

The Hummingbird Whisperer



About 6 months ago, I hung a hummingbird feeder from one of our Ficus trees in the backyard and waited to see if any new visitors would arrive. It wasn't long before several hummingbirds began coming by to get a taste of the sweet nectar it contained.



I quickly became fascinated with these colorful, hyper, little birds and ordered more feeders in an attempt to keep up with the ever-increasing demand they created because of their unquenchable thirst.

Every morning I would go out and refill each of the feeders. As time went by, the hummingbirds warmed up to me and would now begin chirping as I stepped out into the backyard to feed them. When I mentioned that observation to my husband, he dubbed me as "The Hummingbird Whisperer".

Each day now began with a little added joy, at least until the morning when I noticed one of my new-found friends immobile and seated on the ground.

When that little bird saw me coming, it panicked and flew away. To my surprise, there was another hummingbird underneath the one that had left so abruptly.

I was overcome with sadness as I looked down upon the tiny purple-breasted bird that remained. Its eyes were closed and it wasn't moving at all. I thought to myself, "the one that scurried away must have been its mother and was trying to keep its injured offspring alive and warm".

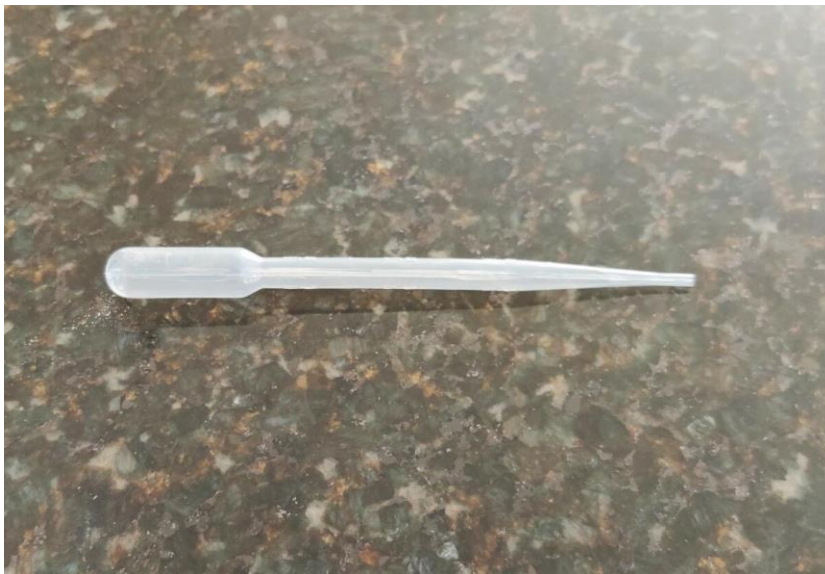
Refusing to believe the worst, I sprang into action. Upon gathering a small plastic container, some paper towels and a handwarmer, I returned to render aid.

I laid the paper towels on the bottom of the plastic container, then taped the handwarmer underneath my newly-created "incubator box".

Carefully I picked up the hummingbird and set it inside.

30 minutes later, I was astonished as the tiny hummingbird began to move, just a little at a time. If there was any chance of its survival, I would now have to find a way to feed him.

I ran into my craft room, grabbed a little dropper (pipette) and filled it with my special hummingbird nectar.



At first, he took very little of what I was offering. Every 15 minutes, I would go back outside and feed him again. Each time, he was willing to take in a little more than he had before. Suddenly, his eyes opened and he began to flutter his wings.



A couple of hours later, I was encouraged to see that the small hummingbird had hopped up onto the side of the plastic container.



As I went outside for his next scheduled feeding, I quickly noticed that he was no longer there. Upon searching every inch of my yard, I discovered that he was gone. Amazingly, he had fully recovered and flown away under his own power!

That morning which started out so badly has now become one that I will always cherish because of the small miracle that happened that day.