

## A Parrot's Perspective On Psalm 73:28

By Rick Founds

They say that a mature green Amazon parrot has the intelligence of a 2 to 4 year old child. I believe them. We inherited "Popeye" from a sweet elderly woman who could no longer care for him. At any particular moment, he'll break into a rendition of "I'm Popeye The Sailor Man" (hence, the name). He imitates everything, even the lawnmower. He barks like our chocolate lab, laughs and giggles like an infant, and has perfected all the subtle nuances of his previous owner's horrible smokers cough. He loves music, preferably in the key of "F", and will exuberantly sing like Pavarotti (complete with vibrato), whenever I play the piano or guitar. Most of the time, he is a joy to have around, and makes us laugh a lot.

Popeye craves attention, particularly from me. If I fail to immediately say "hello" when I get home from work, and scratch the back of his neck for a minute, he will begin to bark like an annoying dog, at a sound pressure level rivaling that of a passenger jet.

Popeye loves to insert himself into every telephone chat, every conversation at the dinner table, and every television program. It can get a little weird and eerie at times, especially when guests are visiting.

If I'm outside, he wants to be outside, if I'm in the garage, he wants to be in the garage. If he weren't confined to his cage, he would follow me around, and do whatever was necessary to end up on my shoulder, to be as close to my ear as possible. Popeye's favorite thing is to be with me.

I think that's how Jesus would like my relationship with Him to be. The Psalmist expressed it well; "... as for me, how good it is to be near God!" (Ps. 73:28) and in another place;

"Being with you fills me with joy; when I am next to you I find pleasure forever." (Ps. 16:11)

God has gone to great lengths to make it possible for me to communicate with Him, and He with me. What's even more amazing is the fact that He is genuinely interested in who I am, and what I have to say. It is still sometimes hard to grasp He actually likes being with me. He loves it when I clamor for His attention in prayer, or when I eagerly devour His word in the hopes of hearing Him say something especially for me. He enjoys it, when, like my silly green parrot, I break out in praise, no matter how boisterous or clumsy.

God, thank you for loving me. Thank you for feeding me. Thank you for spending time with me. Thank you for cleaning my cage.

Amen.