

Who is Doing... continued

I wondered what else I could do, should do. I checked the bird book. It was a yellow magnolia warbler. Its yellow and black feathers had me thinking at first that it was a goldfinch, yet it had some unusual black striped features on its breast and a different look about its head.

Wow! a magnolia warbler! I knew I'd heard warblers in the summer but could never spot them. I sat. Reiki flowed.

After about 35 minutes, I noticed a bit more activity with the warbler. Its eyes remained opened, and it was slowly moving its head to see what was left and right. I sat. Reiki flowed.

We moved into the garage because the cat mustn't get suspicious and if a flight was in the bird's future, I was concerned for its safety. At about 40 minutes the warbler seemed to be steadier on its feet. It was more alert although clearly unafraid and seemingly comfortable in the palm of my hand. The Reiki continued and the yellow magnolia warbler continued to become steadier and more alert.

It gave a little ruffle of feathers and its eyes seemed to be searching for something familiar. It listened to my pitiful attempts as whistling a birdlike tune. 50 minutes had passed and as I placed my hand near to the nest I'd created, the yellow warbler gingerly walked from my palm into the nest where it sat. Looking for a protected area, I placed the nest under a leafy poppy plant in the garden in front of a kitchen window. I could keep an eye on the warbler from there. I wondered if I should return it to the back yard where it landed on the deck.

No, in the front there were lots of other birds for it to hear and see at the feeders and trees. I checked to see if it was still there as I finally drank my coffee. Still in the nest. 5 minutes later still there....15 minutes ..still there.

As I showered, I wondered what I would do if it couldn't get out of the nest and off on its own. Last year after I rescued a guinea pig that had been left in a snow mound and carried 2 miles home with me during my morning walk, I told Kenny I wouldn't bring in any other pets.

No worry! When I peeked out of the window after my shower, the yellow warbler was no where to be seen. I thanked the divine Reiki for the beautiful healing that miraculously restored the little bird.

A long story about the wonderful opportunity presented to me to offer Reiki to the yellow warbler. . . so I imagined until I was driving to the Reiki Clinic. A thought entered my mind, who was doing the healing??? Was I healing the yellow warbler, or was the yellow warbler healing me? So often we think that we are the ones who act on the behalf of the Divine, and yet we are all one.

I realized the yellow warbler came to offer the healing gift of Reiki to me. It moved me away from the busyness that I had created for this morning and brought me to that quiet place of love, of hope, and of peace. Namaste little yellow warbler, Namaste.