

Sunday, October 4, 2026

' 2026 Morning Update • Story Time • Mon, 05 Oct 2026 02:24:19 GMT • 3:55

((bed: dawn bee hum over the hives - bee_hum_01.wav))

Amos: Five A M, and the east field is already humming like a struck wire. Good morning, ladies. Let us see what the frost left us.

Amos: Box three is light. Box four is lighter. Half of you gone to that cold snap in April, and the fundraiser is six days away.

Lena: Grandpa, the gate was open, so I let myself in. I brought coffee, and I am not sharing.

Amos: Lena, my accountant. Tell me the bad news slow.

Lena: Forty jars promised to Mister Okafor, and we have, let me count, eleven full. The math is not on our side today.

Amos: Eleven jars. I gave that man my word in front of the whole town hall. A promise made over a handshake should weigh more than this.

Lena: Then we tell him the truth. Frost took the spring flow, and nobody blames the bees for the weather.

Okafor: Morning, my friends. The door at the church kitchen was unlocked, so I walked the long way to see the famous hives.

Amos: Samson Okafor. You are early, and I owe you an apology before you even sit down.

Okafor: Sit down first, Amos. Apologies are heavier on an empty stomach. Now, what is this about the frost?

Amos: It took half my colonies in April, and the spring honey with them. I promised forty jars for Saturday, and I have eleven. I will not stand on that stage with eleven jars and call it a promise kept.

Okafor: My friend, the fundraiser is one evening. You have fed this town for thirty years without ever writing a receipt. Nobody is keeping a ledger except you.

((wind rising through the hives - wind01.wav @ far))

Lena: Grandpa, look at the tree line. That front is moving fast. If it rains before noon, we cannot pull frames today either.

Amos: Then the debt stands, and the storm gets a vote too. Some week.

Ruth: Amos Whitfield, do not you dare look that solemn on a Sunday. I could hear the self pity all the way from the road.

Amos: Ruth Calloway. What is in the back of your truck?

Ruth: Twelve supers, full and capped. And before you start, no, they are not a gift. They are a return.

Lena: A return of what?

Ruth: Eight years ago my apiary collapsed to mites, and this stubborn man gave me his last queen cell, the one he had been saving for his own best hive. He said, and I quote, the bees belong to everybody. So every summer since, I have been slipping frames into his weaker boxes when he was not looking.

pantry. Ladies and gentlemen, the debt is paid.

Ruth: It was never a debt, you old fool. It was just Tuesday.

Okafor: At the fundraiser I will tell the town the honey came from three farms and one stubborn man. And I am saving you the seat of honor, Amos, right next to the dessert table.

Amos: The seat of honor is wherever my granddaughter sits. She did the math that saved my pride.

Lena: I take payment in honeycomb. One square, no skimping.

Ruth: Then let us get to work. The bees are waiting, the sky is waiting, and I did not drive twelve miles to stand around talking.

Amos: Everybody home before the rain.

((bed:end))