

After our mothers' parents passed away, we moved to their homestead just a short distance from our farm. It was a beautiful place with lots of trees, a huge weeping willow tree out front that we make whips from. A natural spring bubbled cold clear water out of the earth and ran off somewhere, never did find the end. Early one summer morning I went outside and heard the old John Deere D rumbling in the distance and as it came closer, I could see Larry top the hill leading down to the farmhouse, it was a fairly steep hill and ran all the way through the big yard down to the creek. Not sure what my brother Larry was thinking but he made a fun decision, at least for me! He put the tractor in neutral and here he came, faster than that tractor was ever driven. Down the hill heading for the house, garage, barn or worse, the creek. Of course, tractors have big tires with little air in them so the tractor started to bounce, really high and sometimes a little sideways but Larry was riding that tractor like he was a professional bull rider and as he got closer, I could see the fear and excitement

on his face. He somehow managed to make it through the gate and into the yard where I assumed thing would get very bad, and they kind of did. After a sharp right he immediately took a sharp left and the tractor seemed to tip on two wheels, but Larry took control back, and headed directly for the house. Wow missed the house by inches but caught the fence that was connected to the house and fenced the yard and is now dragging 50 feet of fence behind him pulling up lilac bushes, flowers and whatever else was in his way. Finally, he made a violent circle and stopped, and sat there for a long time with a funny look on his face while I fell to the ground laughing so hard! mk