 Reading time: 1 min.

A farmer, on a market day, stopped to eat in a crowded restaurant where even the city’s elite usually dined. The farmer found a place at a table where other patrons were already seated and placed his order with the waiter. When he had done so, he joined hands and recited a prayer. His neighbours observed him with amused curiosity; one young man asked him:
“Do you always do this at home? Does everyone really pray?”
The farmer, who had quietly begun to eat, answered:
“No, even at home there are some who do not pray.”
The young man grinned:
“Oh yeah? Who doesn’t pray?”
“Well, continued the farmer, for example my cows, my donkey and my pigs….

I remember that once, after walking all night, we fell asleep at dawn near a grove. A dervish who was our travelling companion let out a cry and walked into the desert without resting for a single moment.
When it was daylight, I asked him:
“What happened to you?”
He answered:
“I saw nightingales chirping in the trees, I saw partridges in the mountains, frogs in the water, and animals in the woods. I thought then that it was not right that all were intent on praising the Lord, and that I alone slept without thinking of him.”
(Sudi)