

By Mylinda LeGrande

(Based on a true story)

Yes, I know Heav'nly Father loves me

(*Children's Songbook*, 228–29).

Spring was on its way. Flowers pushed their way through the thin layer of snow on the ground. Lyndsey's mom hung a yellow berry wreath on the front door.

One day, Lyndsey came into the kitchen where Mom was cleaning. "Mom, what are those scratching sounds?" Lyndsey asked.

"I don't hear anything," Mom said. "Where do you hear them?"

"They're coming from the front door," Lyndsey said.

"It's probably just the wind blowing our wreath against the door," Mom said.

Over the next few days, mysterious noises kept com-

ing from the front door. Lyndsey's sister, Sarah, noticed a couple of robins flying back and forth from the front porch carrying twigs and bits of paper. Lyndsey's brother, Westley, noticed the birds chirping loudly at him whenever he played basketball in the driveway.

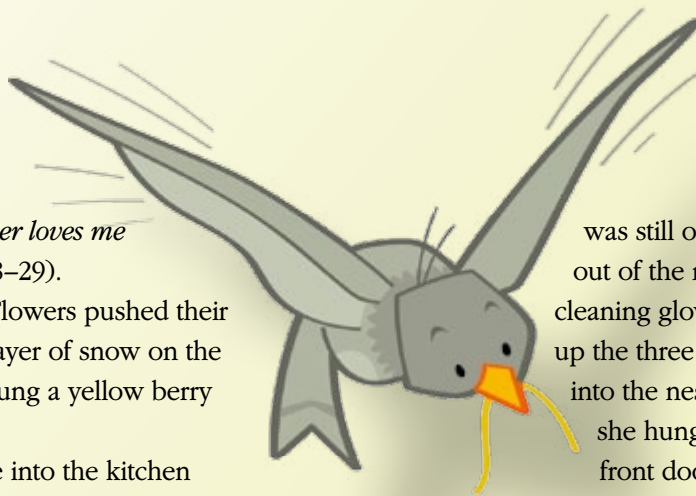
A couple of weeks later, the weather outside grew warmer. Daffodils nodded their golden heads. The strange noises stopped. Everyone forgot about the mystery.

Mom wanted to replace the berry wreath on the front door with an Easter decoration. She lifted the wreath off the door and carried it inside. Lyndsey was coloring at the table. Mom started to lay the wreath on the table when she suddenly stopped moving.

"What's the matter?" Lyndsey asked.

Mom gently put the wreath on the floor and leaned it against the wall. "Lyndsey, there is a bird nest on top of the wreath," she said.

Lyndsey hopped out of her chair to look. As she stepped toward the wreath, she saw something at her feet. On the floor lay three tiny blue eggs. But there



was still one egg that hadn't fallen out of the nest. Mom put on her cleaning gloves. She carefully picked up the three eggs and put them back into the nest with the fourth. Then she hung the wreath back on the front door.

Over the next few days, Lyndsey, Sarah, and Westley peeked into the nest. They noticed that there were only three eggs. When they asked what had happened to the fourth egg, Mom said she would explain during family home evening that night.

After dinner, the family gathered in the living room.

They were going to have a lesson about Easter. Dad explained that Jesus Christ died

so we might live again with Him and Heavenly Father someday. Heavenly Father loves all of us, including all of the creatures on the earth. He even notices when a little bird falls from its nest.

Dad asked Sarah to read Matthew 10:29–31: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows."

Mom explained that when the eggs fell out of the nest, one of them had broken and the bird was not able to survive. But the other three eggs were fine.

"If Heavenly Father loves that little bird that died, imagine how much He must have loved us to send His Only Begotten Son, Jesus Christ," Mom said. "He sacrificed His perfect Son so we could live with Him again someday."

Lyndsey, Sarah, and Westley watched the birds hatch and grow strong. The mother and father robins helped their babies learn to fly. Finally, they left the nest. But the little robin family stayed in their yard all summer, singing happily to Lyndsey's family. ♦

Spring's Promise



