



## Farm News from September

One of the nice things about having your kids move away from home is when you get the opportunity to visit them and they are apprenticing at one of [Canada's top-rated restaurants](#). I figured it was 2 ½ years since the last time I took a break and who better to travel with than my son and grandson. Aside from fine dining our week was filled with the awesome beauty of the Maritimes and stopping at nearly every playground we passed.

Clifford the ever-growing red pig has me wondering what his future may hold. Although he is still at the cute stage and loves sleeping on our outdoor couch I just can't imagine him when he gets to 600 pounds.

The problem is that he thinks he is a dog and anywhere the dogs go, Clifford goes. Recently he followed the dog out to the pig pasture, his ancestral home where his mother, father, siblings, aunts, uncles and cousins lived. A tearful reunion? Not at all. With no food to eat he just followed the dog back home.

I've heard it said that pigs are as smart as dogs. I don't believe it. They're much smarter. What used to be benches around our campfire pit has now become an amusement park for the pig. Ramps, teeter totter, tunnels, jumps and hoops

are no longer a challenge. I'm starting to think he is ready to learn some card tricks but if I wait long enough, he'll be teaching me the card tricks.

A chore is called a chore because it is work which is repeated every day. This farm is filled with chores: feed the dogs, feed the cats, milk the cow, fill their water, feed the chickens, feed the ducks, check the turkeys and feed the pigs (around 350 of them). While there, check the water, feeders, houses, fences, etc. Some might consider it work but if you love being around animals it becomes a fun way to start the day and with never a dull moment.

There is one new chore that is different from all the rest. It has become a time to pause and reflect, almost a meditation. Sitting on a bench in the middle of a pond with either a sunrise or sunset to grace the horizon, feeding the fish.

What started out as little five inch fingerlings has grown over the summer to pan-sized trout, both rainbows and brook trout. My new favorite activity: sitting at the edge of the bench, staring into the water and watching the fish.

Next year I'll put up my sign: "Fishing with Permission. Adults Must be Accompanied by Children."

Jerry

