

JUST MOVING ALONG

by June Richer

But wait! When I told Gene what our subject for the next writing was, he immediately quoted:

You have brains in your head,
You have feet in your shoes,
You can steer yourself
Any direction you choose!
You are on your own,
and
You know what you know,
and
You are the one who will decide where to go!
OH! THE PLACES YOU WILL GO!

Oh, the places I did go!

Mom used to say, "When I get a call from June, I never know where she will be going or where she has been!"

I have been in all of the continental United States. What a thrill! I am poorer money wise, but richer loving my country!

Now, I want to start my journey in Meckville, Pennsylvania. This small village had three houses, one barn, and a General Merchandise store. But let's also count a farm home back in a lane which was about 1-1/2 blocks long. Also we will include the farm just up the road going toward the church which is one mile from Meckville. Just beyond the church were the Blue Ridge Mountains.

Meckville has grown by a few more homes, but remains the charming place where I was born and lived my first six years. Then my family moved just across the hill. This 12-acre farm allowed for us kids to become farmers, owners of pets, take care of little chicks, calves, and kittens. We each had our own tree to sit in and a garden plot. We had a creek to wade in ... and a good place to make memories! I loved it and what it had to offer.

I can't ignore the fact that we learned to work here. We were responsible for small things like gathering eggs. You can't imagine how fragile life is until you hold an egg. Yes, an egg! An egg that you took out of the chicken's nest! It will sustain your life, but don't drop it, or you could become wanting!

Even though I was in all the 48 states, the memories that warm my heart the most are of Meckville with the Blue Mountains behind it!

One summer my sister Faye, a married couple, and myself teamed up together to see all we could of the USA. We each said where we wanted to go and what we wanted to see. Each of us put "X" number of dollars in a "kitty" every morning to be used for gasoline. We spent five weeks seeing the United States and friends along the way.

Everyone should have the experience of stepping across the border into another country ... even Canada or Mexico. But better than that is the feeling and the joy of stepping back into our home land ... the good old USA!