

Mysterious Ways

Walking my neighborhood one fine day, I watched a robin bob-bob-bobbin' along, as they famously do. Then I noticed that the lower half of his beak hung down, flopping as he hopped. He can't catch worms like that, I thought.

I watched as he hopped on, crossing the sidewalk before me. He perched on the curb momentarily. Then he flung himself into the path of a RAM pickup.

Flattened.

I stopped, stunned.

Ever since, I've wondered: Was this happenstance? Or did a robin end his own life?

Or did I glimpse the hand of God, giving him a merciful nudge?