



Blue-Gray Gnatcatcher 2

It was on a Christmas bird count years ago
On the Stringfellow Ranch in country that's low,
Today, looking back, I see it so clearly,
A time of life that I relish sincerely.

The small blue-gray bird sat atop the mesquite,
Seeming to pose, no need to be discrete,
Allowing the budding new birder to learn
That study of a bird would generate a return.

And forty years later I dive into my mind
And to my surprise, a delight I find
The being that's me allows data retrieval
A result of DNA from the soup primeval.

The day of the gnatcatcher plays behind my eyes
It comes-in so clear – today's full of surprises
I opened the door and greeted my old friend
And a birdwatching convention I did attend.

The little gnatcatcher was there with the catbird,
And the sparrow, the Barn Owl and the Mockingbird,
All seen in the bottomlands near Jones Creek,
On a day dedicated to feather and beak.

These birds now reside in a part of my soul

It's a lovely thing as I'm growing old
To journey along with such wonderful partners
It's a wonderful trip with hourly departures.

Is a memory more than an electric charge?
Part of a connected system designed large?
Something that's wired to the heart and spirit?
Something that generates bliss without limit?

Today the gnatcatcher will never leave
The little hut beneath my eave
Where he waits for me to call him out
So, I'm leaving now to give him a shout.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
Say a prayer that good memories
Will be there for you.