

LIVING THE LIFE

by Faith and Family



REAL LIFE. REAL MOMENTS. FAITH. FAMILY. OUTDOORS.

WELCOME TO OUR JOURNEY

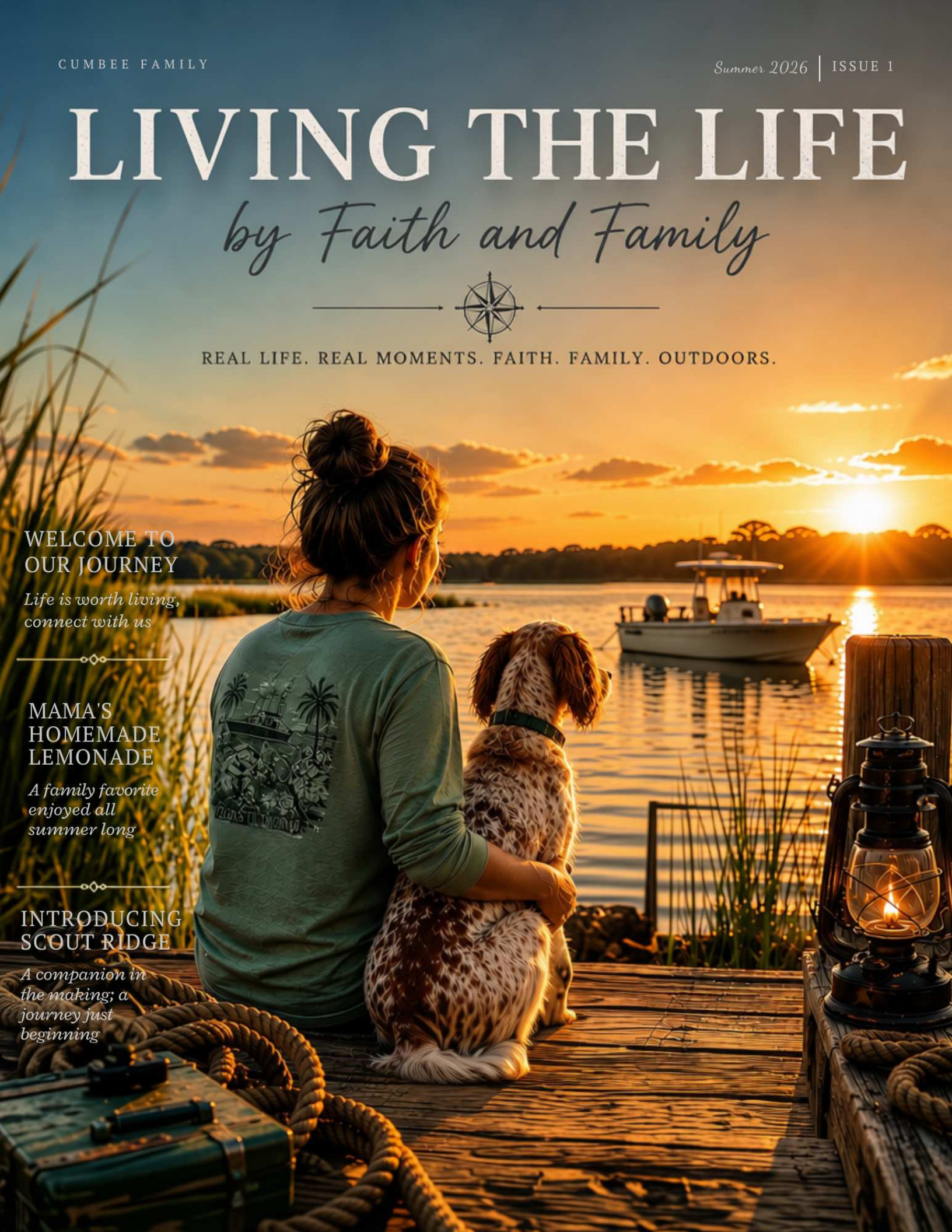
*Life is worth living,
connect with us*

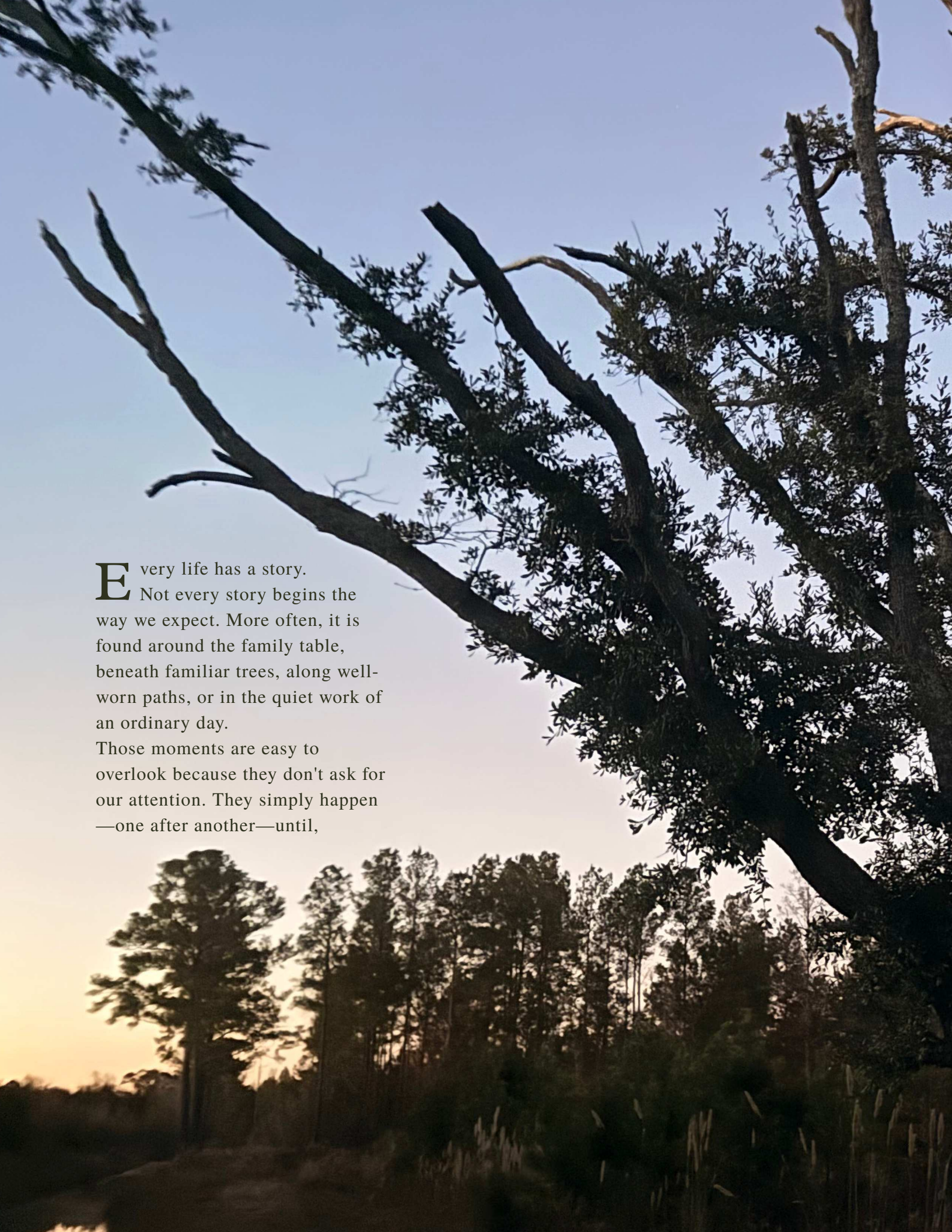
MAMA'S HOMEMADE LEMONADE

*A family favorite
enjoyed all
summer long*

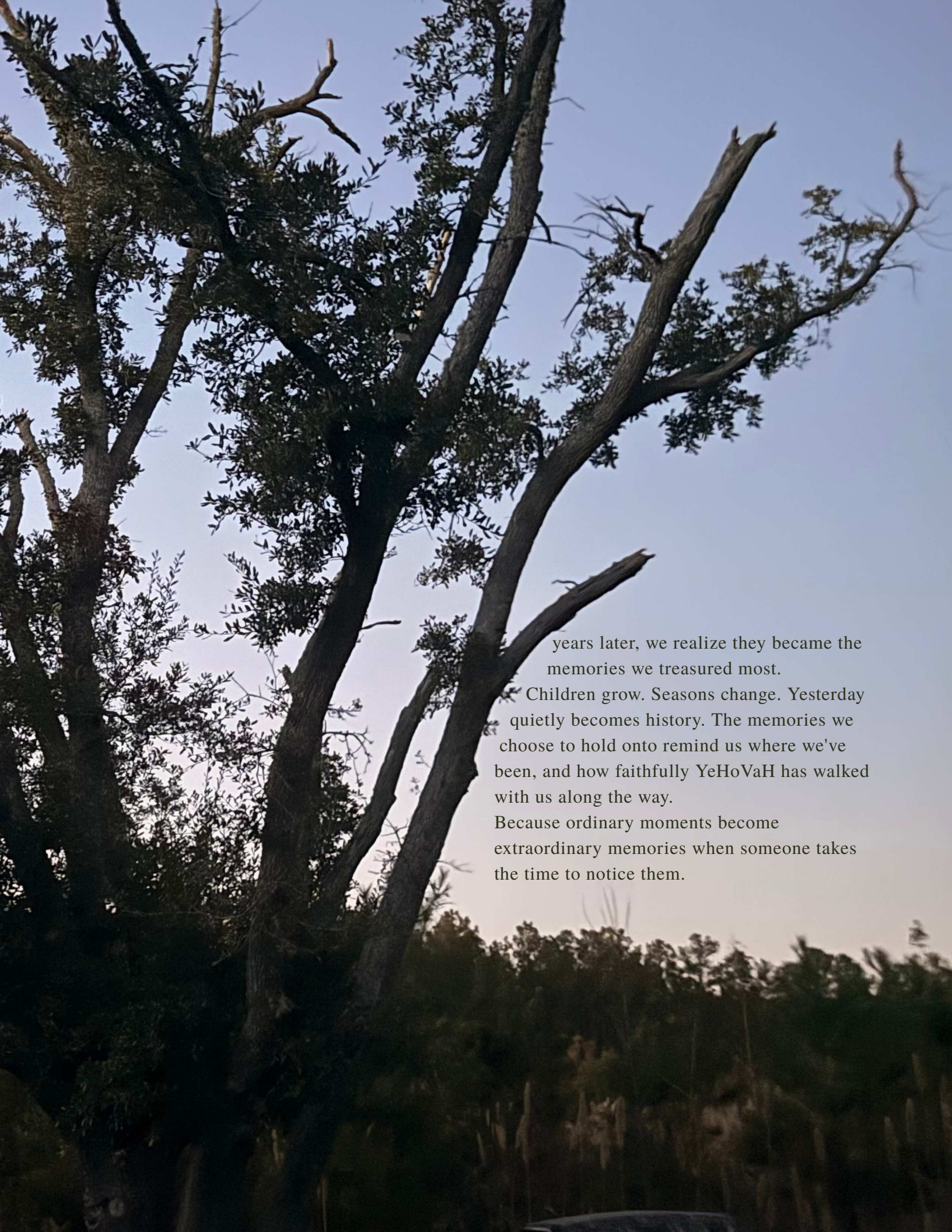
INTRODUCING SCOUT RIDGE

*A companion in
the making; a
journey just
beginning*





Every life has a story.
Not every story begins the
way we expect. More often, it is
found around the family table,
beneath familiar trees, along well-
worn paths, or in the quiet work of
an ordinary day.
Those moments are easy to
overlook because they don't ask for
our attention. They simply happen
—one after another—until,

A large, gnarled tree with dense green foliage dominates the left side of the frame. The tree's trunk is thick and textured, with several large branches extending upwards and outwards. The leaves are small and dark green, creating a dense canopy. The background is a clear, light blue sky. The overall mood is serene and contemplative.

years later, we realize they became the
memories we treasured most.

