

A happy morning – the age old miracle of birth

As soon as I arose this morning I looked from the east window to see if the white headed robin I'd watched for several weeks was there. No robin, but there, only a few yard away, was another of nature's miracles. The mare that had been pastured there stood beside a very still light brown mound. The mare repeatedly looked down at the brown object and no one could mistake those looks of a mother's love. Her new born foal was stretched out and motionless. I felt that the little creature was dead and just a day before mother's day for us human beings. I watched in sadness. Then saw a small ear twitching. Soon the foal began to move and sprang to its somewhat shaky legs. There was lots of life for this small creature only a few hours old. It was evident that nature was taking care of its own. As it was partaking of its breakfast I decided to get mine also. Happy day before Mother's Day, 2013!



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