



## Yellow Headed Blackbird

There's a mystical bird that I've never seen,  
And I feel like I'm having an airport dream,  
Whenever I go out in the spring migration,  
I encounter yellow headed blackbird frustration.

In airport dreams, you can't find your gate,  
You're caught in traffic, you're running late,  
It is much the same with my yellow-head experience,  
I'm searching high and low and feeling weariness.

I hear there's a flock just arrived in Galveston,  
And I run out to find 'em, to meet and greet'em,  
But the story it seems is always similar,  
Just a day late to find the yellow-headed visitor.

We are canoeing the Pecos when I hear up ahead,  
A blackbird's been spotted with a yellow head,  
But when our canoe paddles up to the site,  
No yellow head to be seen in the afternoon light.

But wait – my attitudes about this is wrong,  
Rather than weak I should be strong,  
And seize this as a learning moment,  
Chilling my frustration and letting it foment.

I will bathe my birding wounds with a potion,  
Which I will rub on like a healing lotion,  
And I'll turn this airport into a resort,

And give this whole adventure a restart.

It's all about attitude, about how you're thinking,  
To turn a failure into thanksgiving,  
To find the lining of silver or gold,  
To go to restart without being told.

Now I'm looking forward to next spring's migration,  
With a new point of view, a new fascination,  
The yellow-head search will again be fun,  
An Earth Church page-turner just begun.

So welcome to Earth Church  
Pull yourself up a pew  
Say a prayer that your failures  
Become victories for you.