

# HARVEY THE OWL ASKS

BY CARRIE HYATT



WHEN HARVEY HATCHED, HIS mother could tell there was something different about him—something special.

He didn't sound like any owl she'd ever heard, and when she gazed into his gigantic golden eyes, his brows slanted as if he had questions for her.

The sign of a healthy owl is his thirst for knowledge. Harvey was quite healthy, but while other mother owls were used to answering "who, who, whos," Harvey always wanted to know "why, why, why?"

Harvey's mother nearly fell off of her perch the first time she told Harvey to eat up all of his supper, and he asked, "Why?" "Because we're hungry," she replied.

"Why?" Harvey asked again.

But this time Harvey's mom couldn't answer him because she didn't know why.

"No more questions for now, Harvey," she said, hoping he'd eat his meal quietly.

Harvey's mother was even more shocked when she told Harvey it was time for bed, and he asked, "Why?"

"Because all owls sleep during the day," she wearily replied.

"Why?" Harvey asked again.

Harvey's mom was challenged by this question, too. Owls don't ask why, she thought.

## HARVEY THE OWL ASKS

Harvey's favorite place to visit was the library. He turned his head in every direction before making his selection.

Each week he was drawn to the biggest book there—The Great Book of WHO--a Bible for birds. The book was so heavy, Harvey could hardly lift it.

Each week his mother said, "Put that book back, Harvey, it's too big for you."

"Why?" Harvey replied too loudly.

"It's for the older, wiser owls," his mother whispered back.

"Why?" Harvey questioned even louder.

"Shhhhhh," the librarian said.

Harvey's curious questioning continued. When the librarian said, "You need to return your books in three weeks," Harvey asked the librarian, "Why?"

When The Great Horned Owl hooted a severe weather alert and warned all birds to take cover, Harvey stopped to ask The Great Horned Owl, "Why?" His mother blushed and apologized.

Some owls thought Harvey's questions were odd. They called him the little "whys" guy.

"Harvey, it's time for you to hoot who," said mom.

"Why?" asked Harvey.

"That's what we do," said mom.

"Why who?" said Harvey.

Harvey's mom didn't know why they hoot who, and now she wanted answers too.

She went to Grandfather owl for advice.

Grandfather owl was very wise. He sat like a judge and listened to all of the questions brought before him. His regal feathers swelled as he took a breath and began to speak.

“Very few owls stop to ask questions like these,” he said. “But those who seek answers to their whys should ask the great WHO for wisdom.”

Grandfather’s voice was so serious that Harvey began to tremble. Harvey’s mom wrapped a wing around her son as they listened to their patriarch.

Grandfather’s head turned until it stopped—facing backward on his shoulders. He pointed a giant wing to the trees all around. As he spoke, he slowly turned his wise face back to Harvey and his mother. If you ask for wisdom, the Great WHO will give you wisdom. WHO knows you by name, and WHO knows your questions before you even ask Him.

Harvey and his mom were both thinking of The Great Book of WHO. They thanked Grandfather for his help and hurried back to the Bible for birds.

They read The Great Book of WHO, over and over together. Many of their “whys” were answered, and WHO helped them both to have great wisdom.

“Do you know why we hoot whos?” Harvey asked.

“Why?” said mom.

“WHO created owls to hoot HIS great name to all of HIS creation!”

“WHO, WHO, WHO!” Harvey hooted at the top of his lungs.

“WHO, WHO, WHO!” His mother hooted too.

Harvey and his mother shared what they learned with the rest of the owls. They were all thankful to learn why owls hoot. From then on, they joined their voices each night with an awesome sense of purpose as they WHO, WHO, WHO'd together!