



Morning Music

Every morning I hear it. At about 6:45 my devotions are interrupted by a songbird singing loudly in a bush just outside my window. He's become quite the regular and I've grown to admire him. Before daybreak when he sees nothing, he's singing ... celebrating whatever the day has for him. He doesn't know if there will be worms or bugs or seeds available, but he sings anyway. He's been singing when it's rainy and cold or clear and warm. He just sings because that's what God made him to do. There's a lesson or two here.

Jesus reminds us to "Look at the birds of the air, that they do not sow, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, and yet your heavenly Father feeds them. Are you not worth much more than they? (Matthew 6:26). And even much earlier in Scripture the Psalmist reminds us of God who says, "I know every bird of the mountains, and everything that moves in the field is Mine. (Psalm 50:11).

Isn't that great? Shouldn't we be so grateful, giving thanks to our Heavenly Father before we know just how or what He'll provide? We sing and celebrate because we know and trust in Him.

Now, go make some morning music!

Pastor Chuck