

The Giving Hen



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Neio Lucio/Francisco Xavier



A kind and loving hen once found an egg. It was not hers, but she chose to care for it with great dedication. Patiently she sat on it for hours on end, giving it the warmth and protection it needed until the moment of hatching. She was so devoted indeed, that even when it was necessary to go look for food, she rushed right back to keep the little egg from feeling lonely.

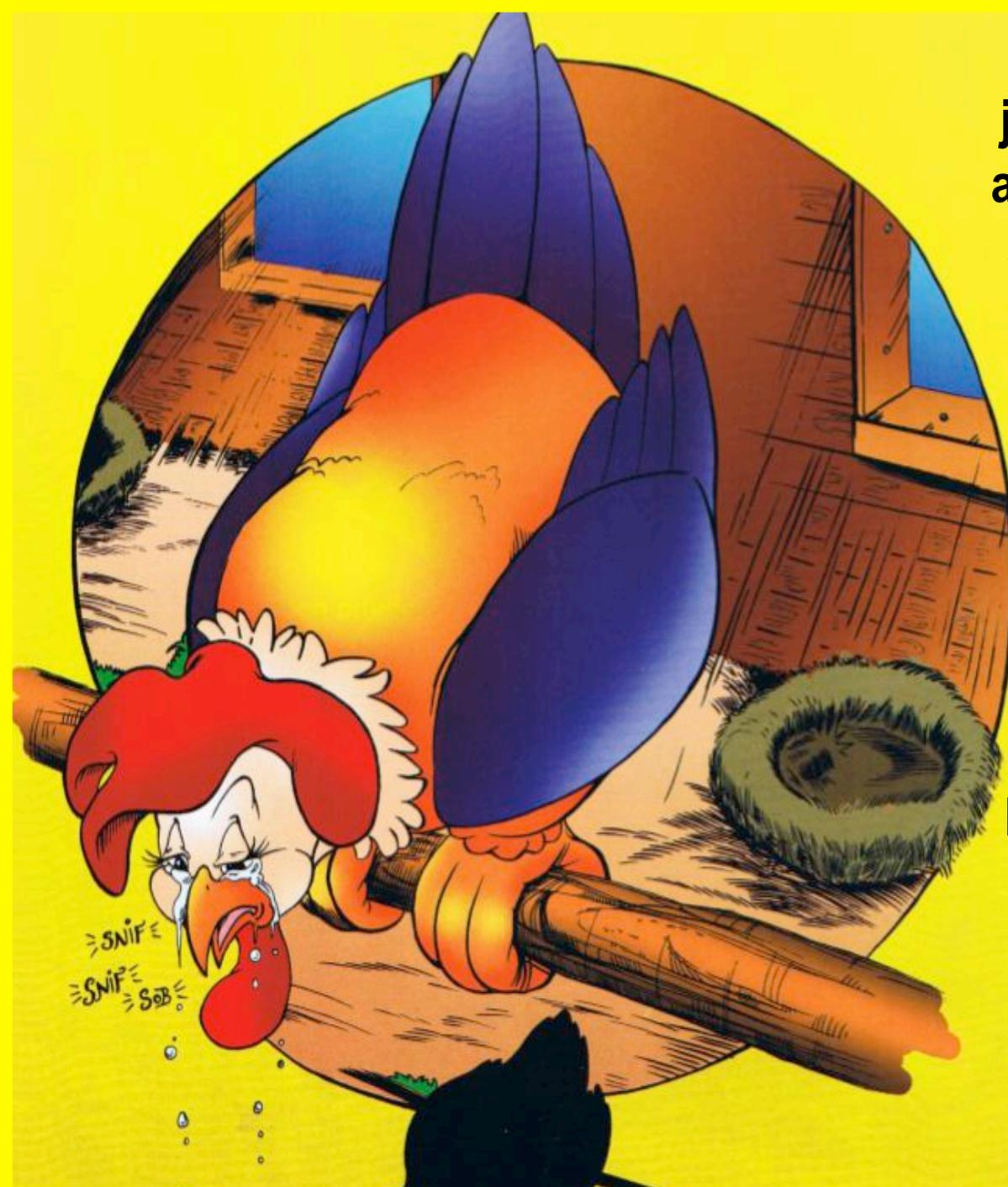


“This little egg will be my very own baby chick! Yes! It’ ll be my child!”

One beautiful morning, under clear blue skies, the little egg finally hatched. The new mother showered her newborn baby with love and attention.



