

WHEN A CITY GIRL *goes country*

By Annette Bridges

Love Conquers All

It feels like the first time. Do you remember that feeling you got when you first met the love of your life? The thrill, the butterflies, the magic?

I think this best describes what our bull, Frankie, feels when he rejoins his herd after several weeks spent in his bachelor pad pen.

We do not want calves born during the coldest, iciest winter days. The best prevention to keep this from happening is, of course, trying to manage when our cows get pregnant. Every year, our bull spends a few weeks solo in his bachelor pad. Using our bovine gestation table, we see that letting Frankie rejoin the herd on May 16 could potentially mean a calf born on Feb. 25. The table is based on 285-day gestations, late winter is the earliest we would want a calf born.

Watching both Frankie and the herd's reactions to when he returns to them is always amusing. When Frankie realizes where he is heading, his nonchalant moseying often turns into an elated trot with sometimes an exuberant jump or two along the way. It always includes some happy and very loud bellowing.

His girls, on the other hand, never show the same initial enthusiasm. They usually do their best to move away from his approach. Sometimes, if he moves too aggressively toward them, the herd runs in a full-on stampede in the opposite direction, but it does not take too long before the simmer down ensues, and he is welcomed back.



When Frankie realizes he is headed to rejoin the herd, his nonchalant moseying often turns into an elated trot with sometimes an exuberant jump or two along the way. (Photo courtesy Annette Bridges)

I think I get as excited as Frankie does when the day arrives for him to be back with his girls. This is probably because I am a hopeless romantic kind of gal.

I believe in love no matter the struggles that are experienced along the way. I believe wholeheartedly love conquers all, and I choose to see the positive in relationships over the negative. Plus, I think reunions absolutely

make the best love stories.

I imagine Frankie's feelings of sadness and loneliness when he is separated from those he loves. His calling out to them when he sees them in the distance from his bachelor pad pen breaks my heart.

I assure him they will be together again and wish he could understand me. I simply cannot help but be overjoyed when the day comes for his long awaited

homecoming.

I relate to Frankie's elation at his first meet-up with his girls. Every day with my country boy feels like the first day we met.

I still feel the same butterflies with each and every hug even after 40-plus years of marriage. I know I am one blessed city girl gone country, and I am pretty sure our Frankie must feel like one blessed bull, too. 🐮