

My Feathered Friend

by Doreen Tamminga

I found him lying on the deck,
My golden, feathered friend.
Each day I watched the sky for him,
But now it was the end...

Each morn' he hopped up on the rail
And cocked his little head,
Asking for a crumb or two—
A bit of seed or bread.

I loved to watch his feathers blow
In autumn's blust'ry wind,
And look for footprints in the snow
From feet so strong, yet thin.

In spring I found him plucking seeds
From downy dandelion heads,
In summer gathering thistledown
To line his nest, instead.

I watched him bob across the yard
With seeds for young to eat,
Then settle on a branch to call
Chic-o-ree! Chic-o-ree! Chic-o-ree!



But now he lay here, silent, still,
His body stiff and cold.
How could that spirited life be gone—
A memory to grow old?

Had God created him for this?
To live only to die?
No, it was man that sinned and brought
The pain and end to life.

Yet, there's a Saviour who prepares
A life to follow death—
New life where sin can never more
Cut off a single breath.