

The Aardsma Weekly

March 25, 2007

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Last, but not least, comes Dad, Gerald Edward. He is fifty-two, and our resident scientist and walking encyclopedia.

Dad is not quite himself these days, which can all be blamed on prednisone, a medicine he is taking to combat his recent illness, which is called CIDP. (You'll have to ask Mom for the real name, which is very long and impressive sounding.) Dad isn't as strong as he once was, because he is still recovering from the awful bout of CIDP he underwent only a few months ago. He also sleeps a lot more than he used to, and looks a little different in his face.

Though Dad was very sick, so weak that he could do almost nothing for himself over Christmas, I am happy to announce he is on the mend. That has required some re-adjusting for all of us. While he was sick, we got used to doing everything for him. I have to remember that when he asks for the gravy, he means just *hand* it to him, not *pour* it for him.

We all love Dad working at home. He is available for anyone, *almost* all the time. (There are rare occasions, when he *cannot* be bothered, but those are few and far between.) His working at home has made it easy for him to keep working even while he is sick. With a normal job, he would have had to quit work.

Dad is quiet, calm, and reserved, to most people anyway. With his own family, however, he is very funny to be around. Matthew and Timmy inherit their sense of humor from him, I think. With three self-appointed comedians in the house, one can imagine what it must be like at mealtimes.

Dad loves the outdoors, and can tell us all about birds, rocks, trees, and plants. Since spring began, Dad has been working outdoors every night. Beka, Timmy, Caleb, and I join him and we make compost piles, clear sod, and plant bushes until dark. A few times, however, it being spring here in Illinois, the dark has been preceded by the latest thunderstorm.

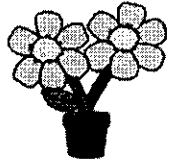
Some of Dad's favorite activities include reading, building puzzles with Beka, playing with his grandchildren, and being with his family. Walks with Mom are also high on his Favorite Things list. Dad reads to Timmy and Caleb every night. At the moment, they are reading a very funny book called, "Junket", about an Airedale Terrier who lives on a farm. Timmy and Caleb love it.

All of us here think Dad is the most wonderful person in the whole wide world, and I know some people share our high opinion of him. He is the cornerstone of our family, and very useful too, because he knows something about everything. We all love

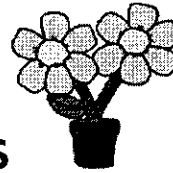
him very, very, very much, and words can't express our gladness that he is finally getting better, to be with us for many, many more years, Lord willing.

The Weekly Bible Verse

Ecclesiastes 4:12: And though one might prevail against another, two withstand one; and a threefold cord is not quickly broken.



Bits and Pieces



Due to the frequent thunderstorms of this week, there are huge puddles everywhere. Timmy and Caleb declared they just wanted to go 'wading', but a few hours later they returned in swimming trunks, covered in mud and water from head to foot, gleefully proclaiming that they had swum the Amazon. I hope they enjoyed themselves. The water must have been dreadfully cold.

The boys did manage to catch a very large and stupid crayfish, which Timmy said he trapped with his bike (?) and scooped up with a bucket. Daddy and Matthew were impressed, but as the boys showed their catch at lunchtime, Beka and I were not amused.

The grass has greened up amazingly, and we are very glad that the dull browns and grays of winter have finally gone. Now, all we need are daisies, and perhaps a baby rabbit or two, and we'll have everything ready for spring.



A Word About The Weather



Whenever it isn't raining, the weather has been quite nice. The air is warm, and the boys are running around in shorts and T-shirts. It warms up more and more, so that we actually start sweating as we work outside, and it gets very hot in the house when the oven is on.



A Word Of Wisdom



Foolish is the man who attempts to fry eggs without butter. (And pitiable is the one who must scrub the pan!)