

It all started with an innocent post by Cousin Cindy Meyer Jensen in April 2014 on Facebook.

Cindy posted, “Some blueberries were wilting in my fridge, so on an impulse I put them outside for birds and squirrels. Here's our first visitor.”



Cindy’s friend Suzzie Thieke wrote, “Hey stop feeding our squirrels:) On second thought go ahead and keep them on your deck :):)”

Cindy replied, “Usually they get nothing from us. Our feeder is squirrel proof... I'll send them back soon...”

Cousin Sylvia Suess Hillman jumped into the mix, “This is a great picture. We have so few squirrels around here anymore. Too many fox, coyotes, etc. Love these little varmints!!”

Cindy answered her friend Suzzie, “I'll send the rats and deer carcasses your way.... Ugh! We had a very large opossum on our deck the other night. Scared Charlie to death. He was yowling like a scared little girl. Sally finally got out of bed when I got up (1AM) and just sniffed it.”
Funny.”

Sylvia was on a roll, “Yup.....there are a lot of animals Noah could have left behind. Opossums, rats, skunks, coyotes, fox, snakes, mice, spiders.....and if ya think of it, if it was just a weight limit on the ark's capacity, he could have thrown them all off and taken a pregnant unicorn and everybody would be so much happier today.”

Sylvia, I think your dandelion tea has fermented.

That got Sylvia riled up, “What's up with you, Lin - can't you follow my logic today?”

Well, to be brutally honest, I have a bit of a problem visualizing Noah leading a pregnant unicorn onboard.

Cindy must have been sipping some of that same dandelion tea, “And furthermore, what will this pregnant unicorn do if she gives birth to a girl? Hey.... Maybe that's what happened!”

Cindy, I think you have stumbled upon the real answer for the serious lack of unicorns.

Sylvia shot back, “No, guys, now wait a minute. ya gotta listen to the words of the song. They were out frolicking instead of waiting in line to go up the ramp. It was time to close the hatch so that's what Noah did. Personally, I think the unicorn is kind of an obscene looking critter anyway. And any horse type critter I ever got on bucked me off and I'm sure as heck glad they didn't have one of those horns cause sure as yer born I'd have landed on it!!!!!! By the way, Lin, is dandelion tea good? Fermented or not, do I need to get some of that? I don't make my own, I'm too busy killin the little buggers!!!!!!”

Sylvia, I never had any desire to imbibe on dandelion tea but I sure spent a lot of my childhood blowing the seed fuzz all over the place...usually aiming for my black dog because he looked lovely with all that white fuzz on his black back. He is the same one who used to get decorated with the "glow" parts of lightning bugs. That was striking too at night.

Cindy was following all this, “All of this because I gave blueberries to the wildlife... I won't make that mistake again.”

Yeah, but isn't it fun?

Sylvia was still rolling, “Oh, but wait once again! We're not done yet!!!! Funny thing, dandelions..... when I was a kid, they were the most beautiful flower in the world. And, yes, I still snap them off in the puff ball stage and blow them to the wind. A bit of liberation goes thru me every time I do it. When I retired, the health ins. agent for the district sent me a bouquet of flowers with three balloons attached to it. When I left the last day, I took them home, thru the flowers out, and tied the balloon strings to the back of one of my kitchen chairs. I left them there for several days. Got up one morning, cut them loose, took them outside, stood by the dinner bell pole, stretched out my arm and released them into the northeasterly wind and watched them float into the blue sky out over the cornfields and oak and cedar pasture until they were out of sight. That too was very liberating. Talk about stress release!!!!!! I had about 3 other such incidents in my life, but have sworn myself to secrecy with them. And, Lin, I still

love, love, love the "lightning bugs". If we could remember it, I bet you and I and a bunch of rowdy little boys spent several sessions catching them in our fruit jars. I still do that with my grandkids!!!! Yeah.....It was fun!!! All of it was fun!!!! We used to smear the "glow" on our faces and run through the darkness giggling. Oh, for a few more simple things to giggle at in these days!!!!!!!!!!"

Sylvia wasn't done yet, "Lin, I also have a very precious memory of going out on the bank between the road and the garden fence @ the farm south of Ridott corners to hunt for and pick some violets to put in a little glass in the well of the angel food cake Mom made for someone's birthday. My memory says it was for your Dad's cake, but not sure on that. Had to be in the spring of the year - does that match?

I'm thinking the violets were more likely blooming in time for your dad's birthday April 29 or Dick's on May 3. Hey, it might even have been for Aunt Hattie May 16. That is more likely than your mom putting flowers on your dad's or Dickie's cakes. Isn't he just going to love seeing himself called Dickie after all these years?