Children grow. Seasons change. Yesterday
quietly becomes history. The memories we
choose to hold onto remind us where we've
been, and how faithfully YeHoVaH has walked
with us along the way.

Because ordinary moments become
extraordinary memories when someone takes
the time to notice them.

The CUMBEES



Welcome to Living the Life By Faith and Family

Around here, every season tells a story.

Whether it's a quiet sunrise, a family recipe passed from one generation to the next, a morning spent in the woods, or memories shared by those who have walked before us, we believe ordinary moments are often ones worth remembering most.

We're glad you've joined us for this journey.

Real Life.

Real Moments.



This magazine is a history on pages—days that happened, lessons learned, and joy shared together. I am excited for this new chapter in life, where moments are documented and family remembered.

"For I know the plans I am planning for you," declares יהוה, 'plans of peace and not of evil, to give you a future and an expectancy.' — Yirmeyahu (Jeremiah)

29:11, ISR

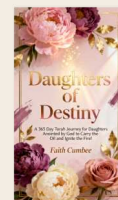
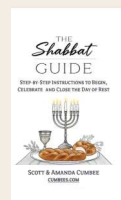
Faith Cumbee

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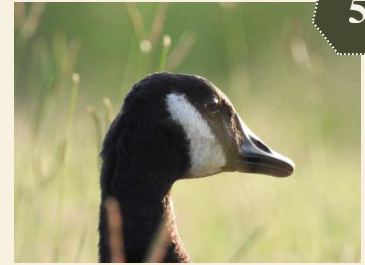
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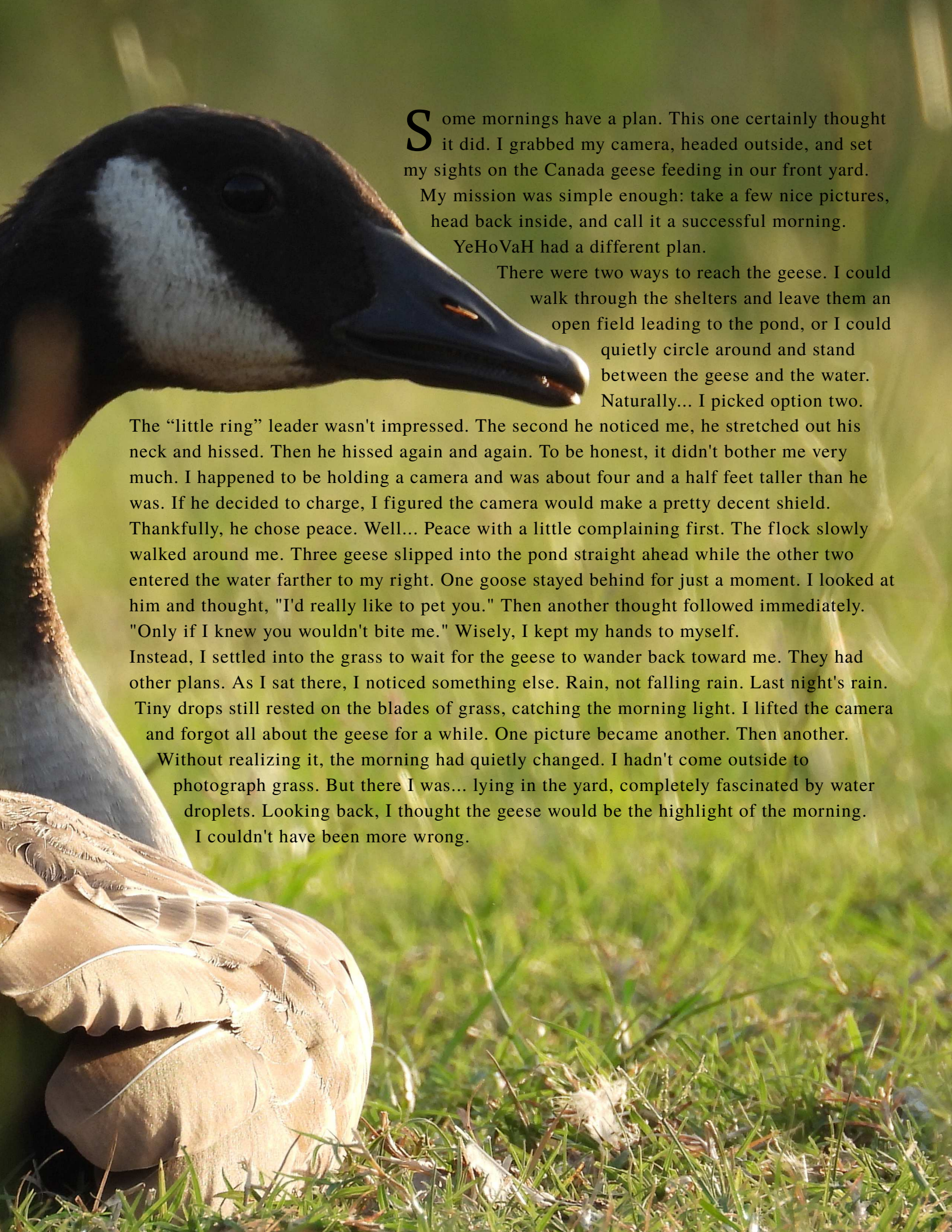




Life Outdoors

More Than I Could Ask For

Every walk begins with an idea.
Sometimes I head outside looking for one photograph.
Other times, I simply wander to see what YeHoVaH has
already placed in front of me. This summer morning was
supposed to be about geese.
It became something much more.



