

Consider the Egg



Have you ever prayed for something and wanted it so badly only to feel that there are no more prayers to be prayed? Did you think for some reason God has decided not to listen to your cries? I had been praying for a long time for a loved one's salvation. I found myself fretting, wondering if God was even hearing my prayers because I saw no answers... no changes. The heavens felt like brass and I was getting discouraged.

After a prayer time in which I basically told the LORD I was ready to give up, the Lord spoke to me, "Consider the egg! From the outside an egg looks the same from the time it has been laid to the day it hatches. On the outside, it does not change in shape, size or appearance. Through every stage of development as the embryo grows and develops inside, it remains the same size, shape and color. If you could see inside, a miraculous new life is being created and formed. The LORD is doing a miraculous work of transforming that egg yolk and albumen into a living and breathing bird. From the outside, this is impossible to see. No matter how much we want to peer inside, to do so would only destroy the life within."

Now, He asked, "What do you do with an egg while you wait for it to hatch? A mother bird has the faith to wait. She nurtures it. Keeps it warm, protects it, watches over it and patiently waits for the day when God's creation is complete and ready for its new birth."

I immediately thought of the mother swallow who sat so quietly and patiently on her nest above our front door, unmovable in rain and wind and freezing cold. She waited. She guarded the nest and she did not fret. Her faithfulness was not due to outward encouragement but an inward certainty and knowledge that her eggs would hatch.

We completely thwart the process if we attempt to "help" the baby bird emerge from its shell. My teenage brother had a pigeon that he loved very much. She laid an egg. My brother counted the days until it would hatch. When the egg was ready to hatch my brother was so excited. He showed me the slender crack in the shell and the tiny hole that had appeared. Later, he came with tears in his eyes to show me the lifeless, bloody body of the baby pigeon. He could not just wait and watch it to struggle out of the shell. He had carefully removed pieces of the shell to make a way for the bird to emerge. His attempt to help actually killed the tiny bird who needed to struggle in order to fully engage its heart and lungs for life. The struggle itself is what gives the bird the strength to survive. I was warned that my efforts could be counterproductive in the effort to expedite God's process.