

Rescued and Carried

“What do you have, Sherlock?” I asked my cat. My insides curled when I saw the helpless baby blue jay’s huge black eyes looking up at me. Bolting forward and pushing my cat aside, I scooped up the baby bird and held it gently in my palms. Its tiny feathers fluttered in the breeze and the little bird burrowed into my hand. For the next few days, I cared for the baby bird, but I could never find its nest, and my cat’s bites could not be healed anyway. When the baby bird died, I was crushed. Why was I so bothered about the life of a little bird? Why does it bother any of us when something dies? Maybe it’s because we can relate to other things that are alive. Maybe in some way we all want to be rescued and carried away from harm.

In a pregnant mom’s tummy, the baby is alive. He is alive like a baby bird in its egg and like the baby bird in my palm that day. We can relate to these things, but we relate most to the baby. Human babies are different because we reflect the image of God. Why am I pro-life? I’m pro-life because we all are alive, and as humans, we have the ability and the duty to recognize the great value of the lives around us. Not yet being able to see a life does not make a baby any less alive. Not being able to fight off harm doesn’t make something less alive, either. The baby bird could not fight off my cat. Not being able to give something back or contribute doesn’t make a life less alive, either. Regardless of ability or age, every human reflects God’s image.

Pregnant moms sometimes feel like they are trapped between two walls. If they climb over one wall, they’ll lose something that lives inside of them—something that trusts them. But if they choose the other, they fear they will be left alone with no one there who cares enough to help them raise their baby or pay the bills. I can’t imagine what that’s like, but I wonder if they feel like the pressure of the walls will crush them. There doesn’t seem to be a way out. However,

the belief that no one cares enough is a lie. Matthew 10:29-31 says, “Are not two sparrows sold for a penny? Yet not one of them will fall to the ground outside your Father’s care. And even the very hairs of your head are all numbered. So don’t be afraid; you are worth more than many sparrows.” When a mother bravely climbs over the right wall, her baby will be cared for, and so will she. More fiercely than the ache I felt for the baby blue jay, God longs to rescue and carry anyone who trusts in Him, and there’s an army of caring people who will, too.