Some mornings have a plan. This one certainly thought it did. I grabbed my camera, headed outside, and set my sights on the Canada geese feeding in our front yard.

My mission was simple enough: take a few nice pictures, head back inside, and call it a successful morning.

YeHoVaH had a different plan.

There were two ways to reach the geese. I could walk through the shelters and leave them an open field leading to the pond, or I could quietly circle around and stand between the geese and the water. Naturally... I picked option two.

The "little ring" leader wasn't impressed. The second he noticed me, he stretched out his neck and hissed. Then he hissed again and again. To be honest, it didn't bother me very much. I happened to be holding a camera and was about four and a half feet taller than he was. If he decided to charge, I figured the camera would make a pretty decent shield. Thankfully, he chose peace. Well... Peace with a little complaining first. The flock slowly walked around me. Three geese slipped into the pond straight ahead while the other two entered the water farther to my right. One goose stayed behind for just a moment. I looked at him and thought, "I'd really like to pet you." Then another thought followed immediately. "Only if I knew you wouldn't bite me." Wisely, I kept my hands to myself.

Instead, I settled into the grass to wait for the geese to wander back toward me. They had other plans. As I sat there, I noticed something else. Rain, not falling rain. Last night's rain. Tiny drops still rested on the blades of grass, catching the morning light. I lifted the camera and forgot all about the geese for a while. One picture became another. Then another.

Without realizing it, the morning had quietly changed. I hadn't come outside to photograph grass. But there I was... lying in the yard, completely fascinated by water droplets. Looking back, I thought the geese would be the highlight of the morning.

I couldn't have been more wrong.

I stopped beside a shallow puddle to photograph the reflections shimmering across the water. As I leaned down, something off to my right caught my eye. Clinging to a single blade of grass was the tiniest little grasshopper. He was no bright green giant—just a little brown fellow, hardly noticeable at all. If I hadn't stopped for the puddle, I probably would have walked right past him without ever knowing he was there. I slowly turned my camera toward him. He didn't move. For a moment, it felt as though he was just as curious about me as I was about him. I knelt a little lower and carefully focused the lens. Through the viewfinder he looked much bigger than he really was. Every tiny leg, every little antenna, and even the texture along his back became clearer than my own eyes could see.



Click, then another, and one more. He stayed exactly where he was until I lowered the camera. Only then did he disappear into the grass as quietly as he had appeared. I smiled and continued up the hill. Near one of the young sycamore trees, a flowering vine had wrapped itself around the trunk. It wasn't anything rare or remarkable. In fact, most people would probably walk right past it.

I almost did. But the morning had already taught me to slow down, so I stopped. The little blossoms glowed softly in the sunlight, and before I realized it, I was crouched beside another ordinary plant that had somehow become worth remembering. By now I wasn't really looking for photographs anymore. I was simply paying attention. Then something unexpected happened. As I adjusted one of my camera settings, every picture suddenly turned almost black.



I stared at the screen. "Well... that's not supposed to happen." I tried changing the exposure, nothing. I tried again, still nothing. Every picture looked darker than the last. For a few minutes I was more puzzled than a photographer. Then I opened my camera settings and noticed the problem. Somewhere along the way I had lowered my ISO. The moment I switched it back, everything brightened again. I couldn't help but laugh. Sometimes the biggest problems are solved by the smallest adjustments.

The rest of the walk felt almost like a treasure hunt. Not because I was looking for anything rare. Simply because I had started noticing things I would have walked past any other day. As I finished photographing the little vine climbing the sycamore, I turned to leave. Then, out of the corner of my eye, something moved. I turned back. There, standing perfectly still on a sycamore leaf, was a little green lizard. His eyes were fixed on me. Mine were fixed on him.

Slowly, I raised the camera. He never flinched. I wanted to step a little closer for more detail, but I remembered there was a hole near him. Earlier I had photographed it simply because it looked interesting, but now I wasn't so sure what might be living inside. Around here, old holes can belong to more than just harmless little creatures.



Three feet away suddenly felt like the perfect distance. Thankfully, the zoom lens was more than willing to help. Looking through the viewfinder, I could see details I never would have noticed with my own eyes. Tiny scales covered his face, and one bright eye seemed to follow every move I made. The more pictures I took, the more it felt like he wasn't the one being watched... I was.

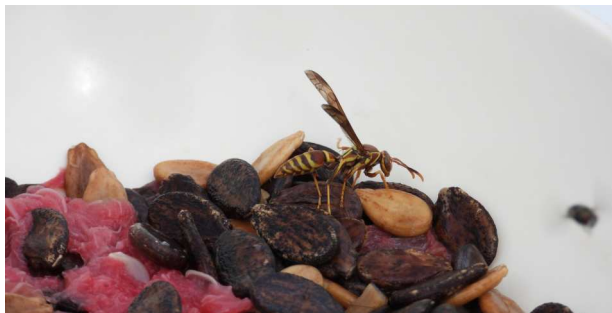
I smiled, lowered the camera, and left him exactly where I had found him. Sometimes the best photographs are the ones that leave nature exactly as it was. As I started walking back toward the house, I promised myself I was finished taking pictures. That promise lasted about thirty seconds. I bent down to photograph another puddle, admiring the reflections dancing across the surface. Just as I was about to press the shutter, a flash of green caught my eye.

