

Give Us This Day Our Daily Egg

I like starting my day in the chicken yard, letting everyone out of their night time confinement as close to sunrise as possible. Opening the lower flap door of the main chicken house, the very energetic Angelica Frederica Chickadoo, a [Transylvanian Naked Neck](#) mixed pullet, is always the first to come shooting out.



Adela Duck, a Crested Blue Swedish female, lays large pale green eggs

Then, I open the enclosed and secured courtyard that extends from the south side of the chicken house. Three ducks sleep there; Adela, a [Crested Blue Swedish](#) female, Daffodil, a [Crested White Duck](#) female, and a nameless mallard drake from the neighbors' who has taken up residency in our yard.



Daffodil, Adela and their visiting drake enjoying a swim in their Wal-Mart pool

Once the courtyard gate is open, the ducks waddle out quickly, heading straight for their blue, Wal-Mart swimming pool partially full of yesterday's water, now stale and dirty. If I'm not fast at emptying and refilling it, they get a drink then jump in quacking noisily and dunking excitedly.

Along the top of the courtyard's supporting frame roosts three large adult turkeys. They begin moving around, positioning themselves for the brief flight to the ground.

Nagi Nagi, the Bourbon Red turkey hen and Loner, the Bourbon Blue tom, land, stiffly walk out of the courtyard and head for food. Tadoko, the [Bourbon Red](#) tom, has a different approach. He eases his way to the Mom and Chick house on the far side of the courtyard. I hear the familiar percussion of his toenails tapping the galvanized aluminum roof as he nervously paces, positioning and repositioning himself for dismount. After ten minutes or so, he'll fly down into the adjoining willow tree enclosure. I'll come back, open the gate to that area and he'll join the rest of the flock.

Last, I open the lattice wood door of the 4 ft x 8 ft Mom and Chick house. Four roosters and two dozen hens sleep inside. Some immediately fly and flutter out. Others linger waiting for the rush to subside and the for overly-testosteroned young roosters to get the morning's angst out of their systems.



Adela Duck's Daily Egg

And, now comes my reward, Adela's daily duck egg. During the early morning hours, [one year old Adela Duck](#) lays a large pale green egg. She is not broody, so the egg is laying on courtyard ground among the mulch and morning dew. I pick it up, brush off any debris. I thank her as I put her precious [duck egg](#) in my pocket for safe keeping. Once in the house, it go into a yummy omelette for me or scrambled, it's a complete day's food for Sabrina, the finicky cat.



Sunrise in the chicken yard is a beautiful, serene experience

As the sky simmers with the colors of the rising sun, I move on to the rest of my chores, changing waters, filling feeders and petting the goats. Ahhh, life doesn't get any better than this.