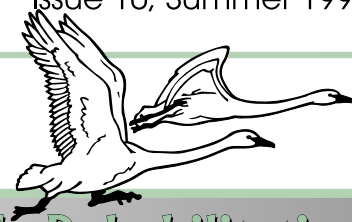


# Fellow Mortals™



"We are the mercury light of the morning, searching for shelter from the hunder and the rain, and He, like some windmill, weaves light where t's storming, His love like a potion for the hunger and the pain."

—Jimmie Spheeris, *Isle of View*

## Wildlife Rehabilitation

### OUR FATHER'S WORLD

The long-legged grackle is a nestling, with fledgling endencies. He struggles in his nest among the other gaping "flowers" — bluejays, a flicker, sparrows, a finch — and tries to stand, to see beyond the padded tissue box hat is his temporary home. This homely little bird, with a deep red mouth, is but one of over 900 animals that have already passed through our care this year, but he symbolizes the energy, the need, the hope and the commitment that we feel for each wild life, as that individual struggles for simple survival.

We live surrounded by miracles. We may not recognize them, but we witness them just the same — the rising and setting sun, the spinning earth, waking after sleeping — and relying on their sameness, we cease to wonder that they occur at all. Some miracles are more subtle, and we glimpse them, at best — the achingly beautiful flight of a swallow, the moment of epiphany, when we suddenly comprehend the alien intelligence behind foreign eyes.

Though we cannot still the wind, nor quiet the water, nor breathe life into dust, though most miracles are beyond our control or understanding, there is one in which we can share the joy of creation, and that is the uniquely human ability to change a life, a fate, through showing compassion to another living being. All that is required to work this miracle is to reach past our limited human experience and touch another part of our Father's world, which is exactly what each one of you who rescued a wild creature, or supported its care, has done.

Look through my eyes. See the squirrel missing a foot, climbing a tree? See the cottontail who was skinned? He's over there, stretched out in the sun. See the swallow above me on the wire? He had a broken wing. See the smallest goose on the pond — the one with his tail in the air? He came in with fishing line around his legs and wings and a fish hook through his bill. See the cottontail hiding by the raspberry bush? He was only two weeks old when he had surgery to repair his broken leg. He can run now! You've made so many miracles!

Our foster parents are resting, their babies grown — Alberta's owlets no longer screeching to be fed, Felony's crows talking to her from a distant tree-line, Rover's goslings able to fly, Angel Corinne's wood ducklings perching in trees, Benjamin's screech owls strictly nocturnal, and Christopher's children — orphaned again at his death — still learned how to hunt, how to survive in his place.

It is nearing the end of summer. Chimney swifts and cedar waxwings occupy the incubators now, their slight, beautiful song filling the silence left by the robins and blue jays who are already released and rejoicing from trees in the courtyard. I look, I see, I hear and I believe, forever I will believe, in miracles.

—Yvonne Wallace Blane

**She sings with thunder's  
awesome voice,  
and paints with lightnined  
quill in flight.**

**She is the wind, the storm,  
the power,  
that owns and loves the  
deepest night.**

—YWB

**Alberta**

