

Earlier this summer son Randy helped us bring a concrete bird bath from behind our house and set it up under the ornamental crab apple tree between our house and the street. Hanging from the tree are the bird feeders where Jim keeps “the children” well supplied with bird seed. All summer the birds have looked askance at that bird bath and did fly-overs to scope it out. About a week ago several little “flyers” gingerly landed on the rim and took sips of the daily-fresh water.

Yesterday we spotted a sparrow throw caution to the wind and dive into the water. (He may have just lost his balance and fallen in but I’d rather believe he went in on purpose.) After a few seconds he started flailing his wings with abandon and the water doused his 5 buddies who were lined up on the rim. Eventually, several more of the crew braved the challenge and got into the water. (There may or may not have been some sort of “I dare you” thing going on but we will never be sure of that.) They, most likely, are regretting not enjoying the facilities on 90+ degree days all summer.

Last evening just after dusk, I spotted one of the neighborhood cats, Baby Kitty, stroll under the tree, sniff the ground and then jump up on the birdbath. She sampled the water but soon jumped down and wandered up the street towards home. Perhaps, the aviary-scented-and-flavored water did not taste nearly as yummy as the culinary delight of live-birds-on-the-wing so she lost interest.

This afternoon the birds are out in full force, making use of their splash pad and Baby Kitty is, fortunately, nowhere in sight.