

## ODE ON A WOODEN BOWL

*For Butch*



**The work of your hands is lovely to behold.**

**Wood, fallen from a tree, you chose to mold.**

**An object of beauty that was once a seed,**

**Grew to the sky and served our need.**

**It held the soil firm and gave it shade,**

**While air to breathe it silently made.**

**Even in death, the gift was still given,**

**Warmth, light, or new growth to enliven.**

**But part of the wood was destined to be**

**A thing of lasting beauty for all to see.**

**Together with God you formed this bowl**

**A vessel to nourish both body and soul.**

**You waited and watched as time dried the wood.**

**You carefully planned and you understood**

**That patience and love are required**

**To create and shape the object desired.**

**Seasons come and go, seeds sprout unknown,**

**Putting down roots wherever they're blown.**

**How lucky the tree that fell in your path,**

**For its beauty lives on in the aftermath.**

*By Mary Sue Foushee, Meade County*

## WHO IS DEAF?

By: Lee N. Cochran, Owen County

A little girl with her Mother,  
(I would guess her age as three)  
was sitting in the airport  
with a doll upon her knee.

“That’s a pretty little dolly,”  
said the lady standing near,  
then the mother answered sadly,  
“My darling cannot hear.”

My heart was stirred with pity  
‘Till I felt that I would cry.  
For this child who would never  
Hear her mother’s lullaby.

But this child was soon forgotten  
when I reached my journey’s end,  
and from the crowd that moved about me  
I was hailed by a friend.

One who’s days were lonely, empty,  
for her husband lately died;  
but I did not care to join her  
so I quickly turned aside.

She was hurt and disappointed

I could see it in her eyes,  
and I knew she needed someone  
to understand and sympathize.

But I turned away and left her;  
turned to her a cold, deaf, ear;  
who's the more cursed with deafness  
she who couldn't or I who wouldn't hear?

**Autumn**

**by Angie Freeman ,**

**Taylor County**

**I throw my windows open wide**

**To let the Autumn in,**

**And felt the nearness of outside**

**To all the world akin.**

**I breathed the fragrance of the flowers**

**Brought with the cooling breeze,**

**And thought that I might gaze for hours**

**Upon the colored trees.**

**"Thank God," I said, "for life and love,**

**And all the beautiful things.**

**It is His Glory from above,**

**The beauty Autumn brings."**

Growing

I am

Living

In

The autumn

Of my life.

I

Want

To

Bloom

Like my room of zinnias—

Keep on busting out

In new blossoms:

When storms

Bend me over—

I want to

Lay my blooms along the ground—bloom anyway—

When

One of my blossoms

is

Cut off

I  
Want

To

bloom ten blooms

To replace that one.

I

Want

To

Bloom

As brightly as my zinnias

In deep purples and pinks and reds and oranges,

And sometimes in bright yellow.

I

Want

To

Offer nectar to others

Like the zinnias do to the bees and the humming birds and butterflies.

I

Want

To

Keep on blooming

Until the deep killing frost

Lays me down

For my winter.

By Carolyn Pennington,

Jackson County

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**2019 Cultural Arts and Heritage  
Creative Writing Contest-  
Poetry**

**'Dance of the Dawn'**

**Barren County, Mammoth Cave Area**

**Joyce B. Wray**



# Dance of the Dawn

Though the darkness still covers the earth,  
I am awakened by the song of a little bird.  
Who sings with anticipation of  
the new days' dance of the dawn.

There is no chorus, trio, or duet;  
just a solo, of one who believes.  
Even though there's no light on the horizon;  
he can awaken the earth with such glee!

As He sings for the hope of a new day,  
and the sunbeams begin to break.  
I wonder does this little birds' joyful chirping  
really shine forth the dawn?  
Or does the dawn inspire his song?

One thing sure is always proven.  
For daily the melody is heard;  
by the Creator of the universe.  
Who satisfies the faith of the little bird.

