

1990

A MOTHER'S LOVE

© Darry D Eggleston, DarryD@darryd.com



We stood as we watched the birds on our neighbor's roof.

There was a daddy dove, a mommy dove, and two little doves. The time had come for the little ones to fly.

The biggest of the two little doves flew from the roof to the bird feeding area in our pond garden. It began to feed according to family tradition: look around, eat one bite; look around, eat one more bite.

Both parents watched approvingly.

The littlest dove ran away from the parents — toward the highest part of the neighbor's roof.

The mother gave chase.

The father flew away.

The mother pecked upon her reluctant child, chasing it all over the rooftop. Finally, the little one had realized that the fear of flying was certainly less of a threat than the mother's pecking.

It flew to our bird feeding area with the mother in loving pursuit.

It was so hungry from its running around that it began to eat, eat, eat.

The mother immediately began to peck upon it until it learned the family tradition: look around, eat one bite; look around, eat one bite.

She quit pecking on the baby when he began checking to see if it was safe before he ate.

Finally satisfied with the child's progress, the mother began to eat sparingly — keeping an eye upon the area and the baby bird almost simultaneously.

From the fence top nearby, the proud father looked on with pride.

Someone said, "When you raise a boy, you raise an individual. When you raise a girl, you raise a generation."

Mother Nature figured that out eons ago.