“All Creatures” Great and Small…

By Faith Libbe, SFO, Staff Editor
faithlibbe@juno.com

The deep blue cloudless morning sky provided beautiful backdrop for the small creatures visiting my backyard. There was a grey squirrel feeding in a tree and a blue jay drinking from the birdbath. Thus my day began with a feeling of profound “oneness” with God and His creation. The experience brought to mind the lines by Cecil Francis Alexander, "All things bright and beautiful, all creatures great and small, all things wise and wonderful, the Lord God made them all."

Still pondering, I set out to catch up with my husband, Michael and our dog, Hannah on their morning walk. Towards the end of the walk, Hannah began to pull very hard on her leash, wanting to go under a truck parked in front of our house. I looked and noticed that there was a creature underneath! As I took a closer look, I discovered that it was a baby Mourning Dove…most likely a fledgling. The little dove then proceeded to hop out into the street, which made me nervous about its safety. It then went across the street and then hopped under another car. This little creature was in a very vulnerable position, as cats roam freely in the neighborhood. I felt that without help, the dove might very well not survive the day. I knew what needed to be done catching him was not going to be easy, for the little fledgling had already spread its little wings and demonstrated that he could indeed fly a few feet here and there! My silent prayer was, Lord, if you want me to help your little creature, please help me catch him. I put a box on its side and tapped the little dove from behind. Instantly, and at that very moment the dove stepped into the little box. Soon we were on our way to the Wildlife Bird Refuge with the little box and its precious contents on the passenger seat. The little dove sat quietly the whole time…he was so sweet.

When we finally arrived at the Refuge, the fledgling was examined and found to be all right. He did have a bruised wing, which meant that he had fallen out of his nest, but he had stomach full of seeds, which meant that he had been well cared for by his mom.

On the way home, I could not help but think that the events of the morning were all a part of God’s plan. Was it not His perfect timing that allowed this precious little creature’s path to cross mine at that precise moment in time? For in His infinite wisdom, He knew well the need of the fledgling and that my heart would be open to help. It then occurred to me…Is this not the way our Heavenly Father works in our world, placing this person here and that person there, ready for the needed connection? Indeed, all things great and small…the good Lord truly loves us all!