

ORDINARY?

By Paralee Eadie

An ordinary sparrow
Landed on my windowsill
To feast upon the bread crumbs
Until he ate his fill.

Just an ordinary bird,
We ignored his company.
We'd been visited by birds
Much more splendid than he.

I opened up my Bible,
And within its pages read,
God cares about each sparrow,
In shame, I hung my head.

I'd thought less of the sparrow
For he was no work of art.
Man looks upon appearance
While God looks on the heart.

I'm ordinary too, Lord,
No one special on this earth,
But you don't see as man does,
To you I'm of great worth!