

Wind Across the Range

by Mary Ahern - 1993

*The farmhouse still stands
upon the little rise
Feels lonesome at first
to these coming-back eyes.
The few trees are bigger
and I'm older too
we're getting weathered in the skin
like most things do.*

Chorus

*No one lives here now
But some things never change
Like love and laughter and memories
And wind across the range.*



*Still hear my grandma's voice
hollerin' to come in.
Telling stories from the past
and whopping down the wind.
She had a way of laughing
that took away your fears
and a way of being strong
that's helped me through the years.*

Chorus

*My childhood was a happy one
my Mom and Dad were kind.
And loved us with a love
not many people find.
We were a bunch of ramblers
following Dad across the Earth.
But they took us back each summer
to this place of Momma's birth.*



Chorus

*I stand here now years later
drinking in my fill
of sky and wind and happiness
that comes to me still.
The house may fall to dust someday
death claim us one by one
but my soul will have forever
those seasons in the sun.*



Chorus

*Aunt Jean keeps it standing
on its place upon the hill.
And Momma's got her acreage
given in the will.
I remember Grandma saying
in a story of the land
that more than sweat and toil
is passed from hand to hand.*

Chorus

*No one lives here now
But some things never change
Like love and laughter and memories
And wind across the range.*

Paint Me a Memory

**Blue Skies, Red Dirt
Shimmering Heat
Howling Wind
Grasshoppers Jumping**

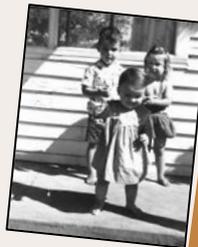
**Fried Chicken
Fresh Tomatoes
Ice Cold Tea
Fried Potatoes**



**Rutted Pastures
A Tire Swing in the Barn
A Muddy Red Pond
Horses and Cattle
Family, Young and Old
Cousins Galore
A Fort on the Hill
Star Filled Skies**

Paint Me a Memory of Home

By Ann Baxter Been - 2014





Me 'n Annie

Two girls ride and twirl
On a tire swing that hangs
From a tree branch
Behind the old garage.

The sun throws glorious
Shades of orange, red and purple
As it fades behind the hill.

They laugh and sing
Kicking up the dust
Under their tennis
shoes.

They stop swinging and
Look at each other when
They hear their Grandma
Calling them to come on in
And eat supper.

The girls jump off the
Swing, and, laughing,
Race each other to
The house.

Farming - by Ruth Baxter - 2014

**It could have been anywhere --
suburban subdivision, city skyscraper.
There was not magic in the red dirt,
or the fields, or the wind, or the earth
that I want to fling myself into
and breathe and feel on my skin.**



**The place did not
have the power to grow us, not
the power to heal us, not
the power to transform us.**

It was the people.

**Hardworking, reliable, sensible, smart,
protective, affectionate, fun,
resilient, brave,
United.**

**Red rolling hills, green fields, hard wind, big sky
hold the spirits and contain what is left
of the vibrancy
of the lives dedicated to the future
of us.**

**Oh, our elders, our immortals –
it could have been anywhere,
but it was here
where you made this sacred place,
where you made this place sacred,
here you grew the children
here you cherished the childhoods
here you farmed the future for us
the future of us.**

Purple Kids

Gramma had a red horse tank
She called a swimmin' pool
Under a big ol' mulberry tree
Where the grandkids could stay cool
Them mulberries would ripen
And just about to bust
When in would come a summer wind
And they'd fall in the tank with us

