Together we defend our region’s birds, unique biodiversity, and threatened habitats through advocacy, education, and restoration.
At heart, our individual birding journeys involve a search for our unique spark bird—we wait at a traffic light, or briefly tracked as perhaps for most of us, is a hunger for the enough to take it in. At the heart of things, will last much longer and give birders a feast to a glimpse of blurred wings, or a faint call discovery and engagement with living, experiences that feed their appetites for. There are an estimated 45 million birders It's personal. Spark Birds, Nemesis Birds, were in love? You'll find a good sampling of some real-life examples on pages 4 through 7.

A Quest for Beauty
Art imitates nature but it is always surpassed by the original. Hunting for beauty is one way to describe birding. The aesthetics of birding are discovered in natural communities—color, atmosphere, organic shapes, and other elements a painter might strive to capture, with a bird or birds being the central subject. Imagine (or Google) any bird painting by Robert Bateman, once voted to be the greatest wildlife artist ever. We learn to take it all in, perhaps subconsciously, and wait for those moments when the elements snap into place—when the picture is made whole. One of Americas most beloved photographers of nature, Ansel Adams, recounted the story of the making of one of his most famous images, Moonrise, Hernandez, New Mexico. He had been working all day in the mountains among the aspens looking for a good composition and felt defeated. Always alert to what was taking shape around him, he nearly ditched his pickup when he saw a perfect image emerge off to the side of the road. He raced to set up his 8 x 10 view camera, made a quick mental calculation on the exposure, and was able to capture the single exposure before the light slipped behind the hill. An original print may run you $700,000. Expect beauty and you might find it right in front of you. Your value?

Livelihood and Aliveness
Birds are exquisitely designed and gloriously adorned for the worlds they inhabit. When we are given a front-row seat to nature playing out on our doorstep, we are called tocpt attention. Our eyes are the action, as the observation, but unfiltered before us. We always have a bird’s view. What are twitchers? They are birders who will drop nearly anything on a moment’s notice, to see a rare or accidental species when an alert bird alert goes out. This obsession may result in some serious travel time, and perhaps stress in the workplace or on the home front. But think of the emotional high when they find their quarry! A single species that we credit with a personal is a species that we credit with a personal equivalence to answering the question, “When did you first realize you were in love?” You’ll find a good sampling of some real-life examples on pages 4 through 7.

The nemesis bird is a little trickier, but not as dark as it may sound. If you have a species that you’ve set your mind on observing, and perhaps made multiple trips to find and have been skunked every time, that’s your nemesis bird. Its presence is a little like a folk song, you can’t seem to get enough of it. It drags you back, you find its image often on things that are attractive or important to us. We may achieve a convergence with the birds we watch, which amplifies our sense of connection to them.

There are an estimated 45 million birders It's personal. Spark Birds, Nemesis Birds, and related birder slang such as twitching—can reveal our individuality while also undergirding our sense of being part of a birding community. A twitcher is a species that we credit with a personal threshold experience that got us hooked on birds. It involves a simple narrative, perhaps told in a short sentence, that is roughly the equivalent to answering the question, “When did you first realize you were in love?” You’ll find a good sampling of some real-life examples on pages 4 through 7.

Birding can be viewed as a mostly benign form of hunting. Human boast of this on a moment’s notice, to race to see a rare or accidental species when an alert bird alert goes out. This obsession may result in some serious travel time, and perhaps stress in the workplace or on the home front. But think of the emotional high when they find their quarry! A single species that we credit with a personal equivalence to answering the question, “When did you first realize you were in love?” You’ll find a good sampling of some real-life examples on pages 4 through 7.

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Enjoy beautiful, and personal, birding.


A Cheerful Sampling of Spark Birds

“...and around 1970, I visited a friend with whom I’d worked in Canada while in college. She’d married an ornithologist and they were living in Vancouver. He suggested we go to a lake to look at birds. That was the ‘spark’ that set me up for the rest of my life...”

By Jeneve Frauen

*Betting It All On Red*

“It took 16:03 days before I saw my first hummingbird. A sudden announcement, no more than two feet away from me and at eye level. In the early morning light, I caught a glimpse of magenta on its thorax and我以为是它的胸。它转到那一侧和 then, the wings beat barely discernible, as if trying to decide what to do next. Our gaze connected and a rush of sensory awareness closed the rest of the world around me. The bird had my full attention and just as I was about to take too many photos, a hummingbird flew...”

