

1: Adventures in Homemaking:

Alina's adventures in home making. Writing and wringing the moments sapless. Violet heaven behind the house. Between polishing, editing, and attacking the Defect/or.

An update on my life I finally have a chance to sit down and update you all on what has been going on with me. The biggest thing in our life right now is that Keith was offered a new job Praise the Lord! The Lord has blessed us so much by moving us up here; not only do we have a beautiful home with a mountain! Plus his commute is only 25 minutes one way! My sweetie is now home every day by 5: We just moved up here the first week of October, so I am still unpacking boxes and organizing. These tasks do not come easy for me so I would appreciate your prayers that I am diligent to keep at them and not allow myself to become distracted by TV, the computer, or just plain laziness. Sure, I enjoyed the very occasional flurries while living most of my life in Georgia but this is my first time living in an area that gets snow every winter! And I need some winter clothes! LOL We are still praying that the Lord will open my womb. At this time, we are not pursuing fertility treatments. Keith believes that the Lord will cause us to conceive "naturally" so that is why we are waiting for now. This is HARD for me. I realize that I cannot make this happen on my own but waiting quietly for Him to work? Not me; unfortunately, my controlling personality wants to rant and rave at Him for not giving me what I want. This is truly the ultimate test. I need to get going. Keith is working hard, trying to organize the garage so that we can park our cars inside. After all, cold weather is coming! I have laundry--and a host of other things--calling my name! We are visiting churches.

2: Adventures in Home-Making

*Adventures in Home-Making [Robert Shackleton, Elizabeth Shackleton] on www.enganchecubano.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. This book was originally published prior to , and represents a reproduction of an important historical work.*

In fancy doctor terms it stands for a peripherally inserted central catheter. The best way I can describe it is similar to an IV you would get in your arm except it is inserted into your arm and the line goes into the main vein near your heart. A PICC line is where they can give you nutrients, medicines and draw blood labs. We inject vitamins into them every night. They use this instead of a regular IV if the person will need this more long term. Because I am not eating enough to sustain me, I get my daily nutrients from this line every night. This gives me all the nutrients and vitamins to keep me going. I think it is rather amazing that a bag of what looks like water can keep a person alive. Thank goodness for modern medicine! At first it was hard to be hooked up to something all night. I felt limited and tethered to my bag. It was hard to carry around and also sleep with a tube on me all night. However, as time has gone on I rarely even notice it. Peyton has always encouraged me to not let the TPN the bag of nutrients hold me back and limit my lifestyle. We got a backpack to hold my medicine and that has been so helpful. I hook that thing up, strap it to my back and I am good to go. I was very nervous about how my body was going to react to the foods. I was also receiving tube feeds through a tube in my stomach that would keep my intestine working. After I was home for about 2 weeks from the hospital things went from bad, to worse. I would throw up constantly, all day every day. I felt awful, depleted and hopeless. I would sleep with a bucket next to my bed because without fail I would throw up multiple times in the night. I was running on little energy because whatever my body was eating was coming right back up. They decided to do a CAT scan and discovered that I have an obstruction. This is due to more of my small intestines being necrotic. This is best described as a blockage. Anything I was eating or bile I was secreting had nowhere else to go. I was admitted back into the hospital for some additional tests. They administered multiple endoscopies where they put a balloon down my throat, blow air into it and to try open the obstruction up but after about 3 of those, they said they were not working and it was too dangerous to keep doing. I then had a tube inserted with two bags to drain my small intestines and my stomach. This is NOT a colostomy bag. I still have these attached to my stomach that has required me to be creative in my clothing. The great part about these two bags is I am not throwing up all day anymore! The bile now has somewhere to go and it no longer has to come up. I have felt so much better since they inserted this tube. Heres a picture of my two bags. After that hospitalization, I went home where they stopped my food intake and my tube feeding. I am allowed sips of water and chicken broth. This has been by far the hardest part of my trial. Everywhere you go you see advertisements for food, every church gathering, or activity with friends and family involves some sort of eating. The holidays were obviously the worst. Although Peyton bought me the most expensive water he could find. I would find myself becoming almost obsessed with food. I would have Peyton describe how it tastes, I would watch others eat and tell them in what order they should eat it. At the same time, I have had to withdrawal myself to situations where my favorite foods are being served or take a second and regroup when I am having a craving. I miss textures and flavors and chewing! With that said, I have been very strong in this whole process. I miss date nights that involved restaurants, late night ice cream treats, and junk food at Disneyworld. I have to remind myself that this is only temporary. Savages, I tell you! My surgeon does not want to go in and remove the obstruction for about a year. Her reasoning which I support is if she were to go in now so soon after my other surgeries it could compromise the small portion of healthy intestine that I still have. I have some great doctors, surgeons and specialists I am working with. I have a home nurse who comes in once a week to draw labs and clean my PICC line; I go and visit my specialist in Miami once a month and my surgeon who did the surgeries have all been a great support. I feel very fortunate to be surrounded by so many capable health care professionals. Before having Preston I had decided to give birth at a well renowned baby hospital. I called it a baby factory because they just birthed those babies by the minute. But about a month before everything happened I decided to try another hospital, which was much smaller but had all the