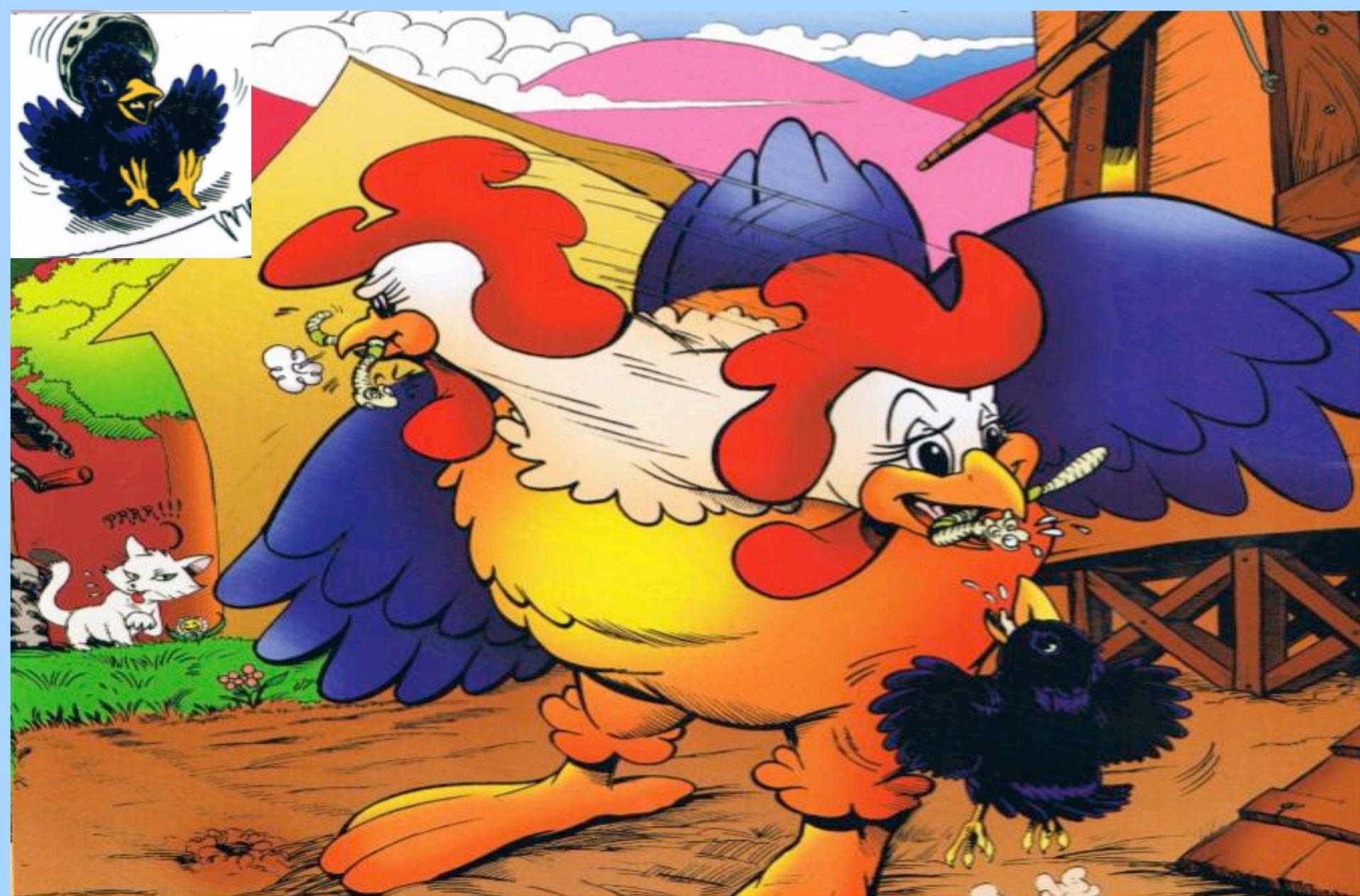
One day, however, he jumped in the water without a thought and expertly swam away, leaving the generous hen behind, in total chock.



Mother hen managed to call out to him several times: Come back! Come back! but he neither replied nor came back. He was a runaway duck.

