

MILTON, PA

March 3--We planned to attend church services last Sunday evening, but our plans did not materialize. There was too much beef on the way.

When we were about half way there a large group of Hereford steers was crossing the road. It was dark and they being dark, it was hard to see them, and going 55 miles per hour it takes some time to get stopped. You can imagine the rest. There was a crunch and an immediate stop. A steer fell down. We hit him in the back quarter. The result was a damaged radiator, the water leaked out, and we could not go on. It happened right by a farm house, and there were lights in the house, but nobody was home. But in a few minutes a car coming the other way stopped. It was the man that lived in an apartment in the house; he was a deputy, and had a radio with him. He called the police.

There was no heat in the van, and we could not go anywhere, we just had to sit there and wait for the police to arrive. He finally came, then it takes so long for him to fill out his report; he wanted to know our names, and age and where we lived, and whether we were wearing our seat belts, and if anyone was injured. Yes, we all had our seat belts on, and there was no injury. Pretty soon a truck came and loaded the van and took it away. The animal that we hit was not too bad for he soon got up, and went with the others up toward the mountain, and disappeared. As hard as we hit him, I think there would have to be a broken leg, but apparently not.

This was a special church service, where our son-in-law and daughter were supposed to sing for us, and they were at our place for supper, and had left before we did and were expecting us, but we never got there.

We had four grandchildren with us. There were eight of us altogether, but for the children this was a great occasion. We could hardly all get into the police car, but the man that lived near there took some of us in his car, and we arrived home about the time the services were over.

When we arrived home I called the church, then spoke to our son and told him what had happened. This alleviated the tension of looking for somebody that never shows up.

I was born with a malfunctioning heart, not the heart itself, but the nerve that controls the heart does not always get the energy there when needed. I have tried everything, and it is slowly getting worse; the doctor went up through my arm, with his instrument, and said there is nothing that can be done, you just have to learn to live with it. It is not life-threatening but it is very unhandy for you cannot plan anything ahead. You never know if it is going to work that day.

John Renno