

FCCS June 25, 2017  
Rev. Curran Reichert

Little "G"  
Scripture Mathew 10:26-31

**"Lost In The Stars" Kurt Weill**

Before Lord God made the sea or the land  
He held all the stars in the palm of his hand  
And they ran through his fingers like grains of sand  
And one little star fell alone

Then the Lord God hunted through the wide night air  
For the little dark star on the wind down there  
And he stated and promised he'd take special care  
So it wouldn't get lost again.

Now, a man don't mind if the stars get dim  
And the clouds blow over and darken him  
So long as the Lord God's watching over them  
Keeping track how it all goes on

But I've been walking through the night and the day  
Till my eyes get weary and my head turns gray  
And sometimes it seems maybe God's gone  
away  
Forgetting his promise that we heard him say  
And we're lost out here in the stars  
Little stars, big stars, blowing through the night  
And we're lost out here in the stars

"Are not two sparrows sold for a penny? Yet not one of them will fall to the ground apart from (our) creator?"

This past week a dear person told me a beautiful story. It was a story about risk, it was a story about compassion and it was a story about choosing to love.

Lori Barron was getting into her car when she noticed something very small on the blacktop. She approached with caution to discover a tiny bird. Determining it was a fledgling house finch she called the local bird rescue center and told them that a tiny bird had fallen from its nest. They said she could bring it in. Lori looked up and noticed that other tiny birds jut this

one's age were practicing flying and surmised that this one simply didn't have the strength to do so.

She named him Little "G" because she assuming him the son of two neighborhood house finches whom she'd earlier named Garfield and Griselda.

Lori scooped the tiny creature into a box and having been told not to talk to the bird, lest it bond with her voice, she decided to send the creature sweet thoughts.

*Little "G", you are a good little bird, she thought, a strong little bird. Little "G" you are a loved little bird. And then the thought came to her that God loved this little bird. Now Lori is not someone to throw the God word around lightly, but there it was clear as a bell in her mind. Little "G", she thought, I love you and God loves you.*

The shelter received the bird and told her that he likely had an eye infection that prevented him from seeing and could therefore not trust where his wings might take him. They told her to call in two days' time if she wished to know what came of the little bird.

For two days, Lori send her message to the precious little bird; *Little "G" you are a good little bird, a strong little bird, I love you and God loves you.*

*Lost in the Stars*, the song I sang for you is from Kurt Weill's opera of the same name based on Alan Paton's novel about racial conflicts in South Africa, *Cry of the Beloved Country*.

In the opera, there is a pastor whose son has been jailed and sentenced to hang for the killing of a white man. *Lost in the Stars* is the song he sings as he wonders if God has not only abandoned him and his child.

I sang it in combination with the story of little "G" because I think most of us vacillate between these two thoughts.

On one hand we hear a tender, comforting voice within that tells us we are good, strong, and loved. On the other hand, we wonder what life is all about? We feel alone, misunderstood, abandoned.

One of the untruths religion proposes, is that it can make that second feeling go away. No matter how devout a person's faith in God, that second feeling never fully goes away.

We know what it is to be safe in our mother's womb and we know what it feels like to be born into a totally different reality; severed from the umbilical cord that gave us life and kept us safe.

Our lives, this mortal experience is about learning to live with contradictory realities; belonging and isolation, feeling beloved (consolation) and knowing aloneness (desolation).

When the poet Mary Oliver asks us to tell her what we ***plan to do with our one wild and precious life?*** She speaks not as a one dimensional being, but as a lesbian woman who lost her partner of forty years Molly Malone Cook. In an interview after shortly after Molly died Oliver said she faced a choice;

*I had decided I would do one of two things when she died. I would buy a little cabin in the woods, and go inside with all my books and shut the door. Or I would unlock all the doors — we had always kept them locked; Molly liked that sense of safety — and see who I could meet in the world. And that's what I did.*

So there it is my friends; where risk comes in, where tenderness and compassion and the decision to love come in.

Lori did call the shelter two days later to see what had happened to her little bird. She found out that the infection in his eyes was terminal, and so he was gone.

He was gone yes, but he was loved. We are lonely, we are tried, we are desperate sometimes and we are also deeply loved. It's complicated and its clear we may be lost but we are also found.

Amen