

In Search of The Skylark's Song



The dog and I went out for an early morning walk. It was one of those beautiful early March mornings – bright blue sky with the sun warming once frosty fields. The air was crisp not cold.

Perfect! Perfect for catching that most delicious song of the skylark. After all it was the same day and spot I'd heard it the previous year - the bird app on my phone told me so.

As I lingered, I pondered. Apparently, the skylark symbolizes joy, hope and renewal. Maybe that's why I love its song; it reminds me of my walk with Christ who offers those three things and more.

The dog and I waited, and waited. Other birds trilled, chirruped and cawed but no sound of that joyous song of the lark. Maybe tomorrow or the next day?

The bird's absence too, reminded me of my walk with God and the times He can seem distant when I can't hear His voice. Then, as recommended by a Christian friend many years ago, I keep searching, digging deeper into prayer and the Bible and wait patiently.

Oh- and the dog and I are out tomorrow morning again in search of that most jubilant song.

Elaine Mee

<https://fb.watch/y30B2PDm4q/> A skylark singing