The Woodworker

"It's Only Business"

A Teaching Story About

Integrity, Mercy, and the Fear of YHWH

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For the Awakening Remnant

Walking the Ancient Path of Torah Obedience

A false balance is an abomination to YHWH,
But a just weight is His delight.
—Proverbs 11:1

The Woodworker

- It's Just Business

"The Woodworker: It's Only Business"

Scene I: The Crooked Scale

The morning sun slanted low across the shop floor, catching on curls of cedar and olivewood shavings that lay scattered like autumn leaves. Adin, the woodworker, stood at his bench—his hands calloused, his eyes sharp, his heart… quieter than it used to be.

He was known in the village for his craftsmanship.
Chairs that didn't creak. Doors that fit like a whisper.
His hands shaped things that lasted.

But beneath his workbench, hidden behind a tattered apron and a box of chisels, sat a small, weathered scale. The kind used for weighing silver. Or guilt.

Adin wiped his hands, lifted the lid, and pulled out two polished stones. One slightly heavier than it claimed to be. The other… a bit light. He placed them on the scale, adjusted the balance until it tipped in his favor, then whispered the words he hated hearing from others—but had learned to say himself:

"*It's only business*."

His stomach tightened.

Just last week, he had sold a carved table to a merchant from the coast—overpriced by nearly a third. The man hadn't noticed. Or maybe he had. But he paid it. And Adin had told himself it was fine. Wood was expensive. Time was precious. Inflation, taxes, life—it all adds up.

But so did the whispers.
Whispers in his sleep. Whispers in his soul.
Not loud. Just steady.

A false balance is an abomination to YHWH… (Proverbs 11:1)

He knew the verse. He had heard it as a boy, sitting at his father's feet, watching him shave cedar with the same tools Adin now used. Back then, the scales were kept out in the open. There was nothing to hide.

Now… Adin kept them tucked away.
Not because they were broken. But because he was.

He leaned on the bench, staring down at the scale as if it might speak back.

"I'm not cheating," he muttered to the empty room.
"I'm surviving."

The breeze caught the edge of a scroll pinned to the wall—Devarim, Deuteronomy—faded ink, nearly forgotten.

> *You shall not have in your bag differing weights, a heavy and a light. You shall have a perfect and just weight… for all who do such things, all who behave unrighteously, are an abomination to YHWH your 'Elohiym.* (Deuteronomy 25:13–16)

He looked away. Then came the voice—not audible, not external—but unmistakably real:

"Do you fear not having enough… more than you fear Me?"

He froze.

The tools, the timber, the profits—they felt heavier than ever.
But the silence that followed that question?
It was holy.

He stepped back from the scale.

And somewhere deep inside, he heard the creak of his soul beginning to realign.

Scene II – *The Kindness That Confronts*

That night, Adin couldn't sleep.

The olivewood rafters above him creaked with the wind, but his mind echoed louder. Not with shame—but with something stranger… conviction without accusation. The kind that wounds only to heal.

He sat up before dawn.
Not to work. Not to weigh.
To listen.

The scroll on the wall called him again. He unpinned it and laid it across the table where he normally sanded wood smooth. Now, it would smooth him.

His eyes fell on a passage he had not read in years:

> *YHWH is gracious and full of compassion, slow to anger and great in mercy.* (Psalm 145:8)
>
> *"He raises up all who fall…"* (Psalm 145:14)
>
> *He knows our frame. He remembers that we are dust.* (Ps. 103:14)

Adin bowed his head.

"*I don't want to be dust You blow away, Abba*," he whispered.
"*I want to be dust You shape*."

The tears came then—quiet, steady.
Not the tears of failure… but of invitation.

He remembered his father once saying:

"*Son, when YHWH convicts you, it will feel like a knife and a hug at the same time*."

Now he understood.

He picked up a chisel and sat before a block of oak.
Not to sell. Just to shape.

It was time to think. Time to pray.

And as the blade moved, so did the Spirit within him.

He remembered all the times he had rounded the weights, rounded the prices, rounded the truth.

And yet… YHWH hadn't struck him down.

He had spoken instead.

Not with wrath. Not with thunder.
But with a gentle, piercing question that exposed the fault line in Adin's soul.

And beneath it?
Not condemnation.

But kindness.

Because that's what true fear of YHWH leads to—not hiding from Him, but returning to Him.

Adin sat back.
The carving in his hand was plain. Simple. Unfinished.

But in his heart… something was beginning again.

