

Grass as Energy?

by
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Some of you may remember the lyrics to the theme song of one of my favorite programs:

*Come and listen to a story about a man named Jed
A poor mountaineer, barely kept his family fed,
Then one day he was shootin at some food,
And up through the ground came a bubblin' crude.*

Oil that is, black gold, Texas tea.

*Well the first thing you know ol' Jed's a millionaire,
Kinfolk said Jed move away from there
Said Californy is the place you ought to be
So they loaded up the truck and moved to Beverly.*

Well in Jefferson Township, we may not have Texas tea but we may literally be sitting on something just as valuable. It all started to come to me when I was bored out of my gourd with my rear firmly planted on my Deere cutting grass last spring. If there is a task I have grown to detest, it is cutting lots & lots & lots of grass. "Wow is this boring," I say to myself after hour two. "What a total waste of time," I mumble to myself after hour 3.

The deal when we moved last year was that cutting grass in the great wide open would be invigorating. But no, that turned out to be baloney. As spring turned to summer I came to the stark realization that the cycle of mindlessly cutting grass would occupy every free waking moment of spring and summer. As I was cutting grass in June, I thought "there has to be something I can do with all this. Maybe we have natural gas under this place and we could get someone to drill a giant well. Sure it would be an eyesore but it would be less grass to cut." As I was cutting grass in July, I said to myself "why not

just turn our whole yard into a hayfield and let the farmers have it. Who cares if the place looks like a rat's nest. It would even be more ecologically beneficial. The meadowlarks could flourish in our yard." How I yearned for late September and October when the grass would stop growing.

And then when late September finally arrived, it fell from the skies like manna from heaven. I opened up our mailbox and a blade of grass was on the cover of Wired Magazine. The words under the picture have been indelibly etched in my mind ever since. "Forget Oil. This Plant is the Future of Energy." I leapt into the air. "Yes", I yelled dancing the hokey pokey in my yard.

What you may not know is that Wired Magazine is what all good geeks who like gizmos read. We read it because it allows us to imagine what impossible things will happen tomorrow and the gadgets that will take us there.

Anyhow scientists are apparently getting closer to turning other things besides corn into fuel. And grass is at the top of the list. It apparently is more fuel efficient than corn and it's not food. Can you imagine the Jed Clampett's that would come out of the woodwork around here if that happened? Say bye-bye to 'possum pie and hello to the cement pond!

I can't wait for the day when the doorbell rings and I open the door to a boy who asks "hey mister, I'll give you \$75 a bushel if you let me cut your grass". "Hmmm... I don't know son, that's some fine high octane Jefferson Township green grass I have out there. I'll tell you what... You give me \$80 a bushel and put two bushels in my SUV and you have a deal! Oh and one more thing son. We now take Visa and Mastercard if Mom or Dad want to sign."

I don't know about you all but I'm now thinking how to thicken my lawn so I can optimize my grass yield. Move over Corn, Soybean, Wheat, and Cotton markets and say hello to the future – Jefferson Township Green Grass.



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