

PASSER DOMESTICUS

Ps. 84 & Matt. 10:29-31, 2-7-10, Ray Larson

They haven't always been among us!

The Indians of North America, the English, Irish, Italians Swedes and Norwegians and all other Northern Europeans came to these parts before these late immigrants.

When some of these Europeans had been settled in North America for some time, it seemed that they were lonesome for these friends back home.

So, word was sent back (I assume by steamer) and it wasn't much more than 150 years ago that their friends landed on American soil.

And, so prolific were they, that today even though only 1 out of 8 reaches adulthood-----most of us regard them as a nuisance.

Passer domesticus is the technical name-----but you and I commonly refer to them as the House Sparrow or just Sparrows.

Every one of us has questioned the value of a sparrow; when it built a nest under the eave on the power lines, or left a deposit on your car windshield (dirty bird)!

What small boy with his first BB gun didn't thrill at his first kill; a sparrow that was innocently perched on a back yard fence?

Or, who among us hasn't had to pull a dehydrated, two tone brown feathery carcass off the radiator of our car in the summer?

But, there is no grief, no regret. So common, so plentiful, of such low value!

Now, you hit a Blue Bird with your car and that's worth noting! Tell you child with the new sling-shot to go out and take aim at the Cardinal or Finch at the feeder and see what the reaction is.

Let your cat catch and eat a Scarlet Tanager and see if you don't scold old Smokey or Tabby or Puff.

If any of these had been a sparrow, no big deal! WHY???????????? Does the color of the feathers make such a difference? Or is it the song they sing?

(RUN TAPE NOW)

Did you ever really listen to a sparrow sing?????????????

Insignificant brown thing,
So common and so bold, twould surely bring
Tears of laughter to the eyes
Of the superficial wise
To suggest that, that, small immigrant could sing.

“Twas the bleakest wintry day,
Earth, sky, water; all were gray.
Of the universe old Boreas seemed king
As he swept across the lake,
But, his empire was at stake,
When that little sparrow dared to sing.

Not a friend on earth had I,
No horizon to my sky,
No faith that there could be another spring.
Cold the world as that gray wall
Of the Auditorium tall
Where I heard that little sparrow begin to sing.

On the shelving of one stone
He was cuddling all alone;
Oh, the little feet knew bravely how to cling!
As from out the tuneful throat
Came the sweetest, springlike note;
And I truly heard a sparrow sing.

You may talk for all your days
In the Thrush and Bluebird’s praise
And all your other harbingers of spring,
But I’ve never heard a song
Whose echoes I’d prolong
Like that I heard that sparrow sing.

Oh, my heart’s a phonograph
That will register each laugh
And all happy sounds that from the joy-bells ring,
So if cloudy days should come,
In my hours of darkest gloom
I’m sure I’ll hear that sparrow sing.

Bertha Johnston’s, Best Loved Poems of the American People.

These dime a dozen birds are just 5 inches from beak to tail: But they are hardy, gregarious and as Mike Tomkies says, “they are perhaps most human of all birds---they are happiest in the company of all humans, preferring occupied buildings over those that are empty.

They live---like us---with strong social codes; mate for life and center their activities around their permanent homes---their nests.

In winter, when food is placed out for birds it’s these colorless human like creatures that show up first!

“Sparrows come to my feeder like brown leaves over the snow, greedy and drab little creatures.

I'd hope for birds with color, some that were bright and gay, like the brilliant red of the cardinal or the cheerful blue of the Jay.

I'd hoped for the flash of the Oriole...but a different thought comes to view.

Birds are much like people, we're mostly common too.
We don't all have beautiful features, we have meager talents to give.
People are mostly like sparrows in the ways that we look and we live.
We're most of us, plain and selfish and loved by only a few.....
Stay, God's drab little creatures, for I am a sparrow too!
Beverly Huberty, The Bird Feeder

I am a sparrow too! And, aren't you? Aren't we all?

And that's what's so unusual in this lesson about these usual winged beings.
-----Jesus---The Christ---Son of God---Creator of the World! Sustainer of the universe, Redeemer of Human kind.....

Took note of them and in so doing takes obvious note of you and me also.

I'm just a sparrow! A two-tone brown.
At times haven't we all felt, "I'm not very good looking?"
Not prized like the others; I walk down the street unnoticed.
I don't have all the answers. I can't get up in front of people. About the only thing I can do is wash a dish. Shovel a walk.

All I do is gather at the bird feeder every Sunday morning and make a few scratchy cheeky sounds.

I'm not a song bird like those in the choir!
I'm not a flashy Oriole like the person with the new hat.
I'm not an Eagle, at the top of the pecking order like the one with the long robe who gets a special perch 6 steps above the others.

Sometimes I just hunch up in my usual Sunday perch and hope no one will notice!!!!!!

BUT JESUS TAKES NOTICE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Our song may not be distinguished above the other sparrows, but He hears it and is pleased!!!!!!!!!!

Your nest may seem like any other from the outside, but he knows what things are like on the inside;
-the hurt feelings over that cracked egg,
-the concern over the storms that threaten you little family,
-the fear that one of the little ones may not spread its wings when gently nudged from the nest.

Yes, Jesus takes note of us all!!!!!!!!!!Little Sparrows.

His eye is on you; so valued are you that he doesn't even blink.

So cheer up!!!!!!!!!! All you who feel as though you are just a two tone brown!

See yourselves through our Lord's eyes!!!!!!!!

Jesus is for the birds!!! If he watches these feathered friends;
Then, you are certainly important enough to be loved, forgiven and cared for in all circumstances.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON HIM-----
BECAUSE HIS IS ON YOU!!!!!!!!!!!!!!