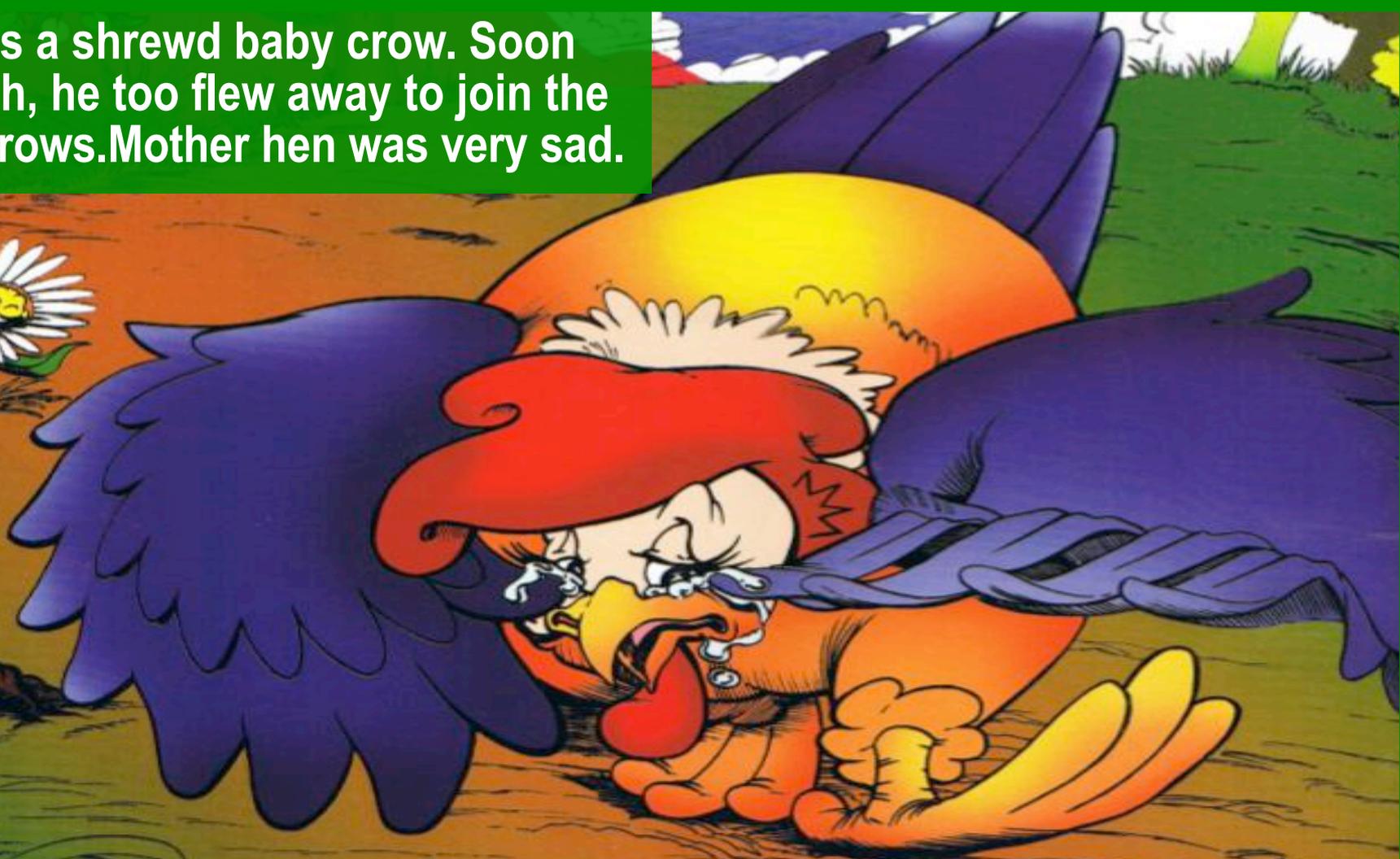


The hen returned to the hen house extremely sad. I have hatched an egg that was not of my kind. Sometime later she run into another abandoned egg.



...until it hatched. And once more, she nurtured it; but the lovely hen noticed that her baby, again, was not a chick.

It was a shrewd baby crow. Soon enough, he too flew away to join the other crows. Mother hen was very sad.



“From now on, I will live alone.”

But that lasted only until she found yet another egg.





True to her goodness, she took it in, hatched it and tenderly looked after it.



**As the baby grew though, she noticed something mighty strange.
He chases rats in the dark!
During the day, her chick was very clumsy but at night, his eyes shone.
“Watch your step!”
Ouch!**



This baby turned out to be an owl that, in time, also ran away from her to join his kind.



The disappointed hen cried and cried. Upon coming across stray egg number four, she decided to give it another try.

