## Lamorinda

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Lamorinda Home Sales

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## Digging Deep with Goddess Gardener, Cynthia Brian

## Fall flying

By Cynthia Brian

always fascinated me.

My grandmother was a birder

and an animal handler. In addi-

tion to her dogs, horses, and barn-



resident. Throughout the years,

birds or those in need of a new

home including pheasants, ca-

I've adopted a plethora of injured

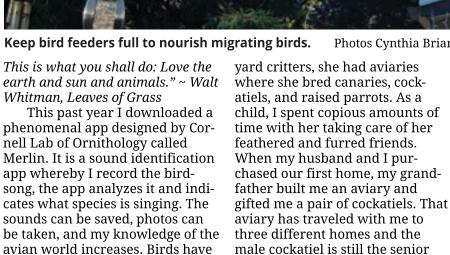
naries, doves, finches, quail, pigeons, and parakeets. I love my birds. Wild birds are my garden

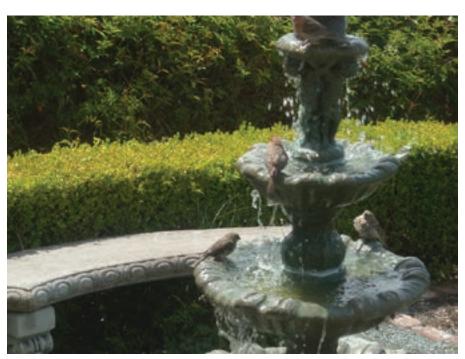
helpers and I enjoy watching their aerial antics, listening to their chatter, and observing their feeding frenzies. My landscape is a haven for orioles, finches, waxwings, bluebirds, warblers, sparrows, mockingbirds, bluejays, doves, hummingbirds, and a host of other species that I am just learning. Owls hoot from the trees at night, and the sky boasts hawks gliding on the currents. I plant my garden so that it provides food,

shelter, water, and refreshing baths for the birds.

Fall is the flying season. Millions of birds are migrating. It's perilous. Many make thousandmile journeys twice a year: spring and autumn. They migrate because of the change in weather, availability of food, and breeding cycles. In North America, many birds migrate south to find a warmer climate, flying to Mexico, Central America, and the Caribbean. Warblers, orioles, and hummingbirds may migrate as far as South America.

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Photos Cynthia Brian Birds splash in the gurgling fountain