

# Flying is for the Birds

A story about the importance of forgiveness.

The sun was just breaking over the Bog, parting the mist that lifted, up from the pond in silvery threads, then in total silence drifted, in and out and round each leaf, anointing them with glitter, that sparkled as the sun rose higher, gifting each waking critter.

A breeze gently billowed the gossamer mist, as the sun turned the pond to gold, reflecting it's beauty, making new and warm what the night had made dark and cold.

Below the ponds surface a dear old fish, slowly stretched then swirled with delight, a brand new day meant a brand new way to spread God's loving truth and light.

Carpie Dieum was a blue river carp, who'd found God at an early age, he was so full of love and gratitude and with time had become a true sage.

He made his home next to an old sunken log that had lain in the water for years, it had hollowed out rooms and made a great place for sick fish and those suffering fears.

Carpie would listen and tend to their needs, never missing a chance to show care, he'd done that once and vowed never again, after God freed him from that nightmare.

It happened so many years ago, when Carpie was young and still squishy, he had not realized that his actions at times, were often quite foolish and fishy.

He'd met a young egret at the edge of the pond and instantly they were a pair, a fish and a bird, how completely absurd, but friends nonetheless without care.

They would meet every morning for a dubious game, a marathon of minnow spitting, a deplorable sport that they played with delight, even though it was totally unfitting.

Carpie would spit them high in the air, to Lashley, who'd wing them right back, something akin to a seed-spitting contest, only Lashley couldn't quite get the knack.

*"Keep you eye on the minnow, throw your head back, then open your beak,"* Carpie cried, Lashley ran through the water not watching where, wings flapping with beak open wide.

He never saw the old rotten log, stumbling clumsily head over heels, catching the minnow just before he went under, making the most awful of minnowie meals.

He popped to the surface choking and hacking, trying in sheer desperation to cough up the poor frightened minnow, he'd swallowed like some foul medication.

Carpie stared disbelieving at Lashley, Lashley stared right back with glazed eyes, both faces were frozen with fright and shock, making their eyes look like huge moon pies.

About that time, a small school of fish swam by and wanted to know, if either one of the pair had seen a small minnow that had failed to show, up for school that morning, a cause for some alarm, now the rest of the minnows were looking for him, fearing he'd come to some harm.

They knew sometimes this dastardly due would use one of their own for their games, like water ping-pong, which quite clearly was wrong, though they weren't going to name any names.

*"Errrrr... We've not seen a thing as we haven't been looking,"* came the lie from the shaking pair, Lashley's knees knocked soundly, Carpies' tail shook roundly as the minnows swam past with a glare.

They looked at each other the laughter all gone, wondering what in the world they should do...should they tell what had happened and take the reproof, or live a lie like they never knew?

*"Lashley..."*

*"I...I...I guess I'd better get home for lunch..." "Yeah, see ya later Carpie...take care..."* One swam slowly away from the scene, the other could only stare.

Tears bubbled out, then dripped off of his beak, if only he could wind back the clock, his wings sagged in sorrow and his little heart broke as he trudged slowly back to his flock.

When Carpie got home he was crying, telling his mom all about his despair, but Lashley decided on silence, he was fearful and just didn't dare.

How could he explain that a simple game turned deadly in the blink of an eye; he determined to carry this grievous secret, in his heart till the day he would die.

After that...

Carpie and Lashley went separate ways, never seeing each other for years, one learning from his mistakes and changing, the other trapped by his guilt and fears.

Carpie turned to God and met Jesus, finding the peace and joy which he sought, and from then on seized every moment, to show love and act as he ought.

He went back to find the minnows, as he wanted to set things right, apologizing and letting them know, that he'd changed and had now seen the light.

But...

Poor Lashley was just never able, to get over the grim pond affair, it kept him in a most dismal state of remorse, regret and despair.

His feathers turned gray and faded, his head hung and he walked with a stoop, the heaviness in his heart eventually forcing his wings to droop.

He moved away from the Bog with it's pond, as the memories were to hard to bear, then lost the wondrous gift of flight, unable to lift himself into the air.