A dragonfly landed less than a foot in front of me. I quickly turned the camera toward him. Click, before I could take another picture, he lifted off and landed behind me. I turned around just as quickly. Click, this time I thought I had him. I carefully inched a little closer, hoping to catch one more photograph before he flew away. He had different plans. Before I could even raise the camera to my eye, he darted into the air and disappeared. I couldn't help but laugh. "Man..." "That thing's fast." By now I had stopped expecting the morning to go according to my plans. Every photograph seemed to arrive with its own little surprise, and somehow that made the whole adventure even better.



As I finally started back toward the house, I noticed a busy little world I had almost walked past. Mama's comfrey was alive with bees. Bumblebees buried themselves deep inside the purple blossoms while smaller bees darted from flower to flower without slowing down for even a second. I stood there for a while just watching them before remembering I was supposed to be taking pictures. That seemed to happen a lot that morning. Sometimes I enjoyed watching YeHoVaH's creation so much that I forgot to press the shutter. Not far away, another group of insects had discovered a feast of their own.

Several yellow jackets had gathered around an old watermelon we had tossed out earlier. They didn't seem the least bit concerned that I was standing there with a camera. One of them, however, decided he wanted to know a little more about me. He circled around my head once, then again. I stayed perfectly still.



For what felt like the longest two minutes of the morning, he hovered around me as if trying to decide whether I belonged there. Apparently, I passed the inspection. He finally flew back to the watermelon, and I quietly thanked YeHoVaH that he had chosen curiosity over stinging. I don't think either of us would have enjoyed that photograph. While I was there, I had been photographing the yellow jackets using a much faster shutter speed. Without thinking, I had left the setting exactly where it was. A few minutes later I started taking pictures of our vegetables, only to discover they looked much darker than they should have.

I looked at the camera for a second... Then smiled. "Not again." One quick adjustment, and everything looked normal. It was another reminder that sometimes the problem isn't what we're looking at. Sometimes it's the setting we're looking through. By then I was certain the morning couldn't possibly surprise me again. I was wrong.

Just as I reached the porch, one last little plant caught my eye. I sighed, smiled, turned the camera back on... and took one more picture. When I finally walked inside, my family and I ate breakfast together. I managed to keep my white shirt perfectly clean all morning... ..until the watermelon.

One bite later, little pink splatters decorated my shirt. After breakfast, we read our daily Bible portion together, and then I sat down at my computer to begin looking through the photographs with my little sister beside me. She was much more interested in my Apple Pencil than the pictures themselves. Before long, she was happily trying to poke my computer screen with it. I gently took it from her hand, set it on the desk, and she wandered off to find her next adventure.

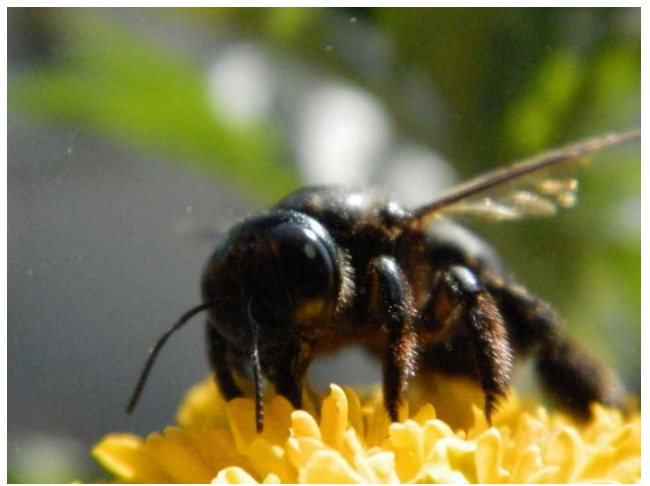
As I sorted through the pictures, I couldn't help but smile. Every photograph brought back another moment from the morning. Some made me laugh. Some made me stop and admire details I had almost missed. Others reminded me that the greatest adventures aren't always found miles from home. Sometimes they're waiting right outside the door.

Over on the right-hand side are some of my favorite photographs. Now you know what comes behind the lens, just as much as what is captured in front of it.



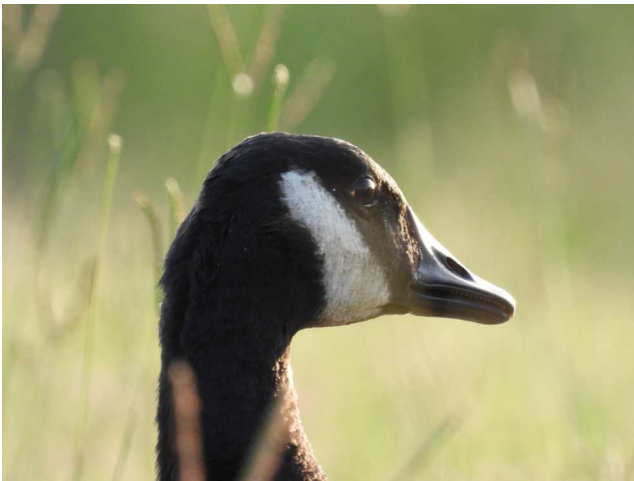
Upside Down

"Sometimes the smallest things
reveal the biggest beauty."



