

I offer to you today a poem which I received from the *inwardoutward.org* web service. (If you have not yet signed up for it, you may find it to be a source of daily encouragement.)

As one who has as his only pets "my birds", this poem struck a chord with me. One of my favorite parts of Saturday early mornings is the time I can take to unhurriedly feed and water "my" birds, and watch and listen to them work and play. Watching the young learn to leave the nest is always a special treat, but more than that I enjoy the watching of the "parents" work so hard to retrieve and deliver food to the young who can do no more than sit there with mouths wide open, chirping for life-giving food.

In your spiritual walk this week, are you the bird "parent" delivering good food, or do you need to be the "child of God" waiting to get fed? If you need to be the "parent" will you faithfully search for the special Word to deliver to a hungry mouth? If you are the "child" will you allow worship to be a place that feeds you? Prepare for worship tomorrow by taking a few minutes to enjoy the goldfinches and the sparrows...His eye is on that sparrow, so I know He watches you and me! And then think about how God will use you to feed others, or allow you to be fed with Living Bread this week.

Shalom,  
Bill TeWinkle  
June 27, 2009

## Invitation

**Mary Oliver**

Oh do you have time  
to linger  
for just a little while  
out of your busy

and very important day  
for the goldfinches  
that have gathered  
in a field of thistles

for a musical battle,  
to see who can sing  
the highest note,  
or the lowest,

or the most expressive of mirth,  
or the most tender?  
Their strong, blunt beaks  
drink the air

as they strive  
melodiously  
not for your sake

and not for mine

and not for the sake of winning  
but for sheer delight and gratitude---  
believe us, they say,  
it is a serious thing

just to be alive  
on this fresh morning  
in the broken world.  
I beg of you,

do not walk by  
without pausing  
to attend to this  
rather ridiculous performance.

It could mean something.  
It could mean everything.  
It could be what Rilke meant, when he wrote:  
You must change your life.

Source: *Red Bird: Poems*