

Fellow Mortals™



"It was not always the success that made it bearable; it was having the ability to try." —Anne Perry, *Slaves of Obsession*

Wildlife Rehabilitation

SCATTERED MAGIC



even in this season of deprivation, is sufficient for his survival. Four starlings huddle deep in the boughs of fragrant pine—intelligent and social, they have found safe harbor.

Those beings and things which exist with or without us—it is part of all of them—the crow at lone sentinel, the deep brown pupil of a squirrel's eye, the eyelash of a hawk. It is with the soil as it thaws in the sun and it rides the moon as it waxes and wanes. It is even in the heart of a hickory. Dry pods and grasses whisper of its advance, while it teases the sky with brightness and shadow. A rabbit lifts its muzzle at its scent and fishes drift with joy in its current.

When the snow falls dry and soft in the December dusk, it approaches.

I glimpse it in the frost that rimes the leaf still clinging to a winter-brittle branch. I hear it in the poignant call of the goldfinch and in the mournful call of the widowed goose. I sense it when I watch the squirrels curled together in sleep, or see a lone crow staring out across a field. It cannot be touched, nor bought, but it is still part of our existence.

It is dormancy and life everlasting—and the light shining from the heart of a cold, dead star. Animals reside in its presence, while humans seek hungrily for proof that it exists.

It is coming closer, riding the dark, cold night like a wave.

A red-tail sits in the skeleton of an oak, feathers ruffled by the wind—what he is,

The wild doe watches my approach and does not run. It is almost here.

The falcon stoops to perch by a dove at nightfall. It is Christmas.

Thousands of years and lives have passed, but the magic of this season remains.

If we can accept our ability to see things which no longer exist, then we can imagine the existence of things we cannot see. When we believe in what we cannot see, the magic will never leave us.

—Yvonne Wallace Blane

