

Reminders from a Hummingbird

The buzzing sound had been niggling in the back of my mind, but I was too absorbed to notice. This warm spring night felt so peaceful that I'd taken my writing out to our spacious brown deck.

We don't often get a summer-like week in mid-May, but this year it arrived in a sudden burst. I dedicated myself to taking full advantage of it.

Then the chattering started.

Sharp. Insistent. Irritated bird squawking.

What in the world? I thought, finally looking up.

And there it was.

My infamous little green and ruby-throated hummingbird, back from down south. The young male I thought had been born just the previous spring. He had frequented my deck feeders constantly last summer, well into September.

"Well, hello!" I laughed. "Hello again—you're back!"

I was grinning ear to ear.

But this bird was not here for pleasantries.

Flitting to and fro from the tree where my feeder was *supposed* to be, he zipped over to inspect our brand-new orange umbrella, then hovered midair about ten feet from my face—chattering with unmistakable urgency.

This bird was upset. And I had the distinct feeling I was getting called out and scolded.

By a hummingbird.

I grimaced as realization dawned. I knew exactly why.

"I'm so sorry," I said out loud. "I knew it was time to put the feeders up, but I had no idea you'd be here already. It's been so warm—I should have guessed. I've been negligent! I'll get them out right away."

His tiny, indignant antics still made me smile.

Little Hummer, I decided to call him. Or perhaps *Little Squawker* would be more fitting.

He continued his reprimand for another minute before finally darting away.

Chagrined, I finished my work, then headed inside to boil water and measure out the sugar. Yes, I would dig those feeders out of the garage and get them up tonight.

Spring. It's finally spring!

The thought carried me as I bustled about in the darkening twilight, hanging the feeders filled with cooled sugar water.

Spring makes me so happy.

The six months of winter here feel long—dark days, lingering snow, cold that seems to settle deep in the bones. January through April especially leave us longing for warmth, for sunlight, for life.

And then, when spring finally arrives, it feels magnetic, drawing us outside.

Some years, it seems as though we skip spring entirely, moving from cold weather straight into sudden, almost shocking warmth. Not a gentle thaw, but a summer burst like this week's unexpected eighty-degree days.

Yes, spring floods my heart and soul with warmth and light.

It's my favorite time of year—watching creation come back to life. Light green leaves unfurl a little more each day. Flowerpots and vegetable starts appear outside every store. Baby squirrels emerge, chasing one another like children. The grass greens. Trees bloom in soft pinks and whites.

And most of all, I love our big deck nestled in the woods—shared with the quiet, busy, and sometimes very opinionated creatures who return each year.

Even the smallest creatures seem to know where to return—where they are expected, where they are provided for.

And maybe, in his own insistent way, that tiny hummingbird was reminding me of something deeper:

to be ready...

to notice...

and to meet with the One who created it all, always waiting for me first.