

Moving Forward

by Donna Bishop

Momma enjoyed the gentle swaying of the hanging flower pot where she and Papa had carefully built this year's nest. Their two newborns slumbered peacefully snuggled next to her warm body. Papa had provided a tasty breakfast but had since left the nest to do whatever papas do when meals are not being served. Eating and sleeping and growing were the order of the days for the little ones. With each passing day the two brothers became more active, trying to imitate the chirpy sounds they heard from their parents, ruffling their tiny feathers and pushing and shoving one another to settle close to Mom.

Mother had enough. The time for letting go had arrived. She gently nudged the first brother on to the edge of the nest. He paused for a moment, spread his tiny wings, shifted his body and glided to the ground below. Papa chirped from a nearby tree and his son joined him on the branch above. Away they flew.

It was now time for the second brother to take flight but there seemed to be a delay. Mother perched on the edge of the nest but her son refused to follow. Mother flew to the ground and chirped encouragement from below. Still no action from above. Perhaps he was calculating his flight pattern or testing the air current. Patiently Mother waited, and waited. At long last her son climbed to the edge of the nest. He was still not convinced that letting go was right for him. He chirped but got no response from Mother who continued to wait on the ground before him. Finally facing his dilemma that the nest was empty and no food was coming his way he too leaned forward with outstretched wings letting go he glided down to his waiting mother. With new found confidence he flew off.

Moving forward often requires letting go so there is space for the next life experience. Don't miss the opportunity!