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# 28 Days on a Nest

## Section 2 (of 4)

### Challenges

The loons remained on the nest thru two nights of intense fireworks around the Lake :

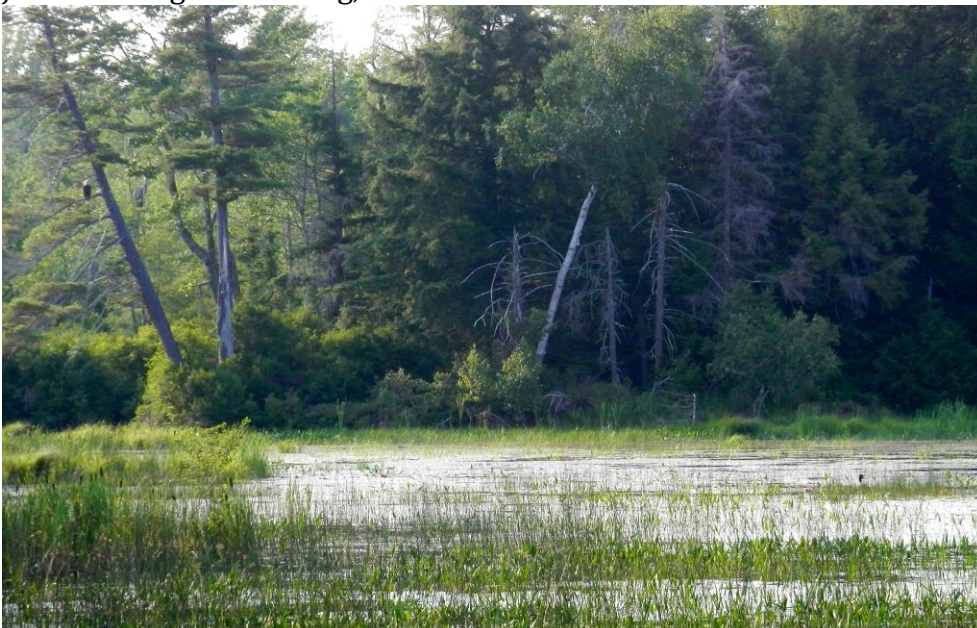


At the request of Steve and Mary, loon biologist Maya, from the Loon Preservation Committee, visited the lake on July 16, talked with us, and then paddled out in the vicinity of the nesting loon. The loon stayed on the nest and Maya did not approach within more than 50 feet, reporting that all looked good from what she could see.

On Sunday (July 19<sup>th</sup>) came the latest version of the “storm of the century”. We spent the evening in the dark, other than 3 hours of lightning, worrying about the integrity of the nest, the tolerance of the loons, and the level of the lake. We went to bed that night praying: *Dear God – keep the loons and their nest safe*. At first light we were up and with the scope having been left focused on the nest, were greatly relieved and thankful that – despite receiving 4.75 inches of rain according to our rain gauge, - he/she was still sitting. The lake went up 4+ inches, but apparently the sides of the nest were higher.



We had days when a Bald Eagle was perched in a dead tree, looking to us like it was just watching and waiting,





... and a day when a Great Blue Heron thought that this small corner of the lake was the perfect spot for the day's fishing:



On the evening of July 20, just as we sat down to dinner, Steve called and said "*What is going on down there? Both loons are in front of our place.*" My son and daughter-in-law, who were visiting from Wisconsin, joined me as we fearfully grabbed a step ladder and raced thru the woods, back to the shoreline vantage point that we had been staying away from for 3 weeks. By the time we arrived, one loon had returned to the area, but our son caught a brief glimpse into the nest, and spotted an egg just before the adult climbed up, repositioned or rolled the egg, and then settled down.



*This photo is fuzzy as it was twilight and I had to hold the lens open while handholding the camera.* Our phoned answer to Steve was: *We have no idea what was going on, but their little spat seems over and we think all is well.* So we went back to dinner.