

“Parable of the Birds” (Louis Cassels)

Goodbye, dear, drive carefully—it's starting to snow, and can get slippery out there.

Well, they're gone. The family is off to the Christmas Eve service, and here I am alone, with the house all to myself.

As they were getting ready for church, my wife asked me if I was going with them, and I had to tell her no. You see, I just don't understand Christmas.

Oh, I get the celebrating, and the being together, and the presents, and all. I mean I'm not a Scrooge. I'm a decent guy; and pretty generous too, even if I say so myself. Ask anyone, they'll tell you I'm as honest as the day is long and always treat people fairly.

It's just all this stuff that churches proclaim about an **Incarnation**—about God becoming a human being—I just don't get it—it's too impossible to believe. Why would God even want to do such a thing?

Anyway, I'd feel like a hypocrite, if I went to church with them—and I'd spend the whole time sitting there being miserable. So, I told her I'd much rather stay home, but that I'd wait up for them. I know she's not very happy with me, but I'll find some way to make it up to her tomorrow.

(Looking out window) Wow, it's really starting to come down out there. Well, if we have to have Christmas, it's nice to have a white one.

Ah, all alone, with the house to myself for an hour or so, I'm just going to settle down here by the fire and read the paper and relax. *(Sits, picks up paper, reads)*

(Hears a thump) What was that? I thought I heard something. What's all that banging? Is that the neighbor kid throwing snowballs at the window again—

I told him if he breaks it, he's going to pay for it. (*Going to window—looks out*).
That's it, I'm going out there to give him a piece of my mind. (*Opens front door*)

Oh look, it's a flock of sparrows—they're all huddled here in the snow. They must have gotten caught in the storm and trying to find shelter, flew right into the window. I can't let these poor creatures freeze to death, but how can I help them?

I know, the barn, where the kids' pony is stabled. It's nice and warm and will be a great place for them to ride out the storm. (*Putting on coat, hat, gloves*).

I'll just tramp out there and open it up—there's the door—now a little light (*light*) to show them the way. Come on, birdies, this way. Here you go, a nice safe warm barn. They're not moving.

Food will bring them in. I'll just go back in the house and see what I can find. Ah, I'll just take some of these bread crumbs for the turkey dressing and sprinkle them on the snow. They'll follow the crumbs right into the barn.

Come on, birdies—stop flopping in the snow and follow the crumbs. They're not moving. Well, I'll shoo them into the barn (*shooing*) Come on, birdies, shoo, shoo; get in the barn. Oh, get in the barn, you stupid bird-brained birds.

They find me a strange and terrifying creature—and I can't think of anyway to let them know that they can trust me. If only I could become a bird myself—just for a few minutes—perhaps I could lead them to safety.

(*Chimes Ring – listening*) Now, I understand (*falls to knees*)—Now I see why you had to do it. The bells—the Christmas Service—If I hurry can still make it. (*Exits*)