services a regular hospital would have. Although this is an unfortunate and rather horrifying event, there have been so many blessings through all of this. I feel grateful to be alive. Listen to the Lord, and he will guide you to where you need to be and with you need to be with. I had to take Preston out because he was getting fussy and some man yelled out to me. I am killin it! For myself, and for my babies. So many people have offered to cook for Peyton, watch Samantha and Preston for my doctor appointments, drive me places, do my laundry, etc. I feel so lucky that I have my own cheer squad and tribe looking out for me. The next step in my recovery will be my surgery in about 9 months to remove the obstruction. If all goes well I will be on a specific diet and hopefully be able to wean from the PICC line bag of nutrients. I will then be given tube feedings and hopefully in the future I will be able to eat enough things that my body absorbs to keep me healthy without any tubes or lines. I am hopeful this will happen and I am grateful I am here to endure it with my family.

3: Adventures in Homebrewing Deals

Adventures in Making. 1, likes Â· 4 talking about this. A blog devoted to crafters, designers, and artistic types of all sorts.

I am trying to commit to making it a part of my daily diet now, though. I love the whips style yogurt. But, I know that not all containers that claim to be yogurt are full of the beneficial probiotics that are so important to keep our guts healthy. So, I have given myself a personal challenge; learn to eat plain yogurt. The same container of plain yogurt can morph into any number of versions of fruit yogurt. Honey can be added to sweeten it naturally. Vanilla can be added. I sometimes eat it with my cereal in place of milk. Plain yogurt can also be substituted for sour cream - adding beneficial protein and probiotics to a dish. We tried this recently. My family was very surprised that we could tell no difference what-so-ever between sour cream and yogurt in a side by side comparison with our enchiladas. I have found, though, I prefer the milder flavor of Greek yogurt to the regular variety. It is also a little thicker and creamier, which I like. Not terribly expensive, but not cheap either. I recently found a recipe for making yogurt in the crock pot at A Year of Slow Cooking. My first attempt was a horrible failure. We ended up with yogurt soup. Not one to throw in the towel that easily, I tried it again yesterday. This time it was a success! Here is the extremely simple steps to make yogurt at home. Pour your milk into the crock pot. Every time the lid is opened it loses 25 degrees in temperature. Leave it alone for 3 more hours. Once your 3 hours have passed you may open the lid. Stir it up and then place it back in the crock pot. Cover it again and wrap with a large bath towel or blanket. Leave it alone for 8 more hours. Now you should have yogurt! Mine was thinner than I expected. But, I think this is normal. There is a simple way to thicken it. This is called the whey and is full of nutrients. You can save it in the refrigerator and add some of it to smoothies to add more nutrition. I simply reused 16 oz. Can you see how it has thickened beautifully? You can drain more whey off and make yogurt cheese. You would use it just like cream cheese. A half gallon of milk gave me 2 full 16 oz. Not a bad return! This morning I checked my whey and saw that the solids had separated further, leaving the clear, yellow whey on top. If you like yogurt, this is something you simply must try making yourself! It only has 2 ingredients and takes very little hands on time. It is sheer simplicity. I made my second batch of yogurt and put it in the fridge overnight before straining off the whey. This made a huge difference. Also, I used a mesh-type cloth instead of coffee filters to drain the whey this time. That worked much better.

