



Finding Your Song in Your Sorrow

Flying Lesson

Behold one shall fly like an eagle. Isaiah 40:31.



Every kid I grew up with wanted to fly, like Superman. My brothers and I would pin towels to our backs, climb up on the mantle, jump from there to the highest chair back, our towel capes flying in the room air. In my re-occurring dreams I'm flying or watching something fly. I flap my arms vigorously until I'm on the ceiling ... Flying, however, is not all that easy. A mother eagle will take her precious egret high in the air and drop him. Frightened and seemingly abandoned, he plummets toward the earth, stretching out his wings as he flies awkwardly toward the hard earth, where my son was buried.

When Josiah died I felt I had been "dropped" by God. I felt frightened, confused, and abandoned as I plummeted to the hard earth.

The mommy eagle will keep doing this until the egret discovers that which was already built in him from birth: he can fly!

I can still have days of confused abandonment, but I am discovering my spiritual DNA, my song, with each attempt at flying. I frequently have to push myself off the cliff!

Spread your wings, mom. I know you have that "something" in you that you will discover, even if awkwardly, when you spread your broken wings.

The other fact I love about eagles is that, unlike crows and turkey vultures, they never feed on dead food or garbage. An eagle will only eat living food! If we are going to nourish our flying wings we need to feed on the living Word of God - Manna from heaven, not earth's garbage!



Discovery Dialog with your Composer:

Isaiah 40:31 What is God's promise for those who "wait on the Lord"?

Prayer:

Give me the courage to jump off the scary life cliffs and learn to fly again.

Selah:

I enjoy a diet of God's word over the easily accessible garbage of the world.

