

Two Goats...

I have an irrational distrust of goats. It all started about fourth grade. I used to go to my best friend's house and ride three-wheelers after school. My friend's father did not appreciate yard work so much; instead he kept a herd of five to seven goats to keep the weeds and greenery in check. King among this herd of goats was a billy named Herman. I remember Herman well because he had a crazy eye and an inherent dislike of fourth graders. While riding around, Herman was not an issue. On the other hand, if Herman caught sight of you on open ground, he would put down his head and charge. From that moment on, it was a race to the nearest door, tree, or motorized vehicle. My best friend, his brother, and all of his brother's friends always seemed to be one step faster than me. Herman's head met my moving backside on numerous occasions. Yes, I remember Herman well.

I'm sure Herman is long gone, but over the years goats have always seemed to be a problem for me. I can remember more than a few whitetail hunts ruined by a herd of Spanish goats showing up to my deer feeder. Years of freeing goats from entanglements in worn out fences have done nothing to bring on goat karma for me. One time in college, while freeing a stranded ram from the trunk of a forked tree (sheep and goats are all the same to me), my best friend got kicked in the baby maker. How's that for gratitude? I always swore I'd never own a goat. As an aside, my friend does have two beautiful little girls, thus no long term damage was done.

So today, I own two goats. Fortunately, one of the two thinks he's a horse and has impeccable goat manners. Somehow, in the midst of a horse trading session, I heard the words, "and of course, you have to take the goat with the horse, they've been together from birth." I was perfectly fine with them both overcoming their separation anxiety; or leaving without the horse, but my good hearted wife agreed to a goat test drive. Fortunately, old Mac has been a fine goat and has never caused a peep.

Then, there's Oreo. For every good, non-goat trait that Mac has, Oreo somehow got two bad goat traits. She climbs on newly waxed trucks, eats tractor seats, chews trailer wiring, devours landscaping, and pretty much does whatever we do not want her to do. Seeing as that she was saved by our family not once, but twice, from certain death, you'd think she'd be more appreciative. Alas, she is not. Truth be told, Oreo does have a crazy eye and resembles a goat from my past. Maybe old Herman lives on...

Until next week, keep smiling.

-Please send questions and comments to Drs. Parrish at www.ParrishDental.com.