

# The Aardsma Weekly

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Writer: Rachel Aardsma



## Caleb and Timmy



To acquaint you better with my family, I have decided to write a series of articles about them. I'll start with the two youngest: Timothy Edward, and Caleb Allen.

The reason I am writing about these two together is because you rarely see one without the other. At the moment, they're playing 'flipper ball' outside my door. I guess you use swimming fins to catch a ball or something.

Caleb is 8 and Timmy is 10. They share a room, and have completely opposite personalities. They love to do things together, but can get into some pretty bad arguments at times!

Caleb is very creative, and is always painting, molding, cutting, taping, gluing, and coloring. One of his favorite pastimes is taping together sheets of paper to make huge, wobbly, ugly houses. He's always very proud of them, and lugs them around to show everyone.

Timmy, on the other hand, loves everything that flies. Every time an airplane or helicopter flies over, he shouts: "It's an airplane! Come see!" He also loves building model planes from Legos, paper, and cardboard. He enjoys hunting and fishing as well, and pours over Matthew's hunting books every time he has the chance.

The boys, as we always refer to them, love to play together. Whether they are having three-legged races, telling corny jokes, or sword fighting with butter knives, they enjoy every minute of it. One of their favorite amusements is performing 'plays' for whoever wishes to watch and listen. These plays are usually 2% planned and 98% ad-libbed. They are absolutely hilarious to listen to, as Timothy has a great sense of humor, and comes up with the funniest ideas. They use anything they have on hand as props. Big couch pillows make great horses for two knights dueling over fair Matilda, or for the escaping desperado to ride away on. Dining room chairs covered with a blanket make a splendid throne for the royal king to rule from. And sunglasses are fine for the bank teller, since spectacles are not to be had. Sometimes, however, the props can cause problems. When Timmy and Caleb were playing 'Captain Scarlet', and were battling it out with butter knives, Caleb got a little carried away and stabbed Timmy in the side. As Timmy put it, "That ain't no butter knife."

Caleb likes to sing, and so does Timmy. However, neither of them exactly hit the right notes most of the time, and so their songs can be quite earsplitting.

So, in conclusion: be they ever so troublesome, there are no people like little brothers.

## The Weekly Bible Verse

Jeremiah 29: 11:13: For I know the plans I have for you, says the Lord. Plans for good and not for evil, to give you a future and a hope.



### Bits and Pieces



*(The image of George Washington is to celebrate his birthday, which was on the 19th.)*

We had a minor catastrophe this week: our beloved dishwasher died. One day, it just refused to work. No matter what you pushed, pulled, or banged, the ornery contraption would not do its job. So all week we've been washing dishes by hand.

Two days ago, a repairman came and tried to revive the dead machine. It worked...for one load. I had it all loaded and set to go the next morning, and wouldn't you know? It was even worse off then it was before! So we're still washing dishes.

Caleb has undertaken a complex paint-by-number this week! It has been hilarious to watch him. It was originally Beka's, but all but a few of the paints were dried up, and so she threw it away. Caleb rescued it from the garbage, and used paints of his own to complete the picture. He is breaking every rule of paint-by-number painting, and sits for hours lathering on one color after another, heedless of the fact this his colors are all merging. It is a very colorful and original painting, but doesn't look a bit like the one on the box!



## A Word About The Weather



No more snow this week. Instead, it's all melting! Practically the whole yard is one sea of mud. It has been pretty chilly lately, and as I'm writing this Saturday afternoon, it is 'snraining' outside. That's a mixture of snow and rain. I believe you traditionally call that sleet, but as it's more rain than snow, my name seems to fit better!



## A Word of Wisdom



Timmy says: Never go bike-riding when it is muddy. Your back wheel flings up mud and it gets all over your shirt.