Scene III – *The Reckoning and the Return*
"*A just weight is His delight.*" (Proverbs 11:1)

The next morning felt different.
Not because the sky was clearer or the breeze gentler—
but because Adin's soul was aligned. For the first time in a long time.

He stood at the same bench.
Same tools. Same timber.
But today, something was missing.

The crooked scale.

He had wrapped it in cloth the night before and placed it in the back corner of the shed—like a sin confessed and buried.

No more games with weights.
No more quiet lies.
No more justifying unrighteousness with, "*It's only business*."

But now came the harder part—the public part.

Because conviction is easy in the silence.
Repentance costs something in the light.

A knock at the shop door.
It was Doran—the merchant from the coast. The one Adin had overcharged.

"*Your chairs were excellent*," Doran said, running his hand across the grain. "*I've come for more*."

Adin looked down.
"*Friend…" he began slowly, "about the last order. I owe you silver*."

Doran raised an eyebrow. "*Excuse me?*"

"*I charged you more than I should have. Not by mistake. I justified it. But it was dishonest*."

The merchant blinked. "*Why would you admit that?*"

Adin looked him in the eyes—his voice soft, but steady.

"*Because I fear 'Elohiym more than I fear poverty*."

"*And a false scale is an abomination to Him. I've used one. But no longer*."

He held out a small pouch of silver—measured this time by hand, not metal.

Doran stared. Then slowly, nodded. "*I don't know what kind of God you follow, woodworker… but He must be watching you closely*."

Adin smiled faintly.
"*He is. And thankfully, not with a hammer—but with mercy*."

Later, Adin sat on the threshold of his shop, watching children chase chickens in the dust.

His hands still bore the dust of work, but his heart no longer bore the dust of deceit.

He reached into his satchel and pulled out two stones—one heavy, one light.

He stood up, walked out beyond the olive grove, and buried them beneath the roots of an old terebinth tree.

"*No more differing weights*," he whispered.
"*Let truth be the tool in my hand… and fear of YHWH the weight in my heart*."

Scene IV – *Mercy in the Marketplace*
"*Blessed is the man who walks in His ways*." (Psalm 128:1)

The days that followed were quieter in the shop.

Not because the work slowed down—if anything, Adin had more orders now than before.
But something had changed.
The noise inside him was gone.
No more bargaining with the soul. No more silent excuses. No more "*It's only business*."

Instead, a new kind of fear had settled in—a holy one.
A reverent awe of the One who sees in secret…
and still chose mercy.

A widow came one morning—hands wrinkled, eyes kind.
She ran her fingers over a carved olivewood stool and asked the price.

Adin told her the honest weight, not the market one.

She blinked. "*That's less than the others charge*."

Adin nodded. "*But not less than it's worth*."

She smiled through tears. "*May Elohim bless your home*."

Later, a young apprentice stopped by, hoping to learn the trade.
Adin showed him how to measure, how to shape, how to smooth the grain.
And then he said something he never used to say:

"*Every board has a truth.*
If you force it, you'll split it.
If you cheat it, it won't last."

The boy nodded.

Adin looked down at his own hands—worn, dusted with saw, but now steady.

"*The same goes for your heart*."

That evening, he passed the terebinth tree again—the one where he'd buried the false weights.

He paused, hand on the bark, and whispered:

"Thank You… for letting me return."

A gentle breeze stirred the leaves above him. And in that quiet, sacred moment, he felt something he hadn't felt in years:

The pleasure of the King.

Reflections from the Ancient Path

Questions to Ponder

Have I ever justified something dishonest with the phrase, "*It's only business*"?

What did that decision cost me—not just in money, but in character?

Do I fear scarcity more than I fear YHWH?

What might that say about where I place my trust?

Have I ever made something "look right" on the outside while knowing something inside was off?

What would it take to make it right again?

Do I believe that YHWH still delights in me… even when I've compromised?

Am I willing to come clean and return to Him?

If others watched my business, my speech, and my dealings… would they see righteousness or just religion?

What legacy for my children and the public am I building with my hands?

Verses to Study

Deuteronomy 25:13–16 – Just weights and measures.
Proverbs 11:1 – A false balance is an abomination…
Psalm 103:13–14 – He knows our frame…

Psalm 145:14 – He raises all who fall…
Micah 6:8 – What does YHWH require?

Walking It Out: Real-life applications

Ask YHWH to search your heart for areas of compromise—financial, relational, or spiritual. Choose one way this week to correct a corner you've cut. Write a prayer of return—not out of shame, but out of gratitude for His mercy. Consider placing a small stone on your desk or shelf as a reminder:

"*Let my weights be honest. Let my heart be whole*."