



Robbie

Robbie a Congo African Gray who owned Linnea Nicholson-Farris for nine years crossed over the rainbow bridge on January 9, 2013. Her passing was very sudden and there were no indications she had any health issues at all. The night before she was alert and active and in the morning when Linnea came home from work she was gone. Robbie's passing was a loss to not only Linnea and her family but to all of us who

knew her. Robbie was also a frequent visitor at nursing and assisted living homes and warmed the hearts of everyone she visited with. She will be forever missed and will always be remembered, her passing was way too soon for her young age.



Cricket

Cricket "The Cheeky Green Cheek" a Pineapple Green Cheek Conure who owned Cara Ward crossed over the rainbow bridge. Cricket would poof up and march back and forth on her perch and give little love nips when her head was scratched. The way she said "Hey Baby" when she wanted attention will never be forgotten. Cara will always cherish and remember her time with Cricket which was so tragically cut short.

"Some say they don't believe that Angels can be seen or heard. What a shame such blindness, what a pity such deafness,

when the Song of Songs abounds and heaven's flyers are all around, only thinly disguised ... as birds." (author unknown)



Bogart

You gave me 21 years of your devotion (up to January 2007). I thought you and Merlin would be with me for nearly all my days on earth, or so I hoped. Those inquisitive eyes taking in the entire world could see beyond the known. How I loved that dusty grey smell. Who would have thought a grey bird with maroon tail would have taught me so much? I adopted you when someone changed their mind after purchasing you. You were probably about a year old. We started out together with you learning to step up on the perch, then my two fingers. At first I was a little afraid of you. As time went on, you requested some head scratches. Your eye would close when I touched your white mask with my finger. That flat grey head was kissed a number of times.

Your first word was "What?" Mostly, you were a master of repetition for household noises. I thanked you for microwaving for me. You cried like a baby (like the kids) and went on to say, "Awww" to comfort them. You could have left out the smoke alarm sound that was too loud! Exploration was part of your routine, whether it was walking around the house or darting over to bite some toes. Once, I frantically looked for you in every room and found you hiding in the entertainment cabinet behind the glass door. How could I scold you after you playfully said "Whoop?" I will never forget your song, "My Girl" by the Temptations. I changed the words to include "My Bird" as a substitute. You could keep good time with the vertical bob dance.

When Merlin (Blue Headed Pionus) was added to the household, clearly you looked annoyed. After all, you were the Queen of the house. He was merely a prince in your eyes. After all, he was not a Grey. You tolerated him, even when he stole the food off the bottom of your cage. You learned to fly a little after witnessing a few of his short flights.

I will always love my Bird Girl. You are with the larger flock in heaven.

Susan



Merlin

Your big brown saucer eyes looked at me when I first looked inside the cage at you. Not only that, a rainbow could not compete with all the colors God painted on you. A stunning indigo blue head, rich green body with bronze accented wings, coral pink color dotted beak/ neck feathers, and red-orange tail feathers tinged with royal blue tips. Little did I know that a quirky disposition was behind all the plumage. When you were excited to see your favorite people, a musky forest smell wafted in the air. The odor was termed "Pionus Cologne." The funny wheezing that you did reminded me asthma, but I am glad it was not. Those flirty little eye blinks meant you were happy.

Everyday you greeted me with, "Good Morning" when I lifted off the cage cover. The breakfast was served right away as you expected. You relished with oatmeal, vegetables and fruit. My favorite inquiry of yours was, "You Okay?" Early morning was not your favorite time, but you briefly woke up to appease me. I loved coming home to your excited greeting in the evening. The head feathers were raised and tail feathers fanned as you ran around the bottom of the cage saying, "Hi, Hi" over and over again. As long as I had your almond ready and birdie bread you were happy to wait until the rest of the dinner was ready. The best part is that you were happy just to be with me and your other favorite

person, Carolyn. When it was time to go to bed (early, as Pionus birds need beauty sleep), you would say me "Goodnight Baby." when I covered the cage.

Your time with me was far too short, as you departed earth on March 1, 2011. Thank you for all the days we had together. I will treasure all the memories in my heart. Fly free in the heavens with Bogart (dear departed African Grey).

Susan

Bye to Pumpkin

My buddy (A.K.A.) Pumpkin passed on June 3rd. He will be missed every time I cook, eat watermelon, salad, or his new favorite a banana. It took me four years to get him to taste a banana.. Pumpkin was not the easiest companion to care for Like most Amazons he had his grouchy moments.. He live with me for 5 years and, even though he was abused at one time, he learned to trust me. For the first year in our home he would study us all the time. He knew what I was going to do even before I knew what I was going to do . He loved food! Anytime I would cooked or would be in the kitchen cutting up something he would go crazy. Sometimes he got so excited he would fall off his perch or cage. I never seemed to get those "Tasty treats" to him fast enough. Then I would have to run over and baby him, pick him up and put him back.

He loved to sun by the window or when I took Willow outside he would want out to go out also but I couldn't put him in a smaller cage outside. (OH, NO, NO) Pumpkin would run inside his cage and wait until " MOM" closed the door and pushed him though the room and out the door onto the porch, then he was happy guy!!! (What a sucker I am)

He loved his showers and he wanted to be drenched. He also loved to torture Ted . He would love to charge at Ted and lunge at him too!! One day while I was at work, Ted walked a little too close to Pumpkin's cage. Well...Pumpkin just could not resist and, he went for it.! He leaped ON TEDS NECK AND TED WENT IN CIRCLES YELLING "GET OFF, Get Off.". Boy I wish I could have seen that.{hee, hee}.