He no longer thought of himself like his flock as simply another egret, the weight of his guilt and remorse had forced his grounding...he was now a regret.

Lashley tried hard to convince himself that 'flying is for the birds', but it didn't help his heavy heart; he knew these were just empty words.

Every year he would watch as his flock flew south, every year he would get more depressed, once again left alone to wander around with a secret left unconfessed.

It was years before he'd meet Carpie again, and it would be in an unforeseen way, but each had not forgotten the other, and this would prove a momentous day.

This particular day...

Hartlie was making the round of the Bog, when he heard a peculiar sound, it was coming up from the edge of the pond, as if someone were being drowned.

Hartlie hurried down the embankment, to see about all the commotion, found a egret collapsed by an old sunken log, who was quaking from so much emotion.

He tapped gently on the birds' shoulder, to render aid and loving support, asking "*Why the tears and such sorrow my friend, what has caused you to be so over wrought?*"

*"M...my flocks flying south this morning, I just couldn't bear seeing them leave, so I came back to this log, the scene of the crime to be by myself and just grieve."*

Finally...

All the truth from years gone by, came out along with the tears, of how he'd wept over a secret kept and how he'd wasted so many years.

*"I keep asking God to forgive me, but somehow I don't think He hears," "If you mean it you need only ask one time,"* Hartlie urged gently easing his fears.

*"The Bible is clear about God's loving forgiveness if we confess and **truly repent**, who are you to withhold that forgiveness, from yourself for whom it was meant."*

*"You mean it's just that simple?!"* Lashley questioned, *"I must forgive me like God has done?"*

*"That's right,"* Hartlie said, a smile warming his face, *"that's the reason He sent Jesus His Son."*

Now...

Tears really flowed as the weight of the years fell away just like melting snow, with love and forgiveness bathing his heart, he now took on a rosy glow.

As he sat there basking in all the warmth of this love so clean and light, he started shimmering pink round the edges, so flushed was he with delight.

Well...

About that time, Carpie swam out from under the log where he slept, seeing Lashley his old friend excited him so that out of the water he leapt.

He was so overjoyed at seeing his friend, asking why he'd stayed away for so long, "*Carpie, I was so ashamed of what happened that day, after that my whole life just went wrong.*

*But I understand now we must all seize the day, never wasting our precious years, we must love and forgive those around us including our own faults and fears."*

Lashley...

*I'm so glad your back and have sorted things out, I've missed you so much,"* Carpie said, "*I'll not let you go so easy this time, can you stay a few days?"* Carpie pled.

But...

About that time the whirring of wings signaled a migrating tick of the clock...Lashley looked at his old friend with sadness, for he knew that this was his flock.

Carpie...

*Please understand and forgive me,"* he hollered, "*I promise I'll be back...you'll see!"* Lashley ran, then lifted into the air, an egret who'd been set free.

He'd learned that regrets can ruin your life; they pile up in a cumbersome stack, but now he was free to live, fly and soar, released from their weight on his back.

They watched from below as he followed his flock, he was easy to spot from the rest, he was the one with the rosy pink glow, that came from the love in his chest.

The end...or could it be  
**THE BEGINNING**

# THE BEGINNING

Scriptures from the Holy Bible that help us forgive.

**Mark 11:25** And when you stand praying, if you hold anything against anyone, forgive him, so that your Father in Heaven may forgive you your sins.

**Colossians 3:13** Bear with each other and forgive whatever grievances you may have against one another. Forgive as the Lord forgave you.

**Psalms 86:5** O Lord, you are so good, so ready to forgive, so full of unfailing love for all who ask for your help...

**1 John 1:9** But if we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and cleanse us from all wickedness.

**Ephesians 4:32** Be kind and compassionate to one another, forgiving each other just as Christ forgave you.

**John 3:16** For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son that whosoever would believe in Him should not perish, but have life everlasting.

This series was written in an effort to help children understand that no problem can overcome us if we are walking close to Jesus, trusting in His love and obeying His commandments.