

Reflection from the LAAMB

The other night Lore was going for a walk. I looked up from the computer and told her I would join her. Since she already had her winter coat and scarf on she stepped outside to wait for me. Minutes later, I joined her. But as I stepped outside, Lore said, “shhhhhhhhh”. “What is it” I whispered. She said, “Listen”. As I listen, I heard a hooting sound and then nothing....then a different hooting sound. Lore looked at me, smiling ear to ear, “isn’t it great?” she said in a very low voice. Then she whispers, “I have been listening to them as I waited for you. The first one is deep, soft hoots with a stuttering rhythm: hoo-h’HOO-hoo-hoo and the second one is much higher in pitch. I think the male is trying to woo the female because he keeps calling and she answers.” I whispered back, with a smile on my face.....do you think we can see them...Lore looks back at me with a smirk on her face as if to say, typical male who wants to see something!!! Then she quietly says, “let’s walk over to the end of the street where those huge fir trees are and see if we can hear them better. As she leads, she looks back at me holding her index finger up to her mouth signalling me to keep silent. You’d think I wasn’t able to keep quiet or something!!!Ha! Maybe she knows me too well!!!Ha!

We could hear them hooting back and forth as we walked towards those big fir trees huddled all together. It was the last house on the street and the fir trees started the forest area that went back quite a ways. There was no way we could go into the forest because we would be knee high in snow. Lore whispered, “this would be a great time to have some snow shoes!! So we stood there beside these huge firs and heard the owls even louder hoot back and forth. It was obvious that one was up in the fir trees not far from us and the other one was much farther away. Lore said, “we probably won’t see the one near us because they don’t often show themselves. So we stood looking at the fir trees listening to this calling and answering of the two owls for about 15 -20 minutes. Well, Lore said, “we might as well continue on our walk”. So we continued down another street listening to the owl’s calling fade away.

Lore was all excited saying to me , “wasn’t that great...to hear those owls?” I agreed. Then I thought we have been here for over two years and I walk almost every morning in darkness and I have never heard owls before, neither had Lore.

When we came home, some thirty minutes later, we told our kids about the owls. They were really interested, so I asked them if they



wanted to hear the owls. So we got dressed again and the kids followed us. But when we went outside there was no owl sound. We



thought maybe they have stopped just for a bit so we walked on to the fir trees. Nothing! No calls by the owls. I was surprised but Lore wasn’t because she is a birder and has experienced seeing or hearing a bird one minute and then the next minute they are gone. That’s one of the reasons

why Lore gets excited when she hears or sees a bird. The other is that she loves seeing them with all their colour and detail. It is a special moment in time and she knows it.

When we came home, I thought to myself. We had experienced a special moment in time hearing the beautiful sounds of those owls calling out to each other. It was so precious, so different, to our ears.



Then I wondered. How do I see this time we are experiencing in this Pandemic? Do I see it as a special time? An opportunity to see, hear and learn new things. A favourable time that is changing me, shaping me, moulding me to be different. We don't often do different things. We are creatures of habits. Then as I pondered this experience with the owls, I realized that many of my most momentous experiences have been when I have ventured out into

something different, something new, by myself, with a friend, Lore or with a group of people and/or parishioners. In the majority of cases, I have been better for those experiences. Most of those times have taught me something new or I have ended up appreciating life more.



This pandemic has been challenging and life threatening but has it really been all that bad? I don't think so. God is continuing to show us blessings in this world and still calls out to us in this special time...this time it was through some owls!!!

Pastor Perry

P.S. I found this on the internet:

Grey Horned Owl

During the breeding season (roughly from February –July), males and females give a low-pitched series of resonating hoos that last for 6–8 seconds with about 20- 30 seconds between calls. The male's vocalization is lower pitched than the female.

How lucky we were to hear them call in the beginning of January!!!!