

Oregonauthor.com

Jon Remmerde

238 words

Published in *The Christian Science Monitor*

Freedom for a Very Small Bird

Breezes blew smells of growing grasses and mountain flowers through open doors into the shop where I painted the frames of window screens I had brought up from the big lodge on the Girl Scout ranch we took care of 7,700 feet up in east slope of Northern Colorado's Rocky Mountains.

I heard music from hummingbird wings and saw the iridescent flash of green, red, and white as a broad-tailed hummingbird flew by me into the shop and stopped against a small window in the wall opposite the big, roll-up doors. Where sunlight shone in, there would be a way for him to fly out, he thought, and he struggled to fly through the hard, unyielding glass.

I walked across the shop, reached out, trapped the hummingbird against the glass, and closed my hand around him. I felt a very small, very light motion in my hand as I walked back across the shop and outdoors. I felt a much larger stirring inside me, where emotions live, at being able to touch, hold, and help this tiny wild bird.

I extended my arm and opened my hand. He knew he was outdoors and free. He flew straight up, so fast, he was a flash of brilliant colors in sunshine and out of sight into the mountain blue sky.

I stood a moment. Then I went back to work, lighter on my feet and singing of sunshine and freedom.