we want to become a grain's crystal.

The baker shares us and gives us a round shape so that we can rest in our little wicker nest.

He lays us down, wrapping us with a cloth so we don't get cold and let us sit a little bit more.

I hear him scraping and brushing the oven, preparing it so that it can be welcoming; he waits some more, puts his hand in the oven and asks it if the oven is burning or not. He won't let us in until his hand is at ease, as he knows we wouldn't stand it.

Everything is ready, he just took my basket, opened the cloth and put me down on the peel. He takes the blade, I am not scared, I know that he will help me open up even more to the heat. He is opening my heart for me to transform again and broaden my vision of this world; I surrender,

I trust him, I will grow through this experience in confrontation with the strong heat and nothing else than that can help me rise into the state of Bread and food.

I am in the oven, the baker closed the door. It is dark, fear comes back but I feel taken, my yeast expands and I feel my rise, my transformation. My fear disappears through the cuts as I inflate my lungs. All other breads send me their awakening energy and tears drip from their joyfully perspiring bodies. Water is among us, happy to meet with the stone to help us grow more and more.

Then heat overruns us, crystallizing us, coloring us, making us crunchy, crispy, golden, savory, flaming, radiant.

The baker sings, his Heart is happy, many smiles are getting ready to meet him and thank him for this exquisite Bread.

He opens the door, the light rebounds, he looks at us and we feel his pride; he looks at us like a father, he feels, he knows that he needs to wait more. He welcomes us in our new life of Bread.

Soon we are put in order and ready, available and free to go, welcomed by other hands, other hearts and above all ready to surprise by our taste, our savory taste coming directly from the Heart of the Earth, the Sky and the human being.

There I am in my new home, the kitchen is beautiful, big, the wooden table, beautiful windows are bringing a soft light in, beautiful objects decorate the place.

The place. I am laid down in a cloth in a cool place to rest.

Oh! The house is awakening. I hear saucepans, dishes, water dripping on garden's vegetables. Knives, words, laughs, the kitchen fills itself with smells and colors.

I am taken, unwrapped and put on a cutting board on the table; I feel like I will have to go through another exposure and a new experiment. Surrender and transform again.

I feel eyes looking at me, desire, pleasure, then I am shared; I feel hands taking me, teeth munching me, then exclamations, hmmm! So good! Delicious! It is better than the other one! How is it possible! Such bread still exists! Wow I am really enjoying this! Where did you buy this? Who is this baker? Where can we find him?

My new experience as Bread begins wonderfully, what an honor, I feel acknowledged and in addition I know that I will give my strength and all the Earth, the Sky and the Grain's secrets to all that will eat me. I adore being munched, welcomed in those warm bellies and transformed again; my path is only beginning.

I know the maze will be long, I will leave, discover, explore all the secrets of this body to bring it the message of Life, in each organ, each vessel, each cell to give it the Joy of the Earth's Heart.

I have won, I live in a wonderful palace full of life and action, about to discover many new worlds I will soon tell you about.

The grain that became Bread.

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