

HUMMINGBIRD ENCOUNTER

June 2008

There it laid motionless on the cold barn cement floor. As I tenderly lifted this fragile bird into my hand it emitted a barely recognizable whimper. Upon careful inspection, there seemed to be no signs of injury with this precious one. Feeling that it was okay to move it, I transferred hummingbird into a cardboard box padded with some sort of fluffy substance I managed to find nearby. After creating somewhat of a cushiony nest inside the sterile box, I pondered. "What now?"

Perhaps what I have heard is true, that if hummingbirds do not receive enough nourishment to maintain their high energy level they collapse. Perhaps this was the cause of this dear one appearing lifeless.

Remembering that earlier on that day, I had filled up the hummingbird feeder with sweet water, I retreated with hummingbird to the flower garden where the feeder was dangling from a shepherd's hook. Arriving at the feeder with bird and box in hand, I was greeted by several swarming yellow jackets. Of all bees, yellow jackets annoy me. They seem so merciless, attacking everything in sight. To calm my yellow jacket nerves, I form a thought intention for them to keep their distance so I can focus entirely upon tending to the little one in my hand. I am relieved to say that they received my message and honored my request.

Sitting comfortably in the flower garden under the warmth of sun, I removed hummingbird from the box, holding it dearly with awe in the palm of my hand. With my other hand free, I managed to screw off the lid of the feeder to use it as a cup, poured some of the sweet water into it, and positioned hummingbird's beak into the cup with hopes that it would begin drinking. In the several moments that passed, I couldn't tell whether hummingbird was ingesting any of the liquid. I couldn't see any apparent action of swallowing taking place

All of a sudden, I thought about my physiology and came to the conclusion that instead of keeping hummingbird's beak poised inside in the cup of water for a long time, it would be best to offer a dip of water, and then a pause of air. So with patience and sensitivity, I alternated between feeding and pausing while watching for any signs of life. From the depth of my compassionate heart, I formed another prayer and allowed my lips to give it voice. Calling upon the healing angels and the overseer of the hummingbird clan, I asked that this little one be given strength if its embodiment was meant to continue. And if this was not to be the accorded outcome, this experience was surely a practice for me of non-attachment, while at the very

same time holding space for restoration. Ah... if only we humans could do that more for one another.

Amidst the sitting and waiting, I took full advantage of closely observing and ever so softly stroking (loving) hummingbird's delicate iridescent body. How gorgeous this lovely one, and what a blessing for me to be holding it close to my heart.

The minutes continued to tick, and then unexpectedly a shift occurred. Hummingbird's eyes suddenly opened, while its beak sprung into drinking action. What seemed just seconds ago to be a lifeless form was now beginning to move about in my hand. In a flash, I began to see the return of rhythmic breathing. With wings unfurling and fluttering, it was like watching a newborn receive its first breath. Flapping harder and faster beyond my comprehension, I watched precious one swiftly take flight. What a miracle!

This hummingbird encounter shall always warm my heart. To behold a life rebuilding in my hand has given ME new life.

Renya