

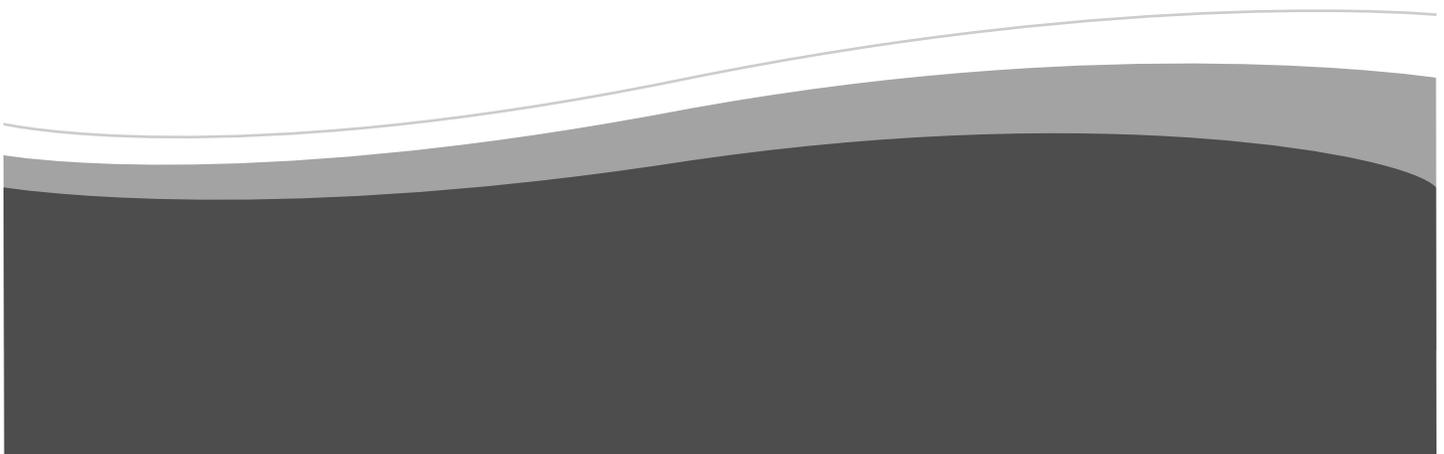
KEHA

Inspirational Booklet

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July 2016-June 2017

This booklet has been prepared by the Bluegrass Area Homemakers (Bourbon, Clark, Estill, Fayette, Harrison, Madison, Nicholas, Powell and Scott Counties) specifically for Kentucky Extension Homemakers. Printing costs have been paid by Kentucky Extension Homemakers Association.



July

A Homemaker

Sue Staton - Clark County

When I was just a little girl, little did I know.

That to a place called Homemakers
numerous times, many days I would go.

The Homemakers used to come to school
to teach me how to sew.

It was a Homemaker who took me to
the dentist to get a filling in my tooth.

It was a Homemaker who held my hand
when I screamed in pain,
I was embarrassed and felt like a goof.

She told me she didn't enjoy
going to the dentist either.
But, it was something we must do cause
we wouldn't want holes in our mouth neither.

A change happened in my life
that caused me to move
to a house in the country,
but much closer to town.

It was then I decided
a new Homemaker group
would have to be found.

So with twelve new ladies
I had never met,
I formed a new Homemaker's group and
that club is still going strong yet.

You see, I knew I was to tell those
ladies how Homemakers had been
such a great part of my life, more or less.

How at Homemakers you made new friends,
had lots of fun, and could forget about your
stress.

I told them that in Homemakers
I learned to knit and crochet.
How I made baby afghans
and do even to this day.

I learned from a Homemaker
how to make a basket and weave a stool.
Going to the Craft Fairs was fun;
it was like going to a Craft School.
The ladies there all seemed
to respect one another.
There were some who
even felt like your mother.

Now that my Momma is gone.
If I need to talk to someone;
I know a Homemaker can
be as near as my phone.

