

Friends

GARDEN PARTY

friends.flowers.faith

The Bluebird of Happiness

By Tammy Borden ©



It had been more than two weeks since the little bluebirds hatched. The pale blue eggs that once held them seemed so tiny and impossible to produce the little fuzz balls of life that were now ready to go out into the big world. For many days the parents were lovingly caring for them, bringing them food, and keeping them warm on chilly nights. But now the time had come for them to leave the nest. It was Monday evening. I was outside working in the garden when I noticed two of them fly from the box. I stood watching, thinking the third one would be close behind. But the third little bluebird just didn't want to come out! The daylight soon faded into night and the little bluebird still sat inside his box, waiting for the perfect time.

I saw him again on Tuesday morning, still in the box, peeking his head out of the hole and looking around. He'd come almost all the way out, to where I thought he'd just fall, but then he'd quickly go back inside, only to peek out again a few minutes later. The papa bird was across the driveway making chirping noises, trying to urge him to come out. The mother would take a bug into the nest, but not give it to the little bluebird! It was as if the mama was saying, "I'm not going to give you your supper until you're a good boy and come out of that room!"

I kept thinking to myself, "If only that little bird knew how wonderful the world was outside his little box. If only he knew the freedom that awaits him. He could touch the sky with his little blue wings and catch tasty bugs, and let the summer sun glisten off its newly formed feathers." Well, that all sounds great except for the bug part, but I'm sure he'd love it! But he seemed to be more content staying inside the little box. After all, it was familiar and safe. Besides, it wasn't so bad inside the box, although the urge to fly was becoming overwhelming. Still, who knows what might be lurking outside the box... a hawk, cold weather, or maybe a stray cat just waiting to pounce. And his greatest fear was that he wouldn't know how to fly. "How will I know," he thought. The world of the unknown just seemed so big and scary. Maybe tomorrow...

So the little bluebird stayed snugly in his little box. Later that day mama and papa bird once again tried to coax the little bluebird out of his box. "I'm content to stay in this box!" said little bluebird. "Although, I am getting hungry. Mama hasn't hardly given me any food at all and my little furry belly is starting to grumble." Still, the little bluebird remained in his box another day, only peering out on occasion to see the world outside.



Wednesday came and the little bluebird began to get restless. It was getting lonely inside the box. He once again peered out the hole and noticed his brother and sister sitting in a tree. They flew from one branch to another, chirping happily. There were other birds too; ones that didn't look at all like mama and papa. Some of them were big and scary and some were very pretty. But mama and papa were still there to show them where to go and how to avoid danger. He noticed how the leaves on the trees were so shiny and he liked the way they rustled in the wind. Just then papa flew in the air and caught a big bug and fed it to his sister. The little bluebird inside the box wished he could also have a tasty morsel.



The urge to leave his box suddenly became overwhelming. The box which once seemed so comforting and appealing suddenly seemed more like a prison than a sanctuary. "What kind of life will I have if I stay inside this box? It looks like real life is out there," thought the little bluebird. But the little bluebird knew that once he left the box he could never return. "What if I don't like it out there? What if it's not safe?" said the little bluebird. His papa noticed the little bluebird and flew near the box. "Little bluebird," he chirped. "Of course it's not safe." The little bluebird seemed startled. He wanted words of comfort and encouragement. He was almost ready to retreat back in his hole when he heard his papa say, "Wait! Listen... It's not safe... but it's good. God created you to soar and when you soar you'll not only feel your own delight, but His."

At that the little bluebird perched on the edge of his hole. Looking back he said, "So long box. You can't hold me any longer. It's time for me to fly." He leaned forward and jumped. For a moment fear gripped his little heart and he began to flap his tiny wings frantically. "What have I done," he thought. "I knew I should have stayed in my box!"

Continued...

Just then he felt a soft breeze gently lift him upward. His tiny wings beat in rhythm with the wind, and he began to fly. "I'm flying! I'm flying!" He chirped to his mama and papa. They smiled in delight as he perched on a nearby branch where they flew to meet him. "I didn't think I could fly, papa, but the wind helped me!" said little bluebird. "Son," said papa. "That was the breath of God that made you fly. Yes, we need to beat our wings, but it's God who gives the flight."

"To think I was willing to stay in that little box all alone when I could have chosen to be free," said little bluebird. "But I thought I would be safer there." "Yes, I understand," said papa. "Leaving the box is not always safe... but it is good. Being in God's will is not always safe... but it is good. Sometimes we just need to jump and trust that the breath of God will carry us from there."