

A CHANGELING EAGLE

An American Indian tells about a brave who found an eagle's egg and put it into the nest of a prairie chicken. The eaglet hatched with the brood of chicks and grew up with them.

All his life, the changeling eagle, thinking he was a prairie chicken, did what the prairie chickens did. He scratched in the dirt for seeds and insects to eat. He clucked and cackled. And he flew in a brief thrashing of wings and flurry of feathers no more than a few feet off the ground. After all, that's how prairie chickens were supposed to fly.

Years passed, and the changeling eagle grew very old. One day, he saw a magnificent bird far above him in a cloudless sky. Hanging with graceful majesty on the powerful wind currents, it soared with scarcely a beat of strong golden wings.



"What a beautiful bird!" said the changeling eagle to his neighbor. "What is it?"

"That's an eagle, the chief of the birds," the neighbor clucked. "But don't give it a second thought. You could never be like him."

So the changeling eagle never gave it another thought. And he died thinking he was a prairie chicken.

The moral of the story is obvious: Is there a hidden talent within you, eager to be released? Is there a destiny waiting to be fulfilled, some dream in need of realization?

God made each of us, and He has a plan for our lives. Listen to that still, small voice within and discover what it is.

– Beecher Hunter