

Beautiful day brings thoughts of spring

What a beautiful day! The weather report this morning predicts 63 today and 69 tomorrow (Wednesday), and that's almost too nice for this early in March; but I'm not complaining!

I am about to get spring fever, which always brings back memories of being a kid in Nebraska. Usually by this time, the birds start returning, like the robins, bluebirds, cardinals, the gray mourning doves, Baltimore orioles and the meadowlarks; I think they were my favorites.

In those days with us living so far out in the country, all the kids just naturally walked to school. We had a mile and a half, and we walked it no matter how bad the weather.

In the winter, those old cars wouldn't start. In the spring and fall, Dad was far too busy in the fields to take us to school, and you know what? It didn't hurt us one bit. I guess that's why I have always loved to walk and climb hills; wish I still could.

When the birds returned, we would see how many different kinds we could count on our way to or from school. Of course, we would get sidetracked by the little cotton-tails or try to outrun a jack rabbit.

Of course, we never did. They were too smart for us and would run into a plum thicket; but it all helped make the time go by faster.

We didn't even think about how far we walked. We didn't have any deer at that time, not like they are thick here.

But we did keep an eye open for coyotes, as they would follow a cow around for several days before she calved. Then they would attack it the moment it was born.

I think I heard that the cow gave off a scent that the coyotes could pick up; they could tell that their dinner was soon to be delivered.

There were packs of them roaming the hills. The farmers couldn't afford to lose a single calf. So quite often, they would hunt the coyotes in airplanes and usually shoot quite a few. It didn't seem to take



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very long until the population needed to be thinned again.

Those days as well as those ways are long gone, but the memories, sights and sounds are still very clear and dear to me; as I'm sure your childhood memories are to you.

One thing about it, these rotten squirrels never forget to check the bird feeder or climb the crab apple tree looking for apples. I see old "gray ears" has made it through another winter, and the "angelic" blond hussy is back to her usual pastime causing trouble every chance she gets.

Saturday night the guys held a wild St. Patrick's party on my patio, and from the sounds of it, there must have been plenty of green beer. Just as I thought it was winding down, the hussy appeared all dressed up

like a green leprechaun and started flirting and dancing.

The guys started whooping and hollering until their wives appeared carrying some hefty looking clubs. It didn't take very many whacks on their noggins until the party was over and the Hussy was running for her life!

Now my back yard is quiet again. I hate to think what April Fool's will bring!

The dining room at the Senior Center is full almost every day. So if you want to brighten your day, come on and join us for a good meal, lots of good visiting and stories, and plenty of laughter.

It'll make you forget your aches and pains and the IRS or whatever is bothering you. Believe me, I know! Hope to see you soon.

A former Senior Center employee and board member, Mary Kraft now volunteers at the center.

Center Stage is written by friends of the Senior Center for the Sheridan community. It is a collection of insights and stories related to living well at every age.