



“ For him, you have worth; you are not insignificant. You are important to him, for you are the work of his hands. That is why he is concerned about you and looks to you with affection (Christus Vivit, 115). ”

# THE GOLDEN EAGLE

There was once a huge Golden Eagle. The beautiful bird soared effortlessly in the sky. Riding the hot and cold air the bird flew higher and for longer than any other bird in the Sky. She carried an egg and knew that the day for her to land and lay her egg, giving birth to another magnificent Eagle was close.

As she flew, she passed a hunter, standing on the ground pointing his bow at the sky hoping to get lucky. The hunter saw the Eagle, released his arrow and hit her. As the pain coursed through her body, she knew that she was going to die – she had just a little time to land and lay her egg.

She searched and searched, flying as best she could whilst looking around at the ground for a safe place to lay her egg.

The only place she could find was a chicken coop. It was far from ideal, but it would have to do. She landed, laid her egg and flew away to die.

Shortly after that, Henrietta the Chicken walked around the corner and bumped into the egg. She was confused, it was a bit bigger than all of the other eggs and she couldn't remember laying it, but here it was. So, she sat on it – and sat on it – and sat on it – until she hatched a beautiful, magnificent baby Golden Eagle. The baby eagle looked around, saw Henrietta, saw where it was, saw chicken after chicken after chicken and thought, 'Hey, I'm a chicken!'

The baby eagle grew up happy and content, walking around the chicken coup with all of the other chickens, pecking around in the dirt. Not once did he spread his wings or try to fly. He just saw all that was around him and joined in. He did what all of the others did. He didn't know the truth about himself.

One day, as he was walking around pecking in the dirt, he heard a huge squawk high in the sky and looked up. High in the sky he saw another Golden Eagle. Soaring away, making it look easy. 'Hey! Look up there!' he said to his friend, Bill the Chicken. 'Look at that, way up there! What is it? Wouldn't it be great to be able to do that? I wish I could fly that high.'

Bill, his best friend, the one who knew him best of all said, 'Listen, we're Chickens. Don't be getting any big ideas. Our job is to stay here and peck the dirt. We don't do all of that fancy stuff. Just get on with being a chicken.'

And so, the Golden Eagle did just that. He stayed where he was, pecked in the dirt and listened simply to all of those voices around him. He was happy enough but had no idea about the truth of who he was.

Eventually, he got too tired and old to walk around and peck like he used to, and one day he just died. And that is the end of the story.

But what is the point of the story? Well, it is a story that tells us we will never know the truth about ourselves unless we look up to heaven.

There are so many voices in the world in which we live telling us lies about ourselves. We are too old, too young, too fat, too thin, too stupid, too clever, too much trouble, too much of a dreamer.

These lies can often sound good, attractive and safe. But they always hold us back, keep us down and never, ever, let us be free of the expectations or ideas of others.

We only know our true significance when we look up to heaven and see ourselves as God the Father sees us. We are loved beyond measure by him, we are carried by him, we are borne on Eagle's wings. That is the truth for each one of us.