



## Farm News - June

The other day I was sitting on my tractor wondering 'how many people in the world are doing what I'm doing right now?' Directly in front of me was a mobile poultry shelter. A rather large invention over 4 1/2 times the area of my house. Made of green, metal arches and covered in salmon net, the shelter was in the process of moving very slowly onto fresh grass. My faithful John Deere was not only pulling the massive structure but also the entire drinking system, complete with a 55 gallon reservoir full of water. Also, in the process of moving were a number of feed troughs, each filled with organic wheat, mixed with peas, flax and all kinds of other good stuff. There was a large wooden shelter and two tents, also creeping along. A very unusual site from the seat of the tractor. But what made the scene so special were the 600 chickens, the sun contrasting their bright white backs against the deep, green grass, curiously pecking their way onto the fresh, untouched pasture that made the scene so special. I thought, "of all the chickens being raised in this world, how many are actually enjoying themselves?"

A new batch of turkeys are starting their lives on First Nature Farms. What a difference a year can make. The new guys start off around the size of an egg while the two toms I kept from last year are the size of a young buffalo. The event these two monsters will attend this fall will be special indeed! I'm betting 60 pounds each.

The four inches of rain we had this month has was a life saver. Just in time too. No rain = no hay = no livestock = no income = no farmer.

I was so lucky to have a set of bison twins born last month (mother and calves are doing fine). Imagine my surprise when this month, one of my favorite beef cows gave birth to a set of twins. The two little guys were born premature and we had to keep encouraging them to get up and nurse from their mom. At one point one of the calves jumped up unexpectedly and crossed the fence into the bison pasture causing me to have to cross the fence after him. Once I was on the other side I realized that this may not have been a wise move. Staring at me were all the bison cows and their newborn calves. But that didn't slow down the little beef guy. He just kept running until he was through the bison herd and heading to the opposite end of the field, straight to our one lone horse, "Chevelle". It seemed like the calf had just realized that the horse was actually its mother. Deciding not to pursue the chase any longer I went back through the bison herd, apologizing for my intrusion, and left the calf to fend for itself. The next morning the two calves were back with their mom. Mother and calves are now doing fine.