

RANSOM Notes



Baby Rescue

Bright Eyes - Quick Response - Hope - Celebration

This spring, a friend at Concordia Village where I live, sidled up to me with a twinkle in her eye. As she began to tell her story, my mind was already crafting a Ransom Note. Actually I wished that my eyes could have been present when the rescue took place.

The morning was windy as she took a little walk. There had been rain, so the ground was soaked and even a bit muddy. Strolling along, her thoughts wandered a bit, but then she stopped. What was on the ground by the tree? Yes, there was an object — a bird nest resting in the muddy area. As she approached more closely, my friend spotted movement. Could it be? No, certainly that couldn't be a wing flipping in the breeze, but you guessed it. It was not one wing, but six. Six little wings, attached to three baby cardinals still too young to fly, especially when their bodies were mud covered, were huddled together.

Her heart pounding just a bit, she slowly moved very close to the displaced trio, pondering, what in world should she do? Reaching down, she picked up the nest and replaced it in the tree. Now the big problem — our little feathered trio. With their youthful bodies and the mud covering their flight equipment, movement was not possible. They were grounded.

Creativity, balanced with practicality, resulted in a plan. Gently she picked up the babies and found water with which to cleanse the wings of the sticky mud. I'm confident she did not toss them into the dish washer, but perhaps just held them under a tiny drip of water. When the feathers had been relieved of the muddy burden, she returned to their home and placed them side by side on their mattress of twigs. In her heart she hoped that Mama would return and care for the newly washed infants.

As she walked away, her hopes and actions were rewarded. Mama cardinal flew in to care for her children. If birds could say thank you, I'm certain Mrs. Cardinal would have repeated that phrase at least three time — one for restoration of their home, one time for mud removal services, and of course the third for the return of her babies to the nest.

When my friend shared this lovely story, I thought of Noah and his water journey, with umpteen animals of every kind on his vessel which God designed. Near the end Noah also had a wonderful 'bird' experience. He opened the window in the ark and sent out a raven and then a dove to see if water had dried up sufficiently for human life to return to land. They each hurried back, as they could find no place to land since water still totally covered the land. Noah therefore reached out his hand and took each back to 'their' nests on the boat. Although the scriptures don't address the concept of possible mud on the wings of the dove, Noah might have seen a bit and maybe even washed it off.

Seven days later, Papa Noah released another dove from the ark. I'm certain Noah continued to hope that the dove would return with a 'water' report. Sure enough, that evening the little guy flew back with a gift in his beak — a freshly plucked olive leaf! Seven days later, a third dove flew out, never to return. Shortly Noah, family, and all of the animals and birds walked out. Well, the birds probably flew out, just as we hope the trio of cardinals did one day. Life moved on.

The tender care of my friend, as well as the caring attitude exhibited by Noah and his family, combined with the Lord's watchful eye, resulted in joy for all. Her watchful eyes spotted a problem and quickly initiated a plan. She did not wait for someone else to provide emergency action. Undoubtedly her mind and heart were full of HOPE as she lifted the tiny bodies and gently sponged off the mud. I wonder how she even managed to avoid hurting the tiny eyes?

As followers of the Lord, we too must each keep our eyes open for needy situations. It is relatively easy to spot needs within our own family. Noah knew it was about time to get his family off the ark, so he worked with his bird passengers, hoping that they would be able to provide appropriate information for the right time for the family to exit their temporary 'nest'. Our cardinal friend, however, recognized the need to help someone beyond her own family. In each instance a human had to see the need, hope, and get a plan of action in process, and then celebrate.

How alert are we? Are we afraid to take action when a needy situation might present a challenge?

If so, then take a moment and read God's promise found in Romans 15:13.

"May the God of HOPE fill you with all JOY and PEACE as you TRUST in him, so that you may OVERFLOW with HOPE by the power of the Holy Spirit."