

**\*\*A Duck Called Maggie \*\***  
*by Chaplain Paul 193*  
*New Year's Day 2014*

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**John 14:27**

*Peace I leave with you, My peace I give to you, not as the world gives do I give to you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.*

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**Bird of water, Abba Father's feathered fowl,  
Floating peacefully amidst the gentle waves,  
You are yet another example of the Almighty's creative power and wonder.  
For you seek nothing more than food, peace, and rest,  
As you live and grow in the heart of nature where you dwell...**

**Eggs placed gently within a nest  
Of grass, sticks, and hay, warmed with love,  
For yours is a protected, treasured clutch.  
Sunshine, rain, cold and warm,  
Time moves as a little one grows in Abba Father's fragile shell of promise.**

**Then one faithful day—scratching, moving, pecking still,  
*Break away, break away, break away!*  
Shell opening to golden rays of sunlight,  
And then, springing out into the world you came,  
Breathing the breath of life, free of your broken prison shell.**

**Sitting, shaking, walking, wondering,  
Following your siblings behind Mom and Dad down to the water's edge.  
Pause, look, watch, listen—then a nudge,  
And into the water you went.  
Floating, quacking, playing, learning still,  
As this family of mallards lives in their feathered fowl's duck pond heaven.**

**Now, a little older, she has grown full and strong,  
And very soon, quite possibly,  
She might start a little family of her own.**

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On a beautiful spring day, my grandson Caius,  
Now just three years past the age of two,  
Came with me to the water's edge  
To share some of our crusty bread with you.

And there you were—so gentle and sweet.  
Without hesitation, you came right up to us to eat.

After that first visit, we came as often as we could,  
Because each time was special,  
As you took bread gently from our hands.

Then one day, running up to us,  
Your eyes shining with glee,  
We looked at each other and smiled,  
And decided to name you—our little *Maggie*.

We came all summer, having a real ball,  
But one weekend we stayed home,  
Because the rain began to fall.

Down by the water's edge, the ducks were not alone.  
Men in camouflage hid in the brush,  
Their strings of bleached white duck bones dangling.  
Suddenly—a snap of a twig!  
Birds of a feather took to the air,  
And with their flight came a thunderous sound.  
Then little Maggie fell silently to the ground.

The very next weekend, my grandson Caius and I arrived,  
And noticed that fewer ducks were alive.  
Feathers and empty nests were all about.  
Then my grandson began to shout—

"MAGGIE!!! MAGGIE!!! WHERE ARE YOU, MAGGIE? PLEASE COME  
OUT!!!"

But she never came, and he started to cry.  
I tried to tell him maybe it was just Maggie's time to fly.

**I hugged my grandson and said with a smile,  
“Maggie’s in Abba Father’s hands.  
Maybe she’ll come back to us in a while.”**

**And as we walked home that fateful day,  
A little duckling came waddling our way.**

**“She looks a little like Maggie,” I said,  
As Abba Father smiled from above.  
So we took her home with us,  
And showed her our love.**

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**Revelation 21:4**

*And God will wipe away every tear from their eyes; there shall be no more death, nor sorrow, nor crying. There shall be no more pain, for the former things have passed away...*



**MAGGIE 193**