

As the years flow together in our memories, only if significant events occur at a particular time do we truly distinguish one from another. We have all said things like this: "When was Aunt Martha here? Was it in 1994 or 95?" Or: "did we get the first Tutsy dog in 1984 or 1985?" Or the question we couldn't resolve this September when Runo's brother, Henry, was here: "Were you here in 1988 or 89?"

Most everyday happenings, though, merge in our memories until all the Septembers seem to have been about the same. So, I decided to get out my daily journals and look back at a random September to see just what it really was like. From the filing cabinet I pulled out a journal notebook. It was from 2013. Here are some of the things I discovered about the ninth month of that year.

On the first of September I canned peaches and baked bread while Runo worked in the garden. It was cooler than the last week of August had been, but became muggy as the day wore on.

The next day we checked out the seedling apple trees on the South Eighty. The fruit was ready to try, so we picked some apples from two different trees, and I made two pies. Both turned out to be good, so I knew that we would have fall apples this year.

On the 3rd, 4th, and 5th in 2013, Runo helped our beekeeper/ friend in the bee yards. I made beet pickles, froze salsa, canned peaches, and pulled a hill of sweet potatoes to go with our country style spareribs.

On the 7th of September, my niece Julie and I went to Big Rapids to watch our niece Katelynn run in a cross country meet. She ran well, and when we came home, we saw that Runo had made good progress on the board fence we are putting up on one side of our yard. It looked nice.

On September 10th, Star came and picked up our lambs for the lamb pool market in Marion. There were two loads, so Runo went with him for the first load.

On the morning of September 14th, it was 25 degrees Fahrenheit. Fortunately, we had finished harvesting the cold-intolerant vegetables in the garden. We hauled a load of water to the sheep later in the day and also dug our sweet potatoes. They are not really a reliable crop in our area, and we are surprised when we get some nice sweet potatoes as we

did this year.

I tied up the warp threads on the small loom in the middle of the month, and I wove the first foot on the table runner material. It was a pretty pattern of primary colors and natural cotton/linen thread.

On the 21st of September in that year of 2013, we picked up our meat from the slaughterhouse and notified our customers that it was ready for them. A rosy sunset brought the end to another fall work day.

The 23rd of the month presented us with a decorated mailbox thanks to my niece, Laura. She arranged a corn shock around the post and added pumpkins and a wide, autumn-colored ribbon to the display.

On the 24th we hauled wood, filling our woodshed for winter.

During the last days of September in 2013, the leaves were coloring nicely. It felt and looked like autumn. On the 30th, Matt Currie, the "horse dentist," came and worked on Alvik and Bjorgy, getting their teeth all in shape for another year.

So, each year is different and yet much the same. We've gone about the business of our lives year after year-- our hair changing color and wrinkles showing up--but living much the same. We work, we enjoy ourselves, and we rest. It might seem like a mundane life to some, but it feels right to us, and we hope to fill many more yearly journals with the chronicling of similar activities.