



A Quantum Moment

Messages from the Other Realm

VOLUME 2 ISSUE 6 June 2019

Redemption!

Sometimes, we are given a second chance; another opportunity to apologize, to make amends, to do it right, and if we take advantage of that second chance, we are rewarded.

I was moving a heavy plastic container that was positioned against the artificial tree on my lower deck that I'd put there earlier to stabilize it during windy storms, the one with the now empty nest since the incident with the raven. I pushed it hard away from the artificial tree and dragged it across the deck to where it normally belonged and as I did so, a bird flew over my head and out into the open. What? There was a bird in the nest? I hadn't heard any Stellar Jay making any of its raspy call in days. They had gone. They were done with the mating season, or so I thought. Truth be known, I had prayed they would give it another try. It was still May and not too hot.

I couldn't help myself. I ran into the house to grab my iPhone to take a picture of the contents of the nest (against the voice advising me not to in my head). Were there eggs? Another batch of eggs in the nest? I lifted my iPhone high above the side of the nest and attempted to angle it over the top when a bird flew out of it, right over my head. Oh no! She'd gotten back into the nest in the time I took (a couple minutes) to retrieve my phone and now I'd scared her two times. Would she come back? I decided to leave her alone since I'd previously promised her I would do so--no cell phones in her face, no crumbs on the railing to attract predatory birds, no music in the pool house to disturb her, I would be good—and there I was scaring her all over again.

I walked gently to the end of the deck and as I did so I heard a flapping noise behind me, turned around and was face-to-face with the male Stellar Jay perched on the railing with a full mouth of twigs ready to repair the nest. We stared at each other, me apologizing, him asking me, what are you doing here? It was like I'd run into a friend sneaking out of someone's dorm room at midnight—caught! I backed away carefully watching him. He didn't move. And resolved to leave them the h--- alone.

For the next two weeks it was torture for me not to look in the nest and see if she was still there. During that time, we endured two spring storms with lightning and thunder and pouring rain. A friend went out and wrapped metal wire around the tree and fastened it to the house so the tree

wouldn't topple over in the wind. Through the wind and rain and crackling thunder, she stayed in that nest. I checked on her regularly, peeking up at the nest as I went to swim, looking for the black crest on her head above the high walls of the nest. Sometimes I would see she wasn't there and then heard her call her mate. I watched as her mate settled in a nearby tree and shoved little bits of food down her throat before she returned to the nest.

At the end of three weeks, when she was away from the nest, we stuck an iPhone in it and snapped a picture of four naked little birds. After another two weeks they were peeking their heads out of the nest, with beaks high up in the air as they heard me walk by—perhaps a meal was on board. Then suddenly they were feathered and large and standing on the side of the nest, the mother busy getting food for them, feeding them quickly, then out of the nest again for more food. The babies never made a sound. Only when their mother was there presenting their food to them did they cry with joy and hunger. One by one they hopped out of the nest, terrifying me that they would get lost or hurt or eaten by the hawk that routinely cruised by. But no, they all seemed to survive—the first progeny of this Blue Jay pair that I am aware of. My prayers were answered.