

I was visiting a friend at Paradise Beach whose house was built on a sharp slope down to the water; we had lunched on the deck, surrounded by bushland, and were in line with this particular tree. What I witnessed bowled me over - maybe I had taken for granted, at that stage, that such behaviour was instinctual. It reminded me of a Single Mother who asked an Early Childhood Nurse when her baby would start talking, the reply was, of course, when she started talking to her baby. Sad. Fortunately, the Mother Magpie knew exactly what to do.

### **THE WARBLING LESSON**

**By Marea Roberts RSM**

(Paradise Beach)

Perfect day  
'Paradise Found'  
sunshine dazzling  
water shimmering  
fit setting for priceless, precious moment,

On a gum tree limb,  
warble, aeons old,  
sung down the generations,  
passed to precocious, grey-downed baby  
by magpie mother,  
to be sung for aeons more;

Spellbound, enchanted I watched in wonder,  
memory imprinted forever;

And all the while,  
our gracious, 'near at hand' God,  
Creator, Source,  
hovered,  
delighting, reveling,  
manifesting in endless, lavish richness,  
prodigal creativity,  
while cacophany of bird calls cried -

GLORY!