



Say, did you hear about the time...

By Ed "Midge" Rosebrook, Jr.

... my brain hadn't caught up with my body?

Perhaps most of us can remember the time when one of our parents read the riot act to one of their parents (our grandparent), about doing something that, in their mind, was physically too demanding, like well, climbing on the roof, for instance. They in turn, were no doubt met with a very angry, "I guess I know whether or not I'm able to get on the roof or not and besides, I've been doing it long before YOU were even thought of!"

I can just see my grandfather "Rosie" saying that to my dad many, many years ago. This was the beginning of a transfer of "power" so to speak, from one generation to another. Grampa didn't relinquish his easily, to his children. There were quite a few "set-tos" along the way and each time when his role was diminished, starting from roof cleaner, to lawn mowing, to heavy lifter and so forth, put him closer to full time couch setter. A role he secretly looked forward to as a young auto mechanic, when thinking about the time of retirement, but when it arrived, something he fought

hard to stay out of.

A couple of weeks ago after those piddling daily snow falls began to pile up to over a foot in total, I decided it was time to get out the scoop and tackle the roof. Shoveling snow is a winter-time ritual for all of us on an, "I can't afford to hire it done and besides it wouldn't be done the way I want it done," budget.

On went my nylon bib pants, my free heavy winter "Snap-on" jacket (my wife explains that the \$25,000 worth of tools I bought to get it, weren't free), my also free "Snap-on" knit hat, and my all wool with a leather outer shell mittens. Up went the ladder and up went me and my scoop from Kilkenny Building Center.

Now the way I do it folks, is parallel with the ridgepole. I start on the peak in the middle and push the snow off one side, then the other, working back and forth keeping the snow below me as I work down to the eaves. I leave about two feet of snow on the edge, which I'll get later with the roof rake. (Also from Kilkenny Building Center, and I expect to get a discount

next time, Paul). This helps to prevent me from sliding off over the edge, if I should slip. After doing the roof, I grabbed the rake and cleaned off 80 feet of rubber barn, then scraped off my granddaughter's play house (and soon to be tool shed; shhhh), then our big, but not big enough, tool shed.

At almost 62, the day is getting closer to when somebody will try and pry the scoop out of my arthritic and twisted old fingers, telling me my roofing days are over. God help them!

(This is Midge's last column and he wished to add the following.
— Editor)

THANK YOU

Thank you to all of my loyal readers of this column. I never felt more than any guy telling a story to my friends.

—Comments may be shared by writing to Midge Rosebrook at 25 Hill Street, Lancaster, NH 03584 or c/o Great Northwoods Journal, 98-B Main Street, Lancaster, NH 03584 or by email to greatnorthwoodsjournal@myfairpoint.net