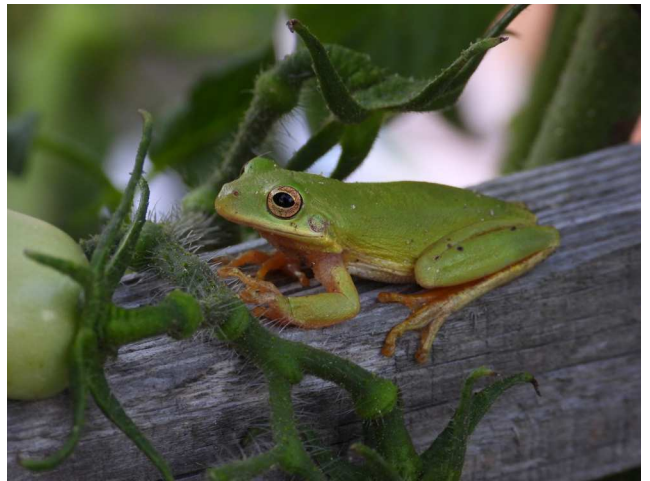
Wonder

"Curiosity often leads us where
we never planned to go."



Stillness

"Some photographs happen because
we stop moving."



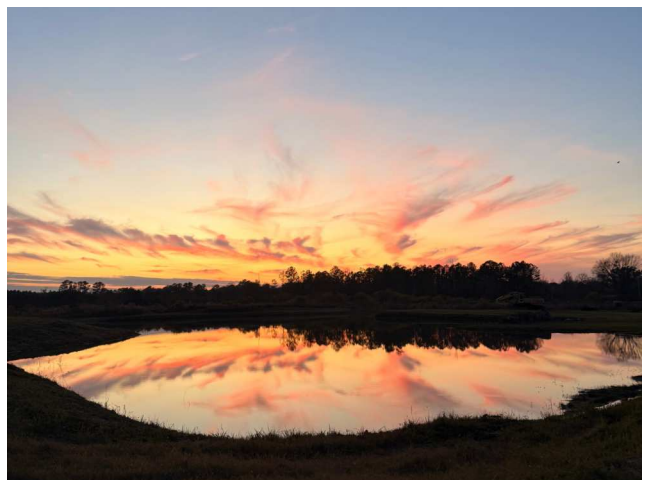
Waiting

"The best picture isn't always
the first one you planned to
take."



Trust

"Trusting YeHoVaH has it all
worked out before you ever step
into the field."



Creation

"Every photograph begins with
something YeHoVaH created long
before I noticed it."

The image shows a rustic workshop named 'The Craftitortory'. The door is made of weathered wood and has a sign that reads 'THE CRAFTITORTORY'. Inside, there is a workbench with drawers, a stool, and various tools hanging on the wall. A map of the world is mounted on the wall, and a window with a hanging plant is visible. The room is filled with natural light and has a warm, cozy atmosphere.

THE CRAFTITORTORY

The morning air was still cool when I pushed open the old wooden door. Sunlight slipped through the windows of The Craftitortory, lighting up little specks of dust that floated through the room. On the workbench sat a stack of cardstock, a sharpened pencil, a pair of scissors, and one special photograph waiting to become something new.

"Come on," I smiled. "I've got something fun to show you."

A MEMORY PUZZLE

BY F.C.

First, choose one of your favorite summer photographs and ask someone to print it onto the cardstock. Once it's ready, turn it over so the picture is facing the table. Now take your pencil and begin drawing puzzle pieces across the back. Some can be big, some small, and a few can have funny little twists, but make sure every piece connects to another. When you're happy with your design, carefully cut along each pencil line. Before long, your photograph will become a pile of puzzle pieces scattered across the table. Now for the challenge...

Mix them up, take a deep breath, and see if you can put your summer memory back together again. When you've finished, tuck your puzzle into an envelope, challenge a friend to solve it, or make another from your next adventure. Around here, every craft has a story... and every story begins with one simple idea.



A Note from the Craftitory:

Looking back, I'd recommend avoiding lots of small, evenly cut puzzle pieces. They can make the puzzle more frustrating than fun. I learned that from experience. In fact, a photograph with very complex colors was the first picture I turned into a puzzle. Later, I printed one of my favorite goose photographs and tried something different. I made one corner much larger than the rest of the pieces and gave every piece its own unique shape. It was much more enjoyable to put back together. I believe you'll have a lot of fun with this craft. Although... don't be surprised if you end up like me and decide you can't bring yourself to cut your favorite photograph. You may just find yourself hanging it on the wall instead.

The Salt of the Earth



A long time ago, there was a small community named Riverview, nestled by the peaceful
Waccamaw River.

In this community lived a young boy named Nathaniel who had a special bond with the animals on his family's farm. Nathaniel loved the horses most of all. He spent countless hours grooming and feeding them. He enjoyed being in their presence. One day, Nathaniel's grandpa gave him an important task, watering the horses by the river. However, this wasn't an ordinary task. Nathaniel's grandpa handed him a handful of salt and told him to feed it to the horses.

"Why salt, Grandpa Jack?" Nathaniel asked curiously while holding the small grains of salt in the palm of his hand.

Grandpa replied, "There is an old saying, you can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink it. That is true, but if you give him enough salt, he'll thirst for the water. Salt makes you thirsty and the water quenches the thirst. Just like us, when we feed others with wisdom and kindness, they will thirst for the Living Water just like the horse will thirst for water after receiving the salt."

Nathaniel nodded and smiled, understanding the simple lesson his grandpa was teaching. That afternoon he walked with the horses to the river, his heart full of compassion and his pouch full of salt. Nathaniel fed the salt to each of the horses watching as they sniffed the grains and ate them eagerly. As Nathaniel watched the horses drink from the river a thought came to his mind. This is how we should lead people to Yeshua (Jesus), he thought. We are the salt of the earth. Our love, words and kindness are like the salt. If we share with others the love of Yeshua (Jesus), they will thirst for Him just as these horses thirst for water. We can't make them drink but if we are wise, we can lead them.



