

# The Bandera PROPHE'T

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The View From Dry Creek Hill

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Special to the Prophet

I give my wife hummingbirds for her birthday. I hang the feeders a week or so before Loretta's birthday and the hummers arrive in time for the party. They get a shot of sugar while we get a slice of cake.

You probably think I'm getting away cheap, but consider that there's more to the hummingbird gift than meets the eye. I'm committing to making food until late fall and keeping an eye on the feeders for when they need refilling and cleaning. This year the hummers have been draining the feeders more rapidly than usual. My theory is they know it's harder to find sugar in the store with all the COVID shortages and they're hoarding it. We're lucky they don't use toilet paper.

I also have to bring the front deck feeders in every night and rehang them in the morning. If I don't do that the raccoons have a party. The empty feeders might be hanging on their hooks in the morning but if the raccoons went bar-hopping I have to search the property. One forgotten night is a reminder that lasts for months. I hung the backyard feeder from a wire that I control with a pulley system and I've been able to leave that feeder out overnight. You might wonder why I don't do that for the front deck feeders, too, and that's a good question. It's partly because I haven't figured out a location that works well for photos and pulleys simultaneously, partly because I'm lazy, and partly because I like to have something to complain about.

And there is one benefit to bringing the feeders in every night. I need to do it around sunset. It would be easy to miss my view of sunset without that chore. Every time I look out to the west and see the hills outlined against that vermilion sky I get a reminder of how lucky I am to live where I do.

But, yeah, you're right. I'm getting off cheap on the birthday deal. And Loretta makes her own cake, too.