I, too, will trust the morning  
to God who gifts the bird his song.

Sing little one, sing loud, sing on!  
Take delight in the blue skies, today your job is done.  
Until with your song once again you will sing,  
to a new days' dance of the dawn.

submitted by Joyce B. Wray

## Sacred Spaces and Places

Walks in the White Glistening Snow

In the Winter's crisp air

A cup of coffee and a good book

A walk in the woods after the rain

The soothing sound of a running brook

Prayer

Aromas and sounds that takes us back

Through time, awakes pleasant memories

And brings them out of the recesses of our mind

Prayer

Music to wrap around us like a cloak

To bend and shape our moods with each note

Prayer

To feel to move, to shape the soft moist earth in the spring,

To love it, plant it and watch the seeds grow.

To bring forth food for our body and soul.

Prayer

To watch with a thankful heart and joy your child's peaceful sleep

Opens the door to your soul sacred retreat.

Take time to open and walk through those doors,

For the sake of our souls, for what will makes us whole.

Dare to claim these Divine Spaces and Places

-By Sarah Ford, Crittenden County

## "Wind Chime Rhyme"

The wind chime rhyme,  
Whistles on the breeze.  
It hums a tune to the birds and bees.  
They bend in the wind,  
Like a dear old friend.

The notes have a special blend  
One of the chimes is like a hummingbird  
She doesn't say a single word.  
The chimes 'neath her wings,  
Seem to want to sing.

Some of them just ring and ring,  
Many of them are so soft  
Like a hymn from the loft.

Others are loud on the air,  
Oh, wind chime song a prayer.  
It rises here and there,

And the bells in the steeple answer back.  
I think I heard the lightning crack.  
And the thunder rumbles and roars  
Along the white and sandy shores.  
Wind chime music falls asleep in the moor

Wanda Conatser - 2014

## After A While

After a while I'll smile again  
After a while this trial I'll win  
After a while this surely will pass!  
After a while my smile will last  
After a while my sadness will remain deep inside  
After a while I'll learn to hide  
all my hurts and heartaches they will be tucked for away,  
So no one will know when I say,  
After a while I'll be fine  
After a while a smile will be mine  
After a while the pain will ease,  
Yet I know it will never cease!  
After a while we will be together again  
In a world where there is no end!  
After a while I'll be with you  
In a land where all is new!  
Then after a while I'll smile forever more  
As we stroll hand in hand by Heaven's shore,  
  
I'll see you after a while my love

Janet Van Bøbber  
Greenup County  
"2018"!

## Newborn Olympics

Oh dear God! I didn't endure nine months of pregnancy and fourteen hours of labor to watch you kill our newborn on her first day home. Standing there, heart-choked and kidney-active, I watched breathless – you oblivious to my mute scream.

Maybe you noticed the horror on my face when you turned and grinned: *This is how they did it in the hospital; I watched.* But I was looking below your grin to the infant dangling in your right hand between three fingers, upside down like a chicken on a line in an open-air market.

One smooth movement with your left hand slid a diaper across the sheet, brought it to rest on target, years of athletics insuring success. Lift, swoosh, plop (softly) -- and then the final stroke -- bring two sides to the middle, flip the point up the front. Slide. Click the diaper pin. Score!

Triumphantly you lifted the trophy close to your hairy chest and smiled broadly in victory. Kristina Lynne bobbed and nuzzled her head under your day-old beard, seeking refuge in the bare skin of your neck.

We did not have La Maze then. Only Nature's amazement. No. Olympic Dad, you didn't kill her. You set a record in Fatherhood that day. And you never lost the Gold.

By Carole Baum, Warren County

## My Mother

I sit and look deep into your light green eyes  
And see so much unlived life and unspoken words  
The body still looking so young and full of youth  
And I long for the memories to come alive again  
To enjoy the trips and the talks and all the laughter  
My life will surely change when your no longer there  
My friend, companion, my Mother.

