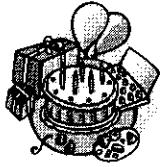


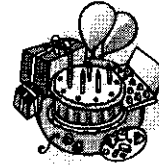
# The Aardsma Weekly

February 4, 2007

Writer: Rachel Aardsma



## Happy Birthday Timmy!



On Monday, January 29th, Timothy Edward Aardsma turned 10. He counted the days from January 1st all the way up to January 28th.

While he was counting the days until presents and ice cream, I was doing counting of a different sort. You see, as resident cake decorator, it fell to me to invent some kind of suitable cake for his birthday. This wasn't an unwanted job, but my inferior skills and limited tools combined made for a tricky business. You'll see what I came up with later on.

Mom bought the 'big' present (the present that everyone goes together to buy) when she went shopping. A large, cloth-wrapped package that rattled mysteriously was smuggled into the house and deposited safely under Mom's bed to rest in peace.

Timmy, as the birthday boy, got to choose the birthday lunch. He chose Beka's homemade lasagna and vanilla ice cream. Yellow cake was his choice of cake flavor.

On the morning of his birthday, as soon as I had eaten breakfast, I whipped up a cake mix, poured it into 21 cupcake liners, and baked them until they were just done. According to this family anyway, over cooked cupcakes are not even edible.

A great deal of icing, laughter, and mishaps later, 19 of the cupcakes each bore a red letter. When the cupcakes were laid out right, they spelled 'Happy 10th Birthday Tim!' (The other two cupcakes fell apart during the icing process and so Beka and I 'disposed' of them!)

Beka then made the lasagna, and we set the table with our special 'You Are Special Today!' plate and birthday cup for Tim.

By 12 o'clock everything was ready. The food was on the table, the present was wrapped, we'd all signed a card, and Tim was smiling from ear to ear.

Matthew was late getting home from work, but we ate lunch anyhow, since everything was warm. He didn't get home until we were just ready to light the candles on the cupcakes.

Cupcakes were passed, ice cream was served, and then Tim got to open his presents. The big one that rattled was a huge box of K'nex. Tim was delighted, and ever since then every spare moment has been spent making 'flying wheels on wings', a contraption of every wheel in the box, and other equally crazy and fun things.

Matthew had picked up a package of fishhooks, and Timmy received them gladly. "I need them." He told Dad. "My other ones are all rusting out in the garage."

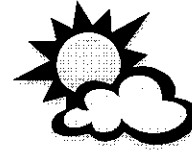
Anyway, Tim is, at the moment, one decade and three days old.

## The Weekly Bible Verse

Luke 6:37-38: Do not judge, and you will not be judged; do not condemn, and you will not be condemned. Forgive, and you will be forgiven; give, and it will be given to you.



### Bits and Pieces



As it has been cold, windy, and driving snow all week, we've mostly stuck to our cozy little house here. Every little while someone will throw on some boots, brace themselves, and fly out into the howling world. When they return, blowing, panting, and with the inevitable "Boy, it's freezing out there!", they shake snow off their boots and begin to wish for spring.

School and housework are the two things taking up most of the time at the moment. Every two or three weeks Mom will get a 'cleaning spell', and we'll wash the floors, vacuum closets, organize cupboards, and shine up mirrors. But between these thankfully rare spells, there's daily messes to clean up, lots of dishes to wash, and always, always laundry to fold, hang up, or put away.



### A Word About The Weather



As I mentioned before, it has been **FREEZING** this week! With temperatures reaching -2 degrees, we are finally getting our winter! Snow is flying every day, often just enough to powder the ground with a light film. Whether it's overcast and windy or clear and still, it's always cold. With the furnace running non-stop, Mom keeps saying, "PLEASE, shut the door!!!" None of us can seem to remember, though, no matter how many times she reminds us.



## **A Word of Wisdom**



Never feed your cat raw chicken. They'll remember it! (And come back for more the next time they smell chicken!)