

As You Sow

“Sir, we've got a sighting,” Ethan Rivers said as he stuck his head into his boss' office.

Bradly Smith looked up from the large walnut desk in the middle of his huge office. “Where is he?”

“In Arizona, sir,” Ethan said. He entered the office with a rolled map in his hand, walked to the desk and looked for a place to unroll it. There were too many papers laying on the desk to unroll it without moving some of them. Bradly took his right arm and swept the papers off onto the floor. Ethan just smiled, then unrolled the map.

Once he had it unrolled, he looked at it for several seconds, then pointed to a spot.

“Arizona?” Bradly asked.

“Yes, sir. It's on the Navajo reservation. We put the word out and one of our people saw him at a convenience store. Our man was positive it was Haynes.”

“What the hell is he doing on an Indian Reservation? He's not Indian, is he?”

“No, sir, he's not. I asked the same question, and the best answer I got is that people leave him alone there.”

“Well,” Bradly said. “That's not going to last long. Can we get to him?”

“A team is on it's way, sir,” Ethan said. “They should have him by this time tomorrow.”

“Make sure he's not injured. I want him in good health, but I want him here.”

“The team has been fully briefed. They'll try to talk him into coming of his own free will first. If that doesn't work, they'll bring him. He's never shown any violent tendencies.”

“All right. Keep me informed.”

“Yes, sir.” Ethan rolled the map back up and started to get the papers off the floor.

“Leave them. Send Marge in on your way out.”

“Yes, sir.” Ethan headed for the door. Bradly sat and stared at the wall for a few seconds. This time tomorrow, he thought. He got a twinge in his abdomen to remind him of why it was important. He'd spent forty years amassing a tremendous wealth, only to find that he'd also amassed a tumor in his pancreas that was headed for his liver. The doctors told him that he had about eight months to live, and that was three months ago.

It was ironic. He'd made his fortune as the head of an HMO that specialized in denying benefits to any sucker that was foolish enough to buy into one of his plans. His unofficial motto that not very many people knew, was, “Everyone dies. Some do it cheaper than others.”

He'd taught his two sons how to be just as ruthless. “You can't wait for people to give it to you,” he told them, “you have to be willing to take it. Be proactive.” They learned well.

Of course he had the best doctors that money could buy, but there was just so much they could do. The cancer wasn't responding to the chemo, and radiation just made him sick. The only other option, in his mind, was to find a healer. They were out there. He knew it, and had read some of the stories.

One of the stories he'd read was about Jeffrey Haynes. He was a young man, barely twenty-two, who had discovered that he had the ability to heal while he was in the Air Force. He was an odd one. While he was stationed on Okinawa, he'd started taking karate classes on base. Part of those classes involved meditating, and he got good at it. After almost a year and a half, Jeffrey had discovered that if he focused hard enough, he could visualize food. He'd gotten so he could actually taste the food, and get the sensation of fullness from it. He stopped eating and drinking altogether. At first, he actually gained weight. When he realized what was happening, he stopped visualizing food so much, and his weight dropped back to normal.

After that, he found that if he visualized hard enough, he could make changes in material objects. One of those objects was people. He could make tumors appear and disappear.

He'd gone from Okinawa to Korea, and switched to a Korean style of karate. He continued to practice, and had just gotten his black belt when someone in his squadron realized that he never ate. That person talked to the First Sergeant, who talked to the squadron commander, and the testing began.

Jeffrey was sent to Wilford Hall Medical Center in San Antonio, Texas. While he was there, the doctors ran every kind of test they could think of, and came to the conclusion that not only did he neither eat nor drink, he was stronger than most men. He met with a medical board, and they determined that his existence was not conducive to good order and discipline. He was discharged as an E-4 with a 50% disability rating. He thanked the board, and left the base.

From there, he bounced around a bit. He had no real desire to go back to Illinois, and found that he liked walking. He had his checks set up with direct deposit, and he had a debit card. He found that if you don't need to eat or drink, and didn't care much about where you slept, you could live really cheap. He carried a backpack with a change of clothes, and wore the same shirt and jeans for a week at a time. At the end of the week, he would find a truck stop, take a shower, and wash the one set of clothing. That way, he always had a clean set in his backpack.