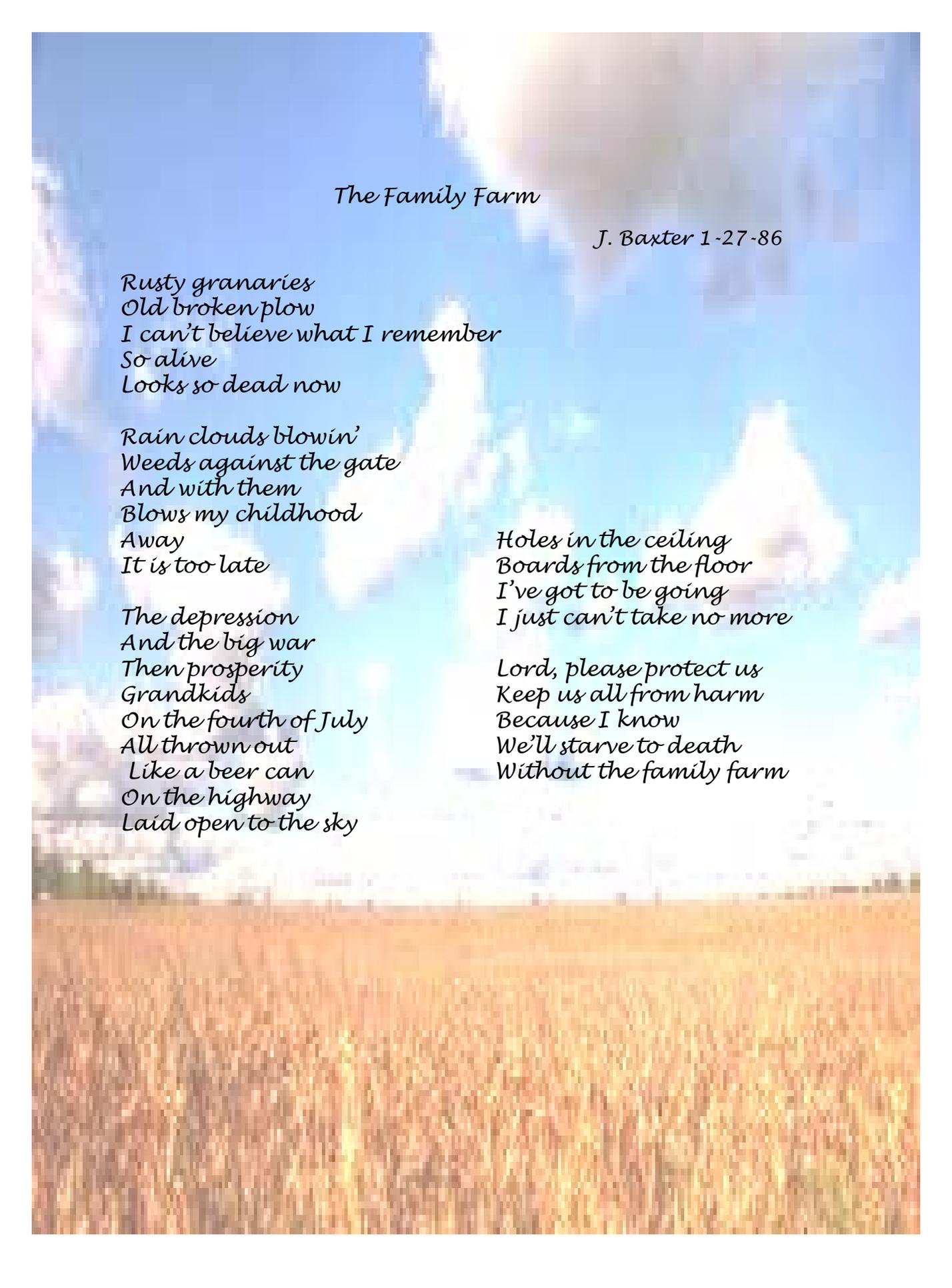


Purple kids, purple kids
Runnin' round the house
Purple dogs and a purple cat
Huntin' a purple mouse
We'd eat all we could hold man
After washing off the dust
They'd be about a bushel
In the swimming pool with us

Gramma filled the horse tank
From that red dirt well
The water was not potable
But it was colder than hell
A hundred and two in August
And so we jumped right in
With a thousand purple berries
All going for a swim

Purple kids, purple kids
Purple like a plum
And we showed our big white teeth
We must have looked so dumb
Sitting around the table
Dinner that day at five
Purple kids all cracking up
Happy to be alive

