

# Fellow Mortals™



"Take this gift, it is all I have to give—a prayer of love, forever straight to the heart." —Michael W. Smith

**Wildlife Rehabilitation**

## THE GIFTS WE GIVE

Like most of you, I have been troubled, and like many of you, I have despaired, yet it is always kindness that reminds me of my path. Sometimes, when the injuries seem to be without end and the suffering to be so pointless, I wonder if we can ever make a difference. It is then, always then, that one of you reaches out and reminds me why we continue to try. It is not just the releases that are successes, but the caring as well. For every cottontail that dies despite our knowledge and time, one lives to amaze—an open fracture healing without a trace, allowing the infant to mature and run away from us into the life it was born to inherit. For every starving hawk there is another who rises from its critical state to lift into the towering clouds and soar!

Although there are but a few of us who work alone with the patients brought to us, we are many. We are thousands. We are all of you who ever took the time to see a nestling bird lying helpless under its nest or stopped to pick up a squirrel lying damaged in the road. We are you who save old blankets to swaddle a suffering goose or bring newspapers so that all of the cages can be cleaned every night before those blankets are laid down for bedding. We are you who donate one dollar or one thousand dollars. You are important to the wild creatures hurting in body and spirit when they are brought to this place and you are the hope and the spirit that allow us to continue to give solace to those precious lives who enter with despair but who know only compassion until their release—whether to the wild or to their Creator.

Those of you familiar with *Fellow Mortals* know that much of what keeps us going is faith—faith that we are following the path we are meant to travel. *Fellow Mortals* is so much more than a physical place—the most important

element has been present since before there was one kennel cab, let alone a facility—it is our commitment to the miracle and the mystery of life, and the humility we feel to have the privilege and the knowledge to make a real difference on our fellow mortals' behalf—yours as well as the wild creatures.

Compassion is not species-specific. It is our burden and our covenant to never forget that every living being has its own needs and its own pain. While you help the injured wild creatures through your gifts, I salute you for the compassion and commitment involved in your own path. I am thankful for the generosity of spirit that allows you to include *Fellow Mortals* through deed or prayer when your own lives are so full with the tremendous task of making a living and caring for your family and friends.

We are all striving, in our own day, for the same thing—to render perfect an imperfect world. And while that perfect world may only glimmer once in awhile, it is enough to let us know that it does exist and, while our faith may falter, it is strong enough to take us there.

—Yvonne Wallace Blane

