

It is not necessary to be a mathematician or an accountant to have numbers dominating one's life. Almost without exception, we humans who are living in this time are inundated with numbers constantly.

In everyday life, we encounter numbers every day. Road signs, speed limits, finances, and even household matters—how many rolls of toilet paper are left? How many cookies does this batch make? How many tomato plants do we need to supply us with winter sauce? The questions that can most easily be answered with numbers are endless—or, at least, they would amount to a very large number.

Numbers are not always pleasant, either. Now, as we hear about the daily Covid 19 cases in our country, our state, our county, we are, or should be, noticeably anxious. And, when we read that over 140,000 people in our country have died from this virus, we should be more than anxious. We should realize that taking health and safety precautions is the only defense we have at this time.

I have always liked numbers. I enjoyed math classes, and I am calmed by the certainty of numbers. And, in my daily life, I must admit that I count a lot of things that don't need counting.

During the past few days, we have discovered that the tomato hornworms are hatched and growing. The first sign was some foliage that had been chewed. That meant that it was time to look for tomato worms. And, once again, time to count.

Finding tomato worms is something of a sport. They are not easy to see, having good protective coloring, and they really are often invisible to those of us who aren't the most perceptive. But, it is an adventure every day, just to see how many I can find. Then, I keep a running total. Yesterday's count was 15, and the season total so far is 31. The search is in its early stage.

When I milked Lily this morning, I squeezed 500 times with each hand. Then, I turned the cream separator 800 rotations for the centrifuge to spin out the cream from Lily and Effie.

There are 24 blossoms on the geraniums in the crocks on the porch. There are eight deer I can see in Merrie's field. 34 swallows are sitting on the wires from the hay barn to the house, and on the wires by the mailbox, two kestrels are plying their trade.

The rain gauge has been shy of numbers this summer. We could use a few 1, 1.5, or even 2 numbers to show up there.

Then, there are political poll numbers. We know they can often turn out to be fickle, but we are hopeful that the numbers we see now will hold true through the November election and that we will see a peaceful transition to a time with less rancor and much less chaos in a new national administration.