In Homemakers we share many things;
a recipe, a craft, a laugh, a tear.
With our dear friends called Homemakers
and those we hold so dear.

Some of the finest ladies
I have ever known
were Homemakers, now many
have gone to their Heavenly home.

They have left this world, but what
they have taught me has lived on.
Now I hope my own Homemaker's skills
will be passed along when I am gone.

I never would have known
that way back then;
My love for Homemakers
would begin when I was only ten.

I surely didn't know this love
for Homemakers would remain so true.
Throughout the years it would influence
what I would do.

Even now homemakers are in my life
and I am on my way to sixty two.
In other words, ladies being a
Homemaker can be GOOD FOR YOU.

August

Betsy Cleaver - Nicholas County

Has someone hurt your feelings today?

Just give it over to God.

Life is too short to hold grudges.

Have a great day!!

Growing Old

Jackie Decker - Ohio County

When autumn winds begin to blow,
I think of times and days of old.
When I was spry and a little silly,
I thought of guys and water lilies.

I'd run up hills and over dales and
hope to see some bunny trails.
I'd run with a kite until it soared up high,
I'd watch it climb until it said good-bye.
The string would break and off I'd go
running for miles, oh I loved my Kite so.

Playing red rover, tag, and fox and hound,
why we'd run all over the town.

When winter came we played in the snow,
we'd finally come in because we were cold.

Oh so many memories I have,
I sit all day and remember when,
I could do all the things I wanted to then.

But now I sit with drops of tears and
dream of all the long past years.



September

Parents, Please Teach Your Children Well

Charlotte Haney - Bourbon County

The other day as I was walking through the Rite-Aid parking lot, I bent over to pick up several pennies that someone had just thrown on the ground. A mother with her small child was getting out of a car and the child said, "Mom, what is she doing?" The mom replied, "She is just picking up junk out of the parking lot." Young people today consider any kind of change junk! When I was growing up in the 50's, my Aunt Bill used to say, "see a penny, pick it up and all day long, you will have good luck." Much of what I know today comes from words of wisdom I learned from my parents, grandparents, and aunts and uncles. Much of the New Testament is written in parables that we as Christians should figure out and follow.

I was poor as I grew up. I didn't know I was poor because most everyone else was as poor as I was. I was taught to value money as well as my toys, clothes, and anything else I considered mine. I still remember many of the "corny phrases" I learned from my relatives and I often repeat them because they have become a part of who I am.

My Dad's favorite phrase was "Don't make me stop this car." That was his warning to my sister and me that we needed to stop poking each other in the back seat of our '49 Dodge. He would also say, "I brought you into this world and I can take you out." That was his suggestion that we sit up and stop giggling in church.

Mark Twain said, "When I was 15, my parents were the dumbest people on earth, but it was surprising what they had learned by the time I was 21."

My fifth grade teacher walked around the room and chanted, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." That positive attitude has also stuck with me for many years. There are some things that I cannot do, but there is very little I haven't tried to do. In fact, when I meet St. Peter at the gate, I do not intend to arrive with my hair and nails done to perfection and my size 10 (my dream) body in perfect form because I never missed aerobics class. Instead I plan to slide in sideways saying "what a ride I had!" I've done everything I wanted to do and I've been most places I wanted to go – now put me to work.

Parents, please teach your children to work and to value the possessions that they have. Even if they learn through "corny" phrases, they need to learn to work because we all know "you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear"!

October

Mountain Splendor

Christine Randall - Powell County

As I think of our Mountain Splendor,
I see a vision of a place of peace.
Where we can escape the cares of life
and God sends sweet release.

In the Spring to see the sweet flowers bloom,
to see the trees burst forth with new life.
To hear the birds sing their new melodies,
as they take their wings of flight.

In the Summer to sit on the porch
and feel the cool breeze passing by.
To see the wind gently blow the leaves,
as it sweeps through the blue sky.

