

# Faith and Funnies

A newsletter from Faithful Friends KY

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How do you make a water bed more bouncy?



Add spring water!

Where do bad rainbows go?



To prism. It's a light sentence, but it gives them time to reflect.

If you order an axe from France, and have it shipped...



You have a foreign axe sent.

God spoke today in flowers, and I, who was waiting on words, almost missed the conversation.

*-Ingrid Goff-Maidoff*



## SPRING HAS SPRUNG

Spring has sprung, the grass has ris'  
I wonder where the birdie is?  
There he is up in the sky!  
He dropped some whitewash in my eye!  
I'm alright, I won't cry.  
I'm just glad that cows don't fly!



## This Month in History

- **May 14, 1607** - The first permanent English settlement in America was established at Jamestown, Virginia, by a group of royally chartered Virginia Company settlers from Plymouth, England.
- **May 14, 1804** - Meriwether Lewis and William Clark departed St. Louis on their expedition to explore the Northwest. They arrived at the Pacific coast of Oregon in November of 1805 and returned to St. Louis in September of 1806, completing a journey of about 6,000 miles.

## **The Thief of Joy**

*written by Marla Carter*

“Comparison is the thief of joy.” I had to look that up to see who is credited with saying that. Apparently, President Theodore Roosevelt was a smart guy. He said this long before television and social media hit you in the face everyday with pictures of smiling, glamorous, well-dressed people in perfectly decorated homes that are worthy of the cover of Southern Living.

Mother’s Day found me at my grandparents’ farm again, same as last year. My parents were traveling so I didn’t go to see my mother, and my kids had been home recently and didn’t want to spend the gas money to drive here again. So I decided I wanted to go to my happy place, which is the farm. Trees and fields as far as the eye can see. A barely paved road that winds through the woods and down the hill to Greasy Creek. I sat in my fold-up chair and closed my eyes, soaking in the sounds of the water rippling and the birds singing while the breeze gently touched my skin. It was magic. It’s as though all my problems just sailed along the waters of the creek as it flowed by. I stepped into the cold water and watched the mud circle up over my feet and then settle back again. Meanwhile Todd was across the creek taking pictures of cows like they’re animals in the zoo. I giggle at the thought of how ridiculous we must look to people who actually live on a farm.

It was a perfectly lovely day. Once I got home, I grabbed my iPad and checked out Facebook. Suddenly I was inundated with pictures of friends and their families gathered round. Together. Smiling. Happy. And then I caught myself: “Why couldn’t my kids come home like those kids?” “Look how all those kids drove home to see their moms.” “Stop it!” I told myself. You had a very nice day until you looked at those pictures of other moms and their children. Then I remembered Judy.

*continued on page 3...*

As we drove away from the farm, we passed by the lane that takes you to the family cemetery. Next to the lane is the house of a distant relative, the lady who keeps up with the cemetery plots and makes sure it gets mowed every other week in the summer. She was outside in her yard, holding shears and getting ready to trim a shrub. We decided to stop in. We chatted as the afternoon breeze blew gently through the covered back porch. Her peonies were in full bloom and her old ginkgo tree was spilling onto the porch. As we talked, she told us about her son who passed away nearly fifteen years ago. She talked about how difficult Mother's Day is for her. "Some years I don't even go to church," she said. "It's just too hard. They give out the awards for youngest mother, oldest mother, mother with the most children. But I managed to go today," she told us. I grew up in a church that recognized mothers in that way each year, so I understood.

Judy is still mourning the loss of her son, and I was pouting because my kiddos didn't come home. I can pick up the phone and call or Facetime my children no matter where they are. She had to go down to the cemetery that morning to feel near to her son. Comparison may be the thief of joy, but it can also be the thing that changes our perspective.

Most of the time, when we compare ourselves to others, we become discontent. Someone will always have more stuff than we do or be better looking. We see what we don't have and fixate on that instead of being content with what we have. I think the only time comparison is a good thing is when it reminds us of what we *do* have. 1 Timothy 6:6-8 says, "But godliness with contentment is great gain. For we brought nothing into the world, and we can take nothing out of it. But if we have food and clothing, we will be content with that."

# My Old Kentucky Home

K R B H L G V K A K N T D Y T V O N I A  
 E U Q E B R A B S T A H I L L L V U R T  
 C T U X Z A O L V V S A J I D N M A C Y  
 K O R D I S T I L L E R Y M R J R N N V  
 C B B V N Q Z B A N J O I A K O O F H M  
 I A O S C T R O F K N A R F H R R O J P  
 P C R D C M V B S J E T K D N I H I P G  
 A C V D E Q X X T R T N U S E V L U W C  
 X O S B I K U S L N O X T N D R R Q R X  
 B H K O Z N E H F V B B D U E L D D I F  
 C C F Y R Y A H O R D S H F C V E Y N N  
 T K R O X A P L X R O G L G Z K X I A S  
 C P B Y R A C E R G S S R C I G Y B F E  
 S O P I B O U R B O N E E Y X E L H U V  
 I P R J E R B W H E M X S S F V N C N A  
 Q L J V X H E S S A R G E U L B I F S C  
 B A U U E W O D N Y Z S P M A A A T P V  
 A R L Y Y T E T K E U S Q H F R D J P U  
 Z W E P L A T H Y U W X X Y M N P F A T  
 A E P G B L J E P H W O U A K S X V R S

KENTUCKY  
 RACE  
 OWENSBORO  
 BOURBON  
 CARDINAL  
 CORVETTE  
 HATS  
 FAMILY  
 BANJO

FARM  
 DERBY  
 BARNS  
 DISTILLERY  
 POPLAR  
 CAVES  
 FIELDS  
 FRIENDS  
 FIDDLE

HORSES  
 FRANKFORT  
 TOBACCO  
 ROSES  
 BARBEQUE  
 JULEP  
 NEIGHBORS  
 BLUEGRASS