

ODE TO THE  
**CROSS - GRAINED COW**

(Asking Edgar Allan Poe's pardon)  
By Beth Simer –  
Written when 14 years old.

Once upon an evening balmy,  
with a book that did enthrall me,  
Lo! I heard my mother call me,  
call me from the lower stair.  
And with soft impatient moaning,  
then I laid my book down, groaning,  
And since there was no postponing,  
ran to see what waited there.

Said my mother (small, but sturdy),  
See, the clock now says 6:30.  
Go put on your barn clothes dirty,  
and your boots so big and strong,  
For the cows are nicely waiting,  
and their cuds they're masticating,  
And their milk's accumulating  
in the udders, all along."

Thought I, "Mother, so deluded,  
from this happy task excluded,  
Your ideas may be disputed  
by the ones that truly know.  
True , the task may be quite pleasing,  
warm milk from the udder squeezing,  
Listening to the rhythmic wheezing,  
and the chewing soft and low.

"True, some cows may come politely,  
with their long tails moving lightly,  
Coming calmly, daily, nightly,  
steps so dignified, so sure.  
But the other has to vent her  
anger on the one who's pent her.  
If she does decide to enter,  
cover all things with manure."

From the green and tender pasture, she runs fast and then runs faster,  
Fleeing from her irate master, jumping fences, dodging trees,  
Plunging deep in mud and water to escape from those who sought her,  
And when you have finally caught her, thick with mud up to her knees.

Finally to the barn you lead her, and you truly want to beat her,  
But to quiet down you need her, so the milk will gently flow.  
So you pat her and you stroke her (though you greatly want to choke her)  
And to peaceful calm provoke her, speaking quiet, speaking slow.

All to failure come your ruses. She to settle down refuses  
And inflicts upon you bruises with her hard and filthy hoof...  
With her tail so wet and muddy, sharply swats at everybody  
Till your stinging face is ruddy and you want to hit the roof...

Wildly panting, wildly glaring, from her hot eyes madly staring  
Till it takes an act of daring to draw close and wash her off.  
With warm water then you flood her, gently cleanse the miry udder,  
Hose the dirt into the gutter, dry her with a downy cloth.

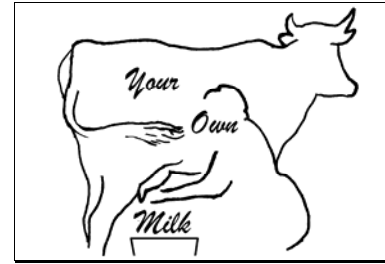
All at last is calm and quiet. She licks up her grainy diet,  
So you settle down to try it with the milk pail 'twixt her knees,  
Milking quickly, leftly, rightly. She is standing quite politely  
With her long tail moving lightly, quite as calmly as you please.

And the milk comes smoothly, surely. She is standing quite demurely,  
With her tail so long and curly swatting gently at the flies.  
Suddenly you feel a shudder... hoof moves swiftly past the udder,  
Tips the pail into the gutter, leaves you blinking in surprise.

Then with rage your heart is seething and your lungs have trouble breathing,  
But her sides are calmly heaving, calmly swishing is her tail.  
Try to milk with hands aflutter, but you squeeze an empty udder,  
For the milk is in the gutter, so you set aside the pail.

So you step up then to loose her, to departure to induce her,  
But disdainful thoughts of truce, her foot is planted on your toe.  
Frantically you pound her, screaming... quite unmoved she rests there dreaming.  
Finally, pain enough it deeming, placidly she turns to go.

Trudging home in evening's hour, longing vainly for a shower.  
Feeling tired, sore, and sour from 'the fracas you've been in,  
Though you know you should not borrow trouble from the unknown morrow  
Yet you know, with certain sorrow, you must do it all again!



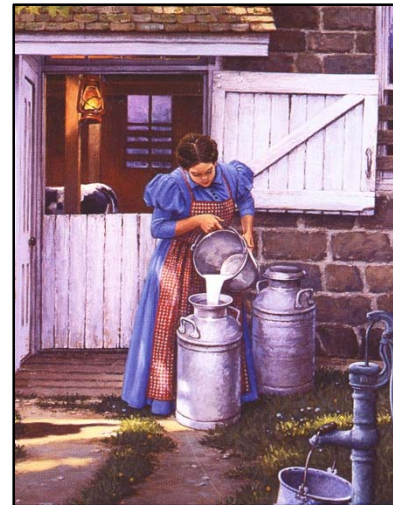
Quality milk fresh from your  
herd share!

Spring 2013

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A woman who fears the Lord is to be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her works praise her in the gates. -Proverbs



# Ferne and David's... Herd Happenings

## Butter the HARD Way

A recent experience

"We'll take some cream to Lora and Ryan. Ryan would be impressed to see how butter is made from fresh cream."

Our friends Irvin and Ella had come to visit and saw our homemade cheese, fresh raw milk, and sweet cream. They planned to visit their daughter's family, Lora, Ryan, and baby Anya, en route home. As a child, Lora had lived on farms and had watched her grandmother make butter by shaking the cream in a jar, but to Ryan, making butter was entirely new.

