



Acts of Kindness

Lindsay and the Magpies Revisited

For those of you who have been following our blogs since we began writing them, over three years ago, you may remember, Blog #11 published 16/3/22, [Lindsay and the Magpies](#). To include those of you who are more recent readers, this blog belonged to the category which Justin and I have called **Acts of Kindness**.

In this blog #171, I would like to revisit Lindsay – as it were – with an update on his doings. Lindsay, then 86 and now this year approaching his 90th birthday, spoke of a pair of magpies who had befriended him. In the time since, Lindsay had noted and mourned the passing of the original female of the pair, her body (in #Blog 11 she was the one with the splash of white on the black sheen of her feathers) he had found on the ground in the front of his unit. He also noted that the male had re-partnered and continued to conduct his life in the best way he could according to his instincts.

As I stood there this day in 2025, chatting with Lindsay about the phases of the moon and its positioning in the sky at various times of the night and day, we looked skyward at the said moon, only to catch an ephemeral moment: a flock of birds flying in formation across our view of the ‘almost’ full moon. Lindsay and I gasped in unison, in awe of that sight.

Continuing, Lindsay drew my attention to the power line upon which the magpies sat and watched over his point of sale during his Saturday morning plant stall, commenting that they had a new(ish) member. Lindsay, after thinking for some time that what he could see on the lines was another bird visitor – Lindsay’s vision is not quite what it was – realised that what he was looking at had — a tail! Not only that, but it also appeared to be in exactly the same spot every time he looked.

After looking upward with him at the power lines in question, I ventured to say that I thought the visitor was probably a possum which had set out on his high wire-act, the crossing of the power lines between the centuries old Cypress pines of the TAFE college carpark. Unfortunately, I added, I don’t think his dare-devil act succeeded, that the possum was in fact, deceased.

Lindsay contemplated for a moment and then said, “Maybe it was a snack that his bird friends would return to later. Maybe it was frying on the electric wires!”

Did I mention Lindsay was a bit of a wag! Lindsay has reminded me yet again of duality: life has both moments of breathtaking awe and moments of downright absurdity.

Warm wishes,
Sue