

LOOKING FOR SNAKES

When I was a little girl, my Uncle Art Boucher told me this story:

"Your Aunt Pearl I went to visit her nephew, John Smith and his wife Viola, who lived in Oscoda. It was a beautiful late summer day, not too hot and not too cold, and we enjoyed a meal together as we shot the breeze about family news and events. After the dishes were cleared, we sat around for a while until we got restless. John suggested we all go pick huckleberries in the woods near his home. The huckleberry season was at its peak and the low-lying woods were hazy blue from the abundance of fruit.

Now, I really liked huckleberries, but I hate snakes, and snakes hang out where huckleberries grow. So I told John I didn't like that idea too much. 'Huckleberries are great,' I said, 'but I'm scared of snakes. I'll spend more time looking for snakes than I will picking huckleberries.'

Surprised, John replied, 'That's funny, I never see snakes when I pick huckleberries. I look for huckleberries, not for snakes.'

I began to see the sense in that and decided I needed to change my attitude about picking huckleberries and to stop looking for snakes. We went to the woods and picked buckets of berries and I never saw a single snake."

We all learned a new outlook on life from Uncle Art. When someone in our family gets too pessimistic, we always say, "Quit looking for snakes!"

Lynn VanderLinde - 1992

(Note to Piper/Olson relatives - Uncle Art, Aunt Pearl, & John & Viola Smith are relatives on my Cubalo side of the family.)