4: adventures in home-making, joy-seeking & memory-keeping in southern florida

This past weekend was just the absolute best. Last year at pumpkin carving time I had a big postpartum belly with a newborn slumbering in his bassinet, but this year our one-year-old was fully awake and involved in our weekend festivities.

A needle threader helpful when you find yourself struggling to thread your needle! Thimble can prevent you from stabbing yourself in the finger with your needle. Cut your fabric to size. Press your fabric to rid of any wrinkles using a hot iron. How to use the pattern: Use the lines of the pattern as a guide for your stitches. In this tutorial I will demonstrate how to make each stitch. There are a few stitches that are used more than once like the running stitch, back stitch and chain stitch. Feel free to fill in these stitches as you go along. Transfer the Pattern to Fabric Using the Light Method The easiest way to transfer a design onto a light-color fabric is to trace it. Place the square paper pattern face down onto the center of the square fabric and secure with washi tape or pins. Flip over and use a light table or my favorite tool, the Crayola Light-Up Tracing Pad , to transfer the pattern to the fabric using a fine lead pencil or nonpermanent fabric marking pen. To make your fabric taut, spread it over the smaller inside hoop and fit the larger outside hoop over the top with your fabric in between. Tighten the little screw on the outer hoop and gently pull on the edges of the fabric until you have a taut surface to work with. Threading the needle can be a little tricky, especially when using all six plies of floss. It may help to slightly dampen your finger and twist the end of the thread into a point, or try squeezing the floss ends flat between your thumb and forefinger. If all else fails, use a needle threader. Stitching the Design 1. Begin at the center dashed line of the heart pattern. Starting at the bottom, pull the threaded needle to the front of the fabric at A see photo above. Then return to the back of the fabric at B. The distance from A to B can be as long or short as you want. For this project, I recommend making small, even stitches of equal length. End your last stitch so that your needle is to the back of the fabric and tie off. Running Stitch Tying off: On your last stitch, return the needle to the back of the fabric. To tie off, pass the needle under a previous stitch creating a loop. Bring the needle back through the floss loop, and tighten. I recommend pulling the thread gently when tying off to ensure that the knot ends up snuggly next to your fabric and not half an inch away. Avoid yanking the floss. How to tie off a stitch Embroidery Tip! Your thread will get twisted up as you make your stitches. To correct this problem, hold up the hoop and let the needle and floss dangle straight down so that the strand can untwist itself. Just make sure not to lose your needle! Move over to the next line on the pattern from the middle running stitch. Starting at the bottom of the pattern, bring your needle through to the front of the fabric at A see photo above. Then go backwards and return your needle to the back of your fabric at B. Next your going to move your needle forward, coming up at C. Repeat this process to create consecutive back stitches by once again working backwards, poking your needle through at the end of the previous stitch, then moving your needle forward. Be sure to make small, even stitches of equal length. Once you reach the end of the line of the pattern , tie off. Next we are going to try our first decorative stitch! Starting at the bottom of your pattern, bring your needle through to the front of the fabric at A and then back down again at B creating a diagonal straight stitch. Next make a second stitch from C to D. Make sure each cross x overlap is in the same direction. Once you finish your row and tie off, notice what the back or your stitches look like. The back of a Cross Stitch row should look like the image shown. First make a line of small close Running Stitches. Start a second floss strand in a different color at the same spot as the first line of running stitches, bringing your needle to the front of your fabric at A. Working on the front only, without stitching through the fabric, insert the needle under the first Running Stitch, then through the second Running Stitch. Continue weaving back and forth under the Running Stitches until you reach the end of the line. End floss and tie off. Threaded Running Stitch Warning: This video is not in English, but her demonstration of the stitch is all you really need. Start again at the bottom of the pattern and move your way up. Bring the threaded needle to the front at A. Insert the needle back into the fabric at A and then just poke the needle back up to the front at B. Loop the thread under the needle point then pull the thread through to create your first chain. Begin the next stitch in the same way by inserting the needle back into the fabric at B now under the loop , coming up at C