11 Feb 00
J. Baxter
A Capo-C Natural



The Family Farm

J. Baxter 1-27-86

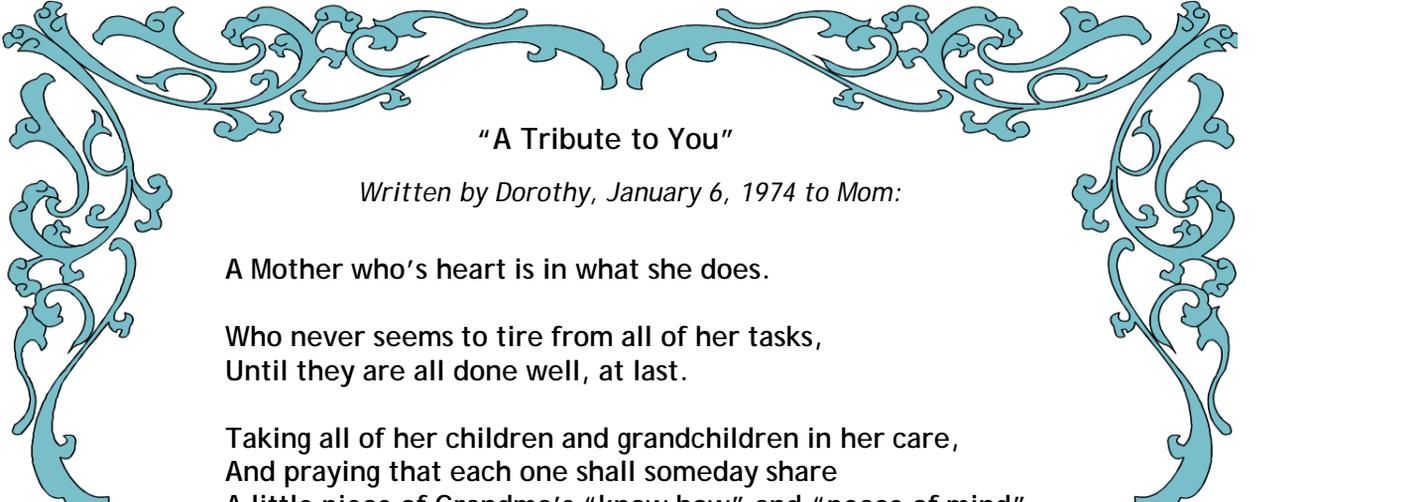
*Rusty granaries
Old broken plow
I can't believe what I remember
So alive
Looks so dead now*

*Rain clouds blowin'
Weeds against the gate
And with them
Blows my childhood
Away
It is too late*

*The depression
And the big war
Then prosperity
Grandkids
On the fourth of July
All thrown out
Like a beer can
On the highway
Laid open to the sky*

*Holes in the ceiling
Boards from the floor
I've got to be going
I just can't take no more*

*Lord, please protect us
Keep us all from harm
Because I know
We'll starve to death
Without the family farm*



"A Tribute to You"

Written by Dorothy, January 6, 1974 to Mom:

A Mother who's heart is in what she does.

Who never seems to tire from all of her tasks,
Until they are all done well, at last.

Taking all of her children and grandchildren in her care,
And praying that each one shall someday share
A little piece of Grandma's "know how" and "peace of mind"
In doing what is honest and upright and kind.

No one has she ever turned away from her door, and she's welcomed
Them as they have never been welcomed before.

The good times we've seen and also the bad, but more
Of the good times; then of the bad.

No matter how good or even how bad, they're all remembered.
And we still can't replace them, even though we've tried.

So this is a Tribute to You and also to Dad,
For all of the memories we've had.

We battled our way through laughter and tears.
And the heartaches we've had through all the years,
Could fill a book, I do believe, without even trying.

So you know what is in my heart.....

I've wrote these lines to wish you more "happy days" to
Praise the Lord, which you must do, to be as joyful a person
as you.

