Uncle Ab From Abington — October 22, 1975

(By Jim Jones)

The poet calls October "the Golden Month", and the trees have proved it's true again. It's a beautiful month, but a little sad too.

Went to the garden patch a few days ago. Its little like seeing an old friend dying. We walked up and down the remains of the corn and bean rows, remembering the hours spent plowing, tilling, planting and cultivating. We remember the pleasure in being able to get on the land early in the spring, the smell and feel of the fresh soil, the joy when the first sprouts appeared. There were weeks of hoeing, cultivating and finally the first onions, radishes and peas were ready for the table. As summer went on, there were beans, corn, beets, carrots, mangoes, squash, cucumbers, potatoes and more. Now the field is bare and dead. We found a few tired cucumbers and a little pile of squash. Across the watercourse, the soybeans were drying in the sun, a promise of still another harvest. Farmers were combining corn and hauling it to the dryer at the elevator. The harvest is really here, but the garden is done.

Found a tree of apples and brought a bushel home. Good eating this fall Also made some cider a few weeks ago. Don't have a cider mill, but ground up a bushel in the sausage grinder and squeezed the pulp in the old lard press. This is really Country Cider —not the clear variety found in the stores, but cloudy with apple pulp. All the flavor is there, from peel and core alike. Probably a worm or two, but they don't count. A good drink for the evening hours, Brought in a couple loads of wood from the forest. Sold a couple walnut trees last year and the tops have been aging for a year. Makes good fires in the fireplace and potbelly stove.

Storm sash all in, so suppose fall is upon us, But there are still a few tomatoes and turnips are coming, and we even found a few late strawberries on the everbearers to bring in. Been mulching the fruit trees, flower beds and gathering seeds for next spring's planting of flower beds. Just the usual fall work around a place that gives a feller an opportunity to get out of the house on a fine day. Leaves need raking to compost down for next year's planting.

So we look back on the summer with fond remembrance. The porch chairs are put away now, since its too cool to sit on the verandah at night. Their place is taken with part of the firewood we brought in. But the crickets still sing a little at night, the marigolds still bloom and the morning glories on the windmill are still opening each morning. The sun is a little farther south now and the night air has a bite to it. This Ol' Hoosier Farmer takes note and gives thanks to the Father above for this fall season and the pleasures it brings.