

TITLE; Perspectives on the weather.

The weather has been pleasant with plenty of sunny days and moderate temperatures. Good days for working outside. I could mention that it has been incredibly dry, probably the driest spring I've seen, but chances are it has been much the same for you.

In mid-May I planted a couple of gardens with pumpkins, sunflowers, yellow beans and such. I suppose it may seem bullheaded but I refuse to start watering this early in the year. As I write this, four weeks later, one bean, three pumpkins and a few sun flowers have emerged.

I'm ok with that. A guy has got to take a stand now and then.

In normal years the upland pastures produce most of our grass. This year grazing is mighty slim on those sandy fields. The Snake River winds through our farm and from that we have about 100 acres of lowland. Not swamps but wet meadows and ancient flood plain. We have been working to improve these lowland pastures for about ten years. This year the work is paying off. The grass in the lowland pastures is the best it has ever been.

Maybe I'm just trying hard to look at the bright side or to find a silver lining or to see the glass as half full or some other such cliché. I do prefer to be optimistic about things. I know many of you approach life in much the same way. I think optimism is in the nature of a farmer.

That reminds me of a recent example on perspectives.

My sister Ann is the oldest of eight siblings. As the oldest she has always been the family's caretaker. She is a full time, one-hundred percent, rock solid, always dependable caretaker. Her husband, Stan, is a great guy and loved by everyone who knows him. As you might suspect, Stan is the kind of guy who benefits a lot from being married to a caretaker. Let's just say that Stan has had quite a few close calls in his life. No doubt you know someone like Ann and someone like Stan.

Anyway, Ann does a good job of keeping the eight of us brothers and sisters connected and informed. In recent years she does that via email.

About two weeks ago, we got an emessage from Ann concerning Stan's medical conditions. Stan is over seventy but active and generally in good health. Or at least he was the last time I saw him. In her message Ann reported that his latest medical visit did not go well. In fact there had been a number of emergency medical visits in subsequent days. Without taking you into the details, and Ann gave us lots of details, the message led me to decide that I should visit Stan that very day. From Ann's message I wasn't clear on whether he would be home or in the hospital, but terribly weak and near death in either case. I am fond of Stan and I wanted to see him one last time before he passed.

Then I read Ann's concluding lines. I realized that I didn't need to rush to Stan's bedside after all. Ann wrote that Stan was in fact walking out the door. He was going to drive to Litchfield to meet brother Marv for a round of golf and a few laughs.

Clearly Ann and Stan viewed the situation differently.

I prefer Stan's perspective.

May your rain glass be at least half full and rising.

Tom      p.s. Stan is doing fine.