



Brown-crested Flycatcher

We came to Rockport to see some birds,
To be with friends and exchange funny words,
We all checked into the Holiday Inn,
And during the night, rain and thunder began.

We woke the next morning to a soaked landscape,
And an angry sky that we couldn't escape,
But we forged on out to the Fennessey Ranch,
We had waited long with no second chance.

On the drive to the ranch the fields were saturated,
And the dark, boiling clouds kept us fascinated,
We were met at the gate by our hostess and guide,
And we jumped in the trailer for a birding hayride.

But before we even got the ride underway,
Our guide spotted a bird that made my day,
The guide yelled out "a brown-crested flycatcher",
Sitting on a pole – an innocent bystander.

What a nice siting the brown crest was,
A beginning worthy of a round of applause,
A later came the green jay and the green kingfisher,
A birdwatching experience that made us all richer.

We then pulled up to the camp house for lunch,
A sandwich brought moans and the chips a crunch,
There is nothing better than being with friends,
Resting and eating next to the cattle pens.

And back in Rockport we birded a park,

Where a red-eyed bronzed cowbird was the spark,
We later ate seafood with the moon on the bay,
A fitting close to a wonderful day.

There is nothing better than birding with friends,
To share the outdoors always pays dividends,
Time spent in a chapel of the church of the Earth,
Recharging our spirits and filling us with mirth.

So welcome to Earth church
Pull yourself up a pew
Come to services with friends
It will satisfy you.