



Welcome Home, Kiwi



Happy Gotcha Day, Kiwi



For Kiwi, who found his way to us — and made
the house a home.

— Dana and Theo

3 years home, and counting.



Before you came, the house was a little too quiet.

There was a spot by the door where nobody waited. A bowl that wasn't on the floor yet. A walk that nobody asked for.

We didn't know it then, but we were waiting for you.



Then came the day everything changed.

A rescue had been keeping you safe until the right family came along. That family turned out to be us. To everyone who looked after you before we did – thank you. We are so glad you held on.

And out of every bird in the whole wide world, it was you. It was always going to be you.



Then we brought you home.

He clung to the side of the travel carrier the whole way, dead quiet, and then the moment we opened it at home he stepped onto Theo's finger like he'd always lived there.

The whole way, one thing was true, even if you didn't know it yet: you were safe now. You were ours.



The first night was new for all of us.

Everything smelled different. Every sound was a question. You weren't sure where you fit yet.

So we showed you. We made you a place — tucked up on the high corner perch by the kitchen window — soft and warm and yours. And little by little, the questions went quiet, and you slept.



After that, we got to know you. And you, us.

We learned the crest that shoots straight up when the kettle clicks; the soft chatter to his reflection in the toaster.

We learned what made your tail go, and what made you hide, and the exact sound that meant now, please, walk, now. You learned us right back — our footsteps, our voices, the times of day that were yours.

That is how a bird and a family become a bird and their family: one small thing at a time.

Theo learned you fastest of all.



And now, 3 years on, you're just part of it — like you were always here.

Your favorite thing in the world is whistling the first three notes of every song until someone whistles back. Your spot is tucked up on the high corner perch by the kitchen window. Your people are Dana, Theo, and the old tabby Marmalade who watches the cage like a soap opera. Your home is here.

The house isn't quiet anymore. It's better.



Here is the truest thing in this whole book.

You are not a guest. You are not "the new bird." You are family — all the way through, no trial period, no taking-back.

You belong here. You belong to us — to Dana and Theo, and most of all, some days, to Theo, and we belong to you, and that is simply how it is now.



So happy Gotcha Day, Kiwi.
3 years ago today, you came home — and
you never stopped being exactly where
you belong.
This is your home, Kiwi. It always will be.

— end —

A new memory from this year with Kiwi

The day Kiwi came home: _____

Where Kiwi slept the first night: _____

The first thing Kiwi ever stole / destroyed /
charmed: _____

The moment we knew Kiwi was really ours:

