

# THE SPARROW.

The sparrow is a bird that I never have never thought about, I don't know how I knew what type of bird it was that sat next to me on the bench that day. I

Somehow knew it was a sparrow, and I know that it wasn't an everyday sparrow. This sparrow was talking to me, and this sparrow had a lot to say. This is how old man sparrow and I became friends, and these are the lessons that he had to teach me:

Lance wants to go home. One night with me is more than he can handle at this point and I wish that things were different, but this is what he needs. Driving him into the home I spent the last 15 years is always hard. I don't feel like I belong there anymore, I feel like a bit of a stranger as I pull up the driveway. I know this is where my sons chose to stay, where they feel safe, where their things are, and where they miss their other.

I can see the hurt that is still worn on my sons face. He doesn't like to talk too much when he hurts. He is afraid of letting the hurt and the anger out, afraid of what could possibly happen if he was going to allow himself to speak the words that are stuck in the back of his throat. He is afraid of causing any more chaos in his life, he is afraid to want me too much.

As I say good bye to him the tears form in the back of my sinuses. The tears that come and go as they please, the tears I no longer fight, the tears of my soul are allowed to flow when they desire. They need to be shed, the feelings need to be felt, and I am at peace with the pain and the tears. We understand one another.

Lance gets out quickly, almost leaping out the door. He is afraid to want me to go inside with him because he knows this is not possible. He is afraid to cry...

He is my son. He is my son that I need to cry for, theta I want to help, he is my son that I love.

The tears continue to flow during the 45 minute drive back to the hotel where I will be staying for the night. My stupid air conditioning is broken in my condo and it is inhabitable with stifling heat. The hotel sounds inviting with the cool air and the swimming pool. I love swimming pools. I love the aqua color, the clear water that invites anyone in to enjoy, and the refreshing feel of the weightless water. I feel good in the water, and I love the pool.

I got checked into the hotel and grabbed my towel. I am heading to the pool and I am still crying. I don't notice the tears that are still spouting out of my lids, and I didn't care. I feel anxiety in my soul, anxiety mixed with sadness and regret. I don't feel good. I feel responsible for my sons hurt once again, and I don't know how to fight this feeling. I know that it is not all my fault, but it is partially my fault that he is hurting.

I miss my son. I miss my son as I sat down on the bench next to the pool. I am in the cool shade crying alone again. I watch some kids playing in the pool and suddenly do not want to dive into the cool water. I want one of those kids to be my son, but my son is not here again. The tears are spouting and I don't care who sees me, I don't care if I have snot pouring out of my nose, and I know that my tears need to be shed.

I looked down into the grass through watery eyes and stared at some ants climbing around in the blades of grass. It is hypnotic to watch the ants

climbing the blades of grass. They are so small and move so quickly to such high places.

Something has landed on the bench next to me, as I turned my head, a small bird has landed next to me and was sitting there. This little bird was looking at me straight in the eye.

This little bird looks like an old man. This bird is a he bird and not a she bird, and it is not a regular little bird. This bird has young feathers and a very old face with a seriousness in his eyes. If reincarnation is real, this is an old soul type bird if I have ever seen one. He is not flinching, he is looking ahead and then back to me, no nervous twitch, no sign of injury, just an old soul bird looking me in the eye.

Is this really happening to me? People will think that I am nuts if I tell them this story. I already have been labeled nuts in my old circle of friends, which are now becoming a distant memory. I am done being hurt by the old life, I am done wishing that things were different, I am going to go forward with as much grace as I can manage.

I keep looking at this little bird and my urge to pet him nicely on the neck on his soft feathers is overwhelming. I can't stop my finger from gently touching his head and scratching the soft spot behind his ears. He leaned into my touch and I could feel us both being comfortable with the silence between us. I just breathe. My tears begin to subside.

My head is calmer, my heartbeat is more regular. I am strong. I do know this. I am not afraid of being myself, I am not afraid to stand up to people who are mean to me anymore, and I am not afraid to give life my best shot. So, why am I so afraid of letting my son know that I am strong and not the same as I was when I lived at the home he lives in now? Why am I afraid to show my son me?

The old soul man bird and I keep staring at one another and then look away. We don't say anything, we don't have anything to say. The old man soul bird and I can just sit and things are ok.

Time goes by one second at a time, one minute at a time, and it just is time. Time that is ticking slowly by. My tears are dried, my heart is not hurting so much, and I know in my soul that I am ok. I know that I matter, that my ideas are real, and that I am just how god envisioned me. I can feel a warmth of love filling my soul, a sense of purpose entering my vision, and faith in myself in the days to come.

I finally say to the little old soul man bird "thank you sparrow"

The bird does not speak, because he is a bird of course. Yet, I hear these words clear as a bell in my mind, **"thank yourself little one, you are what you should be. You are stronger than you believe, have more heart than you could fathom, and you will help many in your journey. You are loved."**

# SPARROW



Self-Worth

The sparrow is one of the most common birds around,  
yet it has flourished when other species have failed.

It reflects self-worth.

If a Sparrow totem has entered your life, ask yourself if you know your own self-worth.

The sparrow will show you that even a common little bird can triumph.

The song sparrow reflects the chakra energy awakening from the heart and throat.

It reminds us to sing out our own song of dignity and self-worth.

During the Middle Ages, the Sparrow was the symbol  
of peasants and the lower classes.

In Ancient Britain, the Sparrow was the symbol of friendly household spirits.

To the Greeks, it was the pet of [Aphrodite](#), the Goddess of Love.