

# The Aardsma Weekly

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## Alone In The House



Mom, Beka, and Caleb are gone shopping. Timmy and Matthew are working on something in the barn. Dad is working on something or other outside, and I'm alone in the house on this rainy Saturday afternoon. Well, not exactly alone. My cat is sound asleep on Mom's bed (good thing Mom's not here to see it), but she isn't much good when it comes to in-depth, meaningful conversations.

Everything is pretty quiet right now. All I can hear is the thunder outside and the occasional patter of rain (yes, it's finally raining!). A few minutes ago our mailman brought the mail, but since then things have been silent.

I am finding it kind of difficult to type at the moment because I burnt my finger in my candy-making escapades this afternoon. I made some butterscotch hard rock candy stuff. It tastes pretty good. In fact, if I don't stop eating it, there won't be any left for anyone else.

But the burn isn't the real reason I'm having typing difficulties. The reason is that I treated the burn with toothpaste. (Sound strange? I read about it on the Internet.) Anyway, the burn is on the tip of my left forefinger, and since the toothpaste is there too, I can't use that finger to type without getting toothpaste all over Mom's keyboard. My burn isn't hurting any more, but the keyboard is getting kind of sticky. You know what they say; the cure is sometimes worse than the disease. And I sure hope Mom doesn't mind all these white smudges on her keys...

It's almost suppertime. My French Bread is cooking away in the oven, and smelling the whole house up. If I weren't alone in the house, two or three people would have wandered through the kitchen by now, opening the oven and saying, "Man, that bread smells good. I'm starving! Mom, what's for supper?"

This afternoon I watched half of 'The Nutcracker' ballet, since I had the whole afternoon to waste. Timmy and Matthew sat beside me and made comments about how ugly all the beautiful ladies were and why anyone would ever watch such a boring, drawn-out movie. I enjoyed it, though.

I just ran out into the very wet and very cold rain to collect the mail, hoping there was something for me. There wasn't. The only things in the mailbox were a True Value catalog, a bank statement, a newspaper, an electric catalog, and a letter from somebody I do not know.

The timer for my bread is beeping, so I have to go. Daddy has come into the house and is building a puzzle in the living room. And, considering, I can't technically

write an article about being alone in the house with my own father in the living room, can I?

## The Weekly Bible Verse

Amos 5:14: Seek good and not evil, that you may live; and so the Lord, the God of hosts, will be with you, just as you have said.



### Bits and Pieces

This week we harvested our first red raspberries of the year. Raspberries are very different from strawberries, to everyone's satisfaction. I find our berries delicious, as do our many faithful customers! Rebekah is our main picker, as she knows how to pick the fragile berries without damaging them. The berries are expensive, but since they are organic and fresh our customers don't mind the high prices.

Our calves continue to do well and grow big and fat. They both love Beka very much, and she takes very good care of them. They take four bottles apiece every day, as well as grain, water, salt, minerals, and grass.



### A Word About The Weather



We are getting some rain at last! We are very glad, as are the farmers, who had shriveling corn and stunted beans to deal with. Our garden is growing like mad, though we can't get into it with all the mud. That's fine! We're more than glad to take a nice, long break from weeding and other garden chores.



### Two Jokes About The Weather



You can listen for thunder after you see lightning and tell how close you came to getting hit. If you didn't hear it you already got hit, so never mind.

It's so cold in some parts of the world that people there have to live in other places.