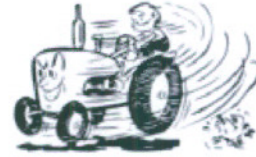


The Aardsma Weekly

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Just Call Me Rosie

In a big book of Norman Rockwell paintings that we have, there is one picture that never fails to make me smile. It's the painting called "Rosie The Riveter", and it shows a muscular young lady seated on a crate, with a riveting gun across her knees. She wears greasy clothes, and is eating a sandwich, with an American Flag flapping in the background. This was done during wartime, when women had to take over some of the men's jobs.

Beka came up with the idea behind this article. One day she was bending over our old greasy furnace, helping Dad rewire it. She had streaks of dirt on her clothes and spider webs in her hair as she worked with a screwdriver. I walked by with an armload of laundry, and she laughed, and said, "Just call me Rosie!"

That started it. But fixing furnaces (I helped too) isn't the only un-lady-like thing we do. Just yesterday, I found myself walking beside Beka down a row of potato plants, looking for any adult potato bugs. The baby ones are all over, but the adults are very scarce. Since they are so rare, I began a contest to see which of us could find the most hard-shelled bugs. I lost. Beka found thirteen, and I only found ten. I was very disappointed when I was only at seven bugs, and Beka already had thirteen. And then I discovered three of them on one plant. You would have thought it was Christmas from the way I squealed when I spotted those bugs!

Last summer, Beka did lots of tilling in our big garden. She could often be seen in a cloud of dust, walking behind our huge red tiller, singing loudly over the roar of the machine. When she came into the house afterwards, she would be exhausted, covered in dust, and hoarse!

I was the unlucky one singled out by Matthew to learn to drive his big lawn tractor. Neither Beka nor I enjoy using those huge machines, but we needed it to pull a trailer full of compost to the garden, and no one who could drive it was available. So I had to climb into that big seat, and try to figure out all those strange knobs and buttons. Matthew gave me a thirty-second crash course, and then left. I learned lots of things that day. (For instance, never shift the gears unless you stop the tractor first. If you don't stop, you'll hear a grinding noise, and the machine will lurch forward.)

Heaving garden hose around isn't very fun either. And that's my every-forty-five-minutes job lately. Since we aren't getting any rain here, we have to water our garden. We use soaker hoses, which we lay along the roots of the plants, and then let run for

forty-five minutes. Then they have to be moved to the next row. It's not a very fun job, but, as Dad said, cheerfully smiling, "You'll have the best biceps in Loda." (I'm not really sure I *want* any biceps at all.)

So, as I drive up on my tractor and help Beka heave 50-pound straw bales up into the trailer, with sweat pouring down our faces, we just smile, laugh, and yell above the din, "Just call me Rosie!"

The Weekly Bible Verse

Proverbs 3:5-6: Trust in the Lord with all your heart, and lean not on your own understanding. In all of your ways acknowledge Him, and He will direct your path.



Bits and Pieces



This week we purchased two Brown Swiss bull calves to raise for meat this summer. Beka is bottle-feeding them daily, but they are now almost weaned. They eat lots of hay and corn, but still love their two bottle-feedings. Their names are Mac and Don. Buddy thinks they are very interesting, and tries to convince them to share some milk when Beka's feeds them. He always licks the empty bottles when Beka carries them back to the house!

This Saturday, on a sudden whim, Beka and I decided to make a batch of cupcakes to decorate. Beka made yellow cupcakes, and then we spent the rest of the afternoon decorating them. We made a huge mess, and only 5% of the cupcakes look even half edible, but we had a lot of fun. Buddy really enjoyed the icing we got all over the floor, and we made some pretty creative things. Three gummy-bears sitting around a smooshed campfire, for instance. And an orange-and-yellow tabby cat that looks like it just saw a ghost. I don't know if anyone will eat them, but we sure had fun.



A Word About The Weather



What's to say about the weather? All it's been this week is hot, hot, hot and dry, dry, dry. I wouldn't mind a nice snowstorm right now, but that doesn't seem very likely.



A Word Of Wisdom



Don't do a basket weave around the edge of a cupcake. You just get icing all over your fingers when you try to move it anywhere.