

## The Story of Birdhouse Billy

### *A Gentle Greeter with a Heart Full of Nature*

Nobody quite knows when the birds first started whispering about a visitor arriving at High Ridge Harmony Farm. Some say he came with the morning mist, others believe the breeze carried him in. But just before the farm celebrated its third anniversary, he was *there*—standing tall at the entrance, arms made of strong, smiling logs, a head and heart made of birdhouses, and eyes that seemed to have seen a thousand sunrises.

His name is **Birdhouse Billy**.

Billy isn't just made *of* nature—he's made *by* it. Legend has it he was carved from the wood of a dreaming tree, one that had watched over many generations of woodland creatures. When the tree fell naturally with age, the birds asked the wind to carry its spirit onward. It answered by guiding Billy to the gates of High Ridge Harmony Farm.

With a heart-shaped opening in the center of his chest, Billy doesn't just *welcome* birds—he welcomes *stories, silence, sighs, and second chances*. Horses nod as they pass him. Children look up and smile. Volunteers place a hand on his wooden arm and somehow feel steadier.

Billy never rushes a moment. His presence reminds us:

“In a world full of hurry, stillness is its own kind of wisdom.

Let the birds teach you joy. Let the trees teach you patience. Let the horses teach you presence. And let your heart remember it is always welcome here.”

He listens more than he speaks, but when he does, his voice rustles like wind through pine needles and always leaves you feeling a little more grounded.

Now, Birdhouse Billy stands proudly at the entrance of the farm—a quiet guardian, a storyteller, and a symbol of what can grow when nature, healing, and community come together.

So when you pass by him, take a moment. Say hello. You just might hear a whisper of peace carried on the breeze.