By Sandeep Dhar

*Six-Hundred and Eighteen*

*How a single hummingbird got me into birding and helped me find my flow*

By Sandeep Dhar

**A Costa Rica Renovadeus**

*By Rebecca Kennedy, Communications Manager*

“...one day I met a Toucan. It wasn’t until that day, lying on a foot bridge in Costa Rica under the rainforest canopy, that I realized birds are fascinating. Sure, I’d grown up on the beaches...”

By Rebecca Kennedy, Communications Manager
Western Bluebirds by LaTresa Pearson, Sketches Editor

SPARK BIRDS

American Avocet (Recurvirostra americana) flying over the Dakin Unit at the Honey Lake Wildlife Area in northeast California. Craig Chaddock

When we got our first hummingbird feeder in late 2013, this male Anna’s Hummingbird became my muse, and this was one of my favorite images of him. Nathan French

A Black Skimmer turns to gold as it reflects the evening sun while searching for fish off the coast of San Diego. Nigella Hillgarth

How about a backyard Cooper’s Hawk?! This is the bird that got me birding. During the nesting season it came every day to take a bath. Fifteen years later Coops are still bathing in the bird bath. I always wonder if these are offspring of the original bird. Karen Straus

A call went out to many from the deep talent pool of our chapter’s photographers to provide a personal spark bird photo. Though most could not limit their response to a single species, the stunning images to the left give a tantalizing glimpse of what may await you around the next curve on the path. In sequence, by row:

Peregrine Falcon. The fastest animal on earth, Peregrine Falcons can dive 250mph. During nesting season mom falcon takes her job very seriously, and while papa is out hunting for the chicks, she spends her time escorting the innocent Brown Pelicans away from the nest. Krisztina Scheeff, KS Nature Photography

A Spotted Towhee, one of my first birds I would try and photograph. I could hear the call, but rarely get much of a glimpse, for they love foraging on the ground beneath shrubs. When it perched on top of this branch and posed, what a beauty, I was hooked on birding. Tammy Kokjohn

The Summertime I Turned Birdy by LaTresa Pearson

I first fell for Western Bluebirds when Resident Manager Phil Lambert introduced me to a pair nesting in the bluebird box near his residence at the Silverwood Wildlife Sanctuary. Perched in a Coast Live Oak, the cobalt blue male with his rust-colored breast and the softer hued female watched me as intently as I watched them. While Phil ducked into the residence to retrieve some mealworms, the female bluebird flew down to a utility box attached to a post nearby. After eyeing the ground, she lifted off, hovered for a few wingbeats, and then returned to the box. She repeated this ritual a few more times, looking at me expectantly each time. Realizing I had nothing to offer her, she gave up and took refuge in her nest box. Phil soon emerged with a handful of mealworms and tossed a few onto the ground. The male immediately swooped down and scooped up a beakful. The female followed, selected a single mealworm, and hopped to the top of a landscape light to swallow it. I was enchanted by the interaction Phil had with them, and a little envious.

A few months later, near my back fence, a pair of Western Bluebirds and their two fledglings began foraging for insects in the early evening. I jumped at the chance to encourage their visits. I brought some live mealworms, along with a small feeding dish, which I hung in my backyard. They continued to visit for several days, but they wouldn’t come near the feeder. Early one morning, I saw the two bluebirds perched on either end of our hammock, which was secured to a couple of trees at the base of a small slope. Remembering how Phil tossed the mealworms on the ground, I grabbed a handful and slowly approached the top of the slope to toss a few down. The bolder of the two youngsters turned its head to the side, eyeing my wriggling offering. It cautiously flew to the ground, grabbed a mealworm, and flew back up to its perch on the hammock to eat it. Realized that I hadn’t moved, it flew back down and gobbled up a few more mealworms before returning to the safety of the hammock. Not wanting to miss out, the other young bluebird soon ventured down. I was thrilled!

The next morning, I looked out the window, and the two juvenile bluebirds were back at their perches on the hammock. My heart leapt, and I hurried to grab a few mealworms to toss to them. This ritual continued for several days, and each day the young bluebirds grew bolder. As soon as I walked outside, they would fly toward me and then circle back to their perches, eagerly awaiting their treats. Their juvenile parents, however, kept their distance, preferring to perch on the fence and observe. Hoping to attract the adult pair, I went back to putting some mealworms in the feeding dish. Finally, the adult male flew to the dish one morning and began feeding on the mealworms. Soon, his mate joined him.