The only real problem he had was a story that came out about him. He was chatting with a guy at a truck stop while his clothes were washing, and he told the guy what had happened with the Air Force. The guy was a bit dubious, so Jeffrey suggested that he could get rid of the spot of skin cancer on the guy's arm. He did. It wasn't until later that he found out that the guy was a reporter for a local newspaper. The reporter had managed to get a picture of him when he wasn't looking, and ran it with the story. By the time Jeffrey realized what was happening, the wire service picked up the story.

After that, it was usually a matter of avoiding people. He grew out his beard, to change his appearance, but it didn't matter. Since the story broke, he had people looking for him.

Jeffrey ended up in a corner of the Navajo reservation, two miles from his nearest neighbor. When he got there, he realized that it was where he was supposed to be. The Navajo are normally reclusive, and they recognized him for what he was. Other than dropping by once a month or so, to bring a sick relative, they left him alone. They tried to pay him, but as soon as they gave him something, he turned around and gave it away. They understood.

He was standing by his little cabin that he'd built when the black Hummer came over the hill. He thought about running, but realized that it wouldn't do any good. The vehicle pulled up in front of his cabin and four large men got out.

“Jeffrey Haynes?” the driver asked. Jeffrey nodded.

“We need you to come with us.” Jeffrey shook his head.

“Please?” the man said. “Our boss needs you.”

Jeffrey looked closely at the man, then closed his eyes. He stood like that for almost a minute, then smiled and looked up.

“Okay,” he said. “Let me get my backpack.”

All four of the men exhaled. Jeffrey entered his cabin and picked up his change of clothing and put it in the backpack. He took his VA card and his debit card, then went out and got into the vehicle.

The trip to the small airport went quickly. He got into a Lear jet and was told to buckle up. The trip to Atlanta took several hours, during which he meditated. A stretch limo was waiting for them when they landed.

The trip from the airport to Bradley's home took almost as long as the trip from Arizona. The driver apologized, said it was all the traffic, and Jeffrey just shrugged.

“Nothing you can do,” he said.

The driver just nodded. They arrived at a palatial house in an exclusive neighborhood that the driver had to provide identification to get past the gate guard to get into. When they pulled up to the

house, Ethan was waiting to open the door of the car. He helped Jeffrey get out, then lead him to the front door.

When he was ushered into the living room, he was astounded. It was large enough to put four of his cabins into, and had four separate seating areas, all with couches, recliners, and coffee tables. He just shook his head.

Bradly walked over to stand in front of him. He came right to the point.

“How much?”

“For what?” Jeffrey asked.

“To get rid of this cancer that's eating me alive.”

Jeffrey looked closely at the man, then closed his eyes. He stood quietly for a minute, then nodded.

“It will cost you one million dollars, in a donation to St. Jude's Children's Research Hospital, and a ride back to Arizona.”

Bradly started to argue, then stopped. “I can do that,” he said.

“I'll wait,” Jeffrey told him.

Bradly looked past him at Ethan. “Do it,” Bradly told him. Ethan pulled out a cell phone and made the call. He transferred the money from Bradly's account to the hospital.

Jeffrey watched, then smiled when the man hung up the phone. He walked to Bradly and took Bradly's hands into his own. Jeffrey looked into the older man's eyes, then closed his for almost ten seconds. When he did, Bradly frowned, then his whole body relaxed. Then he smiled

“It's done?” he asked. Jeffrey nodded.

“Excellent. Thank you.”

“You're most welcome,” Jeffrey told him.

Bradly had the tests, and the cancer was gone. The doctors called it a complete remission.

What Jeffrey didn't tell him that along with the cancer, he also removed the greed, and the fear behind that greed. He woke up Bradley's conscience. In the next month, Bradley gave away almost half of his fortune. He would have given it all away, but his sons had him killed.

They believed in being proactive.