

## The Wren and I

I am moving. 54 years old and moving. I have been in this house for 12 years. I have raised my only child here. It was the first big big thing I had ever purchased. Found, decided on, paid bunches of money for, and gone into debt for. It had a yard, a garage, weeds and noisy traffic on Friday night.

My son grew up here, and road his bike to school. He had his friends over after school for snacks sometimes. We both grew up here. We were both alone somehow. Him, a young adolescent, an only child with no father. And me, recently divorced. Trying to start over.

But the years had stretched out and now things are all different. My son lives in Boulder. I work at home most of the time. Lives change, people change and neighborhoods change. Its supposed to be that way. Its healthy.

Moving means cleaning out for me. I like it. I say goodbye to somethings and make room for new. Making decisions, what will be moved and what will move on.

As I was cleaning out my closet, the one with all my personal things in it, my cat brings me a bird he has tried to kill. I find the tiny creature on the floor in the hallway. No movement, it's eye staring blankly. I pick it up immediately and cup my hands firmly around it. I can feel its heart thumping, pumping wildly with fear. I close my eyes and sit down. The tiny creature still alive in my grasp.

I say a prayer. "Your Maker is ready for you, dont be afraid. It is beautiful there."

I wait. I wait for the tiny heart to stop beating. I wait, thinking about where I will dig the little hole.

But the miniature heart continues to beat. It grows weaker, but more constant. I venture a peak into the world of my hands, to see what it looks like. I wasnt sure at all who was in my hands, I had picked it up so quickly. A tiny black spot peers back at me. It blinks. I open my hands a little more and to my surprise I see a fully grown house wren. I had assumed it was a baby because of its small size. But it was full grown and it was moving. Its feet clutched for some unknown twig. Its beak opened for more air. And its eye began looking this way and that, assessing its situation.

I was amazed. I'd never seen a wren here before. I've seen them many times in the mountains and I love their call and their busy attitude. But I'd never seen one here before. Funny, I thought I knew all the birds common to this area after living here so long. But here I am on my last couple of days in this place and something completely new and surprising has dropped in on me. Never take things for granted I muse in my reverie.

I sit for a while and wonder what to do. Finally I take another peek, slowly opening my hands. Then, a sudden rush of energy and sound. Feathers and feet go flying past my face. Never take ANYTHING for granted! It took me 30 minutes to catch that wren. She was always one step ahead of me. When I did, I put her in a box with a tea towel over it, just like my Mother used to do with injured birds. I carried it far away to the park down by the stream where there wouldn't be so many cats. The last I saw of the wren she was deep in brush and cover and scolding me noisily for her sudden ordeal. She made me laugh.

Back to moving. Back to packing. A whole new life ahead of me in some new place. I hope it will be full of adventure. Like the adventure of the wren. And how she taught me, no matter how long you have been somewhere. No matter how well you think you know the neighborhood. No matter how bored you are with it and are desperately looking for something else. There is always something new to delight you.