The community around him was full of people who were thirsty, not for water but for truth, love and purpose. Some of them were lost in their own foolishness, rejecting any notion of faith or hope. They were like the horses that resisted the water.

Nathaniel understood that wisdom works best with patience, just like the Good Shepherd who leads His sheep gently without force. The foolish on the other hand, will try to force the water into someone's mouth trying to make them drink, not realizing that love must be shared, not demanded. Just as the horses will drink when they are ready, people will come to Yeshua (Jesus) when they are thirsty for the truth.

Nathaniel smiled as he saw the horses drinking the water and their thirst quenched. In the same way, he knew when people understand the love of Yeshua (Jesus), their hearts and souls will be satisfied with the Living Water that only He can provide.

Nathaniel's grandpa joined him at the river; together they watched the horses drink the water. "Remember, Nathaniel," his grandpa said, "Our job as the salt of the earth is not to force anyone to drink. When they are ready, they will drink from the Living Water."

As the sun set behind the Waccamaw River, Nathaniel felt a sense of peace. He knew that just as the horses thirsted for water, so would the people. They didn't need to be forced. They needed to be led with love, wisdom and patience just the way the Great Shepherd leads us all.

As Nathaniel returned home his heart was full of joy and his mind stirred with wonder. He couldn't wait to share the good news of Yeshua (Jesus) with everyone he met.

As the days passed and people began to listen, something unexpected began to happen. Some welcomed the message with open hearts... while others turned away. Why? Was the seed of truth, falling in good soil or something else?

Join Nathaniel in the next story, *The Seed and the Sower*, where he discovered what happens when the message of hope is planted in the hearts of people. Will it grow or will it fade away? Let's find out together!





Mama's Homemade Lemonade

BY F. C.

There is something special about a glass of homemade lemonade on a warm summer afternoon. Although this recipe is a newer addition to our family's table, it has quickly become one of our favorite ways to cool off after a day outdoors. Whether you've spent the morning in the garden, returned from the pond, or simply gathered around the table for lunch, we hope this refreshing drink adds a little taste of summer to your day as it has to our family's and perhaps becomes a favorite around your table, too.

Ingredients

4 Lemons
2/3 Cup Sugar
1 Cup Boiling Water
7 Cups Filtered Water

Direction

Begin by juicing the lemons into a clean half-gallon jar. Dissolve the sugar in the boiling water, then pour the warm syrup into the jar with the lemon juice. Add the filtered water, seal the lid tightly, and shake well. Chill if desired, then serve over crushed ice for a refreshing glass of homemade lemonade.

Introducing Scout Ridge

*A companion in the making; a journey
just beginning.*

Let's start from the beginning. About two years ago, I thought I wanted a Boykin Spaniel. I was twelve years old at the time and dreamed of having my own dog—a companion to spend life with. Before that, I had always liked Cavalier King Charles Spaniels. They were small, cheerful, and came in my favorite color: reddish orange and white. But even though I liked them, I always knew they just weren't the right dog for me. So I kept searching.

I looked at American Water Spaniels, Jack Russell Terriers, Sussex Spaniels, Brittanys, Beagles, Cocker Spaniels... let's just say I looked at a lot of dogs. Every breed had something I admired, but none of them checked every box. I wanted a dog that was small enough to travel easily and work beside me, but sturdy enough for long days outdoors. I wanted a dog that could keep up with adventures, yet be content simply lying down at the end of the day.

Eventually, I settled on the Boykin Spaniel. Since it's the state dog of South Carolina, I figured finding one wouldn't be too difficult. My Daddy even called a breeder who had upcoming litters, and before long I found myself filling online shopping carts with supplies for a dog that wasn't even home yet. Looking back now, those carts had grown far beyond what I realistically needed—but I never actually bought any of it.

Still... something about the breed never settled. The more I thought about it, the more I realized I wasn't excited about bringing home a Boykin—I was trying to convince myself I was. Deep down, I knew I was still searching.



Time passed, and the search quietly stayed in the back of my mind.

Life kept moving. I finished another school year, spent quiet mornings outside with my family, worked around our home, wrote stories, started projects, and simply enjoyed the everyday life YeHoVaH had entrusted me with. But through all of it, there was always a quiet place in my heart that longed for the perfect puppy. Every now and then I would find myself reading about different breeds again, wondering if maybe this one would finally be the right one. During all that time, I prayed. Not just once, but almost every day.

I asked YeHoVaH to lead me to the right dog instead of simply the dog I wanted. I prayed that if a breed wasn't right for me, He would close the door, and if it was, He would make it clear. Looking back now, I'm thankful He didn't answer my prayers the way I expected Him to in the beginning. If He had, I probably would have ended up with a Boykin Spaniel and an unhappy heart. Instead, He patiently led me somewhere even better.