A gallon and a half of cream were carefully packed with ice for the drive to Lora's home.

"We could use the blender," suggested Irvin. He was as enthused as anyone as they planned butter making.

"No, we want to do it by hand. You know we appreciate a finished product more if we make it by hand," Ella insisted. But it had been many years since Ella had churned butter. She poured the chilled cream into four jars, and the four of them sat around the living room vigorously shaking the cold containers. They shook and shook and shook and continued shaking the jars.

Ella looked at the frothy cream and said, "It won't take much longer. But the cream must be kept cold. We'll trade off jars, keeping them alternately in the freezer. Keep shaking." They shook and they shook.

Ryan was shaking, learning, and laughing.

"Butter is almost forming, but maybe it's not cold enough. Maybe our hands are too warm," Ella guessed. Irvin, who typically is remarkably easygoing, began feeling frustrated. "Are you SURE you know what you are doing?" He remembered his childhood. "This is why I never liked churning butter."

They shook and shook the icy jars, and laughed about Irvin's uncharacteristic impatience.

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## Butter the HARD Way

(continued from page 1)

"Churning cream didn't take Grandmother this long," Lora said.

"It's almost coming," Ella assured them. "It needs more time in the freezer. The cream must stay cold."

After two hours of continued shaking and re-chilling, and of Ella's encouragement that butter was coming, Irvin declared, "I'm tired of this. Are you SURE this is going to work?"

"Oh, yes, it's right ready to come."

Lora, laughing, went to her computer and Googled making butter - making butter fast. Irvin read over her shoulder. "Listen to this! 'Butter forms best when cream is at room temperature.' Here are directions for making butter at home in 10 minutes!"

All but Ella took turns pouring their cream into the blender, and quickly got butter!

Ella shook and shook her jar. She kept her cream cold. After three or four hours butter formed and she triumphantly displayed to all, her butter made by hand.

Thus Ryan learned about making butter from fresh cream.

He was impressed...

And very amused!

## Making Your Own Butter at Home

Some of you save the cream from your milk and find fresh homemade butter enjoyable and satisfying. Others of you may be thinking of trying, so here is a summary of tips from <http://www.allotment.org.uk/recipes/making-butter-at-home>.

The ingredients for butter are simply cream and possibly a little salt which is added when the butter is made. You do not need a lot of equipment to make butter. Some people fill a quart jar about half full and manually shake it until they have butter. Others use a food processor or an electric whisk for the task. Using my blender on its slowest setting works well for me.

Let the cream reach room temperature (around 68°F). Proceed as if you are making whipped cream. It will go through the usual stage of starting to form firm peaks and then it becomes quite stiff. All of a sudden, thin liquid and little bits of pale yellow butter appear. Churn a little longer so the butter will clump and separate from the buttermilk. If you are using too much speed and no lid at this point, you might redecorate the kitchen!

Drain the buttermilk. You can use this for baking, cooking, or for making your pets very happy!

Your contributions to this newsletter are encouraged!

We welcome humorous and cute experiences, as well as tips for handling and using raw milk products.

Herd share clients have told Ferne of health benefits experienced by their family members. They believe cows' milk in its natural raw state helped.

If you have input that you are willing to share with other raw milk users, please forward it to us. We might include your input in a future issue.

The next step is to wash the butter. You need to get all of the buttermilk out of the butter or it will become rancid very quickly. Add cold water to the butter in the blender and operate on low speed for a while. The water must be cold or you will melt the butter, which will then run off with the water. Repeat the washing process until the water is clear. Next you need to press the water out of the butter. Once the water is out, you can add a little salt to the butter. Put it into an appropriate container to serve, refrigerate or freeze.

### According to the US Government's Own Data

You are about 35,000 times more likely to get sick from other foods than you are from raw milk.

Between 1999 and 2010, there was an average of only 42 cases of illness attributed to raw milk per year. Meanwhile, an estimated total of 48 million foodborne illnesses occur each year from all other foods.

<http://articles.mercola.com/sites/articles/archive/2011/08/31/us-government-data-proves-that-raw-milk-is-safe.aspx>

**Notice:** Since it is unlawful to sell raw milk, please don't write *milk* on check memos. *Boarding fee* is acceptable.



This farm is home to your shared herd.

Your milk cows can be seen grazing among the cedar trees at the top of the hill past the pond, white wrapped hay bales, and hay barn. The cedar trees provide shade during hot summer days, and shelter from winter storms. The herd also uses the barn to the left of the silo during milking and for shelter from severe weather. They enjoy the open space and abundant nutritious grass whenever possible.

The cow pictured here is named Cosmos. She gave birth to her happy calf on January 10, 2013. Do you have name suggestions for her calf? Cosmos' calf is a male and she is proud of him.

He believes in the benefits of raw milk and is a very loyal client of our herd share dairy.

