

If I Could Be A Sparrow

One cold and dark December night
Not all that long ago,
A farmer snuggled up quite tight
While winter's wind did blow.

From warm sound sleep he jerked awake
His feet lit on the floor,
And noticed he his knees would shake
A-heard something at the door.

A full glass door aback the house
Led out into the yard.
Tiny birds no larger than a mouse
Flew into it quite hard.

He grabbed the lantern from the shelf
That coldest night this year,
Farmer, he thought unto himself
"The warmth they seek in here".

For fear they'd freeze, he dawned his robe
And headed for the barn.
An opened door and bed of straw
Should keep the creatures warm.

The straw was strewn, with door ajar
He called for all the sparrows.
With fear o'ertook they stayed a-far
And would not brave the narrows.

Desperately although he tried
But still no bird dared go.
Then suddenly the farmer cried...
"If I could be a sparrow"!

If he could become a little bird,
A similar creation,
He'd show the way, speak and be heard
And lead them to salvation.

Suddenly the truth rang clear.
This was the Master's plan.
The best way for **us** to hear
Was for God to become a man.

It all made sense as in he ran
To share the main objective...
A sparrow to us is much like man
From almighty God's perspective!