



WHEN A CITY GIRL *goes country*

By Annette Bridges

Doing Our Best

Square baling season came late last year. Spring rains delayed spraying weeds, fertilizing and our first cutting that is always round bales for our cows. Hard to believe the last day of July would have been my first ride on my trusty red tractor for us to pick up our first cutting of square bales.

It bamboozles me to think this is my 41st summer of hauling hay with my country boy. I must say I'm pretty darn good at getting bales in the loader these days, even when turning to go down a new row.

Still, there was one bale that I missed. I totally misjudged the angle that was needed. I had to stop and my poor hot husband had to climb down the loader to get the bale realigned so it would go up. I felt horrible and was so disappointed with myself.

As we continued on to pick up the remaining bales, I started to reason with myself. As usual, there's something about driving my trusty red on a hot summer that inspires grand epiphanies for me.

Getting overly disappointed with myself may be one of my worst tendencies. I guess that makes me one of those perfectionist gals with typically unrealistic expectations. This reminds me of my dear mamma who used to say she never had to punish me as a child because I would punish myself when I did something I should not have. I hated to disappoint my mamma, too.

The truth is none of us are perfect. We will all make mistakes. We could always do better. We can develop our skills. We are capable of more. I don't know if I would say practice makes perfect as the old adage goes. But practice is definitely how we improve.

I no longer beat myself up again and again when I goof. I'm getting better at letting mistakes quickly go and remaining focused on the task at end and giving it my best. Frustration over mistakes can lead to making more mistakes and that is not what I want to do.

After we loaded up the last bale all my



Annette Bridges' husband wanted to take a photo of his wife to celebrate the work they had accomplished. (Photo courtesy Annette Bridges)

sweet man wanted to do was take a photo of his partner and celebrate the work we had accomplished.

At the end of the day what's important is that we did what we needed to do and did our best. I love partnering in this country life with

my husband. I treasure the gleam in his eyes when we finish a task. I'm pretty sure he loves partnering with me, too.

That's the short and sweet of this summer-time story. The first of many more hay baling days that were yet to come. 🌾