

Morning milking — a time of inner meaning & meditation



BY DICK ANGLESTEIN
COCHRANVILLE —
Morning dawns inside a
dairy barn long before it
does outside

The barn is already a
center of light and activity
an hour or more before the
first rays appear on the
horizon or the first bird
chirps the musical downbeat
for a sunrise countryside
chorus.

Milking during the wee-
hours stillness of a muggy
July night is many things.

To the ear:

It's the soft clop-clop of the
cows' listless gait from the
outside night under the
floodlight above the barn
door, down the concrete aisle
into a familiar slot.

It's the soft metallic clank
of the closing stanchion lock.

It's the even quieter
rubber-booted tread of the
awaiting humans

It's the soft-spoken tones
of the morning inspirational
message on the barn radio,
which later turns into a
monotone serenade of
country and western music.

It's the soft whir of a fan
that stirs the still, damp air
ever so slightly.

It's the mournful lowing of
a heavy-uddered cow in the
night still waiting to move
into the barn

It's the throbbing,
pulsating, sucking sound of
the milkers as they're at-
tached

It's the monotonous
mechanical rhythm of the
compressor off to the side by
the milkhouse

It's an almost in-
discernible scrape as a
shepherd stretches out to
nestle against the cool stone
wall

To the eye:

It's a kaleidoscope of black
and white.

Large black and white
masses, all in a row, some
more black than white and
some more white than black.

White walls and white
beams in the ceiling

A network of tubing at-
tached to overhead lines
through which the frothy
white ebbs and flows

A white calf that reaches

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