

## Sunday Dinner

by Lynda L. Turner, Breckinridge County

Cobbled together from the tangled garden  
Behind the rickety back porch,  
I remember  
Steaming bowls of freshly cut corn  
Glistening with flecks of green peppers that  
Nestled comfortably  
Next to a pristine platter  
Of pulsing red tomatoes,  
Beckoning seductively  
To our ready tongues.  
The nectarous smell of fried chicken  
Floated lazily over the groaning table  
That lay heavy with promise.  
Blackberries, picked from mean brambles,  
Swam in thick, juicy cobblers.  
And frosty Mason jars,  
Brimmed with the sweetest iced tea  
This side of Heaven.  
The blessing, offered quietly,  
Made this moment as sacred  
As a girl holding her breath before her first kiss.  
The prayer finished,  
The kinfolks' words ebbed and swirled  
Between bites of bacon-fried cornbread.  
Gossip flowed freely  
As moonshine from a stone jug,  
And for a fleeting moment,  
Time, an invisible shield, suspended itself over us  
Lending us a partial innocence  
That gave us a grace rarely captured.

LIFT UP MY EYES

STAY HOME  
KEEP YOUR DISTANCE FROM OTHERS  
ALONE , ALONE,  
TO FIGHT THE DANGER  
WHERE CAN PEACE & SAFETY BE FOUND?  
MUST WE ACCEPT ISOLATION AND SILENCE ALL AROUND?  
NO, I WILL LIFT UP MY EYES AND LOOK OUT MY WINDOW  
TO MY VERY OWN PIECE OF SKY  
IT IS BEAUTIFUL AND BLUE  
AND THEN A CLOUD DRIFTS BY  
DARK CLOUDS GETHER  
RAIN COMES DOWN  
IT CLEARS AND BLUE SKY AGAIN  
GOD TELLS US BE OF GOOD CHEER  
THIS TROUBLE TIME, TOO SHALL PASS

BY SARAH FORD  
FEBRUARY 8, 2022  
CRITTENDEN CO. KY

When Momma Wore an Apron

When Momma wore an apron  
You had somewhere to hide your face  
when you were shy or you felt disgrace

When Momma wore an apron  
You had something to hang on to  
when her steps were much too fast for you!

When Momma wore an apron  
She could always seem to tell  
if you were not at all feeling well

When Momma wore an apron  
She would take you on her lap  
and wrap you in it while you took a nap

When Momma wore an apron  
She always had a hankie to wipe your nose  
or dry you teras when you stubbed your toes

When Momma wore an apron  
She would use to dry her face and  
brush back her hair  
While you would with her your stories tell

When Momma wore an apron  
She had somewhere to gather eggs  
that the old dependable hens had laid

When Momma wore an apron  
She had a place to lay the flowers so sweet  
before she arranged them for our table for a special treat

When Momma wore an apron  
She had a place to gather all the toys  
and gadgets that were lying around  
Then carry them to the places they belonged where they would be found

When Momma wore an apron  
There were strings to untie in gleeful play  
just to get attention from her that day!

## ROBINS SPRINGING

Three Robins hopped by my window today  
Courting the lady in their own unich way *unique*  
The sun shined down brightly on the dew on my lawn  
As they searched for their breakfast and hopped merrily on.  
They knew nothing of the joy they had brought to my day;  
A blessing from The Master to sooth my trials away.  
Our little feathered friends are just a part of the view  
We can see if we try to find what is happy and true.  
To take on the day and follow through  
With love for each other and with thankfulness too;  
For God blesses our footsteps and lightens our load,  
He sent me those Robins hopping on down the road  
Leaving a bright spot in my heart  
Knowing they were a definite part  
Of the message He gave me that I may know  
He is watching over the Robins and I because He loves us so!  
What a blessing! What a gift! What peace I find!  
What comfort and serenity He has brought to my mind.

Carol Witthaus

## ***Sin is Gone***

By

Sandy Hamilton

Worldly pleasures I have known, from my Jesus I have roamed,  
and my life was torn apart by pain and strife;

Then Jesus took me by the hand, taught me how to make a stand,  
thus my life's so different now, that sin is gone.

Getting all that I deserve, isn't something I could stand,  
but I know that life just really isn't fair;

So I praise the Lord above, for his endless precious love and  
Salvation by his grace, cause sin is gone.

