

**2017-  
2018**



*Mapping  
Our future*

***KEHA***

***Inspirational Booklet***

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## **TAKE TIME**

Take time to think ..... It is the source of power.

Take time to play .... It is the secret of perpetual youth.

Take time to read ..... It is the foundation of wisdom.

Take time to pray ..... It is the greatest power on earth.

Take time to love and be loved ..... It is a God-given privilege.

Take time to be friendly ..... It is the road to happiness.

Take time to laugh ..... It is the music of the soul.

Take time to give ..... It is too short a day to be selfish.

Take time to work ..... It is the price of success.

Take time to do charity ..... It is the key to heaven.

**Author Unknown**

Submitted by: **Kim Middleton**

**Garrard County**

## THE TOUCH OF A TEACHER'S HAND

Sullen and silent, she sat there alone,  
With neither a smile nor a frown.  
She seemed unaware of all who passed by.  
A fortress encircled her 'round.

Toss to and fro like a ship in the wind,  
With never an anchor to hold,  
She'd bounced back and forth on waves of despair  
All warmth had long since turned cold.

I reached out my hand with heart full of love.  
Her small hand reached right back to me.  
My eyes said "I care and I am your friend."  
Her walls tumbled down at my feet.

A journey began to an unknown shore,  
But together we reached the land.  
A life been changed, a course been set right,  
By the touch of a teacher's hand.

**Sue F. Martin**

**Lincoln County**

## **WHAT I SEE IN MEMORIES**

My childhood was a real good time.  
You could buy a lot for just a dime.  
There was always plenty of things to do,  
with lots of friends to play with you.  
Go wading in a brook,  
or sit in a tree house reading a book.  
Going down to the swimming hole,  
looking in shallow water to catch a little tad pole.  
Running through a field of clover,  
or going down a grassy hill rolling over and over.  
Riding a bicycle down an old dirt road.  
Looking through the yard for a brown toad.  
Mom cooking breakfast at the crack of dawn.  
Dad already mowing the lawn.  
Watching grammaw milking her cow,  
and wondering if you will ever learn how.  
All of these are in the past,  
but for me they will always last.  
For they are always easy to see,  
right here in my memories.

**SHIRLEY STINNETT**

**GRAYSON COUNTY**

## **The Woods**

I walk in dark and shadows  
My feet fall softly on the moss  
The trees surround me like long lost friends  
The stars and moon my beacons  
The dove softly coos  
The owl turns his head  
I see yellow eyes between the trees  
I stop, I listen, I feel one with nature  
Peace and tranquility surround me  
I walk again and exit my peaceful place  
I see houses and lights and hear laughter  
I must return now to the present  
But the woods I will enter again  
To find peace and tranquility  
I will make it one more day.

**Esther Bailey**

**Lincoln County**

## **THANKFUL .....**

I am thankful for ....

the wildflowers that bloom along a country lane,  
the clouds that bring a sweet morning rain.

I am thankful for ....

the laughter and whispers of children as they play,  
the sun from the east that rises every blessed day.

I am thankful for ....

the heavens, stars, moon and the planet earth that God has made  
for us to enjoy and live;  
the continents, countries, cities and towns of every size where we  
began our journey of life with a promise to love and forgive.

I am thankful ....

the animals, birds, fish and plants that provide food for our needs,  
the people who continue to remember others and do good deeds.

And always, I am thankful to be alive every glorious and wonderful,  
day, until my journey ends.

**SUE FLOWERS**

**HARDIN COUNTY**

## **CHRISTMAS**

Each year when Christmas comes  
In the midst of crisp December,  
We look upon our list of those  
It's a pleasure to remember,  
And we visit in our thoughts,  
Each and every precious reason,  
Those names so carefully written there.  
Makes this a special season,  
It's laughter and the good times shared  
With all those we have so dear,  
That makes our times so wonderful  
Each day throughout the year.  
So with each beautiful wish we make  
And every card we write,  
We give thanks for people like you  
Who makes the season bright.

**MARGARET L. RAY**

**LINCOLN COUNTY**



## THE GIFT

You came to us that morning in the old pick-up truck,  
Rejected and lonely, assuming you were out of luck;  
Life had been bleak and yet your kept treading on,  
Your existence would change that day, your past forever gone.

Although small in stature, your love of life was enormous,  
What a sweet life it was with you among us;  
Every inch of the neighborhood was known to you,  
Neighbors would see you coming and were amused.

Springtime showers to lazy summer days,  
Brought you lots of joy in oh-so-many-ways;  
Fallen leaves all around that turned to blankets of snow,  
The seasons changed and you gracefully rolled with the flow.

Through the years, through all the good and bad,  
You were there to listen and we appreciated what we had;  
It's been said that all good things must end,  
You, our faithful boy, are forever man's best friend.

**REGINA LYONS**

**MONROE COUNTY**

**February**

## **DONATION**

My donation for today is about love.

Most people don't really know the real meaning of the word love.

Love is a powerful word, when used the right way.

Love yourself first, then you will be a better person when loving others.

Your love for your spouse is really important and the way you live by that love.

Loving you, your children and family, also friends is a different love,

Needs to be handled different.

People say they love food, cars, flowers, clothes and other material things of this nature.

Just remember the word love is a real word and should be treated as so.