Sylvia's mind was churning now, "Could have been most anyone's birthday, but my memory says you guys were coming over for the party and I was excited about the flower idea for the cake. Bet it was Dad's. East sun on the road bank would have had violets blooming by the 29th, huh?"

Yup, Sylvia, your theory of violet timing sounds good to me. Violets, my favorite-in-all-the-world flowers! One of my best memories of 37 years at "the farm" is disking in spring in the fields on both sides of the creek. A carpet of deep purple glowed in the morning sun. Sometimes I hopped out of the cab to pick a bouquet but they didn't do well in the cab of an International 1066. Not to worry tho...my heart stored them in my memories.

Cindy's dandelion tea kicked in, "So, today, I had some (fill in the blank) wilting in the fridge. I put it out for the pregnant unicorn in our back yard. She went into labor trying to climb the steps up to our back deck. She had a little boy unicorn at 2:09 this morning. Crisis averted! Now bring over that dandelion tea, and I'll bake a cake. We can celebrate! By the way, that little guy's horn nearly killed his momma."

Sylvia had more to say, "Cindy, we three could cause a psychiatrist to commit HIMSELF to an institution if we all visited him together, couldn't we!!!!!! And, in relative thought to your last entry, (and this is for real!!!....) we had our firstborn calf born about 7:00 pm last evening. Scott's girls want to see a calf being born, so we called Scott and told him where the mother was tucked into the trees in the pasture for the event. He brought the girls over to watch, but the baby had just been dropped a few minutes before they got out there. 5 yr old Ali was really excited for 3 reasons. She had just come from getting to see the new bees through the window in the hive, she learned how to tie her shoe @ kdg yesterday (maybe late, but she never wears tie shoes) and she just got to see the first calf of the season. We told her and her sister now they have to think of a name. She without pause said "Her name is "Poop"! Cindy, curious to know what you named your little guy or should I ask Ali for another name for you??!"

Cindy chimed in, “Ohhhh, that is so precious. I love that they got there in time to see the little guy getting up, being cleaned by its mom, etc. How neat! Is Horny an appropriate name? Maybe we need to ask Ali after all.”

Sylvia answered, “Sounds appropriate to me. We still have 8 more to have babies, so maybe the timing will work out yet this spring.”

Cindy, your back deck sounds like a pretty eventful spot. You might want to post it all on you-tube. And I think "Poop" and "Horny" are fantabulous names for the newborns. Hope Horny's mom is recovering from all her scratches. I wonder if you should treat them with iodine. OUUUUUCH!

Sylvia was back again, “Trying to picture that unicorn out there in that picture peaking around one of those trees at that squirrel. Come to think of it, a unicorn would have a real tough time peaking around anything, don't ya think? Brings to my warped mind old Festus on Gunsmoke. They were in a gunfight in Dodge taking shelter at the edge of one of the buildings peaking out and shooting in turn with the opposition when Festus said to Matt Dillon, "Ya know, Matthew, I recon it would be really neat to have an eye at the tip of this here finger. A fella could just bend it around this here corner and take a look-see what's out there!....." (probably not an exact precise accurate quote). I am SOOOOOO waiting for June and Susan to chime into this fantastic conversation!!!!!!!!!!!!!!”

Sylv, they might be scared to associate with the 3 of us for fear of being put in the same institution with us. Nah...they are as nuts as we are. And, isn't it fun to just be able to let it all hang out and not worry what people will think? I couldn't have done that 15 years ago. Life is SOOOOOO good if you relax and let the chips fall into place.

Cindy agreed, “Here, here.”

At last we shook Cousin June Suess Kelly lose, “Me thinks you're all nuts!!

June, you are absolutely right. There is plenty room in the bowl for you too.

Sylvia replied, “I really think this kind of conversation used to happen at tea time when the Saaijenga girls got together, too. But, only when Dena was in the bathroom!!!!!! Hattie, Bertha, and Rosie had a lot of conversations that were pretty quiet with giggles and smirks on their faces. Then when the kids zeroed in on the table, the "educated ones" threw in a little German and the two uneducated ones giggled some more!!!!!!”

Cindy was still in this, “Funny. You are right. You should have seen my dad's face when I replied back to him in German, denying something he had said about me to mom. He was so shocked. Didn't he know that was the reason I took German classes? I was tired of the secrets!”

Sylvia agreed, “Love it! You're right. I always thought it was kinda rude when they'd sit at MY kitchen table when I was right there and talk German. I usually just got up and left.”

Love it when the cousins get on a roll and chuck their “grown-up” demeanor



Cindy



Sylvia



June



Lin