Pumpkin also did not like to be held that much but he wanted to be as close as he could to me. About a year ago he decided that Willow did not need her playground ANY MORE and just like that it was Pumpkin's playground. Willow would scream an scream but Pumpkin would not budge. After that, Willow took moms dinner room table for her playground. Pumpkin would look down upon her (for he was at the top) laughing at poor Willow. He did not like the color red but he liked Cream of Wheat for breakfast and peanut butter and banana sandwiches. Pumpkin did not live to be a ripe old age but he did live well and with zest. WE will miss you Big Guy!

Mary K. Perva

My Friend Gizmo



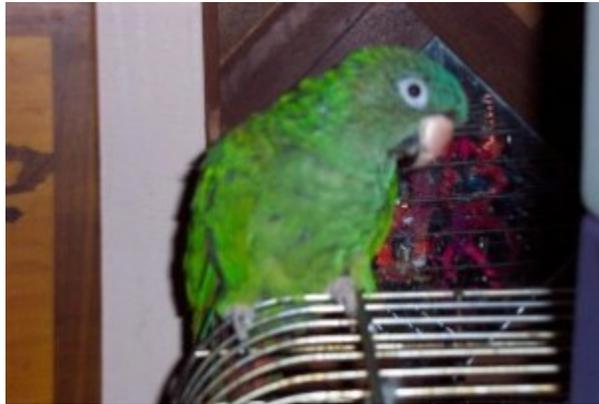
March 2005 I fell in love with my cherry headed Conure. It was by chance that our paths crossed. You see, I had put my name on a wish list and I believe there was divine intervention for our relationship. I got the call and it was love at first sight.

Gizmo was an abused bird, he had difficulty eating from a previously overgrown beak. He had difficulty climbing and holding on, such a clumsy little guy. No socialization skills, but what energy. He ran like a roadrunner. When you walked by his cage, he puffed and hissed like a snake. What a brave little dinosaur. What baggage he had, his history I never knew but his future was mine.

As time went on, he became more trusting and loving. What a clown he could be, what a joy. I developed a special bond with my little green buddy. Every night before I went to bed, I went to his cage to say, "good night Giz" and I would get a purr or "I love you". He was my favorite.

Someone's cast off became my treasure. This rescued bird touched my heart and will always be in my memories. If there is a birdie heaven, he deserves to be there. I love you Gizmo.

Blue-Crowned Conure- Bo



Bo was a pet of mine for 15 years, who was wild caught and unwanted because he was **too loud!** When I first rescued him he was only feed sunflower seeds, **NOT A HEALTHY DIET which leads to fatty liver!!!!** Being a Conure, they have a high pitch scream that could be heard down the block from my house.

[Buddy](#)

R.I.P.

He passed away 6-11-07 after he had his leg amputated at the vet's office because he got bit by a larger bird....

Alex



Known as one of the most famous African Grey parrots in history, Alex pioneered new avenues in avian intelligence. He possessed more than 100 vocal labels for different objects, actions, colors and could identify certain objects by their particular material. He could count object sets up to the total number six and was working on seven and eight. Alex exhibited math skills that were considered advanced in animal intelligence, developing his own "zero-like" concept in addition to being able to infer the connection between written numerals, objects sets, and the vocalization of the number. Alex was learning to read the sounds of various letters and had a concept of phonemes, the sounds that make up words.

Alex's personality was very evident in his everyday life. He was "in charge" of his home and relished ordering "his" humans to perform various tasks for him. He also acted as a coach and cheerleader to his fellow birds, Wart and Griffin, alternately encouraging or admonishing them during their lessons. His favorite toys were cardboard boxes, key chains and corks.

Purchased from a Chicago pet store in June, 1977, at that time he was 12 to 13 months old. Alex came from humble beginnings. Alex's accomplishments proved that all African Grey parrots have an intelligence far beyond what was previously thought before his decades-long work with Dr. Pepperberg. Sadly, Alex passed way on September 6, 2007, dying of unknown causes. He was 31 years old.

We miss him dearly.

Fly high Little dude!!

Peaches



Peaches the Peach Faced Lovebird owned Jill and Dale Domeier for over twenty years and will leave a hole in both of their hearts. Peaches crossed over the rainbow bridge very suddenly and without warning on November 4th 2012. She will be missed and forever remembered.

BINKY



Sadly we must report the loss of another feathered member of our club. Binky a White Bellied Caique who owned Susan and Charles Dixon crossed over the Rainbow on May 22nd. Her passing was very sudden and unexpected; the night prior she was fine then in the morning it was obvious she was in distress. Binky was rushed to the emergency vet where she crossed over.

Binky was a regular attendee at the clubs bird shows and was known for her tap dancing ability and as the bird that followed Susan home. Although her time with us was short she will always be remembered and loved.

Thank you so very much for all your kind words and condolences. Your tender words mean so much to me. Our vet called this morning as she had completed the necropsy on little Binky. The results are that she had an enlarged heart and a great deal of fluid had backed up into her abdomen which made it difficult for her to breathe. The vet thinks that she was born with this heart defect, and that there was nothing we could have done to prevent her premature death. When people are born this way, they need heart transplants, but they don't do that with animals. If there is any comfort in any of this, it's that at least I know

that I didn't do anything to cause this terrible event, and that I could not have prevented it. She said that even if the fluid had been discovered a little earlier and she might have drained it, but that would have only prolonged the inevitable. She wouldn't have lived much longer. It was just one of those things that happen and we have no control over it. When people have this condition, it's called congestive heart failure.

I'm sending along the link to Binky's YouTube video in case you'd like to see it or watch it again (if you've seen it before). It's a little reminder of how much joy she brought into our lives. It always brings a huge smile to my face...even through my tears. She was such a joy!

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YS-rxJ_3rDw

Love,

Susan/Mama/Nana