

CHAPTER ONE

A HOUSE FULL OF RABBITS



A Devotional on New Beginnings

After leaving Israel and returning to ‘exile’¹, it seemed natural that my (then) husband, David, would also return to his former occupation as a taxi-driver throughout the long, cold Canadian nights. One morning, he came home with a box and a funny look on his face saying, “*I have a surprise for the children.*” It seems that someone had run out of the taxi without paying his fare and left something in the back seat, Ready? – a big, black rabbit!

¹ 2004

“Oye! Just what I needed”, I thought to myself, trying to smile. I could already foresee my likely fate with this new ‘blessing’ - the kids get the cute bunny and I get the dirty clean up job. I tried to give the rabbit away to my sister’s children by taking it to the family Chanukah party and offering it as a gift; but she wouldn’t go for it, no matter how much her children begged. (I know, unfair tactics but I was desperate).

My sister is definitely more skilled at setting **boundaries than I am; so ‘Denver’, as we called her,** came back home. The children were definitely excited by their new pet, but not as excited as two days later when an unexpected event occurred.

I was upstairs having a shower when I heard screaming and squealing coming from the children downstairs. I quickly jumped out of the shower, wrapped a towel around my dripping wet self and raced down the stairs to see what kind of calamity had befallen us during my three minute shower.

Being in **Canada now, I didn’t expect to meet a** knife-wielding terrorist face to face; but by the volume of the shrieks I knew it must be something equally terrifying.

All I could see, however, were some small, pink creatures wiggling on the living room carpet. My young son, Timothy, stood there with a shocked expression on his face. Aha – I got it – these pinkish wormy looking living things were actually baby bunnies! That must have been why we noticed the mama bunny pulling out her own fur and making a quasi-nest structure in her box the day before.

We seemed to be the surprised ‘foster parents’ to a litter of baby bunnies. I told my husband that he **didn’t know what a blessing he was bringing me** when he brought the rabbit home. It’s kind of like

marriage – sometimes we get a whole lot more than what we bargained for eh? ☺

We moved the mother and babies into a large bin in the bathroom where she could find some peace and quiet. By the end of the week, we were left with four surviving baby bunnies. Denver gave birth to six but for some strange reason, she stuffed them all in the back of a box, covered them with straw, and then promptly forgot about them.

By the time I realized what was going on, we found two babies already dead and the rest severely dehydrated. We bottle fed them for a time, removed **the box so she couldn't hide them again and gave mother rabbit a sound 'talking to' about her** motherly responsibilities.

When David heard about the birth of the baby bunnies, he exclaimed, ***"It's prophetic!"*** I failed to see the prophetic quality of a bunch of bunnies hopping around my bathroom, but soon, the Holy Spirit revealed to me also that this symbolizes the new thing that He is birthing in and through us which would result in blessing and multiplication for many people. The Lord showed me a few other lessons through this rabbit parable.

1) SURPRISE! The birth of something new in our lives may be sudden and unexpected. I happened to be in the shower when I started hearing the children **shouting hysterically, "Baby, baby!"** Not knowing what was going on, I ran downstairs wrapped only in a towel. We had better be prepared to be unprepared **for the new thing God brings forth. Let's hope we're** at least somewhat decently clothed at the time. ☺

2) STRESS! If mother bunny experiences too much stress at the time of birth, she may not be able to