

Snow

Snowflakes gently falling from the sky
I watch as they quietly drift by
As the wind carries them along
Til they come to rest where they belong
Our world becomes a sea of white
As the snowflakes settle from their flight
Quietly without making a sound
The snow quickly covers the ground
And the landscape changes before our eyes
Adding beauty to our everyday lives
The snow drifts sparkle in the fading sunlight
As darkness settles in for the night
And the moon shines down across the snow
Illuminating our world with a magical glow
A part of me wishes it could stay
But I know that it will soon just melt away

By : Ann Adams Simpson County

YOU ARE MY EVERYTHING

I am your smile.

You are my exceedingly great reward!

I am your dance.

You are my song of deliverance!

I am the apple of your eye.

You are my righteousness!

I am your Chosen One.

You are my Redeemer!

I am your single candle.

You are my All-Consuming Fire!

I am your joy.

You are my Everlasting Peace!

I am your delight.

You are my sweet embrace!

I am your champion.

You are my King of Kings!

The Keeper of the Bees

How you ever met the keeper of the bees?
He is in tune with nature and so serene.
He checks his hives each and every season
For this is the reason.

Have you ever seen what these amazing tiny creatures can do?
They provide propolis, honey comb and plenty of sweet honey, too!
They pollinate our earth's flowers, fruits and trees;
They make our gardens magnificent for all to see.

If you ever meet these wonderful little marvels,
Do not be afraid or alarmed by their buzzing or presence;
They are truly one of nature's perfect creations.

If you ever happen to meet the keeper of the bees,
Please be sure to thank him for his love and constant care;
Because of him, the world's great pollinators will always be there!

Written by Mayra Ilidia Diaz Ballard
Published June 2000 in Coming Home Magazine (Mayfield KY Graves County)

Our Family

Michael, through your eyes I see
The hopes and dreams for our family.
Our wedding day was just grand
That's when we made our first big stand.
Now our family can start a life
Of happiness and love, stress and strife.
Surprise! A new born baby girl
Blonde hair, blue eyes and skin of pearl.
Her image is that of her mother
We couldn't ask for more than another.
The second girl, now there are two
And she looks like her daddy, so true.
Dark hair, dark eyes and skin of brown
They're even beautiful when they frown.
Time passes and our family did soar
Now five grandchildren to love and adore.
I hope that God will see His way
For this union never to stray.
Away from the values that we share
Which are loving, priceless and so rare.
By Denise Barrett

SPRINGS COLORFUL UPRISING

AS THE SUN PEAKS OVER THE HORIZON DISPERSING A VIRTUAL PALETTE OF COLORS
YELLOW, PURPLE, ROSE AND BLUE. I GAZE TO FEAST UPON SPRINGS 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 TUMBLEWEEDS. I SCOOP THE LEAVES AWAY
TO REVEAL THE STATELY TALL BUDS OF LENTEN 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 TRUMPET BLOOMS.

THE TWILIGHT CAST DEEP SHADOWS IN THE CLEARING IN THE WOODS ON CLUMPS OF
WILD SWEET WILLIAM. I FEEL EXCITEMENT AS I THINK 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 RHYTHM OF A SPRING SHOW HAS BURST ON THE SCENE.

Madalyn Gray

Dear Madalyn Gray,
When I'm in the grave,
I'll be gone so long.
Keep my memory alive.
May it be strong.
I'll never see you get old,
Wishing you many years, though.
Time is precious and so dear.
May your life be happy then.
Know Aunt Sue loves you, Oh! So dear,
now and always. Amen.

By: Sue Bishop
Date: Aug, 2023

Just a Whiff

Just a whiff of charcoal burning takes me back,
To daddies and uncles grilling burgers and hot dogs,
Puffing pipes and cigs in webbed lawn chairs.
Dressed bananas, deviled eggs, and all the Jello salads.
Sisters laughing in unison as if with one voice.
Hand cranking ice cream with salt crystals spilling over the ice.
Croquet and badminton under the shade trees.
A clanging of horseshoes hitting a ringer.
Sweet cousins and so much silliness.
Catching crawdads and tasting watercress in the creek.
Peaceful Valley Ranch summers.
Now a memory
With just a whiff of charcoal.

Angie Freeman
May 25, 2024

Hurry Up and Wait

Lieutenant Colonel (Retired) Faith E. K. Grzesik

Life in the military is great

But you will learn about

Hurry up and wait.

Timing is important don't be late

Push ups will teach lessons

Hurry up and wait.

Meals are nutritious fill your plate

Energize for the mission

Hurry up and wait.

After strenuous workouts hydrate

To keep from falling out

Hurry up and wait.

Friendships are formed with a roommate

That last a lifetime

Hurry up and wait.

The U.S. Military is top rate

That's been proven through

Hurry up and wait.

Winter's Chilling Blast

By Sandy Hamilton

The Holiday's came, and soon as they went,
the winds ushered in the coldest snow bit;
We could all do without it, but that wasn't to be,
we'll have to endure it, until crocuses we see!

The temperatures sure plummeted, the snow had it's way,
we're all looking forward to much warmer days;
Satisfied, we're not, and temps in the teens will soon be forgot,
as soon as humidity comes moving in, the sweatiness takes over &
and hard work begins;

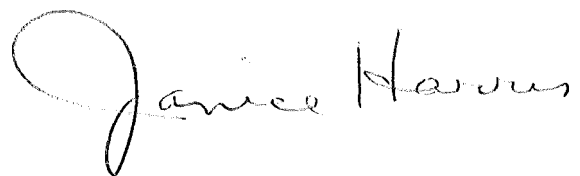
Then harvest our labors and preserve what we can, as fall falls
around us and it's chilly again;

As pumpkins, hayrides and bonfires abound,
we'll get out our sweaters and then go around,
to festivals and long drives to enjoy natures scene;

Then comes jack frost with beauty his own, to bring back the chill to
weary old bones; preparing for winter is necessary you see,
To help us be, thankful for Spring's beauty we see.