outside the loop. Bring the thread around and under the needle point and pull the thread through. On your last stitch, end the chain by inserting your needle into the end of the last chain outside the loop. Pull the thread through to the back and tie off. Fern Stitch consists of three Straight Stitches of equal length radiating from the same central point A. Starting at the top of the pattern and moving your way down, bring the thread through at A and then make a Straight Stitch to B. Bring the thread back through again at point A and make another Straight Stitch to C. Bring the thread back through at point A for the final time and make a final straight stitch to D. Repeat this pattern by moving the needle down and coming up through the next center stitch to begin the next three radiating stitches. The center stitch follows the light of the pattern design. This demonstration is done differently than described above. This is an Eight Point Star Stitch. Begin by first making a basic cross stitch. Then make another cross stitch diagonally on top of the first one to form a star. Star Stitch Step Five: Finishing for Display Once finished, turn your embroidery sampler to the back and take a look. My grandma always said that the back of your embroidery project should look just as neat and tidy as the front! You can now prep your project for display. If you plan to make your heart sampler into a pillow, for example, you can remove it from the hoop and move on to your sewing machine. To do this, make sure your Heart Sampler is centered in the hoop and the fabric is nice and taut. Then use sewing scissors to cut away the excess fabric.

5: Adventures in home-making (Book,) [www.enganchecubano.com]

*Adventures In Home Making [Robert Shackleton] on www.enganchecubano.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. Many of the earliest books, particularly those dating back to s and before, are now extremely scarce and increasingly expensive.*

Karma I have always liked the idea of Karma, which, put simplistically, asserts that whatever you put out into the world is what you get back. You reap what you sew. Positive attracts positive and negative attracts negative, and so on. And it makes sense. Today, Karma and I are at war. This newly waged war began on Friday evening. My two oldest children had their annual cheer and gymnastics showcase. My parents, in-laws and sister all drove from Idaho Falls to see it. I left Monster with a sitter so that Dirk and I might actually get to watch the performance. The kids had been practicing all year; Morgan on Mondays and Hyurm on Tuesdays. We left the house to the sounds of Monster screaming in protest. In the car, I reminded Hyrum for the twentieth time that this was what his teachers and coaches had been working for all year, and that many of his family members had gone out of their way to come and watch him perform. I begged him to do his very best and to not spaz out. She looked like a clumsy robot bunny. Of course, I was proud of her. But my heart ached for her at the same time. How I wanted her to be able to jump and split and cartwheel like all the other little girls. She has decided not to do cheer, dance or gymnastics next year. I think she is starting to recognize her own limits. I noticed the teacher strong arming him to the back of the line. I optimistically wondered if perhaps they were saving the best for last. I pulled out the video camera as Hyrum approached the mat. He addressed the audience, stepped onto the blue tumbling floor, and proceeded to put on a show which had the entire audience in stitches. His nerves had taken over, and to compensate, he began acting like the Energizer bunny on Perkaset. I laughed with them, because, really, what else could I do? I laughed, while inside I wondered why my kid had to always be the goof off. I inhaled, hoping that my face was only a few shades of red, and walked out with my family at my heels. We picked Monster up, only to find out that he had thrown a two hour fit for the sitter. We stood in the fry oil fog until we saw two small tables clear. We pushed them together, sat down and waited, and waited Finally, my sister spied two menus and brought them to the table. When Morgan had made her selection of finger steaks and fries, I asked her to hand the menu down so that the rest of us could have a glance. She refused and hugged the menu to her chest. I asked a third time, firmly. She hurled the menu across the table to Dirk, narrowly avoiding five water glasses. The rest of dinner was down hill from there. The onion rings were burnt to a black-brown charcoal crisp. The ice cream machine was broken, and there was no peach pie. We thanked everyone for coming and split. While Dirk changed the boys for bed, I pulled Morgan into my room for a little chat. I tried to remain calm, and as we talked, it became very evident that Morgan had no idea that throwing a menu across the table was inappropriate behavior. So, there I sat with my almost nine-year-old, explaining basic rules of social conduct which seem to come so naturally to most kids. I tucked the kids in, retreated to my room, and proceeded to have a twenty tissue emotional meltdown. I was discouraged, defeated, and just plain done. I once again found myself wondering where I had gone so horribly wrong as a mother. I expend vast amounts of energy trying to teach my children how to be kind, well rounded individuals. We have had manners dinners. I guess I forgot to mention the proper way to deliver a menu to the opposite end of the table during said manners dinners. I have talked to Hyrum until I thought my vocal chords might wear out about appropriate social behavior. I try to read to each of my children every day. I throw Harry Potter movie nights complete with homemade chocolate frogs and licorice wands. I try very hard to be a good mother. I expend a lot of positive energy doing this. And then, my children play the class clown in front of half of the city of Shelley and throw menus in restaurants. Karma, where are you now? Two days later, the Mother of all holidays hit. I love to honor my own dear mother. I love being a mother. Speakers get up in church and list off the perfect traits of women in the neighborhood. I, for one, have decided to skip it next year. This entire week, I have tried, despite constant feelings of failure and discouragement, to remain positive, and to be kind. Today, one week later, Karma has repaid my efforts by laughing in my face. It was his end of the year Kindergarten music concert, featuring the songs of Sesame Street. My dad came to

