



Musing

April 2021 - "The Forest is Fuzzy"

Anne Torrey

Look grandma! The forest is fuzzy!

Such were the words of my imaginary grandchild as I was walking with Tug in the cool morning air today. And you know what? The child was right! As the buds slowly begin to come to light they are obscuring the long winter view provided by the bare bushes and trees lying dormant as the critters hibernate. A little skiff of snow belies the fact that soon the grass will be green and the buds will be shooting from the cold earth, granting us a beautiful, green reprieve from the cold gray winter.

Listen grandma! Someone is playing a drum!

Hmmmm close, but no cigar my little one...that is the feverish pecking of a giant Pileated woodpecker searching for its breakfast in the hollow oak tree, far off in the fuzzy woods. Did you know, the woodpeckers stay up north all year long? We not only hear them daily, but we see them hanging precariously, upside down, enjoying a free meal at our suet feeder. Sometimes he is joined by his friends the Hairy and little Downy woodpeckers as well. Blue Jays, Cardinals, Nuthatches, and Chickadees too numerous to count enjoyed their meals at the seed feeders in our yard. A good source of entertainment in the quiet winter, otherwise known as "up north TV."

Oh no grandma! Our bird feeders are bent and smashed!

Oh my, unfortunately the little rascal has observed correctly. Obviously, we left our entertainment source out a bit too long this year and the bears, hungry from a winter of hibernation found a quick source of nourishment, in the process destroying the feeders meant for our feathered friends. I doubt this will be the first time that happens! Not only have the bears slept for close to half a year, many of the females were pregnant and gave birth during that time, feeding their cubs on an empty stomach. Mama bear is hungry and needs to eat, NOW!

Grandma, why is Tuggie running round like crazy, sniffing everything?

Did you know, little one, that we have a beautiful big fox that lives nearby? The fox does not hibernate and runs through our woods all winter long looking for mice to eat, as well as other small critters. Tuggie can smell him and is tracking him on his hunting path trying to see where he went. Soon mama fox will show us her little ones as they emerge from their den, learning to hunt their own food.

Grandma, listen to the beautiful sound coming from the lake - it sounds so sad!

Oh sweetie! That is the first loon back for the season, calling for his mate to come and join him. Did you know he has flown almost 2000 miles to come home to our beautiful lake? He migrated to Florida last fall, where it is warm, and did not sing his song for the entire time he was there. He stays very quiet all winter. I think he misses his home up north and begins to sing when he is once again happy in his cool, clear lake. He just needs his partner to join him. She is a bit slower than he but will be along soon.

I love my imaginary grandchild, so full of wonder! I think I'll send this to my adult children, so they can see what a wonderful grandmother I would be... 😊