



I observed the daddy and momma cardinals watch over their nest so attentively for days. Each one diligently caring for the baby within. I would sit on our porch and listen to the baby's tiny tweet calling for attention. I spoke encouraging words to the baby bird's parents, cheering them on as they so lovingly tended to the life they had created.

But then I came home from work and saw the daddy cardinal frantically chirping and hopping around the area where the nest had been so carefully and expertly built. He was obviously in distress, and I immediately felt something was wrong. The silence from the nest jarred my senses.

The circle of life they call it. I guessed that the baby had either fallen out of its home or an uninvited guest had come slithering by. I looked to see if the guest was around, and maybe, just maybe, I could discourage its presence.

But it was too late. The baby bird was nowhere to be seen. With no success, Rod and I looked around the bushes, desperately trying to locate the bird. I wanted to cry, but I told myself how silly to be so emotional over a baby bird! But my eyes didn't listen and instead glistened with tears. I prayed - "Oh Lord, please let me find the baby and return it to its safe home!" Would God listen to such a simple prayer? Did it really matter?

And then I remembered God's loving care, even for the little birds.



"Are not two sparrows sold for a penny? Yet not one of them will fall to the ground outside your Father's care."³⁰ And even the very hairs of your head are all



numbered. So don't be afraid; you are worth more than many sparrows." [Matthew 10:29-31](#)

I don't know why God allowed me to witness and worry over a bird, but maybe it served His good purpose of reminding me that even as He loves His creation, He loves His children even more. Just as the momma and daddy took such good care of their baby, God will take even better care of us. His wings of protection and love cover us. His provision is sure and a reminder of our great need for Him. He hears our cries and answers when we call to Him. He is our peace and strength.

We are never on the ground outside of our Father's care.

You may not have a baby bird story to tell, but you, too, can rest easy and cling to the nest of God's presence. You, too, are greatly loved, provided for, and hid in the shadow of His wings.

***"He will cover you with his feathers,
and under his wings you will find refuge;
his faithfulness will be your shield and rampart."*** [Psalm 91:4](#)

**Amendment to this post:

Even in this life, there are happy endings!

The following day, I awoke to hear the cardinals in the bushes again. I hoped beyond measure that their chirping was a good sign. Later in the day, Rod sent me a picture of, guess what? The baby bird was perched on one of the limbs in the bushes. He was alive! God had heard my prayer and blessed me with the assurance the baby was ok. (And, I must add, he or she is the cutest!)

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