



#121 *The Old Badger and the French Hen*



An old badger was pouring his usual bowl of coffee to go sit for his morning routine by the edge of the garden, nestled between the servant's quarters and the stables. He had invited his friend, a French hen, who also enjoyed life's little pleasures. He had his kitchen prepare some of her favorites: a wonderfully crusty baguette with butter and strawberry jam, pain au chocolate, and a perfectly ripe, sliced peach with crème fraîche. "The morning sun promises a delightful hour," observed the badger." "I quite agree," rejoined the hen, "I do believe it is bringing out the full fragrance of the privet blossoms."

Unbeknownst to the consumers, their morning gathering was also joined by a host of little spiritual beings. Here were the

actual chefs. Here were the ones responsible for the feast of tastes and smells. Here were the workers that grew the fruits and flowers, encouraged the wind and the sun and the dew, supported the cooks in the kitchen and the servants in their quarters, and made the morning itself possible. They watched with great satisfaction that their labors had not gone unnoticed. But what about them - the beings behind the scenes? As the little ones relished the morning repast, they enjoyed a hearty laugh, gently making fun of the old badger and the French hen. "And when will they appreciate us? Yes, we are little, yet all of our little deeds basically run all of nature!"

DO NOT MISS OUT ON LIFE'S LITTLE PLEASURES