That was two years ago, and to my delight, they’ve continued to visit every day since. The first spring after the adult pair began visiting, they brought a new brood of fledglings with them. A second pair of bluebirds soon discovered the feeding dish and began bringing their fledglings, too. I had so many bluebirds—14 in all—that I had to introduce a second feeder to accommodate them all (and to discourage territorial battles). Then came the Hooded Orioles and their fledglings, the Bewick’s Wrens, the House Wrens, the Spotted Towhee, the California Towhee, the Black-eyed Junco, the Song Sparrow, the White-crowned Sparrow, the Black-headed Grosbeak, and even a surprise visit from a Rose-breasted Grosbeak.

Every morning when I venture out to stock the feeders, I’m greeted by my feathered friends. The Western Bluebirds chirp and circle overhead, and I can’t help feeling a little like a Disney princess. Now, if only I could teach them how to do chores!
As the fall season unfolds, the Anstine-Audubon Nature Preserve celebrates the arrival of migratory birds. Waxwings and American Robins appear to pluck the small red berries, while Kinglets fly through the trees, and once the Toyon berries ripen, Cedar Mergansers grace the pond, coexisting happily as they hide together. This colorful explosion of fall migrant birds is accompanied by Wood Ducks and Hooded Mergansers, whose vibrant plumage stands out against the changing fall foliage. As the days grow shorter and the weather begins to cool, however, guests encounter Towhees, Green Herons, Mallards, and Red-tailed Hawks. These avian visitors are a testament to the biodiversity of our preserve, and a reminder of the importance of protecting our natural habitats.

Anstine-Audubon Nature Preserve is open to the public on Saturdays from 9 a.m. to 12 p.m., and the third Wednesday of the month from 8 a.m. to 11 a.m., October–June. To learn more, please visit www.sandiegoaudubon.org/what-we-do/anstine.

Silverwood Wildlife Sanctuary Opens in October

Silverwood’s fall migrant bird species usually begin arriving in October, when Audubon’s Yellow-rumped Warblers and Blackburnian Warblers are among the first to arrive. These small but striking birds are often the first signs of the fall migration. In addition to the warblers, the preserve may also host a variety of other species, including Northern Flickers, Sage Thrashers, and Audubon’s Warblers. These birds can be seen traversing the sanctuary’s trails, seeking out the colorful and abundant native plants that thrive in this diverse ecosystem.

San Diego Bird Festival 2024 Birds Make Us Better

Marina Village Conference Center / February 21–25

by Jen Haig, Public Programs Manager

Every February we look forward to the biggest, birdiest event of the year: The San Diego Bird Festival, where we celebrate the wild birds and habitats of San Diego County, and the people who love and protect them.

Have you noticed that birds have been in the news lately? People are catching on that birds aren’t just good for healthy habitats; they’re good for our well-being. Recent studies have shown that listening to birdsong, even for a short time, is enough to boost one’s mood for hours. New books like Keeping Up by Tamannah Watts and Ornithology by Holly Merker help us tap into strategies for deep healing—all by looking at, listening to, and learning about birds. To that end, our featured keynote for 2024 will share their unique perspectives on the human connection with birds:

Julia Zaranik is a Toronto-based award-winning writer, cultural tourism guide, and lecturer. Her memoir, Field Notes from an Unintentional Birder, is a Canadian bestseller and her writing has been featured in Audubon, Birding Magazine, Canadian Geographic, The Walrus, and The Globe and Mail. When not hanging out with a spotting scope at sewage lagoons in hopes of getting a better handle on shorebirds, Julia lectures to lifelong learners in and around Toronto.

Tiana Williams-Clausen is a member of the Yurok Tribe and was raised in Klamath, California, on the Yurok Reservation. She received her BA in Biochemical Sciences from Harvard University and returned to her tribe to serve her community. She is currently pursuing a Master of Science in Natural Resources from California Polytechnic State University, Humboldt, and serves as the Yurok Tribe Wildlife Department Director. Her team’s work includes the reintroduction of California Condors to Yurok country, integrating traditional knowledge from the Yurok community into government wildlife management practices. Her native upbringing and formal education allow her to bridge the gap between traditional understandings of the world and those rooted in Western science.

