

A Touchstone Energy® Cooperative



One of 14 electric cooperatives serving Pennsylvania and New Jersey

#### UNITED ELECTRIC COOPERATIVE, INC.

P.O. Box 688 DuBois, PA 15801-0688 Customer Service: 888-581-8969 www.unitedpa.com Outage: 800-262-8959 Office Hours: M - F 8 a.m. - 4:30 p.m.

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# **Lineworkers are Wired for Service**



**LEN HAWKINS** 

IN THE QUIET HOURS BEFORE the sun even rises, while many of us are still in our beds, lineworkers begin their day. This consists of dressing in flame-resistant clothing, steel-toe, electrical-resistant boots and any weather gear that may be needed for the day. Safety glasses, hard hats, rubber gloves and sleeves come later after arriving at the cooperative to start the workday.

Lineworkers epitomize dedication to service. The National Rural Electric Cooperative Association has long dedicated the

second Monday in April — this year, April 14 — as a day to thank a lineworker for all they do. Let us reflect on the essential role they play in our daily lives.

Lineworkers exhibit strength beyond the physical. Whether battling inclement weather, troubleshooting technical problems or navigating treacherous heights, they demonstrate resilience and a quiet determination to keep our lights on, our homes comfortable, and our communities connected.

United Electric Cooperative's crews travel across our 11-county service territory, building, maintaining and repairing parts of our local system. Their extraordinary skills ensure our homes remain connected to the grid, businesses stay operational, and emergency services remain accessible — they're a lifeline that connects us all.

In times of crisis, when the power goes out and we find ourselves in the dark, lineworkers swiftly restore normalcy. Whether repairing storm-ravaged power lines or ensuring continuity during emergencies, their unwavering commitment illuminates our lives.

United Electric's 21 lineworkers also answer the call beyond the boundaries of home. Our crews travel to fellow co-ops, near and far, when widespread outages occur and additional support is needed. Cooperation among cooperatives is one of our seven guiding principles, and no one embodies this core commitment better than lineworkers.

This month, as we celebrate the remarkable men and women who ensure reliable power, let's recognize their deep dedication to the communities they serve.

The next time you flip a switch, please take a moment to remember those who make it possible — lineworkers, who are wired for service and dedicated to illuminating our lives. 2

#### **LEN HAWKINS** PRESIDENT & CEO



### **Rustic Views**

## To Plant or Not to Plant?

#### **GLENN SCHUCKERS**

MY HELPER AND I PLANTED quite a few daffodils two falls ago in the front lawn. He used my rototiller to dig up some strips of grass, and then I did the hard part: I tossed bulbs in the air in the direction of the strips, planting them where they landed. It was intended to be random — not in rows or evenly spaced out — and that is how it has turned out. What I missed, however, was digging up the bulbs and separating them a year ago. As a result, the blooms were not as great last year as they could have been, so I have vowed not to make that mistake again.

It is too late now to take care of this year's blooms, so I'll



**NEW BEGINNINGS:** This month, I look forward to daffodils, a perfect symbol for a month of new beginnings.

just have to settle for what nature gives me. That's the way it goes with nature — do it now or wait a whole year to make up for a mistake. Nature does not operate on my time; I've got to follow her schedule and take what she gives.

I managed to get out and trim the dwarf apple trees last month, so they look as a I want them. When we planted them, we kept them 10 feet apart in both directions, which would allow them a 5-foot spread all around. Looking at them now, it may have been better to allow 6 or even 7 feet. That is always a problem with planting anything: It is hard to visualize what things will look like down the road.

Our landscaper planted a white dogwood in a flower garden in front of the house, and it looked as though it was out too far from the house, sort of out all by itself. Now, nine years later, it brushes against the house, and I wish it had been planted a couple feet farther. I did the same thing with a pink dogwood three years ago, and it grows too close to the front porch now. Talk about not learning!

But back to new beginnings. Have you ever noticed it's always easier to start things than to keep them going? Plowing the garden twice in opposite directions is not too hard, and planting seeds in straight rows isn't that hard, either, even if it's difficult to stand up straight afterward. But plowing and planting are the easy parts.

Then we pick produce later in the year. I always enjoy the first couple of bean pickings; it's like the reward for plowing and planting. And later, picking produce like tomatoes, peppers, and squash is fun, too. After all, there are just so many tomatoes in a basket, and with one or two squash per plant (except zucchini, which sometimes seem endless), there are never more than a few dozen veggies to pick at one time.

Not so for weeds. Weeds tell a different story. They are endless, and there is no way to count the number in even a small garden. I once did an experiment and pulled every weed in one of my 30-foot-long rows of beans. It took about an hour, and I was sure to pull every single weed as I moved along.

When I finished, I went back over the row I had just finished and, sure enough, new weeds had sprouted up while my back was turned.

Everyone who has a garden knows exactly what I mean. My wife's late grandfather was a master gardener near Johnstown. He had the cleanest garden I have ever seen; he knew each plant by name and had rows of eggplants, cabbage, tomatoes, squash, and corn that were devoid of weeds. I know not how he did it, but one Sunday, as we walked past the garden, he stopped, looked down at a row of eggplants, walked out and removed a single weed that had sprung up between two plants. Amazing.

The thing about weeds is they can't be pulled just any old time. If the ground is too dry, they just break off and

pop back up. If the ground is too wet, pulling a weed will likely pull up the good plant next to it. There is a limit to the times when I can weed the garden. At least that is what I tell myself. Not too early in the morning, not too late in the evening, and not during midday. That sort of limits the times I can pull weeds.

Early morning works well, in theory. In practice, as my mom used to say, "the spirit is strong, but the body is weak." I know I'll feel better if I get up and pull weeds from 6 to 7 a.m., but I'll also feel good staying in bed for that hour. It may work for a day or two, but sooner or later the bed wins out and so do the weeds.

This is my dilemma:
Do I have a garden this
summer or not? I would
have no problem seeding the garden lot with
clover or wildflowers and
telling myself I'm doing
nature and the bees a
favor. I could look over it
all summer while I sat in
the shade with a tall, iced
tea. But sooner or later, the
guilt would creep in.

A summer without fresh produce? It may as well be a summer without

thundershowers, rainbows or warm nights. I am not ready for that just yet, so for now, I'll plow the garden twice and try to forget about the weeds until they show up as they always do. Perhaps this year a new beginning and a different direction? Or maybe play it safe and just do more of the same? As everyone who has a farm or garden does and has always done, I'll do what must be done for now and not think too much about the future.





