

On being a farm wife - And other hazards Joyce Bupp



Today is the day.

For months, it's been talked about, planned for, worried over and dreamed of. Ideas have been suggested, discussed, discarded, adopted, revised and revised again.

We've fixed up, torn down, picked up, mowed down, hauled out, brought in, disconnected, hooked up, patched up, cleaned up -- in a seemingly endless process.

The time is past for planning, for hoping, for dreaming.

Today is the day.

Today our only daughter and our future son-in-law become man and wife.

Friends have repeatedly warned

about the emotional trauma of daughters' weddings. Add to that the implications of the bride's determination that she wanted their reception to be held where so many of her fondest childhood memories are rooted: right here on the farmstead lawn.

"I hated weddings when I was little," she insists. "Dress up and sit still. I want the kids to have fun and play at our wedding."

Needless to say, the preparations for this momentous day, coupled with trying to plant corn and beans, and harvest hay crops through one of the wettest spring seasons on record, have kept life anything but dull these last few

weeks.

At last, the undershirts of our towering old maple trees have been pruned, allowing cooling breezes and daylight access once again to the house and porches. Trim on the house is touched up, grass regrown on the bare spots (most of 'em, anyway) and the inevitable crop of weeds removed as best possible from the flower borders.

Today is the day.

Pots of geraniums hold high fat clusters of pink and red blossoms, to scatter color in random spots. Daylilies, hollyhocks, hostas, and marigolds join the roses in blooming for this very special event. Even the garden, "mudded" in between showers and springs trickling around its perimeter, shows promise of looking more like a plot with a purpose, than a wetlands preserve.

Grandma has put the finishing, lacy re-touches for today's bride to my wedding gown, silently stored for 25 years to adorn this second generation. One last cluster of seed pearls has been stitched to the veil netting.

And the somber, ceramic bride and groom which adorned our wedding cake again pose atop another creation of white-dough tiers and pink-icing roses.

Sachets of potpourri for gift

baskets no longer perfume the living room -- where they've been stashed for the last few weeks. The route to the attic steps is almost cleared of paper goods, decorations, and the bride's worldly goods being packed for moving. A stockpile of cold buffet foodstuffs awaits only the final setting out by assisting friends from church.

Today is the day.

With a little luck, the season's abundance of showers, thunderstorms and mistiness will give way to sunshine and comfortable, light breezes. With a little luck, no heavy winds will toss limbs or leaves to litter the lawn. With a little luck, Beth, the yearling Hou-

dini of the heifer herd will be on her best behavior, staying behind the fence rather than grazing through the oats just behind the lawn border.

Today is the day.

Amid flowers of white and blue, flickering candles, the love of family and friends, and -- most importantly -- in the sight of God, these two young lives today join in marriage.

With tears in our eyes, lumps in our throats, and hearts overflowing with love for you both, we pray God's blessing on you both today -- and always.

Best wishes, Patty and A.J., on your wedding day!

Historic Schaefferstown To Feature Baking Day

SCHAEFFERSTOWN (Lebanon) — On Saturday, July 8 and Sunday, July 9, Historic Schaefferstown will defy the age-old Friday baking tradition of the Pennsylvania Dutch country by firing the large 1771 bake oven in the kitchen of the historic Alexander Schaeffer House. The bake oven will turn out bread, raspberry custard, rhubarb pie and custard and gooseberry pie and custard.

The 1989 Festival will present a new program on herbs and their use in foods, medicine, and symbolic uses. Speakers will discuss and demonstrate herbs from the garden through all aspects of the country life.

Saturday, at 11 A.M. judging will begin for the third annual black raspberry custard pie baking contest. Prizes are \$75 for the winner and \$25 for second place.

Craftsmen will include Jim Faust in the blacksmith shop, farm harvesting and threshing and a 100 year old sawmill will enliven the activities for both days.

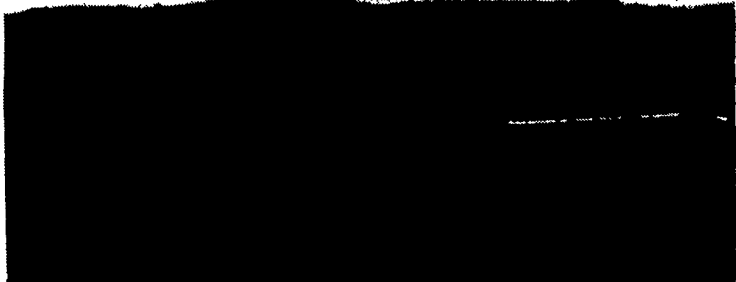
Visitors may see the large collection of farm implements, tour the gift shop, the unique 1760 Schaeffer House with its distilling cellar, absolute garden, log house over the spring, the barn, the dry house and a beautiful 90 acre farm.

The Country Classics will entertain Saturday and on Sunday there will be a German church service and the Dulpehock Sangerchor and the Rehresburg band will entertain.

Schaefferstown is located at the junction of Routes 897 and 501, north of Lancaster. Admission is \$2.50 for adults, children under 12 free.

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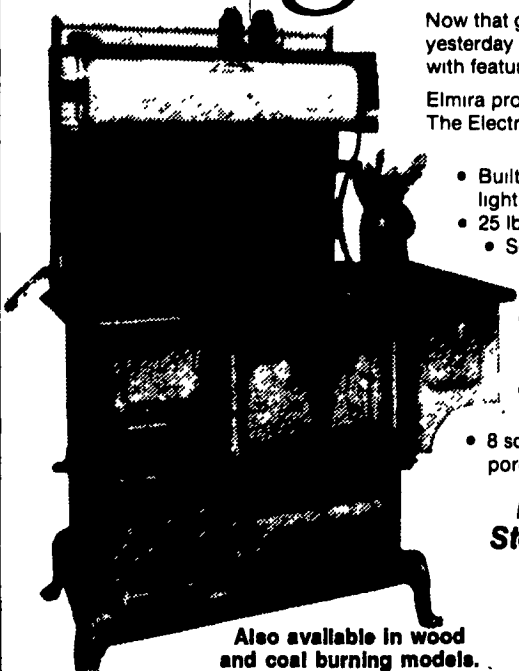
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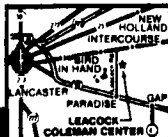
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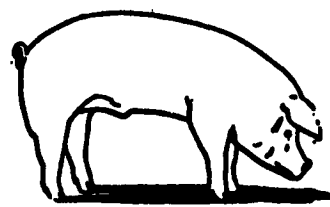
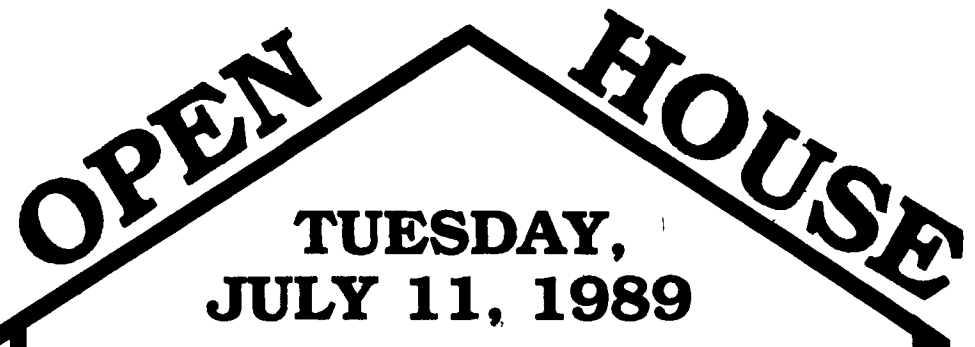


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