

Suicide Sam

Posted on May 23, Posted by [Webmaster](#) Category [Telling Tales](#)

By ANGEL KANE
Wilson Living Magazine

So for the last few weeks I've been in a funk, thanks to a new addition to our menagerie.

It started about a month ago when I woke to constant banging. For days I could not find the source until I happened upon the dining room window. There, outside, was a beautiful, red cardinal perched on the windowsill looking in.

The cardinal immediately reminded me of an article I had read. In this article, the writer had felt that the red cardinal, which had recently appeared at her window, was her guardian angel during some trying times.

How neat, I thought, I have my own guardian angel, too. So as I turned around to leave, I was horrified when I heard BANG, BANG, BANG!!!

I quickly turned back to watch my guardian angel flying as fast as he could into the window, over and over and ...over again.

Figures...my guardian angel would be completely deranged!!

The kids and I have dubbed him "Suicide Sam" and from the crack of dawn until late in the day, all he does is fly, headfirst, into my dining room window. Sometimes he hits so hard that it takes him a few minutes to recover, but nothing permanently thwarts him and after a few moments he is right back at it.

Since that fateful day when I first met Sam, I've taken my coffee into the dining room each morning, to watch him pound away at the glass. With each thump to his head and resulting brain guts on my window, I've become a little more melancholy.

"It's like a metaphor to life," I recently relayed to my husband, when I was at my breaking point.

"You pound away, day after day, doing exactly the same thing, trying to break through this unknown, invisible barrier, but it won't budge. Then one day you just get a brain injury and die. Alone, in a bed of mulch."

That got his attention!

"Are you talking about that bird again? Seriously, you've got to stop watching him or else you're going to need medication."

They never understand, do they?

But I will admit, this crazy bird has got me down.

So on Sunday, I finally decided to Google "how to stop a bird from flying into a window". Determined to find a way for both Sam and I to shake this funk!!

And lo and behold, of course...there were over 1000 sites filled with possibilities.

Apparently, Sam was seeing his own reflection in the glass and he was trying to fight with himself.

In order to stop him (and, therefore, save his life), I could coat my window with Vaseline and put toilet paper on it, to hide the reflection.

Hmmmm? Vaseline coated windows? And then toilet paper on top of that????

And just like that my funk was gone.

As badly as I may feel for Sam's impending demise, no amount of medication would ever bring me back, if I had to clean Vaseline and toilet paper off my windows.

May he rest in peace...sooner rather than later.

To read more of Angel and Becky's columns go to www.wilsonlivingmagazine.com

Tags: Untagged