

"A GOAT IS A GOAT"

By *Mary Young Robinson, Google Queen*
On vacation in New Mexico

When I actually saw my husband, Larry Robinson, for the first time at a "Marie Callendars" restaurant he was sporting a casual cap. Suffice to say, I could not have known that he was already sprouting little goat horns! Even a year later, I couldn't tell for sure.

By the end of two years, I did begin to see them and started to wonder what in the world a Google-Queen, city wife would do if she moved to the country and looked out at goats every morning. Never did I really imagine how I would come to enjoy red geraniums, humming birds and other wildlife in addition to pack goats.

You could say it was "Love at first Butt". We started with two boys, acquired a wild one, then two 'alien' La Manchans followed by two darling Alpine twins. Now seven cranky boys were trying to rule our family, including Smoky the dog. Most of the time, I could hold my own with the boys, but occasionally one will literally 'push' me to the limit.

As I now write from my New Mexico vacation, I want to share with you a scene that includes one of our younger goat boys on a short rock hunt/hike. I have extreme back problems, and cannot hike the hard trails as Larry can. When I get a chance for a short stint, I tag along.

I do enjoy looking for pretty colored and unusual shaped Southwest rocks for myself and two small boys at our Boise church. On this particular trail not too far from camp, we had Black Jack, Cocoa Brownie, Ezra, and Freckles (originally Nehemiah) accompanying us.

These boys get especially excited when they get to browse in the wild, since we have cold and snowy winters in Boise, Idaho, and they have to eat grass hay the majority of the year. As you would expect, though, they do have a certain "goat pickiness" and they inspect everything!

It was a hot day with a spectacular breeze as we eased up a forest service road. A beautiful array of foliage was on display, the kind that makes a wether dance. I was slowly working on my rock collection, when all of a sudden I gasped as I felt a huge wad of my dark frizzy hair being yanked by Ezra's teeth.

Ezra, one of our two-year-old Alpine twins, has decided to become quite feisty this last year. His challenges are keeping Larry somewhat busy as he continues to show Ezra that he is not "King Kong".

Well, he did let go and I think I only lost a strand or two, but I definitely received another good lesson about goat life and companionship. Never bend over close to a male goat. There used to be a saying and song, "A horse is a horse, of course, of course. Hmmm...Now I say, "A goat is a goat, of course, of course!!!

