

Picking up rocks is second nature to farmers. It's a fact of farming life. The rocks seem to multiply every year they are left unattended. My father in law once told me they have babies. Rocks get in the way and can potentially damage expensive equipment. Whether a farmer likes it or not, picking up rocks needs to be done. And however easy it may sound, picking up rocks is darn hard work.

I've managed to escape doing much of this because our children have been too small to come along or to stay home alone. This year we're all pretty much big enough, except Casey, and he can ride in the tractor. So, when Al called the other night and asked us to come out and help, I rounded up gloves and tennis shoes for everyone, loaded the kids up in the van, and headed to the field.

Anyone who knows me well, knows I never leave home without my camera. I try really hard to capture our life in all its glory through my lens. I can't do this without my camera handy, so I endeavor to always have it with me when the perfect picture presents itself. However, on this particular evening, I neglected to bring my camera with me to the field to pick up rocks...

But, if I had...I would have taken pictures of:

***Emily holding up her brand new pink gloves and saying "Ewww!! Mom, there is dirt on my new gloves!!! Can you wash them?"*

***Emily and Carter "surfing" on the rock bucket of the skid loader as we drove across the field.*

***The big, I mean Huge, smile on Emily's face as she drove the skid loader for the very first time.*

***The beautiful sunset we watched out in the wide open field. Living in town, you sometimes forget the beauty in the openness.*

***My daughter and me doing cartwheels in the cultivated field while the guy helping us dug a really big rock.*

***Emily making "poop" out of the mud and showing it to everyone.*

***Carter drawing on the big rocks nobody could lift instead of picking any smaller ones up.*

***Al and the boys in the tractor coming toward us at the end of the evening framed by the setting sun.*

***Casey wanting so badly to help pick up rocks, but not being able to lift more than a pebble or even walk well on all of the uneven ground.*

***The dirt clod fight Emily and Carter had.*

***Emily rubbing dirt on her shirt because she thought it made it look like she did some work.*

***The guy who was helping us, a friend of Al's from work, when he took his sunglasses off and had raccoon eyes from all of the dirt!!*

I didn't bring my camera with me that night, but if I had, that's what I would have done.

In spite of all the "fun" we had in the field the other night, we really did pick up quite a lot of rock. Really. My husband said so.