



God's Bees

by Richard J. Bascom

Through experience I have found that one of the most exciting ways to develop trust in God and learn more about him is by participating in the Investment Projects program. That program may be going out of fashion in some congregations, but it certainly has been an important part of my spiritual life.

For an investment project, the church member dedicates time, talent, or money to some “business partnership” with God. The eventual cash profit is sent to the mission field to spread the gospel. I have always been inspired by the idea that I could go into a business partnership with the King of the universe. My investment project for a while was to produce and sell honey. After some research I purchased the equipment and ordered a starter kit of bees, consisting of a queen bee and three pounds of worker bees. They soon arrived and I picked up my package at the post office.

Soon I had the bees established in a new hive. Not long after getting the bees started, my wife called me at work one evening to say that an airplane was spraying the field just south of our house. She wondered if the spray might affect our bees. I asked



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her to talk to the fellow marking the rows for the pilot and see if he knew. The flagger said we should call his father, the pilot, and he gave her the number. I called the pilot, Al, and asked him what chemical he had been using. Al was a beekeeper himself – a serious one; he had 50 hives. “We were spraying an insecticide that is very dangerous to bees. By morning you will be out of the bee business,” he said.

I soon learned that beekeepers are supposed to register their hives so crop dusters will know where the hives are. Al generously offered to replace my hive with one of his own. But since I had not registered it, I declined. After all, it wasn’t his fault that the bees had been sprayed.

My bee book listed the chemicals most dangerous to bees. Out of the top 100, the chemical my bees had been exposed to was ranked number two. The next morning I took a quick look around my hive and found some dead bees. The following Sunday, prepared for a full and dismal examination, I opened the hive and found to my great surprise, a literal “beehive of activity.”

My books told me that a hive of honeybees needs 30 to 40 pounds of honey to survive through the winter. The bees are doing well, the book said, if they make just enough for their own survival the first year. In the second year I could expect some surplus, which I would sell, and give the proceeds for my investment project. In the fall of that first year I opened the hive to see if my bees had made enough honey to get them through their first winter. Imagine my surprise to find that the bees had made enough for themselves, plus 100 pounds of surplus. When I told Al the news, he was very much impressed with God’s bees.

For every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. Psalm 50:10

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KYTN Stewardship Director

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