help with Monster and to watch Hyrum sing. This was after a twenty minute discussion this morning about why it was important for Hyrum to sing and to do his best. My dad, who had been planning on taking us to lunch afterwards, had to run in and fix a work crises. So, I took the boys to Subway solo. I left the sandwich line to find Hyrum crawling across the wooden banister by the tables as onlookers watched with ill concealed disapproval and contempt. On the way to Subway, I had apparently turned too slowly for the woman in the car behind me, who passed me with a honk and an icy glare that would have leveled me if looks could kill. And yet, I entered Subway, on the brink of tears of exasperation, with a smile on my face. I smiled at the woman who cut the bread. I told her to have a great day as she looked indifferently back at me. I smiled at the cashier, who was too distracted to notice. I smiled at people lining up by the table. They quickly looked away. Once again, Karma betrayed me. Not wanting to tell Hyrum to sit down and turn around for the fifteenth time in five minutes, I told him he could take his cookie home. Here I sit, looking between the computer screen, filling up with so many meaningless words, and the apathetic gray sky out my smudged windows, trying to make any sense of it all. I go out of my way to smile at people wherever I go. In return, I get glares. I make it a point to complement people. I try to teach my children to be kind, respectful and well mannered. In return, I get to be the mother of the class clown, the menu thrower, and the Monster. Where are you now, Karma? Like any irrepressibly idiotic optimist, I am refusing to let Karma beat me. Karma may have had the last laugh for today, but I am saying to Hell with Karma. I am going to keep doing the right thing for the simple fact that it is the right thing to do. I will continue to be kind and thoughtful in the face of meanness and apathy. I will continue to make every effort to be a good mother, even though the fruits of my labor may never be evident. I will do good for the sake of doing good. If one person sees that glimmer and it makes them smile, it will be well worth the effort.

6: DIY: Heart Embroidery Sampler (For Beginners)

Adventures in Homemaking. 15 likes. The Never Dull, Sometimes Trying, Always Rewarding (mis)Adventures of a Plain Jenn Striving to be a Domesticista.

