



Musing

February 2022 - "Spring Migration on Sweet Lake"

Thom Storm, Sweet Lake

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I woke up this morning to a cacophony of birds honking, squealing and squawking on Sweet Lake. The spring migration is on. Because of the abundance of frigid freshwater springs, nearly 50% of the lake is ice-free. I expect the lake has had open water early like this for eons. In some way, the DNA in the migrating birds know that they can stop and rest and refuel in Sweet Lake before they continue their flights north.

I hiked down to the shore and got in our kayak. Before too long I was out in the middle of this unique auditory experience. Four Trumpeter swans were chasing each other around. One pair would land and briefly stake out their territory, and then the other pair would come in, land by them, and chase them away. When seeing this spectacle from a kayak, it's amazing how big those birds are!

Along with the swans, there were at least 30 geese constantly honking to each other and making a loud outcry of competitive bleating. Swimming around with the geese were a group of darting mergansers that would dive down and pop up showing their white rump feathers.

Swooping along the shoreline were belted kingfishers that I could identify by their unique flying pattern and piercing call. Not to be left out, a group of mallards was flying around briefly and then landing, adding their voice to the chaotic symphony.

With all of this action going on in the water, a bald eagle stoically floated overhead as if immune from the noise of its fellow feathered companions.

What a morning to gratefully be alive and deeply breathe in this moment of peace with mother nature.

