

August 2012 - Story of a Past Rescue

Rescuing water fowl is NOT fun. Some time ago I was called by a local golf course. There was a white, long legged bird (a crane) stuck in the mud. I told them that we did not rescue wildlife, that there were specialists that did. They responded saying they couldn't find anyone else and would I at least come and see. OK!

It was one of our hottest summer days and this poor bird was actually on top of the mud. He wasn't heavy enough to sink in.....BUT I WAS!

I had already donned my hiking boots, and oldest jeans before setting out on this trek. I ventured out toward the bird, only to immediately sink into REAL QUICK SAND. I panicked as the sand sucked in around trapping me in. It felt like when you put a vacuum hose to your hand, but this suction was all around me.

At this point I vividly remembered watching the old Tarzan movies as a child, and seeing the "bad" guys going, going, gone, but the "good" guys always seemed to get pulled out. But there was no one to pull me out, only the young woman who escorted me to the site.

I was finally able to pull myself out using tree limbs above me. It was VERY hard and I was in better shape then. That rescue attempt did not work, so we traveled around the mud hole trying other spots, every time getting sucked in again.

Meanwhile, men in golf carts stopped on little bridges that crossed the mud (it was supposed to be a small lake, but we had not had much rain lately) laughing and just watching me STUCK! Of course, I began to get aggravated because they wouldn't get their expensive (sorry you golfers out there) shoes and outfits dirty, but I honestly don't think they realized that I was really stuck.

Finally, I walked out on a little pier (for lack of a better description) where I was closest to the bird, thinking I could hook him with a limb and drag him to me.....NOT! That is when I saw that his leg was broken and my heart broke for the pain he must've been in. As I ventured out and got stuck for the third time, I was close but oh so far.

Finally a male worker there saw my demise and found a stick with a crook in it to put around the bird. It worked and I scooped up the bird and passed it to him, but here I was stuck worse than before and really getting panicky. This very small Latino gentleman reached for me while holding on to this pier and with all of his strength pulled me out. I'd never dreamed he'd have that much strength. Of course, "thank you" just didn't seem good enough. He had just saved two lives.

Then my personal predicament occurred to me, I had no change of clothes and still had to get this poor bird to the vet knowing by then that he would not live, but I couldn't just let him suffer. So the young woman who was helpless to get me out of the mud certainly could get the mud off of me...with a very strong water hose. After almost being blown away along with the mud, I wrung myself off as much as possible, then found some old towels in the back of my vehicle to sit on, and away I went to the vets.

Needless to say the fella didn't make it, but it wasn't for a lack of trying. I hope you can see the humor in my predicament, and the sorrow we all felt by not being able to save this bird. Just one of hundreds of stories experienced during our times of rescue.

If you have any questions, please don't hesitate to write, phone or email (NEW EMAIL: tropics2345@yahoo.com).

Sincerely, Mary & John Bradford And The Birds! portant take into consideration any children in your home.