

Quick. Find it. Did you find it? Are you even looking for it? I need it. Ah, there it is- my soapbox. I really need to stand on it for this one.

We live on an “orphan” road. It took years and lots of horrible things being done to it to finally get it tarred and chipped. It was the best that is was ever going to be. We have learned to live with bushes and trees that were hacked off by the “hacker-whacker.” They are trying to come back. By the time they do- he’ll be back I’m sure.

But I digress. So, one morning in September, I wake up to the sound of heavy machinery and that awful beep, beep, beep sound. It will be too late to save our road because if they are at my house they have already ruined one third of it. I went downstairs and onto the front porch. Sure enough, there they were. The backhoe was digging up the side of the road across from our house and dumping it on the road. Then the road grader was flattening it out.

So, all the grass that Frank had planted and kept mowed was now on the road. I prayed for my mail box but he missed it. He’s lucky. So now our tarred and chipped road is all mud. When it rains it’s a muddy mess, and when it dries we live in the Oklahoma dust bowl.

When they came back down on the other side they took part of our bank and filled in both of our drainpipes with mud!! We had to buy the drain pipe that went under the road for \$87.00 but the state did install it. Frank went out to tell them about the mud in the pipe and they told him if he wanted to complain to just call the D.O.H. How rude. We didn’t call but the next morning bright and early (8:20 A.M.) -there was the oh so lovely beep, beep, beep sound. They were digging out the culvert pipe. Yay!! Frank had to hunt around and find the other one.

So there we are with no grass but deep ditches along the sides of the road and no tar and chips- just mud all over the road. It’s a mess. So I’m guessing that it doesn’t take a PHD or any knowledge of how to maintain a road in order to drive heavy equipment. It just takes a warm body and two arms. I could almost qualify for that.

Phew! It’s hard standing on this soapbox all this time. Here, put it away.

Til’ next month,

~Judy~