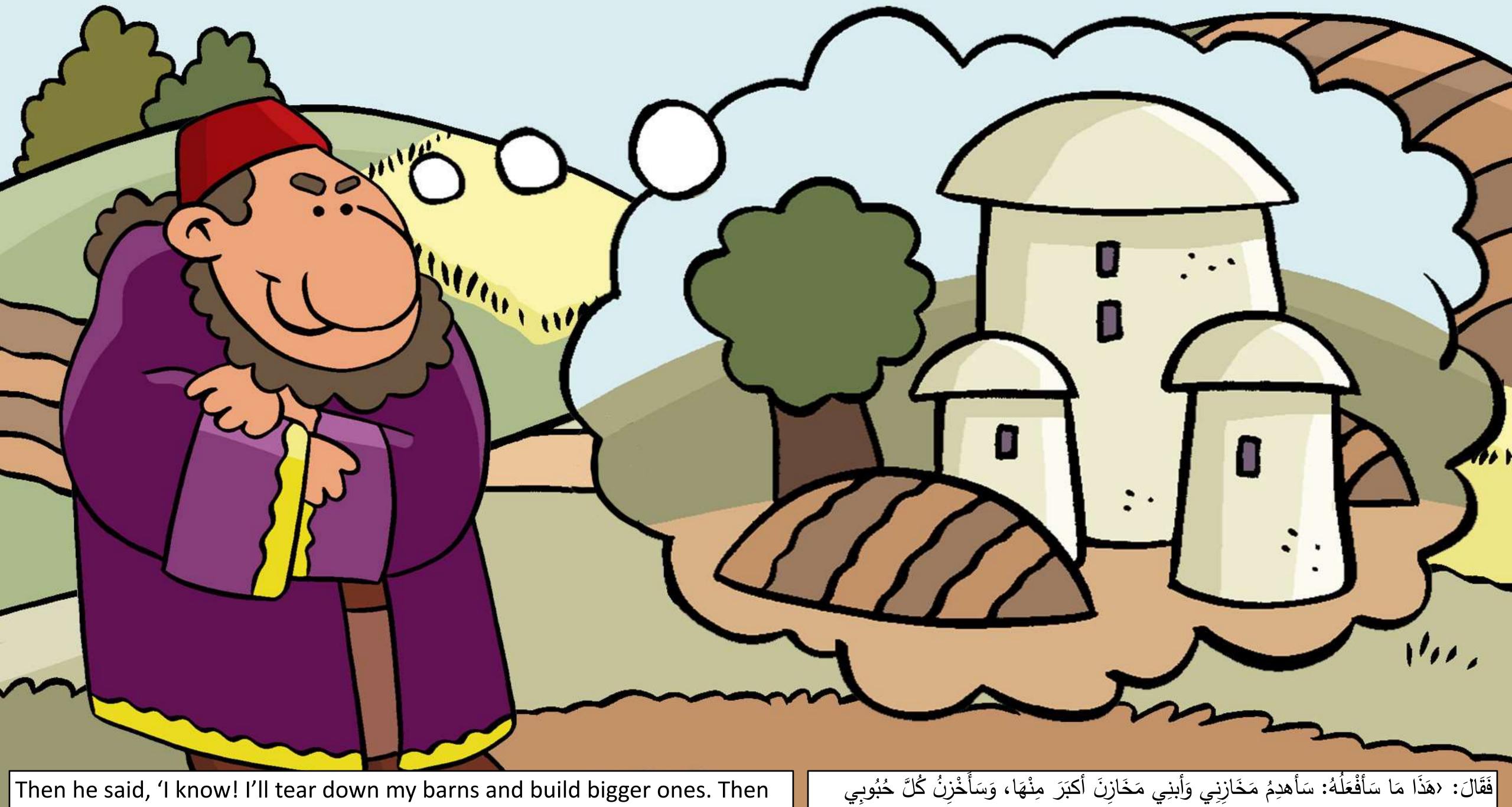


A rich man had a fertile farm that produced fine crops. He said to himself, 'What should I do? I don't have room for all my crops.'

ثُمَّ رَوَى لَهُمْ هَذِهِ القِصَّةَ: «كَانَ لِرَجُلِ غَنِيِّ أَرْضُ أَنتَجَتْ مَحصُولًا وَفِيرًا، فَفَكَّرَ فِي نَفْسِهِ: «مَاذَا أَفْعَلُ يَا تُرَى؟ إِذْ لَيْسَ عِندِي مَكَانُ أَخْزِنُ فِيهِ مَحَاصِيلِي؟>



I'll have room enough to store all my wheat and other goods.

وَخَيرَاتِي فِيهَا



And I'll sit back and say to myself, "My friend, you have enough stored away for years to come. Now take it easy! Eat, drink, and be merry!"

وَأَقُولُ: لَكِ يَا نَفْسِي خَيرَاتٌ وَفِيرَةُ، سَتَدُومُ سَنَوَاتٍ كَثِيرَةً، فَاطْمَئِنِي وَتَمَتَّعِي!>