When we meet on heaven's shore, may I just bow down once more,  
to see Jesus on his glorious throne;

And sing praise forevermore, for the strength to make it home,  
cause' I know that he is real, and sin is gone.

### ***Chorus:***

Sin is gone, Sin is gone,

all God's treasures are my own,

I have given what I own to the Lord above;

Jesus took me by the hand, taught me how to make a stand,

And my life's so different now, that sin is gone.

**CRAZY**

**THE way that we danced**

**Asked us to do it again**

**Like South Chicago**

**Even looked like Jitterbug**

**Did till couldn't even hug**

by Mary Ann Carrico-Mitchell

## The Ways

By: Kasi Cornwell

I want to learn the ways of my grandmother  
to create a quilt  
stitching and praying  
a block made of heart  
a top of worthiness  
a batting of warmth  
a backing-even scraps achieve beauty  
to drape  
with love  
to help the homeless man that I meet on the icy road  
I want to learn the ways of my grandmother  
to preserve fresh foods from the garden  
toiling and praying  
washing off the dirt to see the lovely fruit  
a jar that withstands the heat  
a lid that stands on its own is even complimentary to a band  
add that pectin  
to drench  
with love  
to help the hungry stranger that I meet who is in a jam  
I want to learn the ways of my grandmother  
to cook and bake a comforting meal  
greasing and praying  
through the beating, kneading, folding, and whipping  
past the oven spring  
flavors blending  
heated to perfection  
to drizzle it all  
with love  
to help the ill neighbor who I see day to day

## **Ode to an Aliment**

by Judycarol Stone,

Montgomery County Camargo Homemakers

Oh, Arthritis you are a pain  
Warm clothes I wear  
When cold weather arrives  
One layer, two, maybe three

Oh, Arthritis you are a pain  
Knees pop and groan  
When I try to stand  
Drop things from my fingers  
No feeling do I have

Oh, Arthritis you are a pain  
You're always in the way  
So to avoid the pain  
Right here will I stay  
Where it's warm and cozy  
In my rocking chair.

## Celebration of Life

Golden rays pierce branches  
Waking my family in glorious illumination  
Yet no longer warm upon my face.  
Hasten the kaleidoscope ballet.  
No regrets, nothing left undone, all is well  
On this, our very last day

Everything has led to this; I wiggle in anticipation.  
The wind bellows a refreshing chill  
We savor the air, the smell, the light.  
Our bursting, brilliant opus, impossible to delay  
a howling, joyous symphony  
On this, our ultimate day.

A mighty gust tears us free  
Rapturous abandon, I dare take flight  
Oh, for the joy of weightlessness, I flip and fly  
I taste the sky's bouquet  
I rise and fall, dipping and diving.  
On this, our encore day

On the ground we scurry, leap and play  
hide-go-seek and tag; you're it!  
Absurd choreography, we dance in blundering circles.  
The diem we carpe'  
We glide, we slide, we burst with life  
On this, our hallowed day

We scitter to the forest floor  
And nestle there, savoring the silent night  
All is well, we sleep content  
Devine decay  
The perfect ending  
To this, our final day

by Suzanne Pogue, Pulaski County

## I AM FROM...

I am from back porches,

From RC Cola and ham sandwiches.

I am from Bedford stone,

Gray, sturdy, and warm from the sunshine.

I am from roses,

Fragrance sweet and full of life.

I am from growers and persistence,

From Trainer, Eva, Susie and Matt, Wava, Joe Pete.

I am from Scots and Germans,

From the do-your-best-ers and the get-up-and-walk-it off-ers.

I am from Baptist potlucks, hymns of faith,

To Kindergarten VBS.

I am from tobacco patches and barns of hay,

Cows to Cats, horses to dogs.

I am from the Kentucky knobs—

White/gray in Winter, Tender Green in Spring, Lush blue of summer, and  
Vibrant reds and oranges of Fall.

I am from homegrown tomatoes and green beans,

To ham, sliced onion, soup beans, and hot cornbread.

I am from Hayes Flats and Pleasant Grove,

Cat-eye glasses to a left hand ring, a circle of promise, hope, and love.

*Karen Jo Bleemel*

September 2021

## 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 my eyes

Adding beauty to our everyday lives

The snow sparkles 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 melt away

By : Ann Adams - Simpson County