

## Ice Cream

07-09-2012 by Harry Zirkelbach

*To this child, all candy and ice cream was unforgettably delicious.*

*Back in one day of childhood an event registered as unique,  
placing one of the two delicacies in a slightly higher region of his paradise.*

*It began long ago as a picnic. This involved families his parents age with children  
galore.*

*They gathered at a farmhouse. Tables were set with an ample luncheon mother's  
had prepared. Whenever families have met a few times, it seems that later  
adventures proceed as if rehearsed. Every Mom, Dad and child knowing what was  
expected, set tables, laid out dishes, cups and silverware as if part of a  
mechanized army.*

*That was this child's memory of a sunny August afternoon at that far away farm.*

*All ate with conversation and enjoyment.*

*Afterward, the men and boys sat around the dinner tables, women and girls  
cleared the tables, collected and washed dishes. Men retold favorite stories,  
smoked, sipped on the jug of that years newly vintaged cider. To the boys offered a  
swig, it still tasted like cider.*

*About the time the ladies began to return from their tasks, the men began choosing  
sides for a baseball game. There were twenty-two eligible men and boys,  
enough for eleven on a side.*

*The sun had headed down the far side of the day when they began to play. The field  
was just that, a farmyard. It was mostly tramped down by farm animals.*

*Unevenness and handicaps were everywhere. No problem. Stones were easily  
found for Home Plate, the three bases. Jimmy's dad who had played in the PONY  
League set the bases, outlined rules, shouted "Play Ball". Nosily all they began to  
play, dads boys again.*

*The farmyard proved adequate for a baseball game. Hits were plentiful. No one  
ever grounded out, struck out, was injured. Only a few younger ones were adept  
athletes.*

*For these and everyone, this was an enjoyable afternoon.*

*Score was not kept. Three outs did result in changing sides.*

*Oh Yes, the ground was slanted. Right field rose many feet higher than the other area.*

*As all the players hit right handed, the right fielder had become an observer.*

*Until someone shouted at the right fielder, "What are you doing Jimmy?"*

*The game stopped to witness Jimmy running every which way, arms flailing. Suddenly he headed toward the others and shortly they shared his discomfort. They too became victims of another of the hornets he had disturbed.*

*It ended suddenly. The hornets had become satisfied with their revenge.*

*All who were strung, began to show welts with pride,  
kept the mud packs placed there by mothers  
long after any pain.*

*This story teller, a victim, remembers the following above all.  
The host farm ladies had turned the cranks to provide fresh home made Ice  
Cream.*

*The Cream, thick, fresh from their farm cows was vanilla flavored.  
One batch., fortified with strawberries, the other with peaches,  
all freshly picked the day earlier.*

*Victims were given larger dollops. This dessert was not icy. Flavor overwhelmed  
the pallet the cool, smooth cream slid down the throat.*

*This became the conversation for the family on the drive home,  
the attentive center of that nights dream highlight.  
A cherished memory of a perfect summer.*

*Oh yes.*

*The peach Ice cream was a bit sweeter than the strawberry,  
then, in that dream, and in retelling today.*

