

mothers' rich milk, and nibbled on grass. In the hot afternoons, we lazed under a shady tree. The Shepherd made sure we always had plenty of grass. Just when we had grazed down one paddock, she would move us to a new one. She kept our water buckets brimming full, and a tub of salt/mineral mix always available. Life was good.



### **On Our Own**

As summer progressed, the weather grew hotter and drier. We watched the Shepherd and her children scamper back and forth to the swimming pond, laughing and pointing at our antics. But our carefree youth was about to change.

Mom took my sister and me aside for a talk one day. "Soon it will be weaning time," she began. "It always happens when the grass turns brown in late summer. We will be separated for a while. But remember— you are staying on the farm, so we'll be together again this fall."

Sure enough, not long after that The Shepherd brought us into the barn. She separated us from the ewes, who were taken away to a distant pasture. Oh, did we cry. We bleated back and forth all night and all day for a week. We hardly slept at all, and neither did The Shepherd, whose house is right next to the barn.

We did finally get used to being on our own. One of the ram lambs elected himself leader, and we felt more comfortable having someone to follow. When The Shepherd was convinced we wouldn't break through fences to get back to the ewes, she returned us to pasture.