

The Hen and the Baby Chicks

By Breanna Call
(Based on a true story)

This story happened in the USA.

Five fluffy yellow chicks stared up at Clara. *Peep, peep, peep!*

Each spring Clara's family bought baby chicks to care for. Today she got to help Dad take them home to live with their other chickens.

The road they were driving on was bumpy. But Clara held the box with the chicks steady in her lap.

She gently petted one of them with the tip of her finger. It was so soft!

When Clara and Dad got home, they walked to the henhouse in the backyard.

The henhouse was a little shed where all the hens lived and made their nests.

"Which hen should we put the chicks with?" Dad asked.

Clara looked around. One hen was moving straw into a mound. The straw would make a cozy nest for new chicks. Maybe she would be a good mother hen.

"This one," Clara said, pointing to the hen.

Dad gently lifted a chick out of the box and put it next to the hen. The hen looked at the chick. She lifted her wing, and suddenly the chick disappeared!

"Where did it go? Is the chick OK?" Clara asked.

"Where did it go? Is the chick OK?" Clara asked.

"Jesus Christ talked about this in the scriptures," Dad said.

Dad nodded. "Look."

The chick peeked its head out from under the hen's feathers.

"Why did the hen do that?" Clara asked.

"To protect the chick," Dad said. "She'll keep it safe and warm under her wings."

Clara helped Dad put the other chicks with their new mother hen. The hen lifted her wings to gather all of them close.

"You know, Jesus Christ talked about this in the scriptures," Dad said.

"Really?" Clara asked. "What did He say?"

"I'll show you."

Clara and Dad went into the house. Dad got out his scriptures. Then he started to read.

"How oft will I gather you as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, if ye will repent and

return unto me with full purpose of heart."^{*}

Clara thought about each of the chicks under the hen's feathers. "So Jesus gathers us like the hen brings the chicks under her wings?" Clara asked.

"That's right," Dad said. "He keeps us safe, just like the hen keeps her chicks safe. But He protects us from much more than the cold. He knows when we are hurt or sick or sad. He gives us peace and comfort. He cares for us."

The next morning, Clara fed the hen and her new chicks. It made her think of the scripture Dad read. She smiled as she thought about Jesus. She knew He loved her and cared for her, like the hen cared for the chicks. ●

^{*}3 Nephi 10:6

What did Clara learn about Jesus Christ?