

The Aardsma Weekly

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Rebekah



My next article is about Rebekah Jean. Traditionally, I come next in the family line, but since I'm the one writing this, we'll move right on to Rebekah.

Whenever I write about her in the Weekly, I refer to her as 'Beka'. That's what everyone calls her, and sometimes we forget that it isn't her real name. (Caleb was astonished when I informed him a few weeks ago that her real name was Rebekah, and we just called her Beka for short.)

Rebekah is 14, and a very important figure in our household. She cooks lunch every day, and does half of the lunch dishes, as well as odd jobs around the house and farm. Whenever Mom is busy or absent, Beka takes over and runs things smoothly.

The main thing about Beka is her music. Beka plays the piano. Every morning she practices for an hour. She usually does this just as I begin to wash the breakfast dishes. Some of her songs are quite pretty, but others are annoying, ugly, or downright horrible. I have to suppress groans when she starts in on two or three of them.

Beka's piano recital is coming up in a week or two (I'll tell you all about it when it happens), and so she has been practicing especially hard. Her recital piece is very long, very complicated, and very pretty. Her piano teacher, Mrs. Kellerhalls, said that she is extremely pleased at how well Beka is doing, and that she has learned her recital piece faster and better than any other student that has played it yet. As you can tell, I am very, very proud of Beka, and can't help bragging about her a little.

Beka also serves as Matthew's adviser, and listens to all his plans, hopes, and dreams. Matthew would probably have half a dozen gray parrots, three giraffes, and a lion by now if Beka hadn't been there to sweetly say, "Yes Matthew, that's a lovely idea, but what about the 69 animals we *already have*???" Every night when Matthew does his school, Beka makes herself comfortable with a book, and reads, keeping Matthew company. Also, she makes him pudding, milkshakes, and burritos at night, so he won't have to do it and can have extra time for his schoolwork.

Beka loves sewing, knitting, and embroidering. She is in the middle of finishing her first quilt, of which we are all very proud. She has done several cross-stitch crafts, including two hand-bags, a pair of pillowcases, and a pillow. All of these are stored away in her hope-chest for her to use in her own house someday.

Beka serves as my main confidant as well as Matthew's. She doesn't mind listening to me as I ramble on about anything that comes into my head. She loves having her hair done, and considers a half-hour of hair-brushing from me sufficient pay for being constantly available to be talked to.

We all love Beka around here. She and Dad love to make puzzles together, and though I stay as far away from puzzles as I can, I have to say that Beka makes everything from dishes to Twister a whole lot more fun.

The Weekly Bible Verse

Psalm 116:5: Gracious is the Lord, and righteous; our God is merciful.



Our dishwasher still isn't working. We had another repairman come and look at it, and install some different parts, but it still doesn't work. I'm not sure what's going to happen with it next, but Mom is hoping against hope that she can get a new dishwasher out of the deal. ("What are warranties for?" she keeps saying.)

First thunderstorm of the year this week! It was very **LOUD**, and as it came in the middle of the night, rather disturbing as well. It rained cats and dogs, and now everything is soaked.

All the snow has started to melt into huge puddles. Timmy and Caleb had a grand time riding their bikes through the puddles, getting their clothes all wet, and wading around in the icy water. If it wasn't so cold, you can be sure they would have been swimming instead of wading!



Very windy this week. The trees look like they are ready to snap in half any minute! For those who sleep on the corners of the house, the wind is very disturbing at night!

We have to cling to the doors when we go outside, so they won't go smashing into the side of the house and break. As the wind is also very cold, we are hoping it will stop soon.



Old, full-of-holes socks make great cat and dog toys. Our dog even likes the ones that *aren't* old and full of holes!