



# KEHA

## *Inspirational Booklet*

### 2021-2022

*This booklet has been prepared by the Wilderness Trail Area Homemakers (Bell, Clay, Harlan, Jackson, Knox, Laurel, Rockcastle and Whitley Counties) specifically for Kentucky Extension Homemakers. Printing costs have been paid by the Kentucky Extension Homemakers Association.*



# *July*

## *Again*

A horse stands still,  
Awakening to an unknown tremor.

Life pours out,  
Slips to ground

And the world turns  
Again.

They dash and race beneath the light,  
And stretch to touch all sustenance.

Gathering, floating in their dust  
They live.

And the world turns again.

A horse stands still,  
Tired, too weary to know the tremor.

Life pours out,  
Slips to ground

And world turns  
Again.

By Beverly Rockwell, Madison County

# *August*

## **Kim in the Third Ring**

She leans on a broken fence  
waiting on a telegram and peeling paint  
With some surprise  
Imagines all the things she might do.  
Look down this dust road-it's not me.  
Just you wait.  
She longs to preach  
She longs for patience  
She longs for another smoke.  
Look down this dust road-It's not me.  
Just a couple of dollars  
In a few more days  
She smells rising bread and red dust.  
She sees a maudlin sun and decides  
All paths lead to land.

By Herb Goodman, Madison County

# *September*

## *Glory*

My home is in Glory  
It's way over there;  
Beyond the great sunset,  
And clean mountain air;  
There's waiting for me,  
A mansion beyond, and  
Loved ones to welcome me home.  
I love my dear country  
It's farmlands and yields,  
The fish, in the waters and crops in the fields;  
The blue skies & bluegrass, can never  
Compare, to the joys that await for me there.  
Chorus: Take me home, take me home;  
To see my loved ones over there, in that land  
That is so fair, but my Jesus is the first one that I'll see.

By Sandy Hamilton, Nicholas County

# October

## Symbolic Sunscreen

A minister told to  
Me last week  
It covers us  
With brightness  
Others cannot see  
None can wipe  
It from our faces  
Is given to us  
Permanently and  
Is Called: GRACE

By Mary Ann Mitchell, Henry County

# November

## *Miracles of Life*

I look up in the dark and see the stars at night,  
I get up in the morning, and see the morning light.  
Each day is like another; full of love and sometimes strife.  
And I can only wonder at the miracles of life.

Nothing special happens with the dawning of each day,  
But my heart is filled with gladness as I go upon my way.  
The smile of a grandchild, or a laugh shared with a friend.  
A hug, a kiss, a kindness, any sadness they will mend.

I pause and take the time to appreciate each day,  
From falling leaves to flakes of snow to all the blooms of  
May,  
Someday I will be gone. I'll have to leave this earth behind,  
But I will have life's blessings, held in my heart and mind.

God made this precious earth, and he has put us here,  
With more than we can fully see or ever know, I fear.  
Each day I truly marvel at the wonders of this land,  
And the miracles of life, given from his hand.

By Linette Wheeler, Woodford County

# *December*

## *The Innkeeper*

The Innkeeper probably thought that he had a good excuse for not finding a room for Jesus in his inn and for sending Mary, who was in labor, to go into the bleak stable with the animals to have her baby and the scriptures depict. At least he did provide the stable.

And yet, we can imagine that when he heard that the newborn child was the Messiah, he probably regretted that he was not more hospitable to them.

Perhaps you can relate to his predicament; your schedule is overcrowded and you don't have enough room to give the time and attention to Christ that he deserves (and that you need)?

Can you be more generous with your time and your heart to enjoy the true meaning of Christmas?

By Vicky Greenwell, Laurel County

# *January*

**2020**

To put it mildly this year has been difficult  
Everything changed quickly  
Living with masks and social distancing  
Not wanting to have to stay home  
But worrying about just going out to the store.  
Listening to the news every day for updates  
And feeling depressed at what I hear  
The uncertainty of not knowing what will happen next  
Hoping it will get better and not worse  
Wanting so badly to spend time with my family and friends  
Trying hard to stay close to them any way I can  
But sometimes they just feel so far away  
I feel thankful that they all safe and healthy  
And I look forward to the day, hopefully soon  
That we can visit, laugh and hug all we want  
Without worrying about masks and social distancing  
Now that this year is nearly over  
My hope is that this year is nearly over  
My hope is that the new year will bring us all together again  
I am looking for that bright light at the end of the tunnel  
For that cloud with a silver lining  
And a traditional Story book Happy Ending.

