



Three Hooded Mergansers

It is a rather dreary November rainy day this morning.. Lynn's sleeping until I have to awaken her so we can go to to Biff's Bakery and then to Fairfield meeting to see friends.. enjoy the thoughts of Phil Gulley.

As I gazed out at the pond I spotted three ducks I had never seen before that have arrived to rest from their travels. They joined our only duck we have left that the coyotes haven't devoured. I think he was left by them -- hoping that I would find him some duckie companions so they could have yet another feast. Well, the traveling ducks won't stay with "dog duck" (That is what my daughter named our survivor... it behaves like a dog...begging food ..following me around the yard). No, they won't stay, but what a treat...a gift. I looked them up in the bird book. They are [Hooded Mersangers](#)... rarely seen it said. What a simple pleasure to witness them--to wonder where they have been and where they will go. The dreary morning was converted to joyful morning by a simple gift of three traveling ducks... rare and beautiful....and wild and free. I caused me to recall one of my favorite Frost poems:

In a Glass of Cider

It seemed I was a mite of sediment
That waited for the bottom to ferment
So I could catch a bubble in ascent.
I rode up on one till the bubble burst,
And when that left me to sink back reversed
I was no worse off than I was at first.
I'd catch another bubble if I waited.
The thing was to get now and then elated.

Robert Frost, *In the Clearing*, 1962

I was indeed then elated.. and now I wait....for I know it will
happen again...

Sunday morning 11-27-2014