Transitions

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Many, many years ago, there lived a large white owl named Simon with soft eyes and a strong beak.

He had made his home in a very old Torrey Pine tree that had many large branches that spread out over a beautifully landscaped property called “A county oasis”.

From the tree, Simon could see out far into the orange grove and out past the vineyards but his gaze mostly fell down to the lily ponds, surrounded by cobblestone walkways.

There were large Koi fish living in the ponds and Simon would occasionally see a Blue Herron bird land on the bridge and wait for a chance to steal one of the fish for dinner.

It was a game to him and when he saw the blue Herron arrive he would swoop down and chase the bird away. How dare it invade his property!

He loved coming back to this serene little village where he had made his home for years. There seemed to be an endless rodent population with the large fields nearby so there was always enough to eat.

The Torrey Pine Tree must have been over 100 years old and was the tallest and the biggest tree around for miles. He had watched the full moon rise from that tree on many nights.

Although Simon had many babies with lady owls over the years, this spring he came back to A country oasis to raise another family with a new lady owl.

Simon knew that he was getting older and that this time may be the last time he would have baby owls. The two baby survivors were a boy and a girl named Cisco and CeCe.

One night, Simon’s lady friend did not come home to nest in the big tree.

A large tear rolled out of Simon’s eye as he realized he would have to raise the two babies himself. They were getting strong and healthy and he knew they would make it in the world just fine. He had to explain a few things to them though.

He would start by teaching them how to fly.

From the tall branches of the pine tree, he led the way down to the roof of the house. From there, they were off to the field. CeCe and Cisco were fast learners!

But under the moonlight, later that night he had to tell the baby owls that he had heard talk of the tree being cut down. The tree was outgrowing its space and there was worry that it might not make it in the upcoming storms.

“Will the tree just disappear?” the babies asked.

“No, no, the tree is made of powerful energy and energy does not disappear. It transforms itself into something different.”

We never know beforehand what the transformation might be, but legend has it, that it is always something even better than it was before.”

The winds blew the leaves through the air and the owls settled into their nest realizing that a change was coming.

When the machinery and the loud noises came, the owl family moved to the large oak tree in the field, down by the old rusty truck. They couldn’t bear to be around when the Torrey pine tree was cut down.

Simon got older and older and knew that this would be his last winter before the skies opened up and brought him home. Before he went he told CeCe and Cisco to never worry about change.

“Even when I am gone you must remember that my energy will always surround you with protection and wisdom.”

Before they knew it, Simon was gone, leaving them to find a new home on their own.

They waited for spring before they ventured out to go tree shopping. Their wings had gotten very strong and their beaks very hard and they knew that they could choose any tree they desired.

“Hey, CeCe”, Cisco said as he stretched his growing wings. Let’s just fly by our old home and see what happened with the Torrey pine tree.”

“It might make me feel sad.” said CeCe.

“Remember Dad said not to feel sad about change.”

So they flew up the hill and were a bit startled when they came to the top as they didn’t recognize the property without the long branches covering it like a canopy.

Instead sat a tree house built into the base of the tree, made of bamboo with a straw roof.

“It looks like it has a smiling face,” Said Cece.

“I think that has something to do with its energy.” said Cisco.

And they looked up in the sky because they knew their father, Simon, the wise old owl, was looking down on them.