"BYE, BYE, BIRDIE!"--MO May, 1973 NO.231--DO

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This all began with a dream 23/12/70, in Haifa:

1. **THIS OLD GROUCHY SYSTEMITE WAS HERDING THIS BUNCH OF BABY BIRDS** along and they were all running along the ground in a little flock like baby chicks--first this way, then that way in front of him, but all together, He had this big stick in his hand. There was this **one little bird, dark blue, that kept squawking loudest of all, and kept running off** from the rest of the mob--from the rest of the flock--and the Systemite said, "Oh that one keeps running off and won't behave, won't stay with the flock!" I started to reach down for it, and he said, "Oh it's not worth fooling around for--I'm tired chasing around after it!"

2. **BUT IT WAS RUNNING OFF, SO I REACHED DOWN AND CAUGHT IT AND TOOK IT UP IN MY HAND,** like you **do** with a baby bird--left its head sticking out--and it just stretched out its head--it seemed like six inches its neck stretched out!--And it just squawked something terrific! It was just screeching!--Like it was scared to death! Its head stuck clear up toward me like it was taking a good look at me, and its eyes just bugged out, when all of a sudden I saw **it was you!** It was the funniest thing!--That one look and that funny screech! And then I just petted its head, and it tucked it down in my hand, and it was quiet from then on. **It just snuggled down in my hand and didn't squawk any more.**--And I woke up!

3. 18/5/72. **(WE'D BEEN OBSERVING A NEST OF BABY BIRDS JUST OUTSIDE OUR WINDOW** that day, and that night MO murmured sleepily:) **All the birdies have big mouths** to drink in, just like David's birdie. **Happy are they that drink in the words of David and are warmed with love in his nest!** You not only want words of David, but the words of Moses. We pray for birdies: Help her to find the little wormies and buggies for the babies, just like You **feed the birdies of David with good things for their mouths.** You always fill the mouth of the hungry and thirsty with the words of David. (Sits up and loudly sings, "Hallelujah!"--then:) --Love to say and sing the Words of David! **JESUS MAKE A PRETTY NEST, FOR DAVID AND HIS LOVES TO REST,** and take all the words of David in their big mouths! So they rest, in the nest, and be blessed, and I don't jest! **MUST RISE UP EARLY AND STAY UP LATE TO GET THE WORDS OF DAVID--TO GET THE WORD WORMS.** You kiss even the hair of David. Jesus loves you, little child. You not only sleep in David's nest, but you sleep under his wing. I like you best of **all** the birdies in David's nest, 'cause you have the **biggest mouth!**

4. **YOU'RE MY LITTLE BIRDIE. ST. FRANCIS STARTED OUT WITH A BIRDIE, TOO! PLUCK YOU FROM THE ROOFTOP AND FEED YOU GRAIN BY GRAIN.** You gonna try to cover St. Francis with your wing?--Try to protect St. Francis with your wing? (I had put my arm around his head.) She covets every word or grain that comes from the hand of her father. My little baby covets every word that proceeds out of the mouth of her father. Whoever heard of a **sparrow** with a **tablet!--**But **my sparrow has a tablet and writes with her wing!**

5. 22/4/73. **THE BIRDIES FUSS AND WAKE ME UP 'CAUSE I DON'T FEED THEM.** They know I didn't close my window, and they deliberately come and fuss and discuss! They're mating: She says, "Get him, go get him!--That's the stuff!--Sock it to him!" They came in out of the rain. They're discussing the weather.

6. (Early in the morning MO grumbles sleepily at the noisy sparrows outside his window:) **LITTLE RASCALS! LITTLE SPOILED CHILDREN! THEY KNOW I LOVE THEM,** but they don't have to wake me up at this hour! They want me to feed them, and they make such a fuss! They know right where I live, and they know I love them, and they take advantage of it. Little rascals! **They keep throwing me kisses and hoping I'll come out and feed** them. **Them shouldn't be so lazy! They need to get out and dig for it a little bit.** (Tongues) **THEY'RE LIKE DAVID'S CHILDREN. THEY CHIRP AND CHIRP AND THROW HIM KISSES OF LOVE BY FAITH, HOPING HE'LL THROW BACK A FEW LITTLE CRUMBS TO FEED THEM.** They have such faith! They know they'll be fed by the hand of their father, if they'll but open their mouth. They throw him kisses.

