

Rebirth of a plow

I am an old plow, or at least a part of an old plow. I want to tell the world my story. I'll do it as well as something made of wood and metal can. I'm not sure when I first came into being. One thing I do know is that I came into the old Getman Farm in East Stone Arabia many years ago. The strong, hard wood in me came from the adjacent forest. The puff of the bellows and the ringing of the hammer against the anvil of the blacksmith's shop where I was made will always be in my memory. Little by little, all of the parts and pieces that were to be my complete being came together. At this point, I want to say that I never was meant to be a plow that would turn the furrows in preparation for planting. Rather, I was made to open a narrow ditch to help drain wet land. How well I remember the wet field south of the house and dutch barn where I was destined to reside for so many years.

My construction was such that my depth could be raised and lowered. I can still feel the shudder as my iron point struck the rock ledge. It is a wonder it did not destroy me. Luckily, Buck and Bright, the oxen that pulled me stopped before I was torn asunder. I believe that I served my Getman family owners well through the years. Like the story of all things mortal and immortal, the day and age of my usefulness was coming to an end. It is with sadness that I continue with the next portion of my life story. I was stored away and my years skipped by.

I was just a has-been, a relic. Parts were removed from me for use on newer plows. First it was little iron parts. Oh-oh, there go my handles! Now all that remained of me was the wood part where my strong iron point fastened by the blacksmith was attached. I was still pleased that some of me survived. The farm where I came to as a useful, young plow changed owners but remained within the Getman family. Caper Getman and his wife remembered me then the next generation, Russell and Nellie followed. When the old farm came to their daughters, Eleanor and Florence, I was still gathering dust. One day, a guy named Skip admired me. He collected old things which to some were interesting relics – and to others junk. I was given to Skip to add to his collection housed in the Kilt's Dutch barn a few miles to the west of where I had been for so many years. True, I had been placed along with other farm relics, but somehow, I felt out of place. Oh Well! I am still preserved.



Skip with restored plow

Little did I know that a day of rebirth was coming from me. The old Getman farm changed hands. The new owners were Marc and Judy from California. I heard that Marc did something with computers – whatever that is. Judy is a veterinarian. She could have helped Buck and Bright, the oxen, when they got sick. That is, if she had been born many years ago in a different century and was not busy doctoring sick whales. Not long after they bought the old farm, they showed an interest in its history. Skip, my owner, became friends with them and remembered me. I thought that was quite an honor for a piece of old plow. Skip decided to make me whole again and return me to the old Getman farm. Skip and his forebearers saved everything – just like most of the past generations. You know, once it was not a throw-away society. An old, used plow beam turned up along with lots of other necessary pieces. Emanuel, the wheelwright, helped to fit the old pieces together. Where were they ever going to find handle3s? Skip had two pieces of wood sawed out long ago for sleigh runners. I thought the curve was just right for my new handles. Eli sawed them out and with a little more shaping, they did look something like my original handles. Finally, I was complete. Skip gave me to Marc and Judy for Christmas, and I am back home where I belong.

Skip Barshied, December 28, 2010