

My dad was working for an exterminating company and they had him doing bird nest removal. Many of the nests were empty or had unhatched eggs, but two of the nests had tiny day old baby birds. He felt so bad for the little birds so he brought them home to show my brother and me and to see if we could care for them. We tried to keep them warm, we gave them drops of water and we were trying to give them a little bit of smushed up berry, but we knew it wasn't enough. I immediately text Peter a picture of the birds and say "Help!". Peter immediately went into vet mode asking me all sorts of questions. Then, because Peter has the biggest heart, he said "will you meet me halfway so I can take them in and see what I can do?" Now, mind you, it's like 8pm on a weeknight, and here we are meeting in the Olive Garden parking lot to exchange these tiny baby birds that there is likely no chance of saving, but he humors me, and does what he can. They make little tweeting noises all the way to the Olive Garden. I hand over the birds and he tells me he will take them in and try everything to keep them alive. As I am sure Peter knew, the birdies sadly didn't live, but he wouldn't let me down by not trying, and his big heart saw every animal was worth saving.