In Autumn as the leaves change their colors,
to brilliant shades of God's coloring book.
I think I could sit for hours on end,
and never get tired, just enjoy and look.

In the Winter when the snow falls,
and the cold chilling winds blow.
The warmth I feel by the crackling fire,
but it's God's love that warms my soul.

So as I think of our Mountain Splendor,
our cabin that sits back in the hills.
I think I'd like to go there again,
so with sweet rest, My soul God will fill.



November

Thankful.. Sue Flowers - Hardin County

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 for...

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.



December

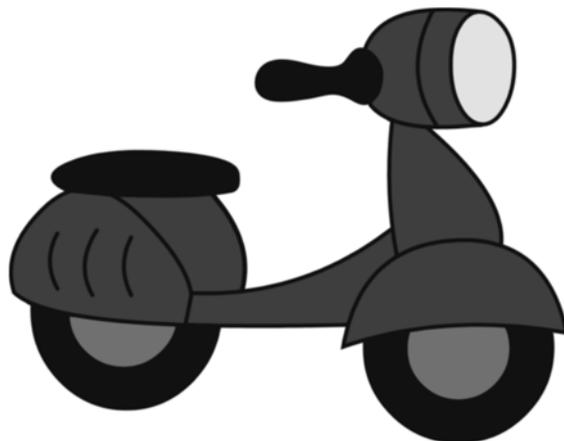
A Christmas Story *Ana Scarboro - Jefferson County*

I love Christmas! For a long time, I have used a Victorian Village as a part of our holiday decorations. Over the years, family members have added houses, churches, sleighs, people, etc. We peek in the tiny windows and make up stories about what the people are doing, where they are going, etc. It has been rumored that the village comes alive while we sleep. Two tiny cats mysteriously seem to roam from place to place.

My favorite story is about a little red scooter. When my grandson, Harlan, was 3, he brought a school bus, bread truck, and a tiny red scooter and carefully parked them in front of a church. When I asked him, "What is going on in the village today?" He replied, "The school bus is bringing the people to a dinner and the bread truck has the food."

"And the little red scooter?" I asked.

"Well, that is for Joseph. He is going to ride along beside Mary and the donkey ... very slowly."



January

The Choice is Yours! *Bette Edwards - Bourbon County*

No matter the season, Kentucky is a beautiful place to be. God has blessed us with this day to honor Him. I encourage you to be the best you can be...

Learn and Grow - Never, never, never stop learning! Take up a new hobby, teach a weekly Bible Study...the opportunities are endless.

Remember and Reflect - Enjoy a trip down memory lane and put the information on paper or on a recording. Your family will enjoy it for years to come.

Encourage and Compliment - There are countless opportunities to give a sincere compliment to make someone's day brighter.

Relish Humor and Enjoy a Laugh - It's healthy to laugh! It's the spice of life. God's Word says it is a good medicine (and no negative side effects)!

Be a Prayer Warrior - Pray your way through the list of people God has given you to love and those you meet each day in your world

Find ways to Contribute to Society - Volunteer, work the polls, read to a kindergarten class, take a bud vase to a shut-in...

Discipline Yourself to be Active and Involved - remove words like 'can't', 'bored', 'too old', 'never did it that way before' from your vocabulary! Get out there and visit the sick, walk, meet with friends, play games, visit family, make brownies and divide with your neighbors...

And remember to GIVE GOD THE GLORY!

Lord, don't let us be satisfied until we are truly what you want us to be each day. Amen.



February

Set a Guard on My Lips

Janet VanBibber - Greenup County

Lord, set a guard on my lips when I am about to say something, though true, somehow-someway may come out in a way, that will be hurtful and maybe it may become even harmful.

Lord, set a guard on my lips when I am about to give an opinion that is not necessary and may sound flip.

Lord, set a guard on my lips, when I am about to say something hastily, something that though not meant, may come out distainly.

Lord, set a guard on my lips when my emotions speak and I have not taken time to seek the right words to say and not in a gentle way.

