

## Making the Big Move

I was only ten years old when my world was turned upside down. It happened like this, after my parents did a couple year search for dairy farms to buy, it finally happened. They found one and all at once one day we loaded up our farm machinery, tools, and household furniture into four or five grain trucks and headed up the road from Indiana to Wisconsin to begin a whole new life. With those big loads and slow-moving trucks, it took about six hours to make the two-hundred-mile trip which included stopping to let air out of our combine tires to get under an overpass near Chicago.

I had only been to Chicago a few times in my life, once to a Cubs game and once to Brookfield Zoo when I was in kindergarten. We also made the trip up to McCormick Place for a Billy Graham Crusade, and a couple times to O'Hare International Airport to either pick them up or say good-bye to our aunt, uncle and family who were missionaries in Kenya, Africa. Every four years they got to come home for a whole year to visit family and their supporting churches. They got to tell all of their exciting stories about their lives in the Bush. This trip to Chicago however, was different. We kept driving right on past those huge skyscrapers and right up the interstate past O'Hare Field too. I remember watching the lights of the city slowly fade away into flat corn and soybean fields, and a tear or two slowly trickled down my cheek. I remember feeling very lonely all of a sudden and wondering if I would ever see my friends, grandparents, cousins, and aunts and uncles again. It was the summer of 1972, and everything was about to change in a big big way our lives.

My dad, a couple brothers and I arrived at our new farm on that summer evening, and I remember thinking that the house didn't smell too nice. We threw some blankets on the floor that night and I fell into a fitful sleep. I was far away from home and full of uncertainty. In the morning a couple more trucks arrived, and we got busy unloading everything, and trying to figure out where everything needed to go. My brothers and I explored every building on the place, and then we walked down to the creek and proceeded to explore every inch of the farm over those first few days. It wasn't long before we bought a nice herd of fifty Holsteins, and began milking half a barn full. My dad had to travel back down to Indiana to finish out the farm lease there for a few months and so we six boys and mom got the work done in Wisconsin while he milked the herd in Indiana. There was plenty of work to do that first summer with getting the hay made, the silos filled, and the corn picked without our dad around, but we got it done.

I sure missed my old friends in Indiana, but soon I made new friends at our new school and life seemed to get back to normal. One of the new things that occurred after the move was that whenever any of our family came to visit from Indiana, they would stay for the whole weekend, and we would all sleep under the same roof and eat all our meals together. It was pretty fun to have these times with our cousins throughout the years. It sure is amazing how fast time flies, but how clear the memories still are today. Psalm 143:5 "I remember the days of long ago; I meditate on all your works and consider what your hands have done." Today, our family is still farming the land only the Lord has blessed us with more land, more cows and more kids. God is good. Until next week, God bless.

