



When Wildlife Watch receives calls about birds who have flown into windows, we suggest placing the bird in an open box, propping him or her up with a soft cloth or paper towels, and keeping the bird quiet, dark, and warm. A bird who flies into a window is always in shock and you should not try to give food or water at that time. The healing process can take anywhere from 15 minutes to even overnight, so we normally suggest that the person wait for a couple of hours, then take the box outside, open the lid, and see what happens. In most cases, the bird is able to get his bearings during that time of R&R and take off. Birds should only be released in daylight. If it's about an hour before dark, then try opening the box outside after 30 minutes. The bird may just take off.

LOVE HEALS BEST OF ALL

In early October, E.M. Fay sent the following email:

I just had a worrying but finally okay 15 minutes with a nuthatch. Poor thing crashed into my sliding glass door, in spite of the stuff I have hanging on it trying to prevent that. (When you think of the millions who slam into skyscraper windows every year it is too awful.)

Anyhow, he/she was discombobulated, lying on her back and flapping on the patio. I was so worried something might have broken, as it was a hard hit. I have had lots of chickadees, etc. do this. But this one seemed more upset.

Anyhow, I got out there immediately and picked her up, trying not to let her see my face and my "big predator eyes," as a wildlife rehabilitator said it was scary for them.

Instead of putting her in a box and keeping her upright in a quiet place as I usually do, I decided to hold this one to give her my warmth; it happened to be a cold day. I also wanted to see if she was injured. I held her to my front, making sure her wings were unencumbered, and kept my face averted, hoping my heartbeat would be soothing and not creepy.

She did not struggle, and I kept my grip very loose and only underneath so she would know she could go when or if she recovered. I kept her facing outward to the trees, and after 10 tense minutes, she moved to a different part of my chest, then clung to my sleeve for a bit, and then — hurray! — she took off. I was so relieved! If only all these stories had a happy ending.