



***KEHA***  
***Inspirational***  
***Booklet***

**2019-2020**

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# July

## F.L.A.G.

F- is for the FREEDOM that we have each and everyday  
Thanks to the brave men and women that lay down their lives to defend the USA

L- is for the liberties we have that others would like to destroy  
That allows us to make choices to live a life we enjoy

A- is for allegiance to America and loving the red white and blue  
As it waves in the gentle breeze as a reminder for you

G- is for glory as we display it with pride  
As a nation under god we stand side by side

*~Kaitlyn Moore  
Niece of Shannon Smith, Bracken County FCS Agent*

# August

## *August Celebrations*

As a child, I remember being excited but anxious for the month of August to approach. The excitement was in selecting beautiful material to make new school dresses or looking for that special pair of shoes or buying just the right kind of school supplies.

Anxiously, I wondered what friends would be in my classroom, had the roster of teachers changed, had we lost a favorite or would this grade be harder than I expected?

Excitement and Anxiety always came with August.

As I got older, I found myself anticipating August with eagerness but being apprehensive. The weather was changing so the garden had been put to rest. My flowers lingered on for a few weeks, but the constant care of them I no longer did. School shopping had become an undertaking because my daughters' varied taste in colors and designs. Seeing the school lists in the paper, I wondered if they were ready for this new adventure. Was I ready to encourage and support them in the many activities with which they were involved? Did I have them spiritually, mentally, emotionally and physically ready for their new challenge?

So once again, Excitement and Anxiety came with August.

Now that I am a grandmother, that sheds a different light on my feelings for the month of August. While there is still excitement and anxiety, we now approach it with a different attitude. Seeing the days quickly pass, we try cramming as many outdoor activities so no regrets when the week of school arrives. Visiting elderly family and friends helps to encourage communication between the many generations and makes for enjoyable afternoons, especially if tea parties are involved. Participating in the county and state fairs with their numerous 4-H projects helps to establish a pride in work well done.

Excitement and Anxiety, Delights and Concerns or Eagerness and Apprehension all make for a sensational August.

August is a month of change, the bridge between summer and autumn, the time of the year to reach out and grasp the many opportunities that come our way. Beauty, strength of character, love and family are just a few of the words that describe the beautiful poppies of August.

So now it's time for us to gather our beautiful children and celebrate August!!!

*~Victoria Ricketts Orme  
Montgomery County Homemaker*

## September

### *Memories of Fall in Appalachia*

I have many wonderful memories of being a child of the 1950s & 60s, growing up on a farm in rural Eastern Kentucky. Some of the fondest & most vivid are of the sights, sounds, & events which occurred during my favorite season; fall.

In late August or early September, a brand-new school year was just beginning. This was an exciting time for me because I absolutely loved school. Living in the country your playmates were usually your siblings, cousins, or pets. After playing all summer with the same group, I was always elevated to get back to school & get reacquainted with my classmates, meet my new teacher, & get that desk full of textbooks. I loved the woody smell of the pages in a brand-new textbook with pages so crisp & sharp you had to be careful not to get paper cuts. If the books had been used in prior years, I would somehow manage to wrangle the cleanest of the dirty texts away from my classmates. Sounds a little strange right? You can imagine my chagrin when my baby sister decided to "write" in the inside cover of my newest & most treasured book! I was devastated. I'm pretty certain that by today's standards I would be diagnosed with some sort of psychological disorder.

As much as I loved school, I enjoyed the events of living on a working farm even more, especially in mid to late September when it was time for the biggest & most profitable harvest of all, tobacco cutting time. Since most farmers couldn't afford to hire help, the local farmers would swap work. When the tobacco was ready & a forecast of several days of dry weather was given, the men would converge on one farm at a time, readying themselves for a day of strenuous labor.

When the farmer stepped into the tobacco patch he carried only for his long-handled cutting knife, a tobacco spear, & and a bandana in his pants pocket to wipe the sweat that would pour from his face. The tobacco sticks had been dropped through the field ahead of time. As the laborer worked his way down each row, he seemed to develop a rhythm to his work. For the most part he stayed focused on his job because working with incredibly sharp tobacco knives & spears was an easy way to get hurt. When the entire field was cut the farmer would step back & admire his work with great pride on a job well done. The rows of staked tobacco looked like a work of art as they followed the contour of the field, revealing the bare earth to the sunlight once again. With this job complete the workers could move on the next neighbor's farm the next day.

Although tobacco farming was a long & laborious way to make a living, they did it out of love & responsibility for their families. They could settle their accounts at the local general store & have money left over for Christmas & other necessities. I compare the pride I had in my schoolwork to the pride these farmers had in meeting their obligations.

Be the job little or large wouldn't it be great if each of us would put forth pride in everything we do?

*~Sara Blair Benton, Morgan County Homemaker*

## October

### *Changing Our View*

The windows through which most of us observe October will be those we see through our vision.