7. (He pauses, listening:) **GO TO SLEEP NOW, THE BIRDIES WENT AWAY.** They got tired of waiting. But they'll be back. (Maria: They **did** go away!) I **told** them to go away and be still! They're like naughty children. They make so much noise! They cry and cry for crumbs, and **THEY WON'T GIVE DAVID ANY REST.**

THEY NEED TO GET OUT AND GROW UP AND DIG A FEW WORMS FOR THEMSELVES! THEY CAN'T ALWAYS BE DEPENDENT ON ME. They get spoiled! If I keep feeding them, they won't even know how to feed themselves! They **need to look more to their Heavenly Father,** not so much to their earthly father. They get spoiled. They **do!** They get lazy. Yes they do! **THEY NEED TO GET OUT AND SEE WHAT NEW THINGS JESUS HAS FOR THEM,** not just a few crumbs from their poor old father. Crumbs may not even always be good for them. It's all I have to give but they sure like'em! But I think maybe I make it too easy for them, because, when they don't get'em, they come and make a big racket and wake me up when I'm trying to sleep! I've go to think of some way to keep them away, 'cause they come when I want to sleep!

8. **THEY'RE JUST LIKE LITTLE CHILDREN!** Little children don't ever know when to keep quiet. Because **as soon as they wake up they start making noise.--They're hungry** and thirsty and want something to eat. When is their father going to get up and feed them? So they try to be nice and **throw their papa kisses so he won't get mad,** because they know they're naughty in waking him up, but they still want their crumbs. By-and-by they give up and toddle off to some other room. I can't help it! **YOU CAN'T GET UP EVERY TIME A CHILD HOLLERS, OR YOU'LL SPOIL HIM! THEY'VE GOT TO KNOW THEY CAN'T ALWAYS HAVE WHAT THEY WANT WHEN THEY WANT IT,** and you're not going to jump out of bed every time they holler! They've got to learn to wait and be fed in their time. They can't yell and screech so early in the morning. I'm not going to get up and feed them! I shut my window and I locked it, and they know it. They know they can't yell and holler anymore and throw kisses through the window trying to hand me all that kiss bit! No matter how much they say they love me, I'm not going to get up and lose sleep and feed them everytime they holler!

9. **THEY NEED TO GET OUT THERE AND WORK A LITTLE MORE** and pick up their **own** food, or pretty soon they won't even know how to feed themselves, you know that? **GOD'S YARD IS FULL OF FOOD, IF THEY'D JUST GET OUT AND DIG IT OUT!** They can dig it out just like I do, you know?--**RIGHT OUT OF THE BIBLE!** Otherwise they get lazy, you know?--And pretty soon they won't even know how to feed themselves. They need to get out there and **dig** for it and ask **God** to help them find it, because what are they going to do when there **aren't** any more crumbs, and their father David's **gone?** What are they going to do **then?** Are they just going to keep eating old, stale scraps, hmm?--When there's lots better stuff our there in God's garden: Nice big fat juicy worms and big tasty bugs, and nice bright berries and delicious fruit! They can't forever be eating old stale crumbs! Crumbs are okay when they can't find anything **else,** and they don't know how to take care of **themselves,** but they need to **grow up.**

10. **THEY NEED TO GROW UP AND THEY NEED TO HEAR FROM GOD THEMSELVES!** They need to get some **fresh bread**--nice **new worms** and nice **different bugs!** Out there are nice juicy delicious mouthfuls that all little birdies love, nice and fresh and crisp and juicy and **live--fresh meat** right off the hook, not just an old bunch of stale crumbs! The crumbs are okay when you haven't got anything else, but they need to learn how to dig up their **own** food. **THANK GOD FOR ALL THE CRUMBS AND EVEN FOR OLD STALE BREAD! IT'S BETTER THAN NOTHING. IT'LL KEEP YOU FROM STARVING.** But why should they eat David's old scraps all the time, when they can get out and dig up some fresh meat for **themselves?** Are you listening to me? Why don't you ever say anything? (Maria: `Cause I'm writing.) What are you writing? (Maria: What you're saying.) I know what **you're** after--some nice juicy fat fresh new worms!--That's what **you're** after!

