

The Sparrow's Home



Story & Drawings By Ellen Lebsack



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By the grace of God, I am what I am...

1 Corinthians 15:10a



The Sparrow's Home



The Inspiration

1 How lovely is your dwelling place,
LORD Almighty!

2 My soul yearns, even faints,
for the courts of the LORD;

my heart and my flesh cry out
for the living God.

3 Even the sparrow has found a home,
and the swallow a nest for herself,
where she may have her young—
a place near your altar,

LORD Almighty, my King and my God.

4 Blessed are those who dwell in your house;
they are ever praising you.

5 Blessed are those whose strength is in you,
whose hearts are set on pilgrimage.

6 As they pass through the Valley of Baka,
they make it a place of springs;
the autumn rains also cover it with pools.

7 They go from strength to strength,
till each appears before God in Zion.

8 Hear my prayer, LORD God Almighty;
listen to me, God of Jacob.

9 Look on our shield, O God;
look with favor on your anointed one.

10 Better is one day in your courts
than a thousand elsewhere;

I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God
than dwell in the tents of the wicked.

11 For the LORD God is a sun and shield;
the LORD bestows favor and honor;
no good thing does he withhold
from those whose walk is blameless.

12 LORD Almighty,
blessed are those who trust in you.

Hello, my name is Tildy.
That's short for
Matilda Mae.

I'm just a little sparrow
who loves to eat and play.

I have a baby brother.
He's always by my side.

But if we see you
watching us,
we'll surely fly and hide.

Today we'll fly
to Auntie's house.

It's our favorite thing to do.
I want to go there every day,
and I know that baby does too.



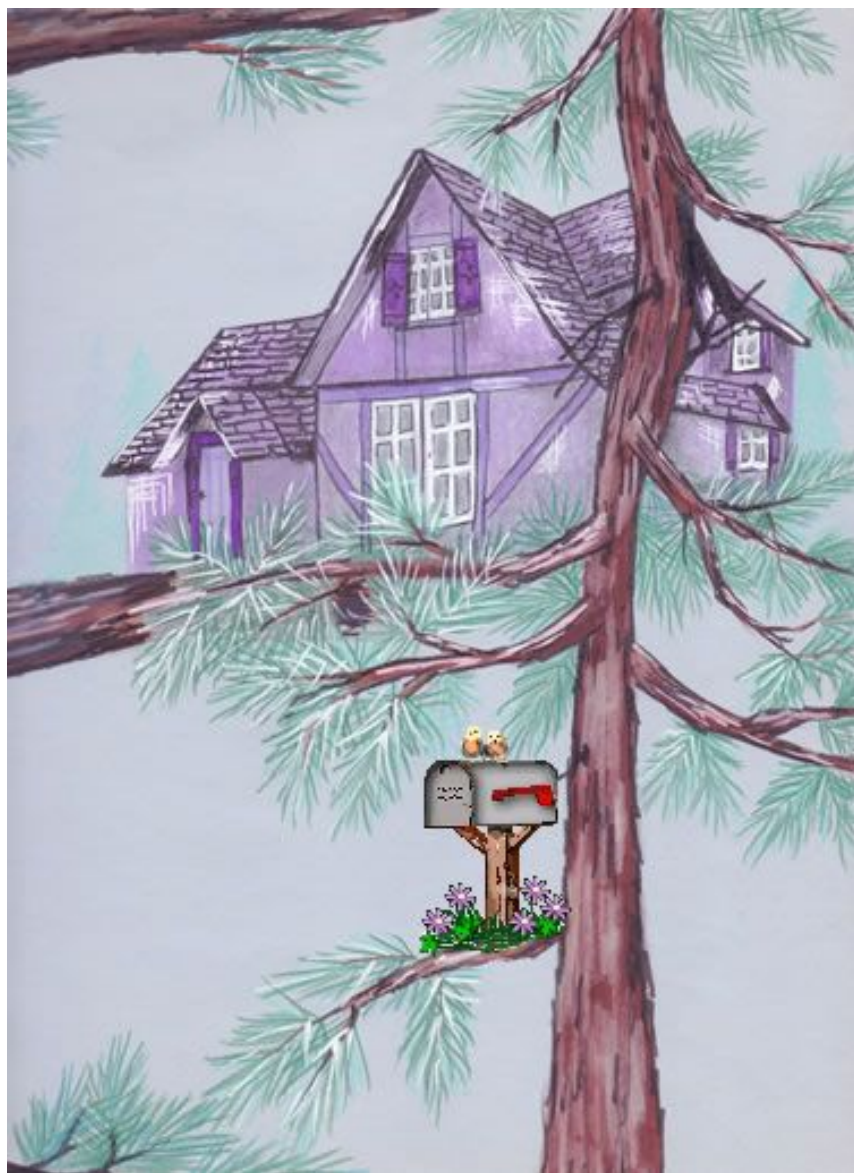
Our Auntie lives
in a lavender house,
near the green, green
top of a tree.

