

NATURAL ALARM CLOCKS 2

Some years later I was in a similar situation. I had found my little terrace on the mountain and made myself at home up there. I enjoyed the wonderful view, and I appreciated very much that other tourists didn't roam close to my sleeping place any more during their evening walk.

Again I needed to get up at seven, again I had no alarm clock. Besides that, the night had turned into a long one. It had been my last evening, and we'd celebrated a jolly good farewell party. My sleep had to be a short and fast one, and it was as deep as the ocean.

Creaking and rattling noises forced their way into my leaden dream world. Loud, wild and persistent they pulled me up from the depths of my slumber to the surface of day. Something in me resisted, and it took me a long time to come back and feel half way alive again. I opened my eyes and tried to spot the strange source of noise. I'd never seen anything like it before: In the small treetop above me sat a good dozen crows, shouting themselves hoarse, some as though their voices were still breaking. They seemed willing to outdo each other in loudness, and to croak until they were blue in the face. This went on until I was really wide awake, then they withdrew with a swoosh of their wings.

I couldn't believe my eyes when I glanced at my watch: Again I had been woken up exactly when I wanted. That time it was really important, without the birds' help I would have certainly missed my flight. I finished packing at my drowsy speed and reached the ferryboat on time.

For a long time those two occasions kept my mind quite busy. What kind of power was there at work? My intellect spoke of coincidence. For my heart it was a kind of acceptance far beyond logic. Nature had taken me in, the place itself had made room for me, I was becoming part of it. By and by I've had so many unexpected and interesting encounters with animals, that deep within myself I know of a bonding that unites all life. Secure and trustworthy in a way my mind doesn't need to understand any more.