

## The Parable of the Mustard Seed - A birds' story

I'm Chirp the bird, the chirpy bird.  
One day my friends said, 'Have you heard?

The farmer's sowing seeds just there,  
Delicious seeds that we can share.'

When the farmer went away,  
We birds swooped down to eat and play.

Peck, peck, peck, those seeds were yummy,  
Filling up an empty tummy!

Then I saw one little seed,  
Very, very small indeed,

Tiny, tiny, much too small -  
Wouldn't fill our tums at all.

We left that seed upon the ground,  
And ate the ones so fat and round.

Later, one day in the spring,  
When all the birds began to sing,

I wondered where to build my nest.  
'Where's the place that would be best?'

I wanted somewhere safe and strong  
To build my nest and sing my song.

I saw a big tree that appealed  
Growing in the farmer's field.

I made a really cosy nest.  
This big tree really was the best!

And then I found that great big tree -  
So useful to my nest and me -

Had grown up, from that tiny seed!  
It had grown very big indeed.

In fact, 'ENORMOUS' is the word -  
A safe home for this little bird.