

Remembering Rosieby Sabra

I remember the first time I saw her...a shy six month old Solomon Eclectus....she was beautiful! I visited her every week until I was able to bring her home....each time she was more friendly.

Finally, I brought her home! I had her new cage all set up with toys, perches, and food....

She explored every inch of her new home. After a few minutes she was more interested in visiting with me than staying in her new cage with all of the goodies it held...

From that time on we were constant companions....I work during the day so each evening we spent time doing chores or just sitting watching television....she was a snuggler.

A few months after she came to live with me she injured her leg and wasn't able to stand or walk well. I began carrying her around in a shoulder bag. She was quite content to spend time in that bag....many times she fell asleep. I remember taking her to the bird club picnic that August....in that same bag.

I remember how she liked to play hide and seek. I always kept a blanket folded on the top of her cage...she would run under it and "hide"...then she would run out just until I could see her....she'd "cluck " and I'd tell her that I was going to "get her"...she'd run and hide again...she would keep hiding until she finally got bored....she loved that game.!

I remember going for car rides....she loved going....and boy was she a head turner! Everyone was awed with her beauty...and I really think she enjoyed the attention!

I remember all the times we used to go to our neighbors pool together in the summer to watch my kids swim...she would contentedly lay on my lap or on my chest while I read Bird Talk or another magazine.

I remember last year when Emily did a report on the Solomon Islands. She was supposed to bring "props" for her oral report....Rosie was one of her "props" . She sat quietly while Emily gave her report....then Emily answered questions...mostly about Rosie. Every child in her class had a chance to hold Rosie ...word soon spread and then there was sixty five kids in the room waiting to see that "pretty bird" . Every child was able to hold Rosie...she sat very still while one child passed her to another...some kids held her more than once. For most of the kids it was their first exposure to birds...and it was a good experience for them. I know Rosie left a lasting impression on each of those children....

I remember her inquisitive expressions when she didn't quite understand what I was doing....

I remember how she loved to take showers....I remember the smell of her feathers....I remember her calm, gentle spirit....

I remember the night I came home and discovered that she had taught our Moustache Parakeet to say "Rosie is a good bird" and to make kissing sounds...

I'll always remember what a special friend she was to me....no judging...no gossip....just unconditional love...something we all need more of...



I remember the last night we spent together...
You'll always have a special place in my heart.
Dear Rosie...my sweet feathered friend.

Scotton (1/20/08)