11. **I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE UP TO! YOU ALWAYS WANT SOME NICE BATTY NEW BUGS SO YOU CAN ADD THEM TO YOUR COLLECTION!--**Huh? That's what you're up to!--**So you can feed them to all those little birdies in the nest that are too lazy to get out and get some** for themselves! But what are they going to do when the time comes and you're not around to feed them anymore? Then what are they going to do? They're going to come here to the window screaming and hollering for us, and the window is going to be shut and locked and **WE'RE GOING TO BE GONE!--AND THEN WHAT ARE THEY GOING TO DO? (MARIA: I'LL SEND THEM SOME.)** Kind of hard to send worms and bugs and berries through the mail, huh? `Cause first you have to dry them, and you have to press them, and then you have to seal and mail them, and they're kind of **old** when they get'em. They could even get a little spoiled if you don't dry'em good, you know? They can't forever be dependent on second-hand worms and bugs and berries all dried up! They need to get out and get a few fresh juicy worms of their **own!**

12. **SEE, THEY'RE GONE. I HAD TO SHOO'EM AWAY** and tell'em to go someplace else to do their picnicking and their picking, causing I have you have some sleep, and **I'M TIRED OF FEEDING THEM**

SOMETIMES, AND I CLOSED AND LOCK THE WINDOW AND SHOO'EM AWAY SO THEY'LL GROW UP! You know? Right? Don't you think they ought to get out there and feed themselves and dig up their own bugs and get nice big fat fresh juicy new worms? (Maria: **I** don't think they can **get** as good s their Father **David** gives them!) They can when they **GROW UP A LITTLE AND GET A BIT STRONGER AND SMARTER.--AND I'M GOING TO CLOSE AND LOCK THE WINDOW AND SAY "BYE, BYE, BIRDIE!"**--Go sing someplace else and chatter your kisses to someone else, `cause **I'm going to go to sleep and go be with Jesus.** I won't need this old house anymore. I'm going to have Jesus move me to a **new** house! I'm sorry, but all you birdies gotta find someplace else to eat.

13. **THEY'VE GOT TO LEARN TO LOOK TO THEIR HEAVENLY FATHER,** don't you think so? They **can't always be having canned food and old stale bread that I get for them.** I'm sorry. **It's better than nothing, and it's good for them, but the time's coming when I'm tired** and I'll have to shoo'em away and close the door and go to sleep, and **oh dear, what will the birdies do then?--**They'll go out and shift for **themselves** and dig up their **own** food **then,** and **JESUS WILL FEED THEM, AND NOT ONE OF THEM WILL FALL** but the Heavenly Father knows about it! They won't have to sow or reap or gather in the barns, but **Jesus** will feed them. Their Heavenly Father feeds them. He **said** He did, and I don't have to feed them forever. **IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR ME TO FEED THEM WHEN THEY'RE BABIES, AND I'M THEIR FATHER, BUT THEY'VE GOT TO GROW UP SOME DAY AND FEED THEMSELVES WHILE I GO TO BE WITH JESUS** and they get their **food straight from Jesus** and find **Heavenly Father food,** right?

14. **THERE THEY COME AGAIN! ALWAYS CHIRPING FOR MORE, WHEN THEY HAVEN'T EVEN EATEN ALL I ALREADY GAVE THEM!** That's right, Honey.--**When I** don't give them anymore, **then** they'll get out and get their **own!** When you don't take anymore of my crumbs and scatter it out for them, no matter how loud they holler and chirp and kiss, they'll finally get tired of asking, and they'll see the window's closed, and they'll go looking for the Heavenly Father and His nice fresh food. When **I'M SICK OF ALL THIS STALE, CANNED AND DRIED STUFF! I LIKE THE NICE, FRESH JUICY STUFF,** don't you? You wouldn't be satisfied with that old stale stuff! You're **always** yelling for more. You always want something nice and fresh and juicy **today**. You do. Even though **you've got more in your can right now than you can ever eat!** You always want something fresh.