Looking through our windows, to peer outside we see sudden changes in color. The green has changed to vivid colors of orange, red, and brown.

At first this view only brings to mind what follows – harvesting our fruits of summer, ice, and snow.

Rethinking our visionary image inspires us to take time to peer outside our window again to view the beauty of October.

The leaves have given us colorful hues; the fodder is in the shocks, displayed with the bright orange of the pumpkins.

This view opens the windows to our hearts. Hidden in our hearts is the reflection of ourselves that reminds us of what this beautiful season is about to produce – not just the harvest of our fruits, but the stimulation of our senses.

The harvesting of our labors gives a feeling of comfort around us. We realize winter can't be far behind.

Our expressions of thanks are meaningless unless we pledge to give something of ourselves to those in need.

*~Lorna Kaye Brooks Sapp,  
Mason County Homemaker*

# November

## *Be Thankful*

Be thankful that you don't already have everything you desire.  
If you did, what would there be to look forward to?

Be thankful when you don't know something,  
for it gives you the opportunity to learn.

Be thankful for the difficult times.  
During those times you grow.

Be thankful for your limitations,  
because they give you opportunities for improvement.

Be thankful for each new challenge,  
because it will build your strength and character.

Be thankful for your mistakes.  
They will teach you valuable lessons.

Be thankful when you're tired and weary,  
because it means you've made a difference.

It's easy to be thankful for the good things.  
A life of rich fulfillment comes to those who  
are also thankful for the setbacks.

Gratitude can turn a negative into a positive.  
Find a way to be thankful for your troubles,  
and they can become your blessings.

*~Author Unknown*

Source: <https://www.virtuesforlife.com/poem-be-thankful/>

## December

### *Christmas Time should be a Happy Time*

As the year is coming to an end and Christmas is right around the corner, most of us slow down just a little and start looking around our homes and start remembering old times.

Some material items may be a picture, a homemade ornament, a sleigh in the garage or even a quilt that is hanging on the wall. These are the only things that we have left of our loved ones that are now gone.

Christmas may be a time of sadness of missing people that are no longer with us when, in fact, It should be a time of happiness and joy.

This year let us change those sad memories to happy ones. Let us fill our hearts with laughter, love and friendship of those that are still with us. Wipe away the tears and erase the heartache, rejoice and love those we still have.

As each of us leave this earth, we truly do not want our families to mourn us on such a wonderful holiday.

*~Peggy Jones  
Rowan County FCS Agent*

# January

## *365 Opportunities*

It is a time to forget all of your troubles and toss away all of your regret  
Tie them to rays of light or to the sun as it sets  
Anything that is negative, just leave it behind  
A new year means good things in mind  
It's out with the old and in with the new  
365 more days to be a better you

Look forward with hope and trust the process of fate  
Everyday there's a chance for a new opportunity to await  
Make your choices wisely and always follow your heart  
If you are not living life to the fullest, it's not too late to start

Smile at a stranger and help out a friend  
Do all things with good intentions and offer your shoulder to lend  
Blink and this year will too soon be gone  
Make every day worth it and just keep holding on

~Kaitlyn Moore  
*Niece of Shannon Smith Bracken FCS Agent*



## February

The sky is ominous in gray  
Clouds gather to shield the day  
Winter remains among the trees  
Hard soil still keeps the freeze  
February

The leafless trees raise their arms  
Scrubby brown grass covers the farms  
Squirrels scrounge for food to eat  
Birds huddle calmly in retreat  
February

The sun peaks slowly through the day  
Warm shafts of light shine in array  
Slowly the rays heat the land  
Beckoning nature to take a stand  
February

Crocus and daffodils poke their heads  
Through the soil in the beds  
Nature slowly becomes awake  
Winter does a double take  
February

*~Peggy Haskell  
Kenton County  
1<sup>st</sup> Place Entry in the  
2019 KEHA Creative Writing Contest for Poetry*

## March

### *Teachers*

I spent all of my growing up years in the Nicholas County school system  
in the mid 1980's to late 1990's.

My most memorable teacher was Mrs. Phyllis Guthrie, or Mrs. G,  
as she preferred to be called.

She taught me many things but there are two that really stuck with me:

1. Never stop learning.
2. Never stop teaching.

No matter what my homemaker status has been throughout the years,  
those ideals have served me well.

If I had not learned how to cook from my mother, I could not teach my sons.

If I had not learned some basic math in high school,

I could not teach my sons how to keep a checkbook or save money.

What is something you would LIKE to learn?

Take the opportunity to find a teacher.

What is something you HAVE learned?

Make the opportunity to be a teacher.