Christian Cooper is a New York Times bestselling author, with his debut memoir, Better Living Through Birding. He is also the Host and a Producing Consultant for National Geographic’s hit series Extraordinary Birders with Christian Cooper. Practically born with a pair of binoculars in his hands, he served as president of the Harvard Ornithological Club in his college days. Currently, as a vice president of New York City Audubon, he advocates for greater, safer access to green spaces for all, with a focus on outreach to youth in underserved communities. A longtime activist on issues of racial justice and LGBTQ equality, Christian combined his passions in the BLM (Black Lives Matter) graphic short story It’s a Bird from DC Comics, and he continues to seek synergy at the intersections of storytelling, progressivism, and environmentalism.

And of course, you’ll also be able to go on field trips to every corner of the county (including an overnight trip to Salton Sea and Anza-Borrego), attend workshops and lectures at the festival grounds, and browse our exhibit hall, featuring the who’s who of birding business and our beloved Red Bird Bookstore. A festival pass is $35 for adults and $10 for youth ages 13–18. Kids under 12 get in for free. Many activities have a separate activity fee, which ranges from $10 to $165 per activity. Registration for SDSAS members begins October 25. If you’re a member, you will receive an email with a link for registration. Make sure your email address is up to date with us. Open registration for the festival begins November 1, 2023, at 9:00 a.m.

We have a 4-night post-festival trip this year, offered in partnership with Red Hill Birding, Central Valley, Mountain Foothills, and Santa Cruz Island is currently available for registration. This tour will take us to many different habitats to seek some of the California specialties you might not see at the festival. We’ll be searching for LeConte’s Thrasher, Bell’s Sparrow, Mountain Plover, California Condor, White-tailed Woodpecker, Yellow-billed Magpie, Crested-backed Chickadee, Lawrence’s Goldfinch, and Tricolored Blackbird. We’ll top it off with a boat ride to Santa Cruz Island, home of the endemic Island Scrub-Jay.

New this year is Camp Surbird, a unique overnight camp experience for youths ages 13–17 who are interested in birds and natural history. We’re working with the American Birding Association to create an unforgettable weekend (Friday, February 23, to Sunday, February 25) for young birds to gather together and explore the region with like-minded peers. Please help us share this new offering!

Find out more about the entire San Diego Bird Festival program on our website: www.sandiegoaudubon.org/birding/san-diego-bird-festival/
By the time you read this, I will have left for college. I will be surrounded by new people and by new birds. I will be learning how to be a scientist. But I also won’t be home for San Diego Audubon’s habitat restoration events. I won’t be able to watch San Diego’s California Least Tern (fledge and fly), I won’t be able to help at the Kendal-Frost Marsh on weekends and show people why I care so much about our wildlife.

The opportunity to protect birds has been the greatest gift I have received in my short 18-year lifetime. It has changed the way I see the world. Awareness of climate change, something I can no longer separate myself from, for when I take actions to help birds, I take actions to help friends. As I leave my wonderfully biodiverse hometown for seasons and snow, I want to pass on that gift to everyone here by inviting you to participate in Lights Out San Diego.

I knew light pollution existed, but I never thought about its impact on birds until I attended the Cornell Lab of Ornithology’s Young Birders Program last summer. In addition to birding, the program focused on ways to protect birds. I embraced the concepts, such as Lights Out, Texas, where citizens came together, encouraged by local organizations such as Audubon Texas, and switched off nonessential lights during migratory periods. The difference it made to light pollution was spectacular to see in the slide presentation.

I learned that 80% of North America’s migratory birds migrate at night, something I never knew until the Young Birders Program. But light pollution is a major obstacle, drawing birds to cities to where they can become disoriented. Light pollution can also lead to delays in migration, as birds can slow down when flying in areas polluted with light. They may end up reaching their destinations only to discover the best breeding territories are gone, or that there is very little food left for them, their mates, and their chicks. In brightly lit cities, birds can end up flying around in circles over and over until they die of exhaustion. They may also collide into buildings; in one week in 2017, 400 birds died from colliding into a single Texas skyscraper. To prevent such tragedies from happening here, I hope San Diego’s residents, building owners, and building managers can come together to curb light pollution, something that (and this provides so much comfort to me) is very much within our control!

