

## The Feather

**I** hesitantly offer this unusual story not because half of you will think I am looney tunes, that doesn't bother me, but because I dare not want the magic of the experience to be minimized by writing it down. However because I am a firm believer in things unseen, intuition, and keep my mind open to hear God's whisper, I have to pass this on to those who think and feel as I do. It's just too good to not to share.

Throughout my life I always prayed to God. The God. Your God, if you choose to acknowledge him. We've been friends, so to speak. In good times I thank him for his blessings, in tough times I ask for strength, and in confusing times I have asked for signs. I know. I know. Asking for signs is a lack of faith some teach. But this is personal between me and God. We have an understanding. Every now and then I ask for a simple thing that I can reaffirm I am on life's right track however bumpy it may seem. Strangely enough I ask for a white feather. I know you are thinking "whoopdeedoo, there's birds all over the place." Yes, there are but white ones are rarer and its the moment, the timing, location, and sense of realization that this special symbol is there for **me** that is relevant.



Not long ago I was in a very troubled place mentally. I felt lost, confused, I had doubts trying to creep into my usually steadfast faith and I was searching for answers. I became weepy, depressed and off-center. I felt like a hobo walking on a side of a mountain one leg longer than the other fixin to slide down at any moment. I remember shouting at God "Show me I'll be OK and this was supposed to happen." I had dug my nails so hard into the palms of my hands little half moon indentations showed red! I was so mad.

The very next day I sat in a faded, blue, plastic chair on the porch of my old wooden barn in the heat of early afternoon. I was just sitting. Just sitting and watching the flies land on a fermenting road apple one of the horses dropped. I felt like that ball of crap I thought. Some commentator on NPR droned on about politics, I kept it on because I thought the horses might like classical music. A slight breeze picked up and just then Megan, my little pony who is so sweet and gentle came up to the porch and put her head in my lap. I reached up to pet her cute grey and white face with those big, soft brown eyes and a noise squeaked out of me and my breath literally caught in my throat. I'm sure my eyeballs popped. There, nestled in the silvery strands of forelock that hung down between her ears was a perfect, tiny, white feather, half curled. Its softness spoke with a whisper that my mind plainly heard. "I'm here." My eyes watered and I knew without a doubt that God was there, smiling gently. My heart filled with amazement, gratitude and wonder. He is truly good and cares about me. Cared enough to cause all these things at just the right moment to happen so I could witness a little miracle, a little sign that was our pact between Him and me. The fact Megan was the deliverer of this jewel was even more special. She nuzzled me and blew soft pony breath on my face.



I have seen His sign again when I asked a few times and the sense of wonder and peace are like nothing else I have known.

I had to laugh the time I asked and the very next day in my horse's stall, mixed in with poop and shavings was a medium sized, white, albeit slightly crumpled feather. Wow, just how I felt. Slightly crumpled, a little messed up but here I am! Thanks again God!

So there you go. Some of you will get it. Some won't. Some will see coincidence or happenstance but the thing is . . . . without a doubt I know and I know that I know.

Peace out  
Wendy