



## #134 *The Nightingale and the Oak*



*A young oak was standing among his family of parent and grandparent oaks, near a cottage by the sea. As dusk fell, a small nightingale alighted on his branch. "Hello dear friend - singer of poems. May I ask you a question?" he blurted out as he was quite excited to have her visit him. The nightingale knew the young oak and knew that he always had many questions. Tonight, he had a very hard question. He asked when you should say "thank you." The nightingale sang out in a beautiful song, "you say 'thank you' whenever you have seen a miracle!" "What is a miracle?" asked the young oak. "The rising of the Moon is a miracle. A cool rain, a warm breeze, or a friend visiting you is a miracle," she answered. "Is an oak growing tall a miracle?" he probed. "Yes, every time a tree and shrub and grass sprouts, it is also a miracle," she rejoined. "If all of these things are miracles, how do I know when the next one is coming?" he tested. "Ah," she warbled in her most lovely voice, "that is the best question yet! You must expect everything to be a miracle! In fact, you might as well have gratitude and say, 'thank you' in advance!"*

*EXPECT MIRACLES*