

6,000 Pearl Baby Bracelets

by

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The
First
Really
True
Story
Of

www.karipearls.com

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Farmer Mark and Farmer's wife, Kari, one misty morning in November, started up their trusty-rusty gray Ford pick up and set out from the eastern edge of Iowa by the mighty Mississippi River into the heart of Iowa.

Farmer Mark needed some more sheep. He's such a good farmer that he had more customers than sheep! So he found a like-minded farmer friend who also raises grass-fed sheep (the healthy way) and made a deal with him. See Farmer Mark's website: www.grassfedrecipes.com

Usually in November fields are gray or white with snow in Iowa...but this year, the green pastures lay like enormous emeralds across the land.

Farmers with their green John Deere tractors finished up the last of the corn picking. Red barns and white farmhouses dotted the landscape like chocolate chips in a cookie.

Farmer Mark and Farmer-wife Kari left six children at home that day. (They're teenagers or young adults so it's ok.)

Their children would fix breakfast for themselves, eat, clean up and head out to college, work or start their homeschool work at home and think about Andrew, their oldest brother living in faraway Istanbul, Turkey.

Farmer Mark and Farmer-wife Kari pattered through Muscatine, Iowa, former "Pearl Button Capital of the World," where Mark Twain once lived and Samuel Clemens (his real name) rafted around on the mighty Mississippi River.

They passed small towns with swinging bridges and hot pink road side cafes, passed white country churches, and little abandoned brick banks.

Finally, they arrived at Farmer Mike's place near Fairfield, Iowa.

Farmer Mike raised LOTS of sheep and a beautiful old farmhouse with lattice work on the porch.

His farmhouse stood near an old country church and a log cabin.

Farmer Mike's ancestors built and lived in that cabin when they emigrated to America.

Farmer Mark and Farmer Mike talked "sheep talk"...they discussed sheep prices, sheep sizes, sheep raising, and Farmer-wife Kari listened contentedly.

Then Farmer Mike let Farmer Mark pick out ten of the fattest, whitest sheep and together they loaded them into Farmer Mark's trusty-rusty gray Ford pickup.

Farmer-wife Kari waited and looked around Farmer Mike's place.

Soon she spotted a piece of rusty metal in the dirt. It caught her eye because the metal had a "K" embossed in it.

Now, Farmer-wife Kari has always liked "K's"---I wonder why?

Farmer-wife Kari has always liked her whole name, "K and all".

She's glad she wasn't named Polly. Now, Polly is a lovely name but Kari just fits her better.

You see, her parents had the name, Polly, all picked out for her before she was born. Then their friends showed them their new cow, named Polly!

"Oh, my," her parents thought, "We can't name our new baby, Polly. Our friends will think we named her after their cow!

And that would never do.

So, Farmer-wife Kari was given the Norwegian name, Kari, instead.

So, she's always liked "K's" and since both of her grandfathers emigrated from Norway when they were teenagers, she's glad to have a Norwegian name, because Farmer-wife Kari IS Norwegian.

The piece of rusty metal not only had a "K" embossed on it, but the "K" had a perfect circle embossed around it.

"Wow," she thought, "that's just like the symbol my daughter, Sarah, designed for my new pearl business."

"I wonder if Farmer Mike will let me buy it from him," she wondered.

After Farmer Mark and Farmer Mike finished loading the sheep, Farmer-wife Kari asked Farmer Mike, "May I buy this piece of metal from you?"

Farmer Mike smiled and said, "You can HAVE it."

Farmer-wife Kari smiled and said, "Thank you Farmer Mike."

To Farmer-wife Kari this "K" with a ring around it found in the dirt stood for something important.

It encouraged her that even out of dusty, rusty, forgotten dreams, could come prosperity and hope.

This sign from heaven encouraged Farmer-wife Kari that God would prosper www.karipearls.com.

Farmer-wife Kari smiled.

Soon Farmer Mark and Farmer-wife Kari were headed back to the eastern edge of Iowa, toward the mighty Mississippi River, towards their sheep farm, towards home, towards their six children.

Somehow the grass looked greener to Farmer-wife Kari on the way home.

Then something strange began happening.

The hearts of people living in Iowa started leaping out at her. Their hearts leaped out at her from the farm house windows, the barn windows, the passing car windows.

She imagined all the people...trying to make a living, struggling to make farm payments, attempting to start a business.

The hearts of Iowa tugged at Farmer-wife Kari's heart.

Then Farmer-wife thought of all of America and all the hard-working farmers and factory workers and clerk people and business people and professional people and women and children and all their hearts tugged at Farmer-wife Kari's heart.

Farmer-wife Kari's heart was ready to burst with care and concern and love for Iowa and for all of America.

"Lord," she prayed, "I want to bless America! Please show me how."

The ten sheep bleated in back of Farmer Mark's trusty-rusty gray Ford pickup and waited patiently as Farmer Mark and Farmer-wife Kari

stopped for an ice cream cone at a roadside business.