Her little home is safe
and sound,
the perfect place
for three.

Bright butterflies dance
in her garden.

We see birds and hear
a big humming bee.







Auntie's china cat has
a wooden cage,
a purple bow, and a grin.



Baby always wants
to pet the cat
and invite the butterflies in.

"Come in, dear hearts!
Come in..." says my Auntie.
How we love the sweet sound of
her voice.

Inside it smells sweet and spicy,
like cookies and warm apple pies.
When Auntie knows we are
coming she always bakes a
surprise.

We beg to hear Auntie tell stories.
Today, I am promised my choice.
I know what I'll do... I will ask her,
"Auntie, tell us please, if you can...
"What story of all is your favorite?
Is it happy, or funny or sad?"





I run through the house,



past the kitchen.



I climb in the big cozy chair,
and look at the table beside it, to
see what waits for us there.



A tea party! O Auntie, thank you!
Can I use the violet cup?
"Of course, you can love,"
laughs my Auntie.
"Just wait 'til the baby gets up."



We have tea
in Auntie's front parlor.

There's lemon and sugar and mint.

There's cookies and pies!
And tarts, just our size.

There's laughter and fun...
to begin.



But then, I ask Auntie my
question...

She stops laughing to give it some
thought.

And with tears in her eyes,
my Auntie replies,
"Why child, I'd almost forgot."

"My favorite story..."
sighs Auntie,
"is about my lavender nest.
But we've lived here so long,
in sunshine and song,
it's hard to remember the rest."

Once long, long ago...
in winter and snow,
when Auntie was very small,
She lived all alone, just the forest
for home,
and never knew laughter at all.
She was hungry, afraid,
and she quietly prayed,
for a day when
the snow'd go away.

But the winter was long.
snow covered the ground,
and Auntie had no place
to stay.



Then in the month of December,
one frosty and lonely night,
while picking up crumbs
by the roadside,
Auntie spied a wonderful light!

She rushed
to the edge of the forest,
to the very top of a tree.
She pressed her face
to the window,
and whispered,
'I simply must see.'





"Just then the front door flew open.
'Caught peeking!
Oh what should I do?'



'Wait, dear heart!
Please don't be frightened.
I've waited all winter for you!'

"For... for me?
Auntie fluttered and stammered,
her voice could hardly be heard.

'For you! Just for you,'
said the stranger.
'Unless you're not Martha Byrd.'

'I am! That's me,'
Auntie answered.
'But how did how did
you know my name?'

'Come in where it's warm,
then I'll tell you.
I think you be so glad you came.'



'Come in where it's warm,
then I'll tell you.
I think you be so glad you came.'

"Inside it smelled sweet and spicy,
like cookies and warm apple pies.

The fire in the grate
glowed and sparkled.
The candlelight dazzled her eyes.

'Where are you? I'm waiting,'
said Auntie.
But not a soul could be found.

'No one's here!'
Auntie whispered in wonder.
Then softly she tip-toed around.





"In the kitchen the kettle was
brewing.

There was lemon and sugar and mint.
By the fire, the big chair sat empty.
Of the stranger there wasn't a hint.

Beside the chair was a table...
a pink one, with a cloth of white lace.
And on the table a note card,
and a picture of Aunt Mattie's face.

'Welcome home, Mattie.'

The note read.

'I give you your heart's desire.
It's your nest, and everything in it.
Go warm yourself by the fire.'

'All mine? I can hardly believe it!
What a wonderful sight to behold.'



"No more hunger or fear.
Oh how lovely!
No more winters alone in the cold.'



Then Auntie went to the kitchen,
made a supper
of tea, honey and toast.



"She carried the tray
to her bedroom,
wondering which of
her rooms she loved most.

She opened the door
to a wardrobe,
found slippers
and a robe of white fleece,

"Settled down
to give thanks
for her present...

ever since then,
we've lived here in peace."





"Oh Auntie,
that's a beautiful story!

Look at baby!
He's fallen asleep.

Auntie, who
and where
was that stranger?
Was everything
here yours to keep?"

"Shhh!
Don't wake the baby,"
Auntie whispers.

"Come into the garden
with me.
There's something
I've been meaning
to give you.
A special treat.
Wait and see."





We fly down the path
through the garden,
to the very top of a tree.

Auntie unlocks the door
to a blue house.
She smiles as she
gives me the key.

"You'll soon be full grown,"
nods my Auntie.
"The season rush
quickly toward snow."



"But don't worry,
'cause when somebody
loves you, there's
always a warm place to go.

"That long ago night
in December,
Auntie learned
what true love can do.

"And ever since then
my darling,
she's been waiting
to share it with you."

~ THE END ~



The Doxology

The LORD bless you
and keep you;
the LORD make his face shine on you
and be gracious to you;
the LORD turn his face toward you
and give you peace.



Bibliography

Scriptures are from the:

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