



PRESTIGE

A grandson soon will enter college. We discussed agriculture as a profession. Apologetically he said, “But there’s no prestige in agriculture.”

Just what is prestige? I draw upon the “words of Martin”, a modest, humble, yet brilliant close friend.

Webster says something about prestige being the power to command admiration through unusual achievement or reputation. But the Romans, from whom the French passed on their version to Webster, called it an illusion, a juggler’s trick, a delusion.

Is it the absurd idea that one who works with his hands and wears a blue collar instead of white is less prestigious – thus creating a shortage of reliable hands to feed the world and to fix our cars and our commodes?

Credentials – awards – plaques – titles – so numerous these days that wall space is crowded. And the ultimate – a listing in the “Majestic Order of Universal Notables”. Fill in the blanks and order the directory at 80 bucks.

Prestige – where is it when the stabbing pain in the chest comes, arteries growing thick and tired, the dreaded word cancer?

When they bring us gently to the turf, how hollow are the degrees, the money, the social standing, the “prestige”. It’s what they say about our character – and the premium God Almighty puts on that credential. There will be a few well meaning friends extolling “the great man” to the sharp discomfort of his poor soul somewhere out there lying prostrate before the Power of all powers.

Maybe my grandson is right. There’s no prestige in agriculture. Just an opportunity to contribute and to serve.



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