

The sweet life...

It's maple syrup time in our area. While we don't have the size and number of stands (sugar shacks) as Vermont, we have a few. Our local groups (family run businesses) have an annual pancake and sausage breakfast (with real maple syrup, of course). Today was that day.

My family (daughters, grandparents, son-in-law, boyfriend, other friends) all went today. We road the wagon out to the sugar camp and watched them boil down the sap. We road a horse drawn wagon. We ate syrup, pancakes, and sausage.

You should be told that my daughters are all older. The youngest is 16 and the oldest 26. We've been doing this almost every year for about 9 years. This day just keeps getting bigger and bigger. My wife and I started going when we wanted something close, easy and different for the girls to do. I now have enough knowledge of the maple sap gathering and boiling that I could make syrup if I had the trees and inclination. I haven't learned anything new for the past few years, but I will go again next year, and the year after that and so on. It is a wonderful day for family and now friends. Of course the syrup, candy, pancakes and sausage aren't bad either.

So maple syrup producers, I will see you next year when the sap runs.