

## The Two Brothers History Part Three

### Lessons From the Farm

Mom and Dad used to say that our family moved back to the homeplace when I was “just a-crawlin’”. From the time I was a year old until I went off to college and career, the farm was my home.

It was a wonderful place for my brother, Gary, and I to grow up. At every stage of kid life, from mud-pies to tricycles, to BB guns and bicycles, to bows and arrows and shotguns; all these things and more fit easily to our life on the farm. With them, we spent many hours of our our childhood in the streams and barnyard near the farmhouse. We’d search for minnows, snakes, crayfish, grasshoppers and the like. These boyhood pursuits eventually gave way to hunting in the expansive fields and woods for squirrels, rabbits, grouse, turkey, and deer.

With good and grounded parents to guide us along, the farm was our place to learn about life. We were taught to appreciate the beauty of the natural world that surrounded us. We learned about wildlife, as well as our farm animals—a few cattle, hogs, and chickens. We knew from an early age that burgers, bacon, and chicken dinners don’t originate in the supermarket. We also learned to treat animals humanely, whether they were being raised, worked, harvested, trained, or put down. Our gentle milk cow, Blondie, was raised from a tiny calf here; and she was part of our life for most of our growing up years. We had several pets we loved and lost over the years. A terrier named Queenie, and two beagles we called Lady and Tip were my favorites.

We also observed our parents open their home to family and friends; and watched them treat people with respect, even if they were somehow different or had other views about things. They were active leaders in the little Rock Camp church and exhibited their faith in daily life, speaking volumes on living life by example.

There were many chores that taught us the value of hard work. There were farming skills and tools and machinery to learn about, including respect for the inherent dangers of operating machines. Even today I marvel at big trucks and machines and how they work. I still love an old farm truck with the faint smells of chain saws, oil, and sawdust, mixed in with all those other earthy odors.

This farm has been the backdrop of our lives as we have experienced family, the deep roots of place, and the practical outworking of love and faith. We have learned here to be good stewards of God’s blessings and gifts. It has been a great blessing to our family, extended family, and community. Our hope and prayer now is that it will begin a new legacy of blessing with the future owners.