15. **BUT JUST THE SAME, A FEW NICE CANNED NUTS IS BETTER THAN NO NUTS AT ALL!** This says "**fresh** peanuts".--But they're all **canned** and cooked and dried and salted and nice and pretty and packaged!--But that's better than **no** nuts! 'Cause I'm no farmer, and I don't know how to grow nuts, and I don't even know where to find them, and somebody's **got** to **feed** them to me.--And **you** feed them to **me,** and you go out and get it and cook it and feed it to me, or I wouldn't know what to do and I'd probably just starve! And I love you for it! You know? You think **I'll** ever grow up?--To where you don't need to feed me and I can feed myself? Well, canned food is better than no food at all. Old **STALE CRUMBS AND DRIED FRUIT ARE BETTER THAN NOTHING, UNTIL YOU HAVE A FARM OF YOUR OWN**--your **own** vine and fig tree, and grow your **own** and do it **yourself!**

16. **BUT THEY'RE STILL JUST BABY BIRDIES. YOU KNOW?--AND THEY NEED LOTS OF HELP.** But if **I** don't feed them, they might go eating the **neighbour's** food and berries and **they** might not be **good** for them. See? You scratch and scratch and scratch and you dig for your food, and you keep saying, "What? Why was that?" And **you scratch it up and dig for it, so Jesus gives it to you. They need to learn how to do that too.** Did you ever see a chicken scratching for food? They cluck and cluck and scratch around and cluck and cackle, and they look with their beady eyes and they peck and peck and pick it up! You know?--And you know what? **IF YOU KEEP THEM IN THE CHICKEN HOUSE ALL DAY, AND YOU JUST FEED THEM YOURSELF, THEY GET BIG AND FAT AND LAZY AND THEY'RE MOSTLY FAT.** That don't know **how** to scratch for themselves. **BUT IF YOU JUST GIVE THEM THE RUN OF THE RANCH AND THEY GET OUT AND DIG FOR THEIR OWN, THEY DEVELOP BIG STRONG MUSCLES AND BIG SOLID MEAT** and they get big and strong and healthy. Otherwise, if you just keep them **in the chicken house all day, they get weak, and they get all kinds of diseases.** But if you let them **run**, they're real healthy, strong and **meaty--not so much fat.** They may be a little skinnier, but it's good solid **meat.**

17. **BUT YOU'VE GOT TO BE WILLING TO SAY "BYE, BYE, BIRDIES!" AND LET THEM GO!** And you better **just trust Jesus that they'll always come home to roost and lay some nice big fat eggs! 'Cause**

that's your reward for taking care of them when they were little chickies, and feeding them and protecting them from the big old gopher snakes and foxes, so that when they get big and strong they lay you nice big fat eggs, and that's your pay for feeding them when they were little baby chickies. **DEAR PAUL! (AARON) HE LOVED HIS LITTLE BABY CHICKIES! I DON'T THINK HE EVER WANTED THEM TO GROW UP!** He liked to take **such** good care of them and nurse them and feed them and hold them in his hand and fill his shirt up with them! But they **did** eventually grow up where they could take care of themselves, and they ran all over the place. But they always came home at night--**almost** always. There was a few strays, but most of them came home at night. And **THE FEW THAT DIDN'T COME HOME, THEY WERE REALLY RUNNING A RISK OF HAVING SOMETIMES THE FOXES AND HAWKS GET THEM WHEN THEY PERCHED UP IN THE TREES TOO FAR FROM HOME.** You didn't know this? But the ones that always faithfully came home and perched **in the chicken house we could shut them up at night and protect them, just like Jesus** is going to do with us someday!

18. **SOMEDAY WHEN IT STARTS TO GET DARK WE'RE ALL GOING TO GO HOME TO ROOST WITH JESUS,** you know that? And **He's going to shut the door and leave all the bad varmints outside,** and we're going to cackle and cackle and cluck and cluck and rest in the arms of Jesus, and no more snakes and foxes and **CHICKEN HAWKS! THEY ESPECIALLY LIKE CHICKENS, ESPECIALLY LITTLE BABY CHICKS RUNNING AWAY** from their mama. Those little baby chicks run away looking at interesting bugs, and all of a sudden a big shadow, and **zoom!--**He swoops down and grabs them in his talons and picks them to pieces and gobbles them up, if they don't stay under their mama's wings! So **they've got to watch out when they're little. But chicken hawks usually don't attack big strong husky chickens** who can defend **themselves.**

