There were many animals at the ranch. A horse, a goat, pigs, rattlesnakes… you name it! Our horse’s name was Betty, same name as Tom’s mother (Tom laughs in the background). Dad would put us all on this horse to ride together, sitting on Betty in order of age. Karen went first, I went second, John went third, and Tim went last. One time we went horseback riding and the horse took off running. One by one, we went down. First Tim falls off, and then John falls off and then I fall off…. and then Karen rode off into the distance.

We also had a goat. I do not even know if the goat had a name, but that goat used to jump! Gigi lived with us in the living room on a fold out bed and that goat used to jump in the bed with her. She would get so damn mad. Then the goat would do this thing…you know how goats kind of put their heads down and they go for you… they call that buddying people. That damn goat hated everybody and I hated that goat. He always chased us around and was a damn pain in the neck.

My favorite animal was our dog, Judy. She was such a great dog who would protect all of us kids. We would go across the field maybe a mile away, to sell Girl Scout cookies at the neighbor’s houses. We would knock, and people would say, “Come on in,” and Judy would grab our clothes with her teeth and would not let any of us kids go into anybody's homes. She was very protective.

We had two pigs named Sunshine and Sundown. My Dad entered one of the pigs into a parade in Lancaster. Dad and we four veterinary kids pulled her down the parade in a red wagon with a piece of chicken wire over the top to keep her from jumping out. Karen would pull the wagon and Tim was such a little guy, so he would go with Karen. She would hold his hand and pull the wagon, as I would walk behind. I walked beside the pig with an umbrella with my floppy shoe that didn't fit me that I had to tie together with a rubber band. We must have looked like a bunch of wayward kids. Tim had to occasionally bailout and be carried down the road, and then be put back into the parade again because he was so little. John had a pointed wooden stick, and he would poke the pig every time the pig stood up. I remember seeing a picture of this in later years, maybe in high school. I do not know whatever happened to that picture of the four of us pulling this pig in the pig parade. It was actually in the newspaper. We did not get first place (we got second place) but it was a cute thing that my parents did. It was one of the few things I remember them really getting involved in with us. I just thought that was really special.

We also had an encounter with a snake in that home. I just remember looking out the window and Mom told everyone it was time to get inside of the house because my brothers had told her there was a rattle snake outside. My Mom had put these tall boots on, she had a shovel and long sleeves, and she was killing this dang rattlesnake! Karen wrote a great story about it in her memoirs. That was scary for all of us.

A lot happened while living there on the ranch. I was always fighting with the boys. One day I was teasing them; then I peeked around the pillow and covered myself with the pillow, when my brother, Tim (I think… it could have been my other brother, John) heaved a croquet ball and hit me in the eye. Blood went everywhere! I wasn't scared but my sister Karen was so scared because of the blood. I just had this huge knot on my head.