

Living with Motor Neurone Disease – A Spiritual Perspective # 30

‘Blackbird singing in the dead of night take
these broken wings and learn to fly!’

Found Paul McCartneys lyrics swirling around my head this week. We were joined for lunch by a family of blackbirds. Their singing and fledgling chirrup filled our garden as they demanded their mealworms. It has made spring in our backyard a real treat. The proud parents, well used to our company, fed their offspring by our feet. Even as I write, the young uns have took to flight. Discovering the freedom of riding a warm current. Let there be flight and there was!

McCartney was, as he has said, using the Blackbird as an icon of hope for the 1960's Civil Rights movement. For me it was just about being able to join in the nurturing of new life. Being able to do a few bits n bobs in the garden of late, I am aware of how much weaker I am than last season. The little black nesting wonders gave me some hope. I might not fly, this side of Heaven, but my spirit can still soar, now and again. The skies really do shout out, on behalf of our creator. It was good to take the time to be amazed!

Whatever we find ourselves doing this spring, make sure we don't miss what's right under our noses.

Go well!

