

Gillespie Creek Journal

Every Day We Are Learning

*Every day we are learning
How to live with essence, not ease.
How to move with haste, never hate.
How to leave this pain that is beyond us
Behind us.
Just like a skill or any art,
We cannot possess hope without
practicing it.
It is the most fundamental craft we
demand of ourselves.*

*By
Amanda Gorman*



White-throated Swift

4/30/2026
Flying In My Yard

Check out gillespiecreek.com for more

Evening time as the sun has set
Dusk has begun to take over,
The last birds call to their partners.
Through the fading last moments of
blue sky my eBird app flashed with a
red sign..."New Bird."

A White-throated Swift is identified
and recorded on my "Bird List."
I gloat about this spectacular
discovery!

All About Birds report:

"White-throated Swifts are hallmark of
the cliffs and canyon walls of scenic
western North America. These
striking black and white birds seem to
defy physics as they dive, twist and
turn at incredible speeds, pursuing
insects aloft.

Courting birds make spectacular dives
toward earth, one clinging to the back
of the other, separating as they pull
out of the plummet just above the
ground. They nest in crevices in sheer
cliffs, using their saliva to glue a little
cup of twigs and moss to the vertical
Wall, the couple's home."

All About Birds reports:

North America's littlest falcon, the American Kestrel packs a predator's fierce intensity into its small body. It's one of the most colorful of all raptors: the male's slate-blue head and wings contrast elegantly with his rusty-red back and tail; the female has the same warm reddish on her wings, back, and tail. Hunting for insects and other small prey in open territory, kestrels perch on wires or poles, or hover facing into the wind, flapping and adjusting their long tails to stay in place.

Kestrels are declining in parts of their range: you can help them by putting up nest boxes.



American Kestrel

In My Yard

More Or Less

I visited my friend named Charley Redd
From Utah's San Juan County
Raised on that dry, unyielding plain.
He's not used to Nature's bounty.
But, still he's grateful for what he has,
Though. Not a land of plenty—
Says, "There's no place'll do more with a little
rain,
And no place less without any."

By
Rolf M. Flake