

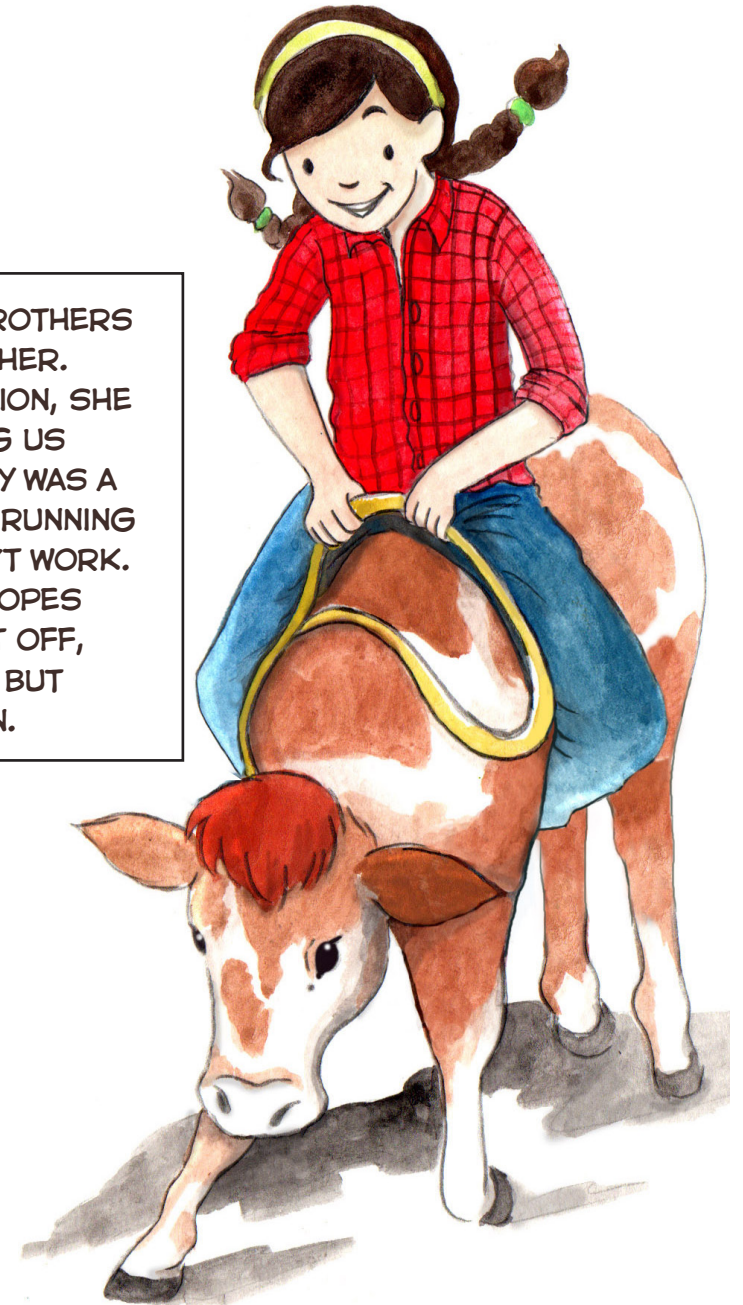
TALES OF FARM FRIENDS

THE WRONG RIDE

AS A YOUNG TEEN, I RAISED A HEIFER¹ CALF NAMED JENNY. HER MOTHER HAD DIED, SO MY DAD BROUGHT HER INTO THE BARNYARD TO BE RAISED BY HAND.



WHEN JENNY WAS BIGGER, MY BROTHERS AND I WOULD SOMETIMES RIDE HER. THOUGH SHE LIKED THE ATTENTION, SHE SOON GREW TIRED OF CARRYING US ON HER BACK. AFTER ALL, JENNY WAS A COW, NOT A HORSE. SHE TRIED RUNNING TO GET US OFF, BUT THAT DIDN'T WORK. SHE TRIED STANDING STILL IN HOPES THAT WE'D GET BORED AND GET OFF, BUT THAT DIDN'T WORK EITHER. BUT THEN SHE FOUND THE SOLUTION.



¹ HEIFER: A YOUNG FEMALE COW

MOM HAD MADE A SHALLOW PUDDLE OF WATER IN THE BARNYARD FOR SOME DUCKS TO SPLASH AROUND IN. ONE TIME WHILE RUNNING, IN AN ATTEMPT TO DISMOUNT US, JENNY RAN THROUGH THE DUCK PUDDLE, SPLASHING THE MUDDY BARNYARD WATER ALL OVER OUR LEGS! YIKES! OFF WE JUMPED!

JENNY WAS VERY HAPPY TO LEARN THIS TRICK, AND FROM THEN ON IF WE TRIED TO RIDE HER, SHE RIGHT AWAY RAN TOWARDS THE DUCK PUDDLE, KNOWING WE WOULD GET OFF BEFORE SHE REACHED IT.

WE LEARNED TO RESPECT JENNY FOR THE COW SHE WAS, AND NO LONGER TRIED TO RIDE HER.

“EVERY BEAST OF THE FOREST IS MINE,
AND THE CATTLE ON A THOUSAND HILLS”
(PSALM 50:10 KJV).

