

The Aardsma Weekly

September 10, 2006

Editor: Rachel Aardsma

Special Feature!!!



A Day In Our Life



This particular Saturday morning, the first signs of life come from Matthew's bedroom. It is 6:30 a.m. Matthew has to be at work by 7:00 a.m. He works at a local vet clinic. He does odd jobs, helps with routine surgeries and examinations of dogs and cats, and does whatever else is needed.

Matthew gets up, puts our dog Freckles outside, and gets ready for the day.

Rebekah, Mom, and Caleb are up soon after Matthew leaves. Rebekah has piano lessons in town every Saturday morning, and Mom takes advantage of the opportunity to get some garage-saling and grocery shopping done. Caleb goes along for the ride and to get some school done with Mom.

I am woken up at 7:00 a.m. by the sounds of the three of them eating a hurried breakfast. The words, "Come on, Caleb! We're going to be late!" float into my bedroom. Caleb protests that he hasn't eaten yet, and Rebekah responds to grab a banana and come on! The door slams and all is quiet.

I decide sleep until 7:30, so I close my eyes and soon am half asleep. However, a sound catches my ear before I can drift off completely. I open my eyes and look around.

Freckles is standing in the hallway, smiling at me. (We all claim he smiles. I think he does! He wags his tail and shows his teeth in a big grin.)

"Freckles!" I hiss. "What in the world are you doing in the house? Get out of here, you dumb dog!" Freckles wags his tail and trots off obediently. I lay in bed, trying to estimate how much damage he could do before 7:30. I am about to be responsible and get up to shoo him out of the house when Dad gets up and tells Freckles sternly he is to get out of the house. Freckles slinks away, and shows up at my bedroom door again! He curls up on some clothes I left on the floor and smiles at me again.

"Freckles!" I groan, getting up and dragging him out of the house by the collar.

At 7:30 I get dressed and go into Timothy's room to wake him up.

"Time to get up, Tim," I announce, jumping onto his bed and snuggling down beside him. He moans and rolls over. I start to talk about this and that, and soon he joins in the conversation.

At 7:40, I announce we must be responsible children and get up. I go into the dining room and serve myself some blueberry crisp I had made the day before. I shout to Tim that I will eat it all if he does not come out soon. He replies sleepily to go right ahead. After breakfast, I start on the dishes, and do a million things in between. (When you play housekeeper around here there are always chores to help with, phones to answer, customers to serve, and any amount of small but urgent things to do.)

The dishes (and the million things in between) take until 9:30, after which I make my bed. At this point Rebekah and Mom arrive home, with the news that they bought delicious apples, humongous peaches, and juicy melons at a fruit and vegetable market in town.

Rebekah and I go into full lunch making gear. We are having homemade cole slaw, rice, and a concoction Rebekah calls 'fritters'. (The fritters are strips of pork dipped in egg and rolled in flour and spices, then fried in oil. Yum!)

At 12:00, lunch begins, and then we have family devotions.

Rebekah and I rush to do the dishes and when they are completed, I grab a book and curl up on Mom's bed for a good read. However, that does not last long and soon I find myself reading a court case to Rebekah while she works on a puzzle.

At 2:00, Mom presents a list of chores to be done, along with the news that she is going to lie down for a while.

Rebekah and I read off the list, groaning and moaning to each other, and then we kick into action. Rebekah starts washing floors, while I hang out that never ending something called laundry.

After what seems like hours, (though it is only one and a half) Rebekah and I go into our various rooms to start school, and the afternoon soon passes.

When supper is over, all of us kids follow Matthew into the garage. Tonight he is going to make a loft bed for Rebekah's room.

After many hilarious happenings and ridiculous mistakes, Rebekah's bed has been successfully made. Timothy, Caleb, and Matthew go off to watch a hunting video, while Rebekah and I make her bed and re-decorate her room.

At last, the boys go off to bed, and the rest of us swing off to our own rooms to read until bedtime.

And so ends another day in the Aardsma family.

The Weekly Bible Verse

Galatians 5:22: The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, Generosity, faithfulness, gentleness, and self-control.



A Word About The Weather



Things are mildly hot this week. With just a faint breeze, it is bearable! There is a bit of rain in the forecast, but as we have gotten a great deal these last few weeks, we are not in need of it.



The Church In The Wildwood



Last week Dad finished the story of Paul Crump and summed up his three-week sermon on capital punishment.

Paul Crump, after being made a free man, lived until he was 72 years old. During the years after his pardon, Paul Crump was imprisoned again for a long period of time for harassing his own elder sister.

He died in a mental hospital, having developed a brain disease while in prison.

Dad then talked about the liberal and conservative views on capital punishment, and the Biblical views of capital punishment.

Next week, we shall be back to our study of the book of John, having detoured from that to look at the story of Paul Crump for the last three weeks.



A Word of Wisdom



Never read Sherlock Holmes before you go to bed.