

Every lambing season is both the same as the ones in other times and yet different. Weather varies considerably from year to year, as we all know, but there are other aspects of an April lambing experience that are unique to a certain year. And yet, the process goes on pretty much the same over the decades. But, just to review some particular April from a number of years ago seemed like an interesting project this chilly forenoon. I wondered just what I might have written about lambing ten years ago. We usually lamb mostly in April, so I turned to that month in 2011. But, that year, we had most of the baby lambs in March! So, I needed to look at another year if I were to compare Apriils.

I went back to 2008. On the 10th of April I wrote: "Exactly five months since we let out the bucks. We have about 35 lambs now." On the same day, the water line under the driveway to the other house thawed out.

On April 11th: "Blew and rained all night. Today, we had twelve or fourteen lambs, including three sets of triplets. One set was actually quadruplets, but one lamb was dead. Too many visitors today. Tired tonight."

Some days had just one phrase: "Lambing and visitors. Tired."

On April 22nd I noted: "Yesterday we had 22 new lambs. Also had a new calf. Runo worked up the garden today. Cloudy."

On April 26th, I wrote: "Thunderstorm over night. We had 4/10" rain yesterday and nearly an inch more during the night. The wind blew like mad and it turned cold. Unn had twins, one black and one beige."

April 28th: "A long day. We fed lambs at 5:30 a.m., then ate breakfast before chores. I repotted more tomatoes, then did a bunch of paperwork. We docked and castrated lambs and had two new singles today, both from yearlings."

Several days had just one notation: "Lambing." Since 2008, though, I have begun writing daily journal entries that are uniformly one page each. So, those years, from 2011 on, there is greater detail in my notations on our daily life. But, perhaps, these short, cryptic entries are more revealing. One word often says a lot. In this case, it probably indicates both fatigue and acceptance of the fact that, during this time of year, our lives do, in truth, revolve around one activity—the lambing season.