

I finally did it. I have talked for a long time saying I would do it, and now I can finally say that I've done it.

Actually it was about time. It's not like it was a difficult chore or anything. It didn't cost much in time or money. It's just one of those things you talk about doing forever and then all of a sudden you just do it.

I was out shopping this weekend and I went by an aisle that absolutely screamed at me. It said, "Hey Andy ... how many times have you talked about doing this? Come on buster, I'm right here ... I'm ready for ya, big fella. Just pull that cart over here and take the plunge."

So I did.

I bought a nice little wooden bird feeder to hang outside my kitchen window.

Now I can't tell you how many times I've stood there in the morning sipping on my morning coffee, looking out at the fresh new day and thought to myself, 'Gee, I bet this would be a cool place to hang a bird feeder'. My kitchen window looks out on a lot of trees, a gentle creek and pretty much nothing else. A nice bird feeder would be a perfect complement.

Now buying a bird house is not the same as buying a people house. I'm not concerned with how much storage it has how many bedrooms ... does it have a fireplace (God forbid!) or what kind of plumbing it has ... I just want something that the birds can stand on and grab some breakfast.

It was an easy choice really. Actually, variety is not an issue with bird feeders. The issue comes in buying the food ... I never knew all these winged buddies had different diets. I thought a seed is a seed when it comes to birds, but apparently I have a lot to learn. So I bought a bag of stuff that had Gourmet written across the top because I didn't know anything about all these different birds they were talking about and as far as I am concerned, whatever science wants to call them, they are welcome at my kitchen window and they will eat gourmet cooking for breakfast as long as I have anything to do with it.

I get home all excited about my new neighbors. I quickly realize that my kitchen window is some fifteen feet from the ground and my seven foot ladder isn't going to be much help. I go to plan B which requires me to hang out my kitchen window - fifteen feet above the ground - and

try to get a hole started so I can screw my hook into the roof awning. This would not be a difficult task if I was a manly man who had all the proper tools. I do not. Instead of quickly drilling a small hole to screw my hook into, I am left hanging upside down with a hammer and nail trying to get a starter hole for my hook.

I lived to talk about it which is good news. My bruised thumb should heal nicely after a couple of weeks. My neighbors were mostly gone, so the cursing and stomping as I angrily marched down the stairs to retrieve my fallen hammer for the third time for the most part went unnoticed. And I swear I heard far too much giggling coming from the bushes around me as my new friends enjoyed the hilarious drama unfolding from my kitchen window.

But it's up there now and after a couple of weeks, I'm happy to report that the bird feeder was an exceptional idea. I now can enjoy my morning coffee with a wonderful variety of new friends. They have come to understand that I am no threat to them standing on the other side of the window and have pretty much ignored me as they enjoy their breakfast every morning. I've come to identify most of my regulars too. I never knew birds could be that different, but they are.

I'm very happy that I finally did this. I can think of no better way to start each morning than to stand at my kitchen window with my cup of coffee and watch my buddies get their day started. It certainly is a calm and peaceful way to start a day.

And these are pets I don't have to take on walks.... I don't have to clean up their poop ... I only have to keep the feeder full and stand back and watch them. Now for me, that's the perfect pet.

But I'm having problems going to the store now. Something about aisles screaming at me makes me a bit unnerved.

Just A Thought