Starting all over again, she helped it hatch and develop.

The challenge with this one was that it grew very, very large.



One day, she caught him staring at her with intense disapproving look. The chick went as far as to mistreat and disrespect her. Don't bother me!! It turned out to be a vain and proud peacock.



This time the giving hen was at the end of her rope and fell into despair. She ran out of the hen house screaming and wanting to jump into the river to rebel against her destiny. At that moment, an older more experienced hen noticed how heartbroken she was, asked her what was wrong.

“Oh, it’s just my life!” cried out the hen, telling her story.

The older and wiser hen displaying a serene look of understanding replied:

Oh, dear! Do not despair. You must learn that the world is the work of God.

There are all kinds of eggs in it, including ours.

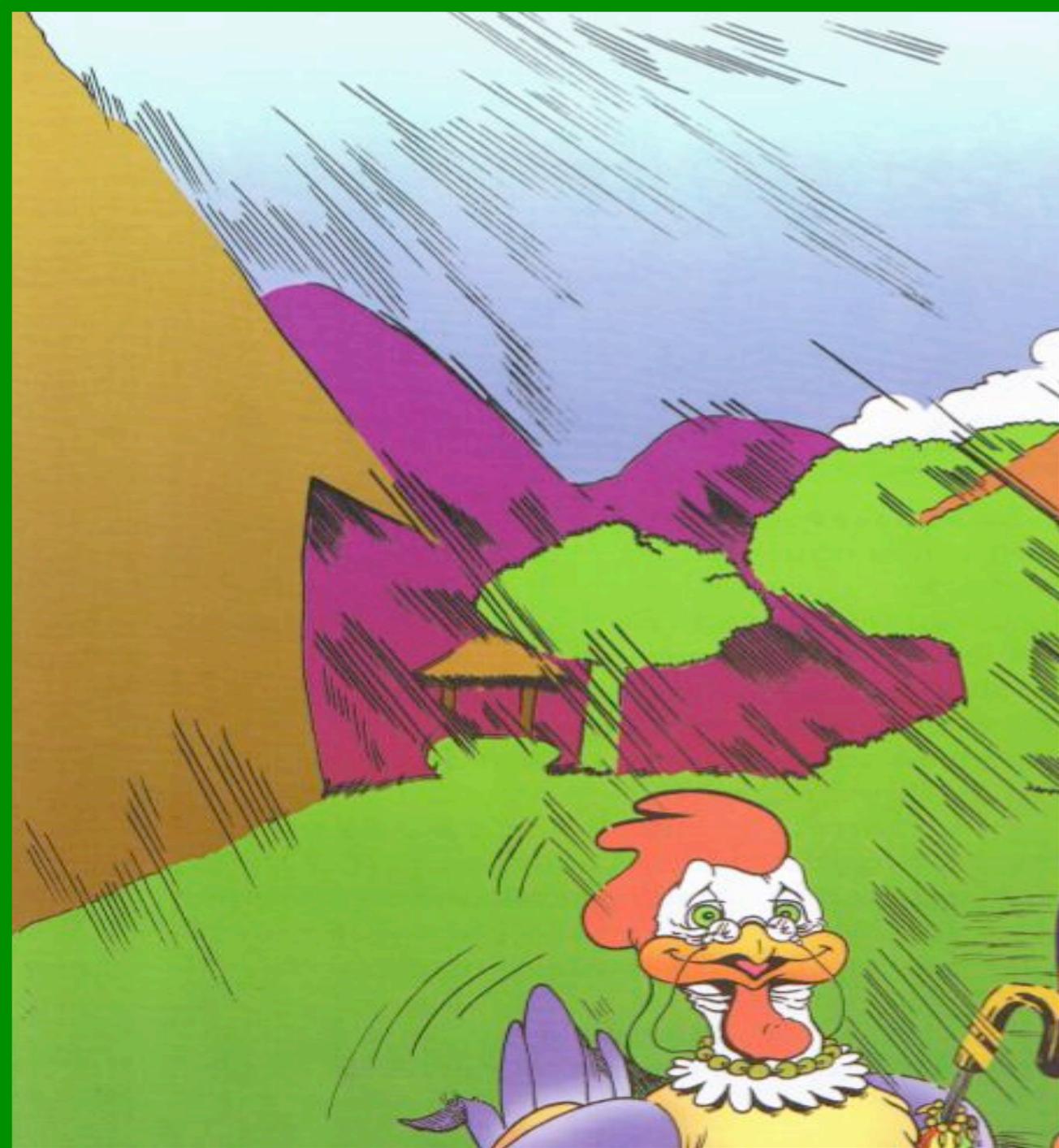
All along you have done what is right. Continue to help and nurture in every way possible but do not cling to those you help, for they belong to God only.



