

BYE, BYE BIRDY

(Written by Marvelyn Reuer)

I have had several really weird experiences, most of which I wouldn't tell anyone.....however this one was probably one of the most unusual.

Our kids wanted to have some pet birds so their Dad and I bought them four little finches. We had them all in one cage and each one had been named. Well after a couple of months Wilbur got sick and after listening to him sneezing for several days he was 'feet up' in the cage one morning. Since we now had an uneven number the kids 'needed' to have another one.

One day when I was at the mall I decided to get the kids another Wilbur. They had lots of finches in the cage, all colors, and then I noticed one sitting in the corner looking droopy with hardly any feathers. I asked the clerk how much they wanted for that one and said since it was sick I could have it for half price. Now I'm a sucker for bargains....so I bought him and took him home. When I got home the kids weren't impressed with him at all and my husband didn't think I had gotten much of a bargain at all, in fact he said had I waited a couple more days I could of got the bird for nothing as he'd of been dead!

Well I nursed that little bird back to health and he grew back all his feathers and sang almost like a canary. And only then did the kids finally give him a name of Wilber the 2nd. They obviously didn't have much faith in my nursing skills and that he would make it through mostly thanks to the encouragement that they got from their Dad.

I always cleaned the bird cage with the vacuum cleaner with the small attachment on as the cage hung in an archway with plants surrounding it and it was hard to get down. One day I was in a hurry and forgot to put the attachment on when cleaning the cage. I heard a flupp..... which I thought sounded strange, then I counted the birds and there were only three of them. I was horrified and immediately shut off the vacuum cleaner, pulled out the bag and there amid all the dust and dirt lay Wilbur the 2nd. He was once again almost 'bald' and one wing was broken. In general he didn't look too healthy! I carefully picked him up and laid him on a kleenex, then promptly phoned my darling, sensitive husband at work! I was very upset and in tears and when I told him what had happened, he started laughing....so I hung up on him! I then phoned the Veterinarian and after telling him what happened, he said, "You did what???" and started laughing, so I hung up on him too! By this time I was really upset so I called my neighbor who came right over with a bottle of brandy and an eye-dropper. We did our best but poor Wilbur the 2nd didn't make it. I'm not really sure if he died from his unfortunate accident or if he drowned in the brandy we poured down his little throat with the eye-dropper. Thank goodness for a sympathetic neighbor!!!

When the kids came home from school they weren't really too upset and didn't label me a 'bird murderer' or anything. The kids weren't really too surprised by anything their Mother did anyway as strange things happened frequently in our home???

My husband has related this story often, and said when I phoned him and said something terrible happened. He said he thought something happened to the kids or our parents, but when I calmed down enough to tell him he was so relieved he couldn't stop laughing. Most everyone that here's it thinks that it's funny, however I still fail to see any humor in it!

The Lord gave me a dream

This is another one of my memoirs, to read more, go to <http://burningbushcrusades.com/> and click on memoirs.

Bro. Ken