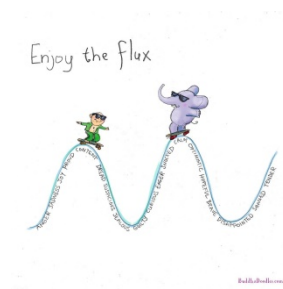


From 50 pounds of Apples to Mice in the Car?!!!! – And, Thank You!!!



“How many apples would you like?”

“Oh about four grocery bags please.”

“Oh that would be about a bushel, okay?”

This resulted in a 50 pound potatoes bag full of apples to peel, core, stew down to applesauce and then portion freeze. When I picked up the bag, I declared myself a ‘lunatic’.

And, the next day I found evidence of mice in the car (yes droppings and old macaroni taken from garbage bin and carefully deposited in the car) – and applesauce took the backseat to growling and sputtering while vacuuming and cleaning the car.

Country life is like all of this, and more generally life is “just like all of this”. I have come to say that the notion of planning and a felt sense of ‘control’ are delusions. Planning, with a light hand and chuckle, is good, while winking at Life and asking, “gonna work with me on this?”

Applesauce continues to be in process of portion freezing, car has been cleaned and mouse be gone stuff is sitting in both the car and shed for good measure.

And I am very thankful for much (no wildfires or terrible smoke, no Hurricane Teddy coming ‘my way’, kids are able to physically be in school ‘for now’ (a breath of normalcy and social connection) and for our geographic location, sitting in our ‘fire watch tower’ observing the second surge of Covid unfolding from a distance (presently and hopefully for this time around again).

Namaste and warm greetings,

Shelley & Becky

PS: “What else???????” (Me)

“Don’t know, yet” (?)

“Hmmm.” (Me)