The giving hen returned to the hen house with a mended heart and greater understanding.

“We cannot expect others to be like us, but it is possible to assist all, within the limits of our possibilities.
Did you understand?”



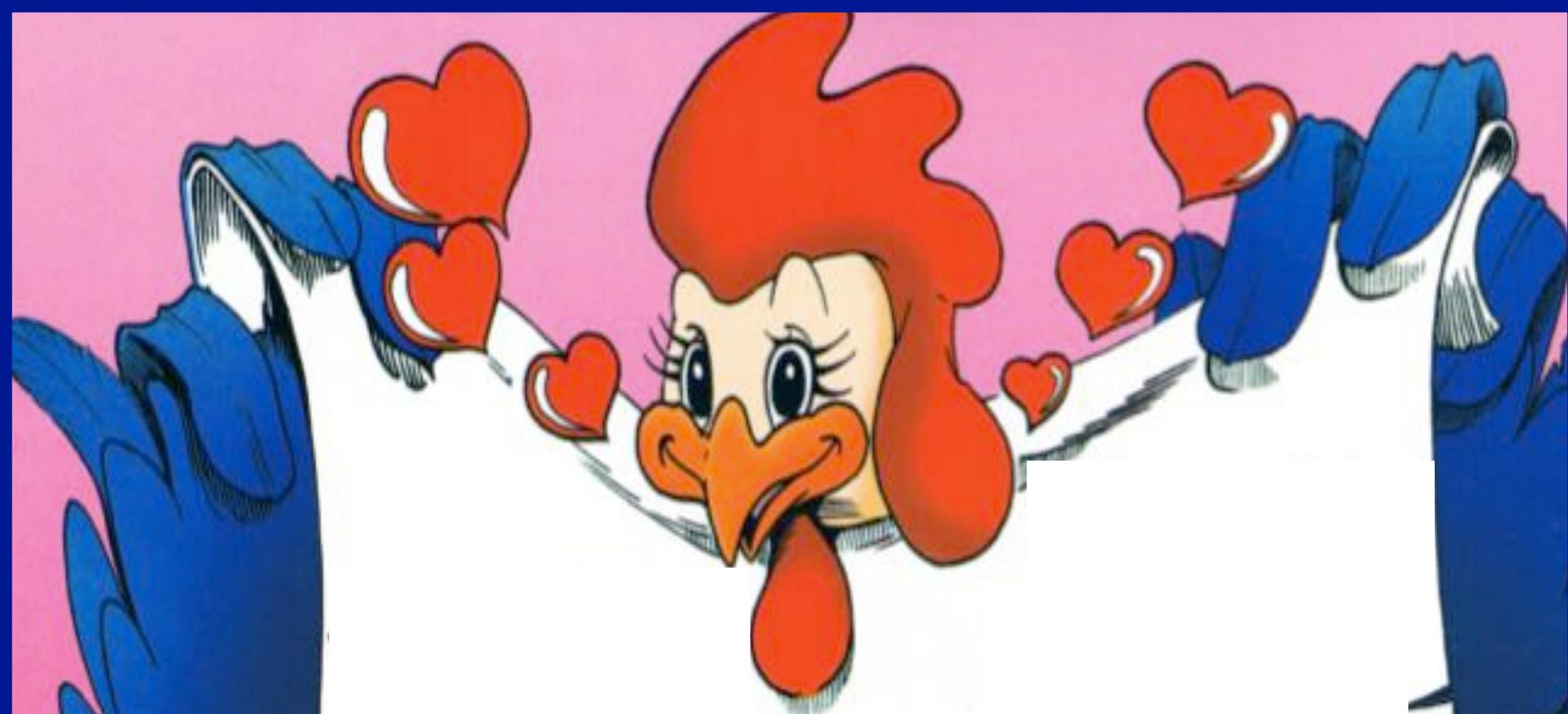


And so it is with this world we live in. Even within our family, some of our closest relatives may not share our values and beliefs. They bring from past lives certain tendencies that need time to change and commitments that need time to play out.

While we wished they could understand and bond with us, they seem to be strongly pulled in the direction of “strangers,” with whom they have assumed unavoidable responsibilities.