Reducing light pollution will benefit us humans, too. I never noticed just how much light pollution we have in the city until my parents and I drove up to Julian, where I represented the San Diego Audubon Society at the proclamation that declared Julian an International Dark Sky Community. After the proclamation, my dad and I went to get pie and returned for the star party—I wanted to stay forever. The sky was somehow pitch black, despite the innumerable stars shimmering like a hummingbird’s gorget. Unlike a hummingbird’s gorget, however, those stars glowed with bright white permanence, not ephemerality. And yet, like a gorget, if seen from a different location, those stars would be invisible. From just an hour’s drive away from my home, the pearls of starlight would have been drowned out in a sea of light.

After that night in Julian, I began to notice the absence of stars and the ever present glow of light. Every night when I took a walk with my mother, I saw the light from the nearby baseball field cast up into the sky. When I went to the Bay Area to visit my cousin, I noticed it streaming through her blinds. I’d never been more grateful for my own blackout blinds. The light kept me awake. I’ve heard all about blue light from my electronic devices stopping melatonin production and keeping me awake; but that same light is in so many streetlamps and in my own house lights. Whether or not we know it, we’ve lost all our stars and our sleep to light pollution.

We can help change that this fall. Beginning each August, San Diego experiences nights where a million, two million, three million birds will migrate through our county in a single night alone. We can protect them with simple actions, such as installing downshielded or motion-activated lights. Even something as simple as the flip of a switch or the lowering of blinds can make a difference. Please see our website for more information about Lights Out, San Diego!

The 2015 Light-footed Clapper Rail Recovery Plan’s aim is to have 800 breeding pairs in Southern California, but that goal cannot be achieved without adding more saltmarsh habitat. The mission of the ReWild Coalition, led by San Diego Audubon, is to restore wetlands in the northeast corner of Mission Bay to improve habitat for the Ridgway’s Rail. Restoring habitat not only benefits our little rust-colored friend, but also benefits us by improving water quality, building climate resiliency, and sequestering carbon. We’re very grateful for the support of our ReWild Coalition members and local representatives such as Councilmember Joe LaCava for their help in making wetlands the future of Mission Bay. To learn more about how you can help restore wetlands for the endangered Ridgway’s Rail, go to redwilmobay.org.

Go Lights Out, San Diego!

Kendall-Frost Welcomes Seven New Ridgway’s Rails

By Karina Ornelas, Conservation Outreach Coordinator

The Critically Endangered Light-footed Ridgway’s Rail has been found to nest in just 18 marshes in Southern California, including Kendall-Frost. The seven new captive-bred rails are a addition and will, we hope, add to the rails’ productivity. Under optimal conditions, the reclusive, rust-colored bird’s nests are usually located in the tall cordgrass that grows in thriving saltmarsh habitats. The cordgrass at Kendall-Frost, however, isn’t healthy enough for the rails to build their own nests, so USCD has placed nesting platforms throughout the marsh to provide nesting habitat and protection from predators. During the summer, biologists found three hatched eggs on the artificial nesting platforms; so there are new chicks at the marsh this year. In partnership with USCD and Remassen Inc., a non-profit focused on reconnecting Native Americans to the land, we have installed four new wildlife cameras to monitor the behavior of the rails and to see what other wildlife use the nesting platforms.

Beyond Feathers The Far-reaching Impact of Climate Change on Human Health

by Sally Kaufman, M.D., Co-Chair of San Diego’s American Academy of Pediatrics Climate Change and Health Committee

While climate change’s effect on avian populations is widely acknowledged, its impact extends beyond its immediate environmental implications. Its repercussions extend to a crucial aspect of our lives: health. The American Academy of Pediatrics, in 2015, declared, “Global climate change is a leading public health threat to all current and future children.” Nominal medical bodies including the World Health Organization, American Lung Association, American College of Physicians, and American Medical Association have done the same.

At the crux of this crisis lies the combustion of fossil fuels, the primary driver of climate change. Not only does the extraction and burning of fossil fuels release carbon dioxide and methane into our atmosphere, causing climate change, but it also releases pollutants that directly harm human health. Among its sinister byproducts, ozone and particulate matter 2.5 (PM 2.5) emerge as the most egregious culprits. As a corrosive gas, ozone damages the fragile tissues of our airways, causing both immediate and long-term lung damage. PM 2.5, named for its diameter, is so small, it can penetrate our lungs and bloodstream, and unleashes havoc on our bodies—triggering lung and heart diseases, neurological disorders, surges in allergies, and premature births.