By Ann Adams, Simpson County

# February

## Reconfigure your Monday to Sunday daily routine

Each morning when we awake to see a brand new day  
Our hearts rejoice that we didn't pass away.  
God granted us another blessing in his own special way  
With his promise of renewed mercies not earned or deserved  
Believers and non-believers twenty-four hours he gives  
What you do with your day is totally up to you  
Be wise and make good choices your very life may depend  
Will God take presidency in your day or will other matters win?  
Family, friends, children, bill, laundry, shopping, work, or social media just to name a few  
How much time is too much time to prioritize total devotion to God to immerse  
ourselves in scripture, study, prayer, worship and praise?  
Don't miss out on God's blessings and amazing graces he so lovely extends  
Today can be a new beginning to reconfigure our daily chore routines  
Keep God first because no one could ever take his place to fill our heart's empty space  
Make your daily routine evident that the Holy Spirit lives in you  
Add to your daily mundane chores a spiritual component that energizes and revives your  
inner spirit with joy deep within  
Routines don't have to be boring or miserable to complete. There's always time to  
smile, laugh, whistle or hum a favorite tune  
Rework and reimagine your daily and weekly chores to include the joys of God's  
presence in your heart and in your home.  
Try envisioning vacuum Monday and Mercy and Meditation Monday,  
Laundry Tuesday, as Trust and Truth Monday  
Bathroom Wednesday, as Worship and Witnessing Wednesday,  
Mop and Empty Trash Thursday as Thankful and Testify Thursday,  
Clean Appliances Friday as Fellowship and Forgiveness Friday,  
Dust Saturday as Stewardship and Sacrifice Saturday,  
And Rest Sunday as Sharing and Service Sunday.  
May God bless your week as you honor him through your household chores.  
Thank him for blessing you with a house to beautify and the strength to complete each  
task daily. Take a victory lap for preserving as you bask in the cleanliness of your  
home.

By Mary McIntyre, Fayette County

# March

## Cat in the Moonlight

Coolly observing  
The star studded, ebony sky,  
He sits, regally posed.  
Soft moonlight spills in streams  
Down his silver fur,  
Puddling in pools of shimmering light around his paws.  
He breaths silently,  
And I breathe in tandem with him, Inhaling his mystery  
and wisdom  
Languidly he moves in liquid motion,  
Melting into the night.  
And I will eternally carry this moment  
Close to my heart as gently  
As a broken winged bird.

By Lynda Turner, Breckinridge County

# *April*

## Spring Brings Renewal

The days are getting longer  
and will spring forward an hour soon,  
Green springs of grass are  
Beginning to be seen among  
The brown dirt in the yard.  
The birds are singing announcing  
The yellow, blue, and purple flowers  
That will soon burst forward.  
A new beginning, a time for new  
Birth from the earth. A time for putting  
Behind us the old and look forward to  
The new. A time to forget and forgive  
And move forward. Spring forward my  
Friend with a renewal of your mind and focus.

By Ticky Adams, Clay County

# May

Razed, dilapidated, erased, GONE,  
The old home place, grandpa's.....  
Neither strawberry nor grapevines,  
No June-to-October apple trees  
Dropping their fruits for deep, delicious bites  
On warm afternoons.....

Silence stood in lieu of pigs slurping at the trough  
Of mules gently grazing in the barn lot,  
Of cows calling softly to their calves,  
Of chickens wallowing in dirt baths.

Hungering for a trace of him  
Who taught me to hoe and to tell stories  
In sync to the rhythm of the hoes' strikes on soil...  
Only a deep empty ache smothered my heart.

Then, there SHE stood,  
Tall, deep green, angular  
Proud in the streaming brilliant summer sun  
Drooping with her new season of fresh pears to mellow  
In autumn's soon to come coolness.

She *remembered*...invited me to come again,  
Taste of her coarse grainy sweet fruit  
Much like Pa, who planted her  
Over a hundred years ago.

By Carolyn Pennington, Jackson County Homemaker

# June

## Through New Eyes

Shoes, toes in grass, tickles,  
Concrete and blacktop, rough  
Careful!  
Upward, upward  
Verdant boughs dance with the wind,  
Elephants and whales glide across the sky,  
Birds sing a symphony as they fly—  
Upward, upward  
Corbels, roof lines steeples,  
Rainbows and endless stars.  
“Look” says my child  
As his hold holds mine.  
Upward, Upward!

By Linda Oakes Russell, Taylor County



