

Mighty Fowl of the Water

By Sheila Johnson

I don't remember my very first encounter with those beautiful, mystical, creatures of old. I do remember being fascinated beyond measure with the way they lived their lives. I do remember wanting to imitate their airy freestyle as they navigated their journey from point to point never pausing for food or sleep.

They move wearing faces of confidence and beauty. They wear outfits made from silver and gold, and flaunt far more exquisite colors than the rainbows overhead. God has uniquely sculptured each one with his hands. Some of the females take time to lay eggs so the Papas can circle around their progeny until the heat from their bodies causes new birth to emerge. Other Mamas render live birth to their young, hardly stopping for post-natal care. Oh look what grace God built into their DNA. Look what marvelous creatures of old live beneath us, yet rise above us in the service they give so freely to this world. It is to you, my fine, finely, fascinating, friends, that I give this honorable salute:

Oh fish, mighty fowl of the water. You were used by God's only son to feed a multitude. Your oils have healed many. You have even fallen prey to feed your own, adding a unique flavor to the Universe.

You are humble servants. Many have seen you cleaning the oceans' seabed. You are filled with grace, swimming with effortless movement, and defying every rule of gravity.

You are musical. Your scales reflect colorful notes from the water's rhythmic motion. You are royalty from Heaven, carrying the international symbol for Deity.

Thank you for your tranquil, silent message. Oh fish, mighty fowl of the water.