

Birdsong

By Lynn Cassidy

This afternoon I was thrilled when I heard a birdsong that I normally equate with the arrival of spring. Now it's fall. I didn't know what bird made this most melodious sound. The song has a subtle sweetness. It felt like the bird was singing right in my heart.

I decided to research the bird call on the internet to see if I could find out what bird sings like that. It's quite amazing to listen to different birdsongs and try to distinguish the right one. After listening to many trills, warbles and caws, I eliminated the dissimilar ones. I finally narrowed it to the flute-like call of the Hermit Thrush.

I think of the many springs I've heard this birdsong. I heard it while camping in the Colorado mountains. I heard it when waking at home early in the morning. I remember a time when I was working as a school counselor in Kremmling and heard this song just outside my office window. It was perfect timing, because I had just heard some terrible news. It lightened my mood.

It's interesting how our brains register sounds and make interpretations and associations. Now, this Hermit Thrush song will remind me of a beautiful October day, playing tennis with my son, Kody. I will add it to my other spring memories and smile!