Adventures in Home Building and Homemaking: This is how our property looked when we arrived on May 7, showing earth-moving equipment prepping the homesite for the foundation; our Airstream and barn stand on the edge of the construction zone in the background. The stripes of snow on the mountains melted by mid-May. At the turn in the driveway, a historic yet high-tech outhouse stands next to an industrial porta-potty, awkwardly stuck side by side like family members from different generations. We moved the outhouse from lower on our property, where it had sat next to an old barn for the better part of the 20th century, and outfitted it with water filtration equipment and telecommunications gizmos we need to live here the kind of stuff that will go in our basement utility room when the house is ready. A few weeks ago, we topped the outhouse with a satellite dish in a seemingly never-ending and expensive quest to secure reliable Internet service—and it worked great for about a week, until new leaves on the surrounding aspen trees grew in, and the seasonal leafy green blocked the signal. So we moved the satellite dish last week to another side of the property, creating yet another strand of electrical cords and hoses that crisscross the land to support a funky temporary infrastructure while the house gets built. The barn acts as a quiet reminder of the ranchers who made a living on this land before us, and it warns us to build with care, or the mountain weather and passage of time will work together to wear away our new house just as the natural forces corroded the barn in decades past. The beloved, rickety old barn on the lower part of our property, with Wilson Peak in the background. We took this photo last autumn, following an early dusting of snow; sadly, Wilson Peak has hardly any snow on it this season due to the light winter and drought conditions. About six weeks have passed since we transitioned from our Bay Area home to here, where three years ago we decided to leverage our resources to purchase this place and build a home. We spent the past two summers living in the Airstream and a canvas tent annex to plan the home, and now the construction is really happening. I wonder, are we over-building? Should we have planned something more affordable, less custom but comfortable, like my dad did when he built his cabin across the road four decades ago? Did we make the right decision earlier in the year to spend a small fortune on century-old reclaimed wood from Canada and get it shipped all the way here for hand-hewn support beams? And did we make the right decision a few weeks ago to indefinitely delay building a detached garage for the sake of saving money? Yes, I reassure myself, those were smart decisions. What I know for sure is: The worksite in early May, at the start of building forms for the concrete foundation. One month later, the foundation is done and the floor is going in. One of three truckloads of century-old, hand-hewn lumber reclaimed from farmhouses in Canada that we purchased and shipped here to southwestern Colorado for use in our house. The lumber now sits in nearby Ridgeway at a sawmill, worked on by a team led by Erik Bodie Johansson, whose Instagram account is pictured below. He and his crew are crafting the lumber into beams for our house; when the time is right, the wood structures will be taken apart, transported to our property and installed in the house. A post shared by Erik Johansson bodie on May 24, at 3: Justin is devoting himself entirely to our project this season, and he sweats every detail to make our house as special and well-built as possible. The other day, for example, he showed us some rusted old drilling rods reclaimed from some salvage yard or industrial site nearby, which he picked up because he thought they might look cool integrated into our stairway railing. Yes, we agreed, go for it! I thought it would bother me to have so many workers show up by 8 a. Justin and Morgan reviewing plans outside the Airstream as Beso looks on. As friends know, this place molded my sense of identity and adventure when I was a kid. Lavender, was born and raised in Telluride and passed onto Dad a connection to this region and a desire to live here part of the year. He stretched his resources to buy the five acres, then simply bought an affordable Lincoln log-style kit and erected the cabin in when I was 6. I vaguely remember that rowdy summer when Dad hired local hippies with negligible construction experience to put up the cabin, and I made forts with scrap lumber. My brother David, second from left, lives there now. One time, when I was about 7 and barefoot, I was walking down toward the