The scope of climate change’s impact is, unfortunately, vast. Underexpansions and marginalized populations face a double jeopardy—not only are they directly exposed to more fossil fuel pollution, but they also suffer from existing health disparities that are further exacerbated by climate change. Shockingly, an estimated 10.2 million deaths worldwide are attributed solely to PM 2.5 from fossil fuel combustion. Even unborn infants aren’t immune. Exposure to pollutants such as ozone and particulate matter 2.5 during pregnancy heightens the risk of stillbirths, premature births, and underweight babies. (Continued on next page)

(Continued from page 10)

The scope of climate change’s impact isn’t unique. Underserved communities and marginalized populations face a double jeopardy—not only are they directly exposed to more fossil fuel pollution, but they also suffer from existing health disparities that are further exacerbated by climate change. Shockingly, an estimated 10.2 million deaths worldwide are attributed solely to PM 2.5 from fossil fuel combustion. Even unborn infants aren’t immune. Exposure to pollutants such as ozone and particulate matter 2.5 during pregnancy heightens the risk of stillbirths, premature births, and underweight babies. (Continued on next page)

The children and the elderly also bear a disproportionate burden due to their distinct physiological vulnerabilities. Children’s higher rates of air intake relative to their body weight render them particularly susceptible to airborne and waterborne pollutants. As we age, our ability to regulate excess heat diminishes and the prevalence of chronic diseases such as diabetes, heart disease, and lung disorders makes us more vulnerable to climate-induced illnesses.

Amid the devastating consequences of climate change, heat-related illnesses emerge as the leading environmental cause of death. An alarming one-third of heat-related deaths can be directly attributed to anthropogenic climate change. As a primary care physician, I engage in daily discussions with my patients about allergies, including how climate change is worsening their allergies. Elevated carbon dioxide levels have propelled plants to produce double the pollen they did a century ago. As a consequence, the pollen season has extended, with earlier springs and delayed frosts across the United States. Additionally, elevated occurrences of atop, or allergic, diseases such as eczema, food allergies, seasonal allergies, and asthma are observed in children directly exposed to pollutants from fossil fuel combustion, such as those residing in close proximity to highways.

It’s not just birds that are relocating due to soaring temperatures; insects are also on the move. Vector-borne diseases, disseminated by creatures such as ticks and mosquitoes, are shifting from equatorial regions toward the poles. The United States, previously untouched by diseases such as Dengue, Chikungunya, and Zika, now hosts the mosquitoes that carry them. The number of cases of Lyme disease grows as the tick responsible for carrying the disease finds suitable habitat throughout a larger area of the United States.

Even our sustenance is compromised by rising CO2 levels. As crops grow in elevated carbon dioxide environments, they become less nutritious, lacking essential nutrients such as protein, iron, and zinc.

The impact of climate change extends far beyond the realm of our feathered friends. It directly affects human health, echoing through vulnerable populations and leaving a trail of health challenges, ecological disruptions, and conservation dilemmas. Urgent collective action is the only way forward—for the birds, for our health, and for the planet.

Kendall-Frost Welcomes Seven New Ridgway’s Rails

In late August, several organizations, including the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service (USFWS), the City of San Diego, the San Diego Audubon Society, and the Living Coast Discovery Center, gathered at USCD’s Kendall Frost Marsh Reserve for the release of seven captive-bred Ridgway’s Rails. In partnership with San Diego Audubon’s habitat restoration program, the seven rails are now old enough to thrive on their own in their new home.

The ReWild Coalition, led by San Diego Audubon, is to restore wetlands in the northeast corner of Mission Bay to improve habitat for the Ridgway’s Rail. Restoring habitat not only benefits our little rust-colored friend, but also benefits us by improving water quality, building climate resiliency, and sequestering carbon. We’re very grateful for the support of our ReWild Coalition members and local representatives such as Councilmember Joe LaCava for their help in making wetlands the future of Mission Bay. To learn more about how you can help restore wetlands for the endangered Ridgway’s Rail, go to redwilmobay.org.

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