

It is time again for a look back at this day in Decembers past. What took place on the 10th of this month, and how life on Coe Creek changed all that much over the years?

In 2013, ten years ago, I was working on our annual end of the year message to family and friends. That doesn't change much from year to year. It was one below zero in the morning, and the wind blew all day.

Two years before that, December 10, 2011, we spent a productive day. We sheared some of our April lambs that we were keeping for replacement ewes. Though we seemed more ambitious twelve years ago than we sometimes do these days, we were actually ahead of this schedule this year. We sheared this year's replacement ewe lambs a few weeks ago. We took time in 2011 on a cold afternoon to walk up to see if the cattle still had open water for drinking. They had all they needed, and Fly the border collie found a nice, dry cowpie to carry home that I guessed was her version of "take-out."

Two years ago today I ran four miles. I don't suppose I was very fast, but I made the miles. Earlier that day I'd spent time hemming handwoven dish towels, so after a sedentary task, the run felt good.

In my 2018 journal, I noted that I'd made a jelly roll cake and used it to make a yule log. Lots of eggs this year. That gave me an idea.

In 2016 we spent December 10th making Swedish meatballs. We baked three pans and froze some to bake later. We spent the evening reading and watching the Christmas tree.

On the 10th of December, 2010, there was a note that I will put into my longterm memory. That was the first time we tried Runo's round bale unloader, his invention that utilized some lumber and an old shallow well point. It worked great. We are still using it in 2022 to feed sheep during the winter. He has rebuilt some of it a couple of times, but it is a real labor-saving tool.

And then, there was December 10, 2022—today. We did our chores, and I baked some cookies. Then, in the afternoon, we loaded cattle for sale. We will have a few less barn chores now and the livestock will have a bit more room.

But, there were "December 10ths" long before the notes I'd made in these journals. Through the generosity of a relative, we are now in possession of my uncle Albert's diary for the years 1968-72.

He noted on this day in 1968 that it “is clear and cold, 10 degrees, this morning. A rooster and a hen pheasant are at the tree getting their breakfast.”

The changes from year to year here on Coe Creek aren't necessarily large. There is a continuity to life in this quiet corner. So, it does not seem strange to read about years past. I look out and see snow softly falling, a quiet day as this year begins to wind down. And what is time anyway but something we have constructed in our minds to put into mental boxes— minutes, hours, days and years—while life moves seamlessly on.new