By Judy L. Wood

By Judy Wood, Barren County



## CHRISTMAS IS ABOUT LOVE

I'd like to share some thoughts with you,  
I hope you'll understand,  
It's the story of a baby,  
Who came for the LOVE of man.

For every time a child is born,  
Our hearts are filled with joy.  
We recognize this special GIFT,  
Be it be a girl or boy.

It is a GIFT, you will agree.  
Each parent will proudly say.  
Bright eyes and happy smiles,  
Seems they'll never go away.

This GIFT is what is known as LOVE"  
It makes the world go round,  
And every single person here,  
Will search until it's found.

But we don't have to travel far,  
To find this love divine.  
It's with us every day,  
As we travel through time.

Christmas brings us ever closer,  
For soon the search will end,  
If we but LOVE THIS CHILD,  
Forever, we'll have a friend.

God came to earth to show us  
That love was all we need,  
It really isn't difficult,  
But In HIM we must take our lead.

And Christmas is a perfect time  
To practice what Jesus taught,  
And the joy we'll find,  
Is a GIFT that cannot be bought.

So decorate the prettiest tree,  
Cook up a wonderful meal,  
Put love in every gift you buy,  
And Christmas will be the real deal.

And when the season is over,  
And the decorations are put away,  
Remember, Christ who came with LOVE,  
With you, He will always stay.

Merry Christmas and Peace on Earth to all.....Pat Reff, Taylor County.....Christmas 2018

*The Best Part of Me*

*When I lost you*

*I lost the best part of me*

*As I go through the grieving process*

*I think of all the times I should have*

*But didn't*

*I think of the times we could have shared*

*But chose not to*

*I didn't know it would hurt so much*

*But I know*

*The old adage too little too late*

*Is so true in this instance*

*You were my rock, my strength, my life*

*You were my security*

*I was protected, cared for and loved*

*I was cherished*

*You may not have said it everyday*

*But I knew*

*I miss your presence, your smell, you*

*You left a hole in my heart*

*When I lost you*

*I lost the best part of me*

*By: Ann Beard-2017*

Taylor County



## **Bloom Where You're Planted**

By Pat Key, Muhlenberg County

Busy is the blossom of a flower strong and tall  
Business is the weed that crowds in and makes them fall.

Business is a pattern that drives us to and fro  
Sometimes we are so busy we don't know which way to go

Business quenches the inward spirit, takes our energy to extremes  
Castles built in word and thought lack foundation's needed beams.

When life is so compelling and we're pressured in all we do  
It's hard to make decisions that are wise and pure and true.

We need time for hopes and dreams, aspirations to keep us young at heart  
Planting directive goals and knowing where to start.

The smooth path is not a promise, nor that we'll bear an easy load  
So we need time to ask God's leading on how to climb that rocky road.

Much of our unrest is caused by our hurried speed through life  
When we are driven by our problems which result in toil and strife.

But God gave many examples for the life that we should lead  
One, we can find it in a little package that contain some tiny seed

We plant these tiny things within the nurtured soil  
Then wait and watch them grow without the pressure of our toil

So we can learn a lesson that God's tiny seeds can share  
Business destroys true purpose and causes much despair

If we plant early time in God's word and ask direction from 'The Son'  
We'll be nurtured to grow and blossom before our day's begun.

We'll sprout through earthly problems in days of sunshine or of rain  
Growing stronger in radiant beauty if God's guidance we maintain

His directive power is all-sufficient, never take each day for granted  
Then we can live our days with purpose and bloom where we are planted!

Is the Snow Still on the Mountains  
by Tamara Coen, Wayne County

Is the snow still on the mountains this morning?  
Is the river running slowly today?  
    Are the birds on high still singing?  
    Are their clear voices ringing?  
Will you love me more than words can say?

Are the diamonds in your eyes still sparkling  
Like the sun on the water at dawn?  
    Is our loving smile still there  
    That we alone can share?  
Will the life we have together shine on?

