



if ever you first meet an egg

yesterday a bird flew into the glass door of my office with a feathery thump.

i got up, opened the door and asked him, "you ok buddy?"

He held up his tiny little bird wing which i interpreted as him saying: "i'm good, give me a minute."

i told him i was glad and in my head was relieved that he wasn't an ostrich and that they don't fly into windows, and went back to my chair and sat down.

today, i thought of the little bird and was reminded of something that Mr. Chesterton wrote:

"no egg in itself suggests a chicken" which i've taken and stretched into a wandering thought. nothing about an egg suggests its contents. we know some things about eggs because we know someone that told us some things about eggs. BUT what if we came across an egg for the first time how could we ever imagine what was inside?

nothing about an egg suggests feathers or flight and nothing about another egg suggests that some feathery creatures only sort of fly, while another egg suggests feathers on a body that can reach 9 feet tall and will not fly- not even for a little bit.

and just when you think you're squared away on the question of the egg you would surely assume that the next egg will suggest some form or plumage' or topknot, you would be somewhat surprised to be greeted by an alligator- and then a frog, spider, turtle, snake, fish. or the smile that would rise in you in meeting a duck-billed platypus for the first time as he stretches out from his egg or seeing a seahorse in his strange and delicate pose.

Things that are inside eggs would be enough to keep us busy but there's everything else - the variety and creativity should humble us and compel us to want to know the source and author of everything.

And then there's the human body - space - a blade of grass - a tree -all in beautiful balance all around us all stirring us to applaud God and in our souls say "So Good God, So Good!" And then He lends us creativity and words within his creation in countless ways to respond and worship. BUT if we're not careful we may lose our wonder of things as we move along our lives, or become casual to the mystery and overlook the wonder, and party, and awe of God.

God is the creative artist! When we consider the perfect order, and balance and joy of all creation - the appropriate response is wonder.

We must never speak of boredom. we are overqualified to ever absurdly say that we're bored. The One who spoke it and it was so - i want to know Him more.

p.s. little bird made a full recovery and in the deep mystery of flight, flew away to where little birds fly.