

Bobsledding on Easter. April 1, 2018.

It was 2 above when I went out to do chores this Easter morning.

We had a house full of guests for Easter Sunday Dinner.

Family, friends, four students from China, and two from Vietnam.

If you were to ask how we get such eclectic groups here, my answer is, "I do not know. It just happens".

Gail made a wonderful dinner.

After dinner we hitched horses for a bobsled ride.

Under the circumstances, a bobsled ride made a lot more sense than an egg hunt.

Besides, it might be the only chance the Asian ladies would have to go bobsledding.

Especially behind Mustangs named on Easter.

None of them were from Siberia or Northern Mongolia.

We rode out to see the bison herd.

The bison were fine.

The horses were great.

The snow was drifted so deep in places that the sled deck tobogganed behind the running horses.

It is hard to top that.

Spring will come.

But not this week.

Best regards. Tom



