

Letter 580
The Vulture, The Eagle, and The Black Crows
2017-03-27

Dear **Jesus**,

What I am about to describe very likely happened in the late spring or early summer of 2003. By this time Dan and I had already been friends for a little while.

One day I was out walking on the trail behind my house. Further along toward the freeway overpass there is an area of undeveloped property that is densely wooded.

Suddenly, as I was walking past this area I heard a noise I had never heard in the woods before. It was the sound of flapping wings, but in slower cadence than one would normally hear in the forest from an indigenous bird like an Owl, Robin or Bluejay.

I stopped and turned to see what I was hearing. There, slowly flapping its dark wings, wending its way through the trees and bushes, was a large black Vulture.

I had never seen (or heard) a Vulture before in the wild, but I knew from previous pictures which I had seen over the years that this was indeed one of those carrion eating fowl.

Later on I did some research and found that Turkey Vultures populate the Pacific Northwest in the summer months. But in all the years I have lived here, this was the first time I had seen one.

When I shared this with Dan, he said he had seen something similar. He reported that on one occasion when he was in Downtown Seattle, he had seen Vultures circling around the King County Municipal building. Seattle is the King County Seat.

On another walk, I was returning home and stopped on the bridge to look at the river. Then I heard the sound of wings beating the air. I turned to the East and saw one of the most remarkable things I have ever seen in the wild.

There, gliding along in the air lower than treetop level was a flying Eagle, following along the course of the river.

As it passed directly overhead of my position, because it was so low, I could see the detail of its sharp orange talons neatly folded up against its feathered body, while it gracefully, yet with purpose, continued on its way.

What was interesting is that the Eagle was turning its head and looking from side to side, scanning the banks of the river, most likely for some food.

But there was something else. Along with the Eagle were two Black Crows. The Crows were flitting about, circling around and harassing the Eagle as it flew. But I could see that the Eagle paid no attention to the crows. It just kept flying, scoping out the lay of the land as it kept turning its head from side to side, visually piercing past the interference of the Crows with its keen eyesight.

I have remembered this event clearly to this day. Thank You for that moment in Time.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus