

Nothing runs like a Deere. This simple statement means nothing to most people. However, to a farm girl, it means everything. I am from Grafton, North Dakota, a very agriculturally based town. However, I have not grown up like the average teenager has. I have been going south on harvest every summer since I was born. The day I was born, my mother combined a 60 acre field almost two hours away from our hometown. That night, I was delivered. Ever since that day, I have lived and breathed the farm life. I rode in the combine for hours at a time every day throughout my childhood. As a child, I would help hang clothes on a make-shift clothesline (a string fastened to two trees). When I got a little older, I began to help cook meals for our crew. Selling cookies in a campground full of bachelors makes a hefty profit. At the age of 9, I began to drive tractor/grain cart. At 15, with no prior experience pulling a trailer, I was thrown into the pick-up and told, "You'll figure it out", my dad's famous phrase. That phrase served as my operator's manual for all of our trucks and combines.

Frustrated hired help, equipment breakdowns and sweltering heat are just a glimpse into a typical day on harvest. However, the people I have met and the many sights and scenery I have seen make it all worthwhile. Being exposed to this "gypsy life", as my family calls it, has given me life experiences that I will benefit from for the rest of my life.

My ability to speak "farm" so fluently and the knowledge I have obtained about farming throughout my years on harvest has helped me with my decision to major in Agricultural Communications. I will be attending North Dakota State University in Fargo, ND next fall to accomplish this. I plan on continuing to be a part of our harvest operations as much as possible throughout my college years.