

## Poor Poplar Tree

You know a person can only take so much and then you just have to get so mad that you can't see straight. That was me a few weeks ago. Frank was on the road walking back from his sister's when he noticed something. When he came in the house he asked me if I had looked at our young poplar tree lately. I told him that I hadn't as it is behind the house in the far corner. He told me to go look. So I did.

And "the list" goes on. My poplar tree was gone!! GONE!! It was just a six foot stick with all of the leaves gone. It was naked I tell you. Naked!! The spindly sticks where green leaves used to be was so sad.

I got the clippers and cut all of the culprits off and put them in a bucket. We are going to have a tent worm cremation ceremony. To the wood stove in the garage we went. Eat my poplar tree will you?

I don't know if my tree will ever come back. I sure hope so, but probably not this year.

I started to look around for more of the ugly (really ugly) destructive beasts. Yep, sure enough, there were some working on our apple tree. Not that there are any apples as the wind blew all of our blossoms off. No blossoms- no fruit. So, along with the tent worms I should probably add the wind.

And the list goes on.

Visit the farmer's market at Underwood Field on Fridays from 2 to 6 PM. It's awesome.