

Eagle on a Dead Tamarac

An eagle flew past as I was photographing two swans on ice.

It perched on a dead Tamarac.

That reminded me of an amazing eagle flight that I saw many years ago.

It was a spring day when I was repairing fences on the south end of the farm.

I enjoy fence repair.

Normally, I can do the work with only hand tools.

It is quiet and peaceful work.

On that spring day, suddenly, I heard huge wings flapping.

Then a rush of air nearly blew my hat off.

An eagle carrying an enormous carp passed just a foot over my head.

It passed so near; I could smell the carp.

The huge bird completely ignored me.

The eagle was so weary and the fish was so heavy that between each stroke it

seemed in danger of hitting the ground.

There is a long established eagle nest about two miles north by east from where I was working.

Clearly, the eagle was flying on a straight line toward that nest.

Coming from the southwest, the eagle must have already carried the fish at least five miles.

It was so exhausted it was just barely airborne.

The eagle crossed the pastures so low that it had to make an extra effort to rise up above each fence line.

Its wing strokes were slow but amazingly forceful.

Its wings bowed with each stroke as though they were about to break.

Every wing feather strained upward at its tip.

The bird held to an absolutely straight flight path toward its nest.

There was a woodland on that path.

The trees were over 60 feet in height.

Incredibly, the bird gained altitude steadily as it approached the trees.

I was astounded that the eagle could rise to even greater effort.

Stroke after stroke it climbed.

It cleared the tree tops with nothing to spare.

From there it could almost coast to home.

Good parents go to incredible efforts to provide for their young. Tom