19. **BUT YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE EXTRA GOOD CARE OF LITTLE BABY CHICKIES.** They've got to be **fed** and **watered** and kept **warm,** and you've got to **shut out the snakes and the foxes,** and you have to take **good** care of them and feed them by hand and water them good. And you've got to be careful they're **not too crowded,** or they'll trample all over each other and smother each other. They've got to have little room, and you've got to protect them. **BUT WHEN THEY GET BIG AND STRONG, THEN YOU'VE GOT TO LET THEM RUN** and shift for **themselves** and find their **own** food. **Then** they can protect their **own** selves and **run** from the foxes. Sometimes they get caught, but they're pretty smart then. And even then they usually come home to roost, and they never forget you're their father. **THEY HAVE TO COME HOME TO ROOST AT NIGHT, BECAUSE OTHERWISE YOU WOULDN'T GET ANY EGGS,** huh? **So you keep giving them a little bit of food too. That's their pay.** You give'em a **little** bit of fresh grain **every** day. But you don't give'em as much grain as you **used** to when they were **little**, 'cause you want to encourage them to get out and find their **own** food.

20. (Maria: **EVEN THE BIG FATHER CHICKEN HAS TO BE FED.) YES, THE BIG OLD ROOSTER,** he can be real fear-some! He's big, an sometimes he's real mean, but he faithfully **defends all his hens and little chickens,** and he struts around, and **he'll even attack the pigs and the snakes** and anything that come near the hen house. He's real big and brave and strong, and **HE'S REAL FAITHFUL TO DEFEND HIS LITTLE FLOCK, AND THEY ALL RESPECT** him. **But somebody's got to feed the rooster once in a while. That's his pay.** Yes, you give **him** a little **extra,** but most of the time he stays with the chickens and helps them to find food. But you always **give him a little extra at home, so he'll remember to bring them home so they'll lay you some eggs.** And so he'll be their faithful guardian! And **almost everything in the hen yard is pretty afraid of him, even the cats and dogs and goats.** He drives them all away, and **takes good care of his chickens.**

21. --**THE OLD FATHER ROOSTER! I KNOW,** 'cause when I was a little boy he used to chase me! I **couldn't bother the little chickies when the rooster was around.** He'd run after me yelling and screaming! But he always warned me. He'd go: "Squawk,--squawk, squawk!" And when I'd get too close **he'd give a final warning** before he'd give a peck. Almost like a dog growling and barking. Then he comes **flying** at you with his big wings flapping and his big claws! And if you don't get out of there **quick**, he'll really peck you **real hard** and it **hurts,** and then it's "Bye, Bye, Birdie!", and you **run** the other way as **fast** as you can! So that **EVENTUALLY, NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU LOVE BIRDIES, IT'S "BYE, BYE, BIRDIE!" EITHER THEY LEAVE YOU, OR YOU LEAVE THEM!** Then they have to shift for themselves.

22. **THE BIG OLD ROOSTERS, THEY REALLY KNOW HOW TO "BANG THE BIRDS"!** But their **birds like it** because it **produces more little birds.** And you must not eat **all** the eggs, 'cause you've got to let the hen set on **some** so you'll have some **more** little chickies. Just like you can't eat up all the **seed** grain, 'cause

you've got to put some **back** in the business so you'll have some **more.**

23. **PUSSYCATS!--THEY LOVE TO CHASE BABY CHICKS!** So you've got to watch out for the pussycats, that they don't get hold of the chickies, 'cause **they like to catch birds.** And **the curious little bird the comes up and says, "What's new, pussycat?", is about to find out** and have a new experience that will probably be his **last** one!

24. **BUT IT'S FUNNY HOW ALL THE ANIMALS ON THE FARM LEARN TO GET ALONG WITH EACH OTHER,** and each learns where he belongs, and not to get in each other's territory and everybody defends his own territory, and they're all doing their job. **THEY ALL DO SOMETHING GOOD FOR THE FARM AND THE FARMER, AND THAT'S WHAT MAKES THE WORLD GO' ROUND--THE FARM! OTHERWISE THERE WOULDN'T BE NOTHING' TO EAT AND NOBODY COULD LIVE!** Everybody on the farm helps each other, and everybody does their work, and **everybody's** good for **something**, even the little chirping chickies!--And **even banging birdies can be fun,** huh? **Some** people aren't even going to know what that means. But the **birdies** know what it means, and so does the old **rooster** and the **farmer,** 'cause **that's what makes the hens go round** and produce the **nice big eggies** that make **chickies** that everybody likes to enjoy!

25. **AND THAT'S THE WAY THE WHOLE WORLD'S GOING TO BE SOME DAY.** The birdies aren't going to be screaming for old stale bread and garbage, and not even for fresh grain! They're going to be getting out and digging for their **own.**--And "their Heavenly Father feedeth them." When you feed the chickens, you rattle the can full of grain and they all come running. You call, "Here, chickie, chickie, chickie! Here, chickie, chickie, chickie!"--And they all come running like mad! But then when you-re done feeding them, they gradually wander off an find their own. You can't be feeding them **all** the time **everything**, because you'd break up in business. They've got to out and shift for themselves and dig for their own. So it's "Bye, Bye, Birdie!" **SOME DAY IT'LL BE "BYE, BYE, BIRDIE!"--SORRY I CAN'T FEED AND BANG YOU ANY MORE! YOU'VE GOT TO GROW UP** and feed and bang for yourself! "Bye, Bye, Birdie!"

26. (Sings to the old tune:)
We love you, Moses, oh yes we do!
We love our Moses, our love is true!
When you're not near to us, we're blue!
Oh, Moses, we love you!

--And I love you, Children, oh yes I do!
I love my children, my love is true!
When you're not near to me, I'm blue!
Oh Children, I love you!

27. **BUT ONE OF THESE DAYS IT'S GOING TO BE "BYE, BYE, BIRDIE!"--WHEN THE CHICKIES ARE ALL GROWED UP INTO BIG HENS AND ROOSTERS THAT CAN TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES!** It's gonna be "Bye, Bye, Birdie!" And then we all go home and roost together! Is that enough for tonight? Do you like that bedtime story? **THEN WE'RE ALL GOING HOME TO ROOST TOGETHER WITH OUR DEAR OLD FARMER, THE FATHER IN HEAVEN AND JESUS!** And He's going to **slam** the chicken house door and **bar** it and **lock** it, and the snakes and vipers and wolves and foxes won't be able to get in **anymore forever!** And we'll just cluck and cackle and sleep to the break of day, and **THERE'LL BE A NEW DAY--A NEW DAY--THE BIRDS WILL NEVER FLY AWAY** any more! They'll just be **with Jesus in the beautiful garden,** and **it'll never be "Bye, Bye, Birdie" anymore!** Is that a good story for little kids?

28. **CAN YOU SEE ALL THE LITTLE BIRDIES AND CHICKIES AND STUFF PERCHED ON HIS SHOULDER** and at His head and on His knee, and **playing at His feet, and feeding at the fountain,** and **flitting' 'round the flowers?** And everybody's **so** happy, and it's all **so** pretty, and there's **no more "Bye, Bye, Birdie!", but it's "Hello, Heaven!"**

29. **PICKING UP ALL THAT BIRDSEED WEARS YOU OUT, BUT IT SATISFIES YOU AND MAKES YOU SING! My poor little Birdie is going to wear herself our feeding and singing!** You're always running around inside my shirt or perched on my shoulder, and you're always pecking in my mouth for seeds, and

you peck them right off my tongue, and you're an awful **friendly** Birdie! I think you're a **pampered pet!** I don't know if you'll **ever** learn how to dig for yourself! I think you have been **too spoiled! IT'LL NEVER BE "BYE, BYE BIRDIE" FOR YOU, 'CAUSE YOU ALWAYS FLY AWAY WITH ME!** I can't get rid of you! Quit scratching, Honey. You've had enough seeds for today. Otherwise you'll get so **fat** it'll get **stuck** in your **craw!** Haw, haw, ! Caw, caw! Bye, Bye, Birdie! (Falls asleep.--Are **you** ready to fall asleep?--Bye, Bye, Birdie!)

30. May 2, 1973. **THE BIRDIES WOKE ME UP THIS MORNING--NOT THE SPARROWS, BUT THE MEADOWLARKS. THEY WERE SINGING: "WE'RE GONNA BE IN A MO LETTER!** We're gonna be in a MO Letter!" They were so tickled! Now, how can they know **that?--**Then I got the Scripture about **the birds telling it in the ear of the King** in Ecclesiastes 10. I don't know if God gives them a voice just like Baalam's ass, just for the occasion, or just to cheer my heart, or what. But they weren't trying to wake me up this time, not deliberately.--**They were just singing to each other, and i overheard them.**--Do **you** hear the birdies?--**I** hear **you!--**And I **love** you, and will feed you as **long** as you **need** me!--Then we'll **all** sing:

"Bye, bye, Birdie!"
--Amen?--I love you!
Your Ol' Rooster,
MO

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