



## Tennsion

### “A Time To Live!”

**G**lory be, it's a pretty morning! The grass is green, green, the Dogwoods are in their glory and mule hair is flying off by the bushel. To top off this beautiful morning, Neta and I found a hat full of morel mushrooms this morning; in a place I had filled my hat three days ago. It don't get any better than that. There'll be fried mushrooms for supper again tonight. I believe I'll just have me three or four of those crappie fillets that Dad and I caught last week to go with it. I'm eating light until next week when Neta promises me one of my favorite meals. The first lettuce will be picked next week, so it's wilted lettuce, fried crappie, fried mushrooms, brown beans and cornbread. Notice no fried potatoes; I'm on a diet.

The wild turkey gobbles fill the quiet mornings here in the Ozarks. Turkey gobbles; morel mushrooms and shedding mules are pure spring to this country boy. Somehow it's prettier than last spring. I know, I say it every year and I mean it. God say's, "There's a time to live and a

time to die." It's as obvious as the nose on your face; this is a time to live!

Even our seven-year-old granddaughter, Baylee Jo had a comment on this beautiful spring when she told her mom, "Aren't those puppywoods pretty mom." She was referring to the dogwoods in bloom. It tickles me when a child sees the beauty too, no matter what they call it.

Baylee and I have gotten in a few rides this spring. She's caused me to throw on a saddle a couple of times this spring when I might not have, had it not been for her bugging me to go riding. Thank God for her and her persistence. She's like seeing a young mule come along, every ride is better and I can see she's going to be a good little rider someday.

I see the birds collecting the loose mule hair from the tie area at the barn, the housing construction business is booming here (bird housing). Some little bird is going to have a soft nest to live in while he gets his wings, thanks to a mule. I say what goes around comes around. I predict

the mule that gave of the hair and I, will be listening to that chick's song come next spring. I'm sure the bird songs I hear this morning come from those hatched in a nest lined of shedded mule hair last spring. Good trade!

The month of May will bring on the flowers, yes even though I have a big mustache, I'm into flowers. I find beauty in a flower and a peace when I ride by one or a bunch. Is this my feminine side? I don't know, Neta says it is.

In a flower I see something so delicate and pretty and if I desired I could pluck its pedals, leaving it looking like nothing more than a weed stem. I see nourishment in that hat full of mushrooms we picked this morning. It nourishes my body and gives me strength. The same God that makes the flowers and the mushrooms makes the mountains; they are big, rugged and seem impossible to move. Jesus said, "If I have faith as small as a mustard seed I can move a mountain." A mustard seed is very tiny, much smaller than a flower and a mushroom.

As the trees put on their leaves and flowers begin to bloom, I think of all the possibilities on this beautiful spring morning. Will I have a mountain to move today? Hope not, but I know I can if I have too! Will I pluck a few flower peddles? I see no need; I'm just enjoying their beauty as I feel they were made for no one else but for we who ride a mule. God has made this spring and all the others before it and again I see Him in it all.

Spring is a time to live, I'm living it on the back of a mule...Hope you're doing the same.

Take a deep seat, sit back and enjoy Western Mule Magazine. Your comments are always welcome.

May God Bless!