Do your thoughts entwine with mine when we're sleeping?  
Do you see me in your dreams as I see you?  
    Do you feel the light inside  
    Where the melody can't hide  
And the music in the night can free you?

Can I share with you your sorrow as you're crying?  
Will you hold me in your arms when I cry too?  
    Will our tears bring us together  
    To live in love forever?  
Let me whisper in your ear: I Love You

2019 CULTURAL ARTS AND HERITAGE:

Creative Writing Contest

Entry Title: Ancestors

County: Hardin County

Area: Lincoln Trail

Submitted By: Ruby Ingram

## **Ancestors**

**Written by Ruby Bishop Ingram**

**Ancestors of mine**

**Born so long ago,**

**Coming so far to**

**This rugged land,**

**Facing struggles,**

**Buffeted by disease,**

**Weather and strangers.**

**You wanted to make**

**A new life built on hope.**

**Casting care to the wind**

**Your desire for adventure**

**Carried you to this**

**Wilderness that God so**

**Beautifully created.**

**Thanks to each of you**

**For building this great**

**Nation, for all the churches**

**You helped build, with**

**Their lovely pinnacles**

**Reaching skyward.**

**Your faith in God**

**Reaches deep within**

**Your descendants who**

**Walk this great land.**

**Our hearts quicken, and**

**We wish that we could**

**Look upon your faces.**

## SPRINGS COLORFUL UPRISING

AS THE SUN PEAKS OVER THE HORIZON DISPERSING A VIRTUAL PALLETTE OF COLORS YELLOW , PURPLE, ROSE AND BLUE. I GAZE TO FEAST UPON SPRING'S UPRISING.

THE WHITE VELVETY PETALS OF SNOWDROPS DANGLE DOWN PEERING AT THE SNOW COVERING THE GROUND. THEIR PETALS FLUTTER IN THE COOL BREEZE AS IF TO SAY I HAVE AWAKENED.

THE WIND CHURNED WINTER'S BROWN AND TAN LEAVES IN EDDIES AND BLOW THEM ACROSS MY FLOWERBEDS LIKE FADED COLORED TUMBLEWEEDS. I SCOOP THE LEAVES AWAY TO REVEAL THE STATELY TALL BUDS OF LENDEN ROSES AS IF TO BREAK WINTER'S HOLD ON THEM. THE BUDS BEACON ME TO GAZE UPON THEIR MAGNIFICENT BEAUTY.

WITH CALM CONFIDENCE I SHUFFLED TOWARD THE ROWS OF DAZZLING DAFFODILS. THEIR BUDS WILL SOON BURST OPEN WITH DAZZLING COLORS OF TRUMPETS.

THE TWILIGHT CAST DEEP SHADOWS IN THE CLEARING IN THE WOODS ON CLUMPLS OF WILD SWEET WILLIAM. I FEEL EXCITEMENT AS I THIK OF THE BEAUTIFUL PURPLE BLOOMS ABOUT TO BURST OPEN.

I HUNKER DOWN TO VIEW THE WRINKLED LEAVES OF THE CELADINE POPPY EMERGING FROM WINTERS SLEEP AS IF TO SAY YOU CANNOT STOP MY SHOW OF BRIGHT YELLOW BLOOMS.

THE RHYTTM OF SPRINGS SHOW HAS BURST ON THE SCENE.

EDIE BELL

MEMBER OF AMAR HOMEMAKERS

BARREN COUNTY, KY

WHISPERING WIND

When in my forest  
And I hear that  
Whoosh! sound, I  
Look about...am

Scared and think  
Avalanche! Snow!  
And then, NO! I'm  
Safe here in the trees.

Was that sound a truck  
Rubber on concrete?  
I realize I am hearing  
Only the wind and as

I pull the hair-curls  
From my eys I realize  
My God has used wind  
To touch my cheek.

By Mary Ann Carrico-Mitchell  
Carroll County