



A Ted Bit Mixing 'rustic' with pride of ownership

I took last week off work to catch up on some of the jobs around home.

We're hosting The Sidekick's son's wedding at the farm in the next month, so there is lots of primping and prepping going on around the place.

Some time ago, I started renovating the downstairs bathroom. (Okay it was before Christmas, and it wasn't close to being finished.)

In spite of the fact the guests won't be using the bathroom in the farm-house, The Sidekick said it HAD to be done...

Once the orders came down from that lofty height, I enlisted my very handy, talented and ambitious brother-in-law as the two of us joined forces to finish the bathroom.

We make a great team—my neck doesn't like to bend backwards, and he has a sore knee (but he did admit it's much better since we completed the bathroom.)

Between the two of us, we make up a fairly complete functional man.

I did the things that required me 'not looking up', while he did the 'looking up' things.

We now have a functional bathroom. With one 'day-and-a-half-hurdle' out

of the way, I spent the balance of the week working outside.

Now I love to work outside, but working on gardens and flower beds ain't my favorite job. I much prefer working ar-

eas of land that are measured in acres, not square feet.

However, I have made the vegetable garden accessible with the full-sized farm tractor, so I could run the cultivator over it— much easier that way. (I'm still trying to find a way to work up the flower beds with the farm tractor as well, but I'm not having any great inspiration yet.)

I sat on the old International for hours last week, cutting the lawn numerous times with the seven foot finishing mower. I want to get it nice and 'fine,' like golf course consistency, so it requires lots of cutting and recutting.

Some things have had to be painted,

like the verandah floor, as well as freshening up some of the window trim.

The Sidekick's son landed on the scene for two days last weekend to lend a hand. I gave him the job of painting the verandah floor.

He started edging along the house, as I took the tractor and cultivator out to work up a small field.

When I returned, The Sidekick was painting while he was digging up and edging the flower beds.

Seems they traded jobs.

No matter, both jobs were completed and The Sidekick and I took out a mortgage to purchase a truck-load of bedding plants and assorted hanging baskets to give the place a blast of colour. We're actually enjoying the work, as we can see the fruits of our labours.

Monday being a holiday, we finished up planting the flower beds, as well as most of the vegetable garden.

The rain came that night, giving everything a good soaking—perfect.

The wedding is a month away, and we're well on the way to having the farm in shape. I have plans to spruce up a few things around the barn, as well as stain a pair of doors on one

barn, since they are new lumber and look a bit too 'fresh'.

As we wrapped up our work Sunday afternoon, the bride and one of her bridesmaids dropped by to see how we

'I much prefer working areas of land that are measured in acres, not square feet.'

were doing

When I explained what we had left to do, she said, "Oh don't do that— I like it the way it looks now, nice and rustic."

I'm a stickler when it comes to presentation— I have a strong pride of ownership, and leaving things looking like a 'rundown old farm' ain't my style.

I asked her is she was having her hair done for the wedding, to which she answered "Of course I am."

"Why would you do that?" I grinned, "I think it looks great the way it is..."

She's still trying to come up with a smart answer.

—Ted Brown can be reached at tbrown@theifp.ca



TED BROWN