*~Jennifer Hildebrand  
Fleming County Homemaker*

## April

### *One More Ordinary Day*

Nothing much, just an ordinary day  
Not Christmas morning or a special birthday  
But a day from long ago that evokes memories of the past,  
A day I forever wish could last.  
Waking early on a summer morn  
Listening to birds and a distant horn  
Let's eat breakfast- cereal and milk  
Maybe today a fort will be built.  
Go out to play with friends on the street  
While I stay home with chores to complete.  
Straightening the house, picking up clothes and toys  
Left strewn about by two little boys.  
Drinking coffee, lost in dreams  
Nothing special this day seems.  
lime for lunch, come in please  
Let's have Kool-Aid and grilled cheese  
Riding bikes and playing ball, nothing special about today at all. We focus on holidays  
and major events  
Take pictures, make memories, money well spent.  
But the pictures etched in my mind today  
Are of a time and place far away  
As this day draws to a close  
and memories play in my head  
I feel my heart yearning to say  
Can I have just one more ordinary day.

*~Lyn Roark Covert  
Madison County  
2<sup>nd</sup> Place Entry in the  
2019 KEHA Creative Writing Contest for Poetry*

# May

## *May Transition and Reflections*

When we come to the month of May, we often turn our thoughts to Mother's Day.

But May is a month of transition from the harsh winter cold and snow  
into the long warm days of summer.

May is also a month of reflection.

Reflection on those who have passed before us.

Individuals who touched our lives and, in most instances, we are better for it.

I think back to my youth and remember May as a time of joy.

School was out for the year.

"WHOOPIE!!!! No more classes, no homework, and no early wake up times!!!!"

Each year we take time to honor our mothers whether they are biological or not.

Those individuals who watched as we took our first steps and helped us grow and  
gain the opportunities to become adults in mainstream life.

Even after we were adults, they offered us a haven out of life's storms  
when circumstances seemed almost impossible to bear.

Bless our mothers and thank God for them.

Memorial Day is another May Day of great reflection.

A day to remember and reflect on those who have touched our lives  
and passed on before us.

Those people who, if only for an instance, allowed us into their lives.

Teachers and clergy who taught and advised us.

Relatives and good friends, who stood beside us and cried with us in grief or  
disappointment, cheered for us or just listened when we needed them.

Bless you all and thank God for letting us into your lives.

Then there are the people who stepped up to protect and defend us.

Some locally and some on foreign soil. At times laying down their lives.

Bless you and your families.

Thank God for those kind brave hearted souls.

May is a month of transition and reflection.

I am grateful for another May and the ability to cherish and reflect on those I have  
loved and the people who have allowed me into their lives.

Thank you and God bless you all.

~Deborah Bowles

*Mason County Homemaker*

## June

### *Father*

There was a time  
When not so long ago  
A newborn had cried her first tear  
As she entered into a strange new world.  
A man held her with a certain strength  
As tears of confusion ran down the newborn's face  
He knew in his heart this girl was special,  
And with that he vowed to give this child a place in his heart.  
As time went by,  
The girl had begun to grow.  
She had learned to talk  
And she had learned how to walk.  
With each step the girl took,  
The man had been by her side,  
To guide her when she didn't know where to go,  
To comfort her whenever she fell.  
His mission every day  
Was to make this girl smile,  
To hear her young, innocent laugh,  
To make her giggle.  
More years had come and gone  
As the girl was in her first year of middle school.  
There were days where she would come home with tears in her eyes  
That would send a sad, cold knife through the man's heart.  
He would sit there and console her for as long as needed  
And had wiped salty tears from her cheek  
As he told her that would be okay,  
That it wasn't the end of the world.  
There were times when she walked through the door with an evil frown  
As she spat cruel words of anger towards the man she loved  
Never did the man love her any less in hearing her words  
But did scold her in hopes that she would learn.  
Time went on and it was the girl's middle school graduation.  
As she and her fellow classmates wore caps and gowns,  
The man and his wonderful wife were watching with pride.  
Never had the two been so proud  
As when the girl went up to accept her award.  
Standing there with the girl in the lens of the camera,

He snapped multiple pictures to cherish the moment.  
The man had been with the girl through thick and thin,  
    Through bloody cuts and ugly bruises,  
        Through smiles and tears,  
    Through screams of anger and shrieks of laughter.  
This man had not only kept his vow to that newborn  
    But did so much more.  
    Only a man like him could give his love  
        So unselfishly.  
    That is why he is not only an amazing father  
But also the most amazing friend I could ever ask for.

*~Kaylee Kowch*

Submitted with permission by Robertson County Extension Homemakers

Bonus Inspiration

## ***A Vision***

The artist closes her eyes,  
As she takes her brush in hand.

And in her mind she sees,  
A beach of soft white sand.

She can see an ocean of deep blue water,  
With its waves rolling gently in.  
And sandy dunes covered with beach grass,  
Blowing gracefully in the wind.

Fluffy white clouds dancing slowly,  
Across the sky of pale blue.  
With eyes open she begins to paint,  
Hoping her vision will come true.

*~Ann Adams  
Simpson County  
3<sup>rd</sup> Place Entry in the  
2019 KEHA Creative Writing Contest for Poetry*