

THAT "USELESS" BIRD HOUSE

HOUSE

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As I sit on my mother's upstairs porch, I overlook a small bird house hanging from her palm tree. I've always thought bird feeders were stupid and wondered why people bothered with them. After all, birds will always find something to eat and a place to rest, why have a special place for them? It didn't seem to have a practical use.

As I pondered, I noticed two beautiful blue tropical birds sitting on the railing about three feet away. They looked as though they were in search of something. With their heads swiftly turning left and right, they finally flew away...to the bird house. Upon their arrival two more birds joined them, one was a gorgeous red cardinal. Soon they were all feasting: eating seeds while some others contently sat at the edge enjoying the shade and view.

This scene made me feel so peaceful and happy. I was pleased to be watching this festive event. If birds could have fun, I thought, these were truly bathing in comfort and deep satisfaction. As I noticed my pleasure, I thought of how God must love to see not only birds in joyful union, but his people. How often do we, humans, ever get together like this? If we do, where would we have it?

I also wondered, who would be responsible for this and provide a place where it can

occur? Who's willing to be "the bird house"? I then realized that we all can be and I asked God to allow me to become a feeder to others just as that house was. I want to learn to be a person who would welcome others to dine with me, to share some time of their lives with me, especially when they were in need. A person who offers a place where those tired and hurt would find God's love and healing. What a great ministry I could have if I were like this little house on the tree!

As people walked through life and its trials, how often they search for a place to rest. A place without any regulations to enter and no obligations to stay. This place would be a sanctuary for those whenever they needed, whether they could only stay for a brief encounter or return regularly.

Could I be this kind of person? Would I be willing to be hung on a tree, patiently waiting and welcoming anyone to my midst? Can I open myself up to such encounters? Will I accept the risk for Christ?

Perhaps, if all Christians were bird feeders we would have a shortage of suffering people. When I get home, I think I will go shopping for...guess what? Yes, one of those "useless" bird houses! 