



“Chicken Pecking Syndrome”

*When I was a child, only four or five,
I saw a poor baby chick being eaten alive.
A little blood had been seen on that poor chick,
And other chickens moved in, the wounded to peck.
They pecked at his wound until he lay half dead,
Instead of helping the wounded they joined the peckers instead.*

*Do we in the church sometime do the same?
A brother is wounded and we make him fair game.
“Did you hear what I heard, did you see what I saw?”
And we pick at his wound until he is bloody and raw.*

*God help us all to hurt for the wounded and rush to his aid,
Don't listen or repeat, let that tidbit of gossip fade.
Lift up the fallen, pray for the weak,
His “Golden Rule” we must strive to keep.*

By Louise Hall