



## And I cry again

This morning a baby chick died while I was holding it in my hands. One last breath, one last movement of his tiny little legs and then he peacefully transitioned onto whatever comes next. My heart was so heavy, I could not hold back the tears and I cried.

And, as I write this, I get all choked up. I cry again.

My sweet, precious little fellow was not even three weeks old. So small, and yet so determined to survive. Unintentionally, I placed him in harm's way and he was badly injured. He fought a strong battle and I tried my best to help. I practiced the best first aid I knew. And I cry again.

Even though his wounds seemed to be a little better when I checked on him first thing this morning, his spirit for living was most clearly gone. No interest in eating or drinking. He just accepted the warmth and comfort of my cupped hands holding him next to my heart. And I cry again.

I have many pictures of precious little chicks, but I don't have one of this sweet little fellow, not even a name, as we ran out of time for him to tell me his. In my heart, I guess he will always be 'That Sweet Little Fellow'. And I cry again.

After 5 years and over a hundred baby chicks, I still find each little beating heart to be as precious as the first. I hope I never become jaded to the miracle of new lives. Whether their stay on this earth is long or short, each is a piece of eternity. Life, new and old, repeating itself over and over in an endless, timeless pattern that is beyond my ability to comprehend. And I cry again.

Life is so precious and all roads taken so tenuous, never knowing what lies beyond the next horizon. I'm glad I cry again over the passing of a baby chick, even after all these years and all these losses. I would hate think that I had become indifferent or irreverent to the beating of a tiny heart and the fluttering of those delicate little angelic wings. And I cry again.