Soon they were home again.

Farmer-wife Kari took off her coat, kissed her children, looked at their work and checked her email.

On November 15, 2004, Farmer-wife Kari's email **SHOCKED HER.**

Her eyebrows went up.

Her mouth dropped down.

Farmer-wife Kari had 4,785 **UNREAD** emails!

"Who's playing a trick on me?" she thought.

"Who's spamming me?" she wondered.

"What glitch in the system is this?" she mused.

But it was no joke, spam, or glitch.

People were ordering free pearl baby bracelets off her website:

www.karipearls.com/child-jewelry.html

People from all over Iowa, all over Illinois, all over New York, Rhode Island, California, Nevada, and Tennessee ordered free pearl baby bracelets.

People from Alaska, Hawaii and people from North Dakota and Ohio

and Texas and Washington and Vermont ordered free pearl baby bracelets.

Orders came from Madisonville, Mayville, Mountville, Millville and Mocksville.

Orders came from Schuylerville, Sissonville, Springville, Susanville, and Stoutsville.

Orders came from Canada...Ontario, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, Alberta and Saskatchewan. They came from every Province in Canada and every state in the Union!

Farmer-wife Kari's free pearl baby bracelet page had been discovered by the world wide web.

Farmer-wife Kari wasn't even charging shipping and handling for the free pearl baby bracelets.

Now, if Farmer-wife Kari gave away two free pearl baby bracelets a week (that's what she had been doing), then not charging shipping and handling was fine...but 4,675 in one day....now that's a lot of stamps!

But wait! Orders were still flying in...1,2,3 every minute. Faster than she could dream or imagine.

For twenty-four hours, every minute three more orders were lining up in Farmer-wife Kari's email box.

"Do something quick! Do something quick!" her children shouted.

"Take the page off! Stop the orders! Do something!" They yelled.

But Ethan, her second son, said, "Mom, this is good! This is great! I love this!"

Farmer Mark told Farmer-wife Kari she needed to charge at least \$1.00 for shipping and handling.

(Now we ask for a SASE--self addressed stamped envelope and \$1.00 or \$2.00 with Paypal.

So she asked for \$1.00, but not until over 6,000 orders for free pearl baby bracelets had come in!

Farmer-wife Kari couldn't sleep well that night.

She was worrying about the 6,000 pearl baby bracelets she needed to buy, the 6,000 envelopes she needed to buy, the 6,000 stamps she needed to buy, the 6,000 addresses she needed to write, the 6,000 return addresses she needed to stamp, the 6,000 letters she needed to fold and the 6,000 envelopes she needed to lick...yuk!

Farmer-wife Kari forgot to think about the 6,000 babies who would be so beautiful in the 6,000 free pearl baby bracelets.

She forgot to think about the 6,000 mothers who would be so glad to get a free pearl baby bracelet for their babies.

She forgot to think about the 6,000 homes where she could add a little sunshine.

She forgot to think about the 6,000 families she could encourage.

She forgot to think about her prayer..."God, I want to bless America. Please show me how."

Finally, when she was writing the 437th address on the 437th envelope....Farmer-wife Kari
REMEMBERED!

Farmer-wife Kari remembered her prayer.

Farmer-wife Kari remembered her desire.

Farmer-wife Kari remembered her heart which was bursting to bless America.

Farmer-wife Kari remembered and smiled.

God answered her prayer...even before she prayed it!

Now Farmer-wife Kari flew into action.

Many things had to be done.

She wrote a better letter, copied more addresses, found new pearl suppliers, negotiated better prices, sent money across the ocean for more baby bracelets, waited for more baby bracelets to arrive, answered emails from people who wondered where their free pearl baby bracelet was and organized supplies.

Suddenly, Farmer-wife Kari had no time for cooking, or housework or laundry, or visiting or shopping.

Free pearl baby bracelet pressure squeezed her on all sides.

Then her beloved children rose up.

Anna cooked the meals. Sarah washed the dishes. John washed the clothes. Ethan cleaned the house. Samuel shopped for food.

Matthew addressed envelopes, stamped return addresses, and they all licked envelopes...yuk!

They all encouraged and helped their dear mother.

Farmer Mark helped organize materials. He supported his dear Farmer-wife Kari.

So America (and Canada) is being made happy one free pearl baby bracelet at a time.

6,000 free baby bracelets are blessing 6,000 babies and 6,000 mothers and 6,000 homes and 6,000 families.

And www.karipearls.com grows.

Folks go to www.karipearls.com.

People read Farmer-wife Kari's pearl information and look at Farmer-wife Kari's pearl photos and mothers and fathers and children learn about pearls and their wonder.

The rusty metal piece with a K and a circle around it symbolized God's blessing on www.karipearls.com and on America and Canada too, after all.

The End

Of

The

First

Truly

Real

Story

Of

www.karipearls.com