SECURITY

A slender wire suspends
from sturdy supports
I stand on a tiny platform
gazing over the watching crowd
Tentatively I slide
one foot before
the other,
toes clenched,
searching for a certain grip.
Progress is slow
as I inch my way,
briefly triumphant.
Such short-lived exulting,
my foot slips and
I
plunge
down
to the safety net of grace.

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Janice Harris". The signature is fluid and elegant, with a large initial 'J' and a long, sweeping underline.

Ice Crystals

Silently it falls
Gently to the ground
Flakes so beautiful
Blanketing the town

Ice crystals dancing
To and fro they go
Till at last they land
Upon the town below

Gleefully they come
Towing sleds behind
Ready for the thrill
Of a slippery decline

Children of all ages
Enjoying the day
Amid the fluffy snow
For invigorating play

Up and down they travel
Flying through the snow
Till at last they tire
And homeward they go

Good Wife Things

Glasses

By the keys,

By the leather case,

By the coffee cup

Filled with black and cream

Until holds the right color of

Cumulonimbus clouds.

(Cumulonimbus – the clouds that hold the storms.)

Little soldiers that troop to work with him,

Keep him company at The Company.

Yet, nothing does battle like true Good Wife Things.

Prayer,

And the heart work,

And the housework,

And the care of all the children.

These – quietly victorious.

Measured and celebrated by

Planck length.

(Planck length - A millionth of a billionth of a billionth of a billionth of a centimeter)

All debts paid in his one tired smile

When he pushes through the door,

Smells the aroma of a favorite meal,

Prepares for the smash of the youngest one against his legs.

Daddy's home.

And the Good Wife Things say Welcome Dear,

And, I'm glad to know you're back.

Kristy Horine

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Sacred Quilts

There's something sacred about these quilts;
Lovingly stitched.....

On a cold winter night,
'Neath the pale and dim oil light;
Or on a hot summer day,
'Neath a tree where a breeze might sway.
Gathered together with family and friends,
Or by one's self now and again.
Bits and pieces of fabric and thread;
Warmth and comfort to cover one's bed.
Made of necessity, born of need;
Given as gifts — a kindness in deed.
Carefully fashioned and patterned with care;
Now stained and worn, some even threadbare.
Insightfully sewn, visions of art,
Crafted by soul and hand and heart.
A tribute to labor and love that will last,
A part of our present, a part of our past.
Lovingly stitched.....

By hands now stilled,
There's something sacred about these quilts.

By Patty Hughes

My Sunset

They have taken away my sunset
of this I do fret

~~~~~ Duplexes a many  
wish there wasn't any

But I must accept it, I must  
For here I will have to rust  
Make the most of my view  
Is what I'll do

I will, however, always seek  
Just a peek...  
of My Sunset.

Jesus

Just how far would we go to prove our love for Jesus?

He was beaten and tortured and pierced on a cross

Could we be strong enough to keep our faith.

And stand strong for Him...or would we break?

Would we die in our sin?

I can't even begin

To think of His pain

For all we would gain

Jesus so suffered for all us sinners and saints;

With thieves, drunkards, whore mongers, the same.

Rich, poor, murderers, addicts and molesters with rape;

All kinds of people who never knew why HE came.

Jesus paid the ultimate price.

That day on Calvary, He paid with His Life.

So we could live forever with Him

To set us free from a world of sin.

Do we ever think about what we would have done

If we had been Jesus and tortured on every front?

Think about that and how much Jesus's love bore.

Wanting to save all the lost and their dying souls.

We can be saved if Him we find.

And give Him our whole heart and mind.

Then we live with Him in Heaven's paradise

With no pain, sickness, sorrow, or strife.

Oh, what a wonderful time that will be

To be saved by His love and finally be free!

## Farmer's Wife

A tribute to my sister Elizabeth

My Mom and Dad lived a farmer's life  
But I never dreamed I'd be a farmer's wife.  
I didn't have plans on the farm to stay  
I was going to college and move away.  
However, I fell in love with a farmer man  
And here in the farm kitchen I stand.  
Being a farmer's wife is so much more  
Than baking bread, raising kids and going to the store.  
You never know what each day will bring  
Especially when the phone starts to ring.  
Honey, can you come to the field I need your help  
So, you drop what you're doing and see what the day has dealt.  
From helping with hay to a horse being down  
Even needing supplies and running to town.  
Every day there is something new  
Surprise after surprise out of the blue.  
However, every night when I go to bed  
I wonder if the next day will be one to dread  
But I say my prayers to the Lord above  
And thank him for making me a Farmer's Wife the life I LOVE!

R Denise Nocero  
Bourbon County Extension Homemakers  
2-14-2025



## **Poem - Springtime Storm**

Sitting on my front porch today  
I'm thinking I'll truly be blown away

The wind is blowing so fierce and so hard  
Leaves and limbs flying across the yard

Trees singing, dancing, swaying in tune  
Announcing the storm will be here soon

Skies so different in the east and the west  
The storm moving quickly, trying it's best

To usher the rain that will soon arrive  
Coaxing the earth to come alive

After a season of slumbering sleep  
Waking from winter, the cold so deep

The hands on the earth-clock rounding their way  
Pushing Spring more our way every day

The rain arrives and now pouring down  
Blessing flowers and creatures in our little town

Thank you, God, for sending the rain  
For Springtime arriving finally again.

*Written by Sharon Ware,  
Pulaski County Homemakers  
Cards R Us Club*