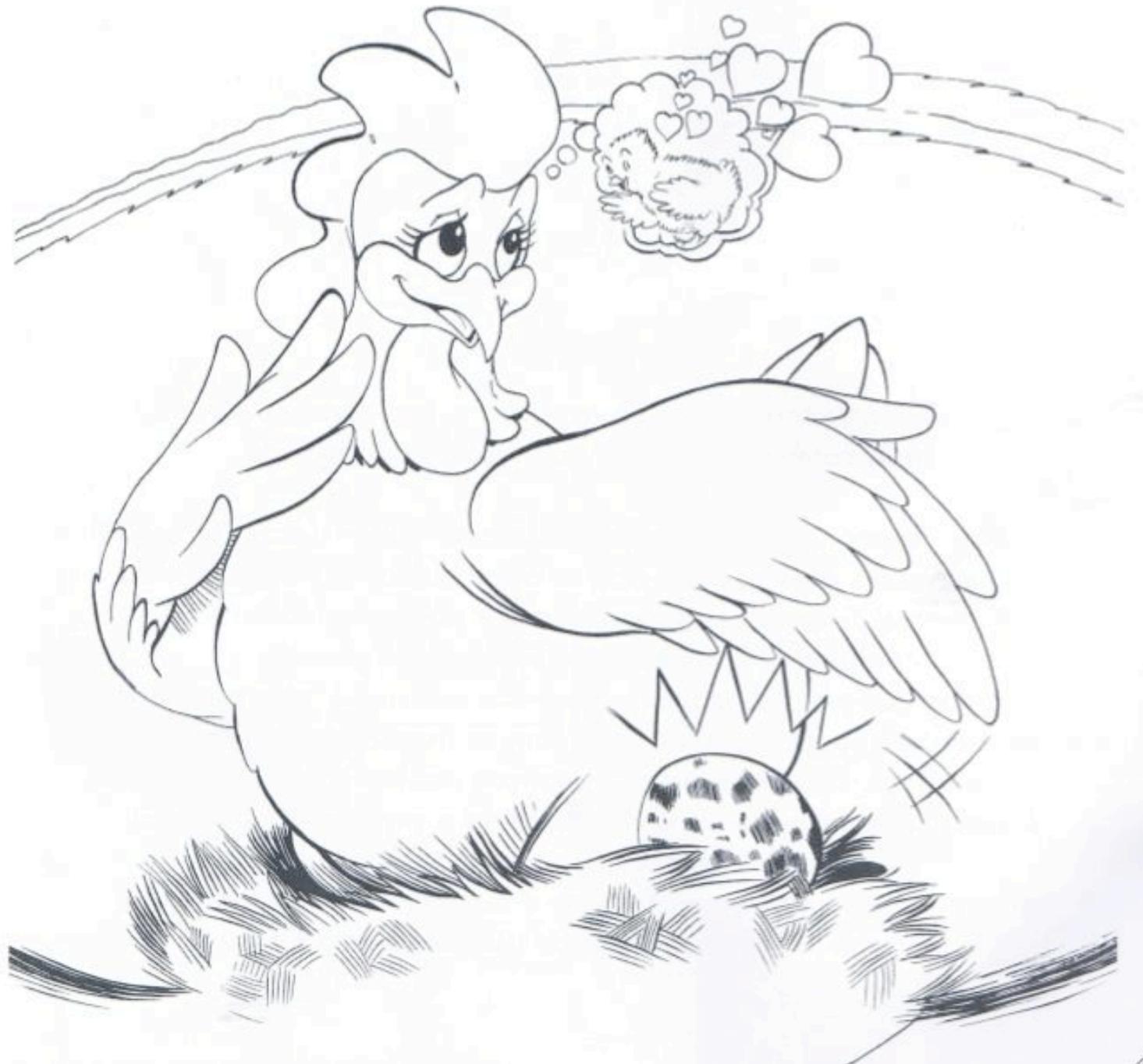
Did you understand?





No need to be sad. The light or the darkness in which each person lives, has everything to do with how spiritually evolved they are.

The challenge is to love without clinging to results, knowing that God invariably finds the way to everyone's heart.





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Group of New York - 2003

<http://www.sgny.org>

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Original Title: A Galinha Afetuosa
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Cover design and drawings: Impact Storm
Team Supervisor: Rute Vieira Ribeiro

ISBN 978-85-7328-511-8



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