

A feather in his cap...or fist

Spring took a long time to get here, but now that it's here, I can't get enough of being outside. And Daniel feels the same way.

Over the weekend we went to visit John's parents on Maryland's Eastern Shore, and Daniel and I decided to take a walk.



Of course, Daniel doesn't walk. He runs or he piggybacks on Mama. We did a little of both.



While he was running and I was walking, we spotted a feather. It was stuck on a fence post, and it was just within our 4-year-old's reach.



It was the biggest feather we had ever seen, and Daniel gets so excited about birds. He wants to catch a bird and hold it in his hands more than he wants to drive a backhoe. Well, that might be a tie. But he really wants to hold a bird.

This was the next best thing.



So he plucked the feather out and carried it along the trail, waving it as he ran.

You buy your children toy trucks and board games and hula hoops and plastic super heroes. But nothing can top a treasure they discover while exploring nature.



I can't tell our little boy whether the feather came from a bald eagle or a buzzard or an osprey or another bird. He doesn't seem to care. He just knows it belonged to a bird, it's almost as long as his arm, and he found it himself.

What a beautiful gift. And how awesome is God to create a world full of such magnificent discoveries. He made this feather, which was so important to the bird until it didn't need it

anymore, when it became so special for our son.



Daniel and I headed back toward the house, and this time our little boy didn't run.

With his feather in his hand, he flew.