old barn and nearly put my foot on the back of a porcupine whose quills rolled side to side as the porcupine trundled along. I screamed so loudly, my mother heard me from inside the cabin up the hill, and she came running and hollering with fear that I had fallen into an abandoned well. The land up the hill to the right is protected national forest land, where the Deep Creek Trail starts. My brother and sister-in-law now live here. My dad, who passed away in , is seen here in with my kids, then age 2 and 5, on the parcel of land that we bought across from his cabin. The construction site and work trailers surround the homesite in the background, and behind them stands the barn we built last summer. My grandpa was born with the last name Painter, but then his mother divorced his father, David Painter, and remarried rancher Ed Lavender, hence our Lavender name. The real estate reps who are still trying to sell neighboring parcels wanted us to agree to share a well with neighbors. Nope, no dedicated well of our own, no deal. Morgan also studied the history and rights to the irrigation ditches that branch out and flow like veins around our parcel. A three-tiered system of ditches on the hillsides above us divert precious snowmelt from Sheep Creek and Deep Creek, two tributaries to the San Miguel, the big river that flows from Telluride down valley. First built in the late nineteenth century, these ditches are testaments to the collaboration of ranchers who worked together to build and clear them. Several times a week, I run the trails that border these simple yet ingenious ditchesâ€”because they provide one of the few flat, relatively smooth places to run around hereâ€”and pay homage to their history and engineering. By controlling the flow with rudimentary hunks of metal placed near the stream, and then cutting notches into the ditches to allow the water to flow downhill, the property owners irrigate different parts of their land. Morgan regularly inspects and clears our ditch, seen here last autumn. It runs on the uphill southeast side of our property through an aspen grove. When he recognized the value of rights to the ditch and to a percentage of the water that flows from the stream, he purchased a claim to it for about the price of a small car. The right to this water historically is based on seniority, however, so ifâ€”or more likely in this drought, whenâ€”the water resource managers make a call that more water needs to flow undiverted to the San Miguel River, then we may need to temporarily give up our claim to the stream flow and let the ditch run dry. He still works full days, sitting for hours at the table in the Airstream to manage his work remotely; but when he needs a break, he usually heads into the aspens to check and tinker with the ditch. Unfortunately, Morgan suffered an accident three weeks ago that ruptured his Achilles, so with his mobility restricted, he gets out to manage the ditch on an ATV. Morgan, wearing a soft cast so his Achilles can heal, adjusts our ditch flow to irrigate the meadow. We adopted the kitten a few weeks ago to manage the rodent population, after we reopened our Airstream in early May and discovered mounds of turds from mice that infested the trailer over winter. The kitten is adorable, except when he pees on our bed. Then our kids, Colly and Kyle, twisted our arms to get a family horse two summers ago. Then Colly and Kyle attended school there and became horse-crazy accomplished riders. So Cobalt the quarter horse came into our lives. The two-story barn stands to the east of the homesite, a reassuring reminder that we actually can plan and complete projects. Our Airstream parked next to the barn we built last summer, taken last October when the aspens turned golden. But horses mean dirt and manure, and a daily need to feed, exercise and clean them. I try to ride most days, or to lead the horse up the switchbacks of the Deep Creek Trail as I get my exercise running and hiking by his side; but some days, we simply turn Cobalt and his companion, named Freckles, loose in a pasture area fenced with electrical fencing that we can move around to prevent overgrazing of any one area. Riding Cobalt, with Wilson Peak in the background. This is a flat area on our property that where we intend to install a fence and improve the footing to create a real riding arena. Within one week of living here, my thumb became so permanently chapped, cracked and soiled that my iPhone no longer recognized my thumbprint for Touch ID. I live with dirt; I try to wash it from the cracks in my dry skin or to get it out from under my nails, but it seems a lost cause at this point. I put on the same dusty work pants every time I go to the barn. I sweep and dust the trailer daily, but the dog and the two guys I live with track more dirt in, and the wind blows dust through the screen door. When we celebrate the occasional rainstorm, as we did last weekend, we witness with a mix of delight and horror as the thick dust turns to deep mud. Suddenly, mud covers the floor, the sides of the vehicles, the horses who roll happily in itâ€”mud gets everywhere. This is how my hand normally looks now. I wonder if I should get a real job with regular hours to bring in more income. But I barely have enough time to take care of

my current stable of clients, plus devote enough hours to training to prepare for two mountain ultras on the calendar. I spend about half my day taking care of clients and running, and the rest of the time goes to chores that revolve around animal care, homemaking and house planning. Where does the time go? Every mundane aspect of home life takes a little longer and is a little more complicated than usual. To pour a glass of drinking water, we have to refill the plastic water jug from the water filtration system housed in the old outhouse. To do laundry, we have to go to the town laundromat, where I end up spending two-hour blocks a couple times a week—a chore and location I actually enjoy, feeling now like the laundromat is a second office. So this has become my life, my domestic ultra. I would not trade it, and so far, I have no regrets.

7: Adventures in Home-Making: Robert Shackleton, Elizabeth Shackleton: www.enganchecubano.com: Bo

So here it is- my favorite way to play Making things from other things we find throughout the day. Crafting with natural materials, organized by material.

8: Adventures in Homemaking

Excerpt. It was doubtless out Of unhappy experience that the Old-time writer set down that owner ship can make a bare rock into a paradise, whereas a rented paradise is likely to decline into bareness.

9: Adventures in Homemaking: HOMEMADE YOGURT

Maker, builder, hacker. Whatever you call yourself (I know don't pigeon hole you with a category), you're here because you want / like to combine stuff together or come up with something cool from raw or recycled materials.

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