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6 June 2014: David Bee, St Mary's Buriton



Bird Brain

For the last two weeks a male chaffinch has spent every daylight hour 'dealing with' its reflection in the bedroom window. We wake each morning to the sound of it flying at the window, attacking its reflection in the glass, then going back a couple of feet to an apple tree branch before repeating the process. At times it takes a different approach, standing on the window sill and defying all comers to attack, if they should dare! He has lost the plot. He is missing out on life. He can't see further than this single issue. It is all consuming.

Contrast that with our 5 am walk in Buriton chalk pits to experience the dawn chorus. Birds doing what they do best, filling the air with an astonishing variety of song; with beauty and wonder.

How does this relate to human experience? There are times when a single issue can be so all-consuming that we fail to see the bigger picture; when illness or depression or worry or an inability to forgive those who have wronged us can so fill our minds that we can't see anything good; can't see beauty or wonder; can't hear song.

And yet this beauty is all around us; goodness is all around us; there are rainbows in the sky. People go out of their way to show sacrificial love to each other. If only we start to look we can hear song, see beauty, experience wonder.

Who created this world to be such wonderful place? Who gave the birds their rich variety of song? Who filled us with the ability to love? Who showed us what it means to truly love? I think I know the answer. Do you?