

Hello,

Pamper your Carolina Wren. Once he decides he owns you, he will be the most entertaining and delightful bird you can imagine. He will ask to come in the house, fully expecting you to open the door, then sit quietly watching while he pokes around as he wishes. I had one who spent every winter in the cellar, going outside only on warm, bright days. On bad days, nothing could drive him from the shelter of the cellar.

One winter he was joined by two tree toads and visitors were quite astonished to hear Carolina talk and tree frog calls coming from beneath their feet. Another winter he had lovely white legs because he walked in a can containing an inch of white paint, and another time I scooped him out of the suds of the washing machine.

He coaxed his mate into nesting in the cellar one summer, which disrupted the meter-reader's schedule as I asked Light&Power to have him skip us while she was on the eggs. She seemed to enjoy my activities even when close to the nest. Perhaps egg-sitting is a bit dull and I was a diversion.

Bernie



RED-BELLIED WOODPECKER