

The Aardsma Weekly

February 11, 2007

Writer: Rachel Aardsma



Early Morning Reflections



It's amazing how a house can change in the early morning hours. I just recently found out the truth of this.

You see, our housecat, which just recently became 'my' cat (that means I clean out the litter box, sweep up the dirt she digs out of Mom's potted plants, etc.), has the terrible and common problem of meowing at night. So, Matthew and I came up with a cage in which to keep her during the night. This is constructed mostly of cardboard boxes and a cat carrier. This has worked out fine so far, except for one thing.

Dad always lets her out when he gets up early in the morning. His way of doing, this is to push the cat carrier with his foot so she can squeeze out of a small opening. The only problem is that she finds it tough to get back in where her food and litter box are. So, like a faithful daughter, she comes to my closed door and tells me her troubles, regardless of sleep, time, or consideration.

And so it was that I opened my door to a hungry and thirsty little cat at 6:00 in the morning. My cat, delighted to see me, rubbed purring around my ankles while I tried to keep myself from strangling her.

I stumbled into the living room after throwing on some clothes, and began to dismantle her cage. The boxes and carrier are held down with numerous stacks of books, which all have to be carried back to the bookshelf every morning.

The sun was just coming up on that beautiful Friday morning. The room was filled with a sweet, pinkish light, and the first sounds of an awakening world could be heard outside.

It was then that I realized how different our house is at 6:00 in the morning. The house was relatively clean, with just a few pillows scattered around from a late-night fight between Timmy and Caleb. A few piano books were stacked on the piano bench, ready for Beka's faithful fingers to play their notes sometime in the day. On the card table, the puzzle board held the latest puzzle.

As I snuggled down on the couch, with my little shadow chasing my toes, I reflected that our living room could have belonged to any normal family. Everything looked quiet and peaceful and beautiful. Everything was silent; the house was bracing itself for another loud, disquieting day.

But as the furnace came on and began to clunk and rattle, and as that mischievous imp of a cat began to chew on the corner of Beka's piano book, I realized that this house

could never belong to anybody but my abnormal, hilarious, lovely family, and I would never want it to be any other way.

The Weekly Bible Verse

2 Samuel 22:33-35: The God who has girded me with strength has opened wide my path. He made my feet like the feet of deer, and set me secure on the heights. He trains my hands for war, so that my arms can bend a bow of bronze.



Bits and Pieces



Lots of things are in the air this week. With Valentine's Day just around the corner, and two birthdays getting close, there's lots to look forward to and lots to plan for.

I made Valentine's Day cookies this week. Beka came in for the decorating part, and we had a blast. Our resources were limited, but we had some red cinnamon candies, and I made a big batch of icing. We colored it red, white, and pink, and filled up my decorator with pink icing. We decided to be 'original', and used a Ziploc bag for the red and white. We had a lot of fun, and the cookies tasted and looked really good when we were done.

It is still very cold, and there is still a lot of snow on the ground! We got another good layer of snow this week, and as it's been too cold for it to melt, the boys have been having fun playing in it. Even Matthew came in for his share of the fun. He announced that he was going to 'face the wild outdoors', but from what Beka and I could gather, he and the boys had snowball fights, traced coyote tracks, and generally enjoyed themselves completely.

The remodeling of the laundry room has slowed down. Matthew got the floor in, and we installed the dryer and washing machine. Mom is thrilled with her new laundry room! However, the washing machine seems to be spitting all of it's dirty water into the bathtub...



A Word About The Weather



It's still absolutely freezing over here, but it appears that warmer weather is on its way. Even I'm ready for a little sun, and I have to admit spring would be nice. But at the moment we just pile on the sweaters, go to bed early with tons of blankets, and drink lots of tea to keep warm.

The Weeping Willow

By Rachel Aardsma.

Once upon a river bank
There lived a man. They called him Hank
Daughters, sons, and wife had he,
And there they lived beneath a tree.

"Hank," said his wife to him one day.
"Take out your pipes for me and play
'Ye Bonnie Gal's Of Scotland Dear'
Or 'Wish Me Well And Wish Me Near'."

At this, her loyal husband Hank
Went out to play upon the bank.
And from his pipes came mel'dies clear,
Echoing cheerily far and near

And as he played upon the bank,
He tripped and fell and neatly sank.
"Oh Hank!" cried his sweet wife in tears.
And there she cried for 90 years.

And there upon the bank she stood
Until she slowly turned to wood.
And now upon the bank you see
A sad old weeping willow tree.

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