

Gillespie Creek Journal

Dear Readers I have chosen the **Phoebe** to headline this week's newsletter. The three species of **Phoebe** pictured like to live near water, woods and human dwellings everywhere in the United States.

Phoebe's are one of the first migratory birds to return and nest in the spring.

I welcome and love Phoebes because of their song. Phoebes sing their name "Phoe...bee..." (Experts disagree with me however. Officially they hear Phoebes singing "Tee...heee.")

Phoebe's are Nature's **Black Flag**

Phoebes are flycatchers. They nest prolifically and fledge as many as three broods a year.



Black Phoebes

Photo by Buddy Walker



Say's Phoebe

Photo By Buddy Walker



Eastern Phoebe

Photo by eBird

Phoebes make our world a better place cheerfully adapting as best they can to live out their 10 year life span benefiting man by controlling insect populations.

The Need of Being Versed in Country Things

By Robert Frost

The house had gone to bring again
To the midnight sky a sunset glow,
Now the chimney was all of the house
that stood,
Like a pistil after the petals go.

The barn opposed cross the way,
That would have joined the house in
flame
Had it been the will of the wind, was
left
To bear forsaken the place's name.

No more it opened with all one end
For teams that came by the story road
To drum on the floor with surfing hoofs
And brush the mow with the summer
load.

The birds that came to it through the
air
At broken windows flew out and in,
Their murmur more like the sigh we
sigh
From too much dwelling on what has
been.

Yet for them the lilac renewed its leaf,
And the aged elm, though touched
with fire;
And the dry pump flung up an
awkward arm;
And the fence post carried a strand of
wire.
For them there was really nothing sad.
But though they rejoiced in the nest
they kept,
One had to be versed in country things
Not to believe the Phoebes wept.

For more fascinating vignettes about purposeful bird behavior read: **The Genius of Birds** by Jennifer Ackerman