Lord, set a guard on my lips when I'm about to give bad advice to them, for I will never be able to claim them for a friend.

Lord, people don't want my advice unless they ask and you know Lord, for me that's a big task.

So Lord, please, always stay close by me and set a guard on my lips so that nothing crude or harmful ever slips.



March

Pieces of Life *Mary Greer - Montgomery County*

If I could arrange the pieces of my life,
as a seamstress would a quilt,
laying out the templates,
on the fabrics of my choice,
placing each piece just the way I want,
reds here, greens there,
blues to the right, yellows in the middle,
a beautiful pattern –
my heart's desire.

But, life is a kaleidoscope
of broken bits and pieces,
jumbled in a mess,
a pile of shattered glass
that makes no sense,
no pattern. Why bother
with dreams and long range plans?

Then I turn the cylinder around
and hold it up into the light,
the broken pieces rearranged,
such breath-taking beauty
no seamstress could ever fashion.
The shattered pieces still are there.
But I have changed my point of view
by looking to the Master.



April

COURAGE

Janice Doan - Harrison County

The dictionary defines courage as the ability to meet danger or opposition with fearlessness, calmness, and firmness. It also refers to acting in accordance with what seems right. An obsolete meaning is heart and spirit.

The following quotes are from The Complete Speakers Sourcebook compiled by Eleanor Doan. COURAGE IS FEAR THAT HAS SAID ITS PRAYERS. COURAGE IS NO MORE NECESSARY ON THE BATTLEFIELD THAN THE HOURLY CHOICE BETWEEN RIGHT AND WRONG. COURAGE CONSISTS NOT IN HAZARDING WITHOUT FEAR, BUT BEING RESOLUTELY MINDED IN A JUST CAUSE. COURAGE IS A GREAT THING. ONE MAY LOSE HIS MONEY WHICH IS MUCH, HE MAY LOSE A FRIEND AND THAT IS WORSE, BUT IF HE LOSES HIS COURAGE HE ALMOST LOSES ALL.

I want to mention some kinds of courage that we may not always think about. It takes courage to let go (of people, objects ((people moving to nursing homes, etc. have to give up many of their treasures)), to try something new, and to speak the truth. It takes courage to say yes and also to say no. I found this quote several years ago: COURAGE DOESN'T ALWAYS ROAR. SOMETIMES COURAGE IS THE QUIET VOICE AT THE END OF THE DAY SAYING, "I WILL TRY AGAIN TOMORROW."

Rudyard Kipling wrote a very famous poem in 1895 as a tribute to a politician friend and as paternal advice for his son, John. The poem is "If". Read this poem and see if you don't agree.



May

My Grandmother's Hands

Angela Jenkins - Hardin County

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 year's 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.



June

Yester-Year

Betty Harris - Mason County

How dear in my heart the memories
of my small, quaint hometown
seated at the edge, on the rise of the river.
A park settled there in the shade of the trees,
breeze from the leaning branches wafting down.
There family enjoyed picnics and scenes of the giver.

The little town was a busy place
with a drugstore, post office, grocery store or two.
A creamery sat high above the river shore.
A theater, afternoon matinee for the young to enjoy.
With the passing of years, the stores are no more
and the five and dime where I was once in employ.

Saturdays were labor light, glad for a rest
we would be ready in our Sunday best.
Load up in our big old green Chevy truck
bouncing along the dirt packed, winding road
on our way to town, eager to meet family and friends.
My memory still travels the years and miles we strode.

My grandparents in their old spring wagon
took pleasure in their ride to town
over the bumpety, rugged, curving road
up hills and roadway going down.
Grandpa urging the horse forward with a goad
leisurely they jostled along, no displeasure or frown.

Crowded streets lined with busy shoppers
farmers dressed in their denim over-alls.
The ladies gussied up in their calico frocks and hats.
Men making merriment on streets of buildings tall.
Bragging, telling tells, and this and that.
Saying farewell, chores to be done before evening shadows fall.