Remember the meaning the word of love, and yourself, and lots of love

will make you a better person.

**MARGARET L. RAY**

**LINCOLN COUNTY**

## **THERE WAS A TIME .....**

If you recall the time when every Monday was washday, and when that particular day of the week was appropriately dubbed “BLUE MONDAY,” then more pages have been torn from your calendar than you may want to admit.

Some folks refer to them as “the good old days”, but not those who remember. A work day was not measured by the clock, but by the sun and the amount of work to be done. And, the people grew old before their time.

But even with all the hardships and back-breaking chores, perhaps that era was not all bad. We are reminded in this old washday, “recept” that was once handed down from mother to daughter:

1. Build fire in back yard to heat kettle of rain water.
2. Set tubs so smoke won't blow in eyes if wind is peart.
3. Shave 1 hole cake of lye soap in lye water.
4. Sort things, make 3 piles. 1 white, 1 pile cullord, 1 pile work briches and rags.
5. Stur flour in cold water to smooth, then thin down with lye water.
6. Rub dirty spots on bord, scrub hard, then bile. Rub cullord but don't bile, just rench and starch.
7. Take white things out of kettle with broom stick handel then rench, blew and starch.
8. Spred tee towels on grass.
9. Hang old rags on fence.
10. Pore rench water in flower bed.
11. Scrub porch with hot sopy water.
12. Turn tubs upside down to drane.
13. Go put on clean dress, smooth hair with side combs, brew cup of tee. Set and rest and rock a spell and count yore blessins.

It was from this hardy stock of people that we sprung, and a person can't help but wonder sometimes if we are as appreciative of the things we now have and enjoy as we might be. We didn't call it recycling or upcycling in the “old days,” but our fore-mothers were champions at it!

SUBMITTED BY: **ADELLA STEVENSON**  
**GARRARD COUNTY**

## EASTER

If it were the scent of spring

It would be the smell of packed dirt turned over, making room for those hearty early flowers,

Or the cut-back fern, prelude to the unfurling of her frond,

Or the smell of rain – not winter’s relentless rain, but the playful rain, hiding and seeking with the equally playful sun, not yet too old and mature for a good romp,

Or daffodils and daphne.

But not lilies. Please, dear Lord, not the lilies. They are too brash and self-important.

Or if it were a sound

It’s the quiet of waking before everyone else

The whispered drip and gurgling steam of the coffee maker

The light scratch of the plastic Adirondack against the pavement outside

The silence of a lightening sky

The occasional dog jingling by, and a gently panting human.

Or if it were feeling

It’s the scratch of crinoline in a dress no one wants to wear but everyone wants to see

The pinch of elastic under the chin, holding that hat on for dear life,

The feeling of that girl, miserable in her curls and sagging tights who’d rather be in the mud and the rain eating chocolate from plastic eggs.

It is the nap in the afternoon, and waking anew.

It is in the evening that it sinks in

In that dwindling light before sundown, slanting through the flowering plum

Then with the brass of the day past

Only then, after the celebration

(Those bossy lilies found a good home)

Then do I whisper:

Indeed. He is risen.

Written by: **Beth Merrill Neel**

Submitted with permission by: **Wendy Hood**  
**Mercer County**

## MY GRANDMOTHER'S HANDS

In the dark of night, trying to sleep,  
    But reminiscing instead, I can still see her hands  
    moving in grace. They stirred, folded, held.  
They mended and cooked, gardened and cleaned,  
    always in movement from morning 'til night.  
In Spring seeds for the garden were sowed  
    one at a time or two. She pulled the weeds that  
    tried to take over space meant for corn or beans.  
Vines grew on the fence and cucumbers hung in the sunshine  
    next to the row of onions.  
Summer came and those hands were busy painting walls,  
    or cleaning out the closet of a years' accumulation.  
Busy, always busy, carrying extra garden vegetables to someone  
    who had no garden, soup to the ailing, pie to the preacher.  
When Fall came, she sliced apples to dry in the sun.  
In winter they turned into hot apple pies  
    that melted in my mouth, a cold glass of milk to wash them down.  
When snow fell, the quilting began.  
Cut shapes sewed together, padded and stitched again.  
It might take all winter to find the last stitch,  
    but in the Spring a new quilt would be ready to sell  
    or better still, lay across my bed.  
Sturdy, weathered, giving hands. Her hands were a blessing.  
I look at my own and wonder if they will ever be as good.

**ANGELA JENKINS**

**HARDIN COUNTY**

## **ONLY A ROSEBUD**

I plucked it early this morning  
When the dew drops on its bed,  
I breathed its sweetest fragrance

I lifted its tiny head.

But when the sun was setting  
And the sky was bright and clear,

I noticed it had withered  
But its fragrance still was dear.

It brings to me sweet memories

Of the happy days gone by,  
When I was bright and happy

Without a tear or sigh.

But now I have faded and withered

All my usefulness is past,  
All my bright life left behind me,

And the future a bitter blast

Our lives are like the rosebud  
That withered and faded away,

But they shall live forever,

On that resurrection day.

By: **EDNA MARIE WARREN** (JENNY'S MOTHER 5/20/1914)

SUBMITTED BY: **KAY SCHEFFLER**

**ANDERSON COUNTY**