

# A Duck Called Maggie

by Chaplain Paul New Years Day 2014



John 14:27 Peace I leave with you, My peace I give to you, not as the world gives do I give to you, let not your heart be troubled neither let it be afraid.

Bird of water, Abba Father's feathered fowl, floating peacefully amidst the gentle waves, you are yet another example of the Almighty's creative power and wonder, for you seek nothing more than food, peace, and rest, as you live and grow in the heart of nature where you dwell... Amen.

Eggs placed gently within a nest of grass, sticks, and hay, warmed with love, for yours is a protected treasured clutch. Sunshine, rain, cold and warm, time moves as a little one grows in Elohim's fragile shell of promise.

Then one faithful day, scratching, moving, peaking still, break away, break away, break away shell opening to golden rays of sun light, and then springing out into the world you came breathing the breath of life free of your broken prison shell.

Sitting, shaking, walking, wondering as you followed with siblings behind mom and dad down to the water's edge. Pause, look, watch, listen, then a nudge and in the water you went. Floating, quacking, playing, learning still as this family mallard seven lives in the midst of a feathered fowl's duck pond heaven.

Now a little older she's become full grown, very soon and quite possibly she might be able to start a little family of her own.

On a beautiful spring day my grandson Caius now just three years past the age of two, you see we've come to the water's edge to share some of our crusty bread with you.

And there you were so gentle and sweet, without a doubt you came right up to us to get something to eat...

After that first visit we come to the water's edge as often as we can, you see you made each visit so very special as you took bread gently from our hands.

Then one day running up to us your eyes shining with glee, at that very moment we looked at each other and smiled and decided to name you our little Maggie.

We came all summer that year we had a real ball, but one weekend we stayed home because the rain began to fall. Now down by the water's edge the ducks were not completely alone, you see men in camouflage were hiding in the brush with their strings of bleached white duck bones. Suddenly there came a snap of a twig then the birds of a feather took to the air and with that flight came a thunderous sound then little Maggie came falling silently back to the ground...

The very next weekend my Grandson Caius and I did arrive, we noticed that there were fewer ducks alive, we saw feathers and empty nests all about, then my grandson Caius began to shout, "MAGGIE!!! MAGGIE!!! WHERE ARE YOU MAGGIE? PLEASE COME OUT!!!" But she never came and he started to cry.

I tried to tell him maybe it was just Maggie's time to fly. I hugged my grandson and said with smile, "Maggie's in Abba Father's hands, maybe she'll come back to us in a while. And as we walked home on that faithful day a little duckling came walking our way,

"She looks a little like Maggie," as Elohim smiled from above, so we decided to take her back home with us and show her our love.

Revelation 21:4 And God will wipe away every tear from their eyes; there shall be no more death, nor sorrow, nor crying. There shall be no more pain for the former things have passed away...

