

Lost Something

I lost something a few months ago...something that I will never get back. A snake or a few snakes slithered onto our property, snuck into our barn and stole something that didn't belong to them or to me. I didn't know that snakes came out at night, but I soon found out that the two-legged kind do.

What they stole belonged to my son. But that was something that can be replaced. What they stole from me can't be replaced ever. It's my sense of security. We've lived here for almost 20 years and have never had one single problem. Not one. We even had no garage doors on our garage for a few months. It was wide open and nothing was ever missing.

We had a great neighborhood. You couldn't ask for better neighbors. But that doesn't help me at all anymore. I'm paranoid. I find myself checking the doors to see if they are locked. We never used to lock our doors. Now we keep them locked. I check the windows too.

At our age we shouldn't have to be afraid in our own home. It's not a good feeling. I really do not like it.

Snakes never bothered me before. I could take them or leave them. Well, except in the chicken coop. That usually entails a death sentence. Now I'm a little bit unhappy with snakes...especially the two-legged kind.

Til' next month

~ Judy ~