

In first grade we had to draw a picture of what we wanted to be when we grew up. I drew a woman feeding chickens (well, they looked like chickens to me.) and said I wanted to be a farmer's wife. OK, I did become a farmer's wife and lived on a farm for 37 years.

During my high school years I wanted to be a journalist but got married right after high school. I never became a journalist but that was for the good. There is no way I can write something without adding a zinger or two so my adult life has been filled with penning stories about childhood and things viewed thru my off-beat mind. That is also for the good.

Some days I read my older stores and am amazed to see things that this old mind has completely forgotten about.