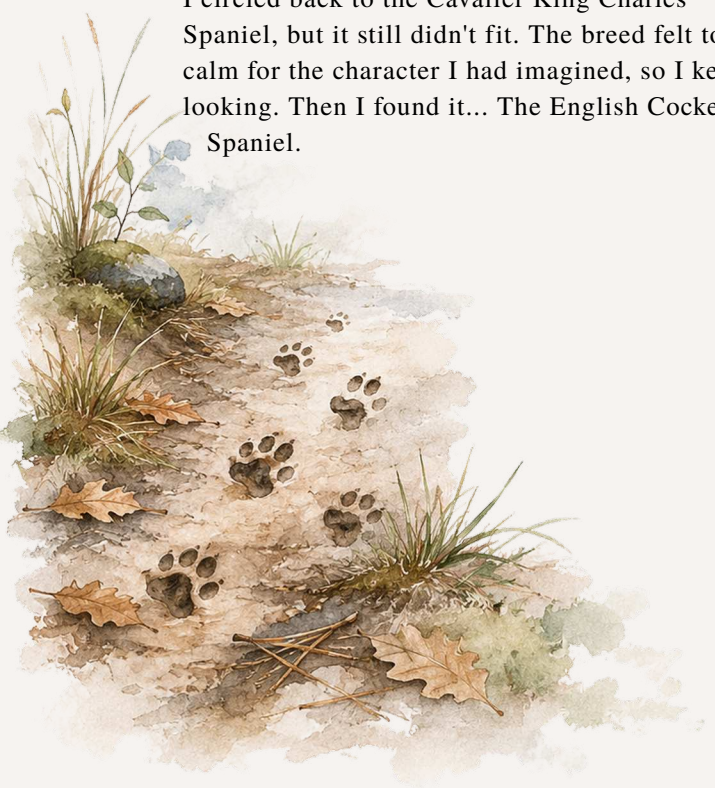
Then, while writing my second book, I decided one of the characters needed a dog. I could already picture it in my mind before I even knew his breed. He was beautiful, with deep orange splashes mixed with ticking across his coat—what many people know as orange roan. Once again, I started looking through different breeds. I circled back to the Cavalier King Charles Spaniel, but it still didn't fit. The breed felt too calm for the character I had imagined, so I kept looking. Then I found it... The English Cocker Spaniel.

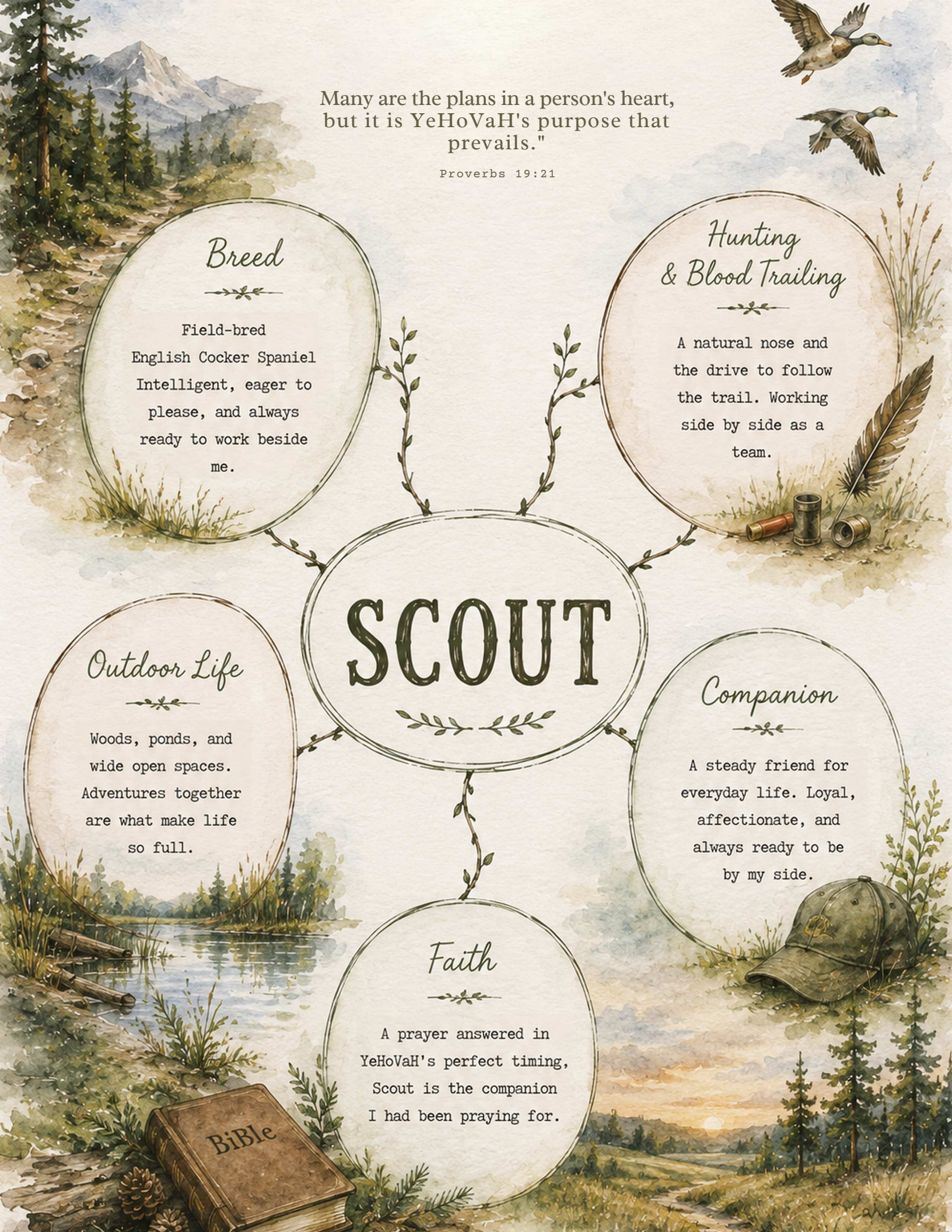
For the first time, everything felt right. The color I loved was there. The cheerful personality was there. The adventurous spirit was there. Most of all, I found a breed known for working closely with its person, eager to explore the outdoors one moment and content to rest quietly the next. It wasn't just another breed I liked—it felt like the one I had been searching for all along.

Then came the name. Anyone who has written a story knows that names matter. A name has to fit the character, not just sound nice. It has to match who they are before they've ever spoken (or barked) a word. I spent two days thinking about it before the right name finally came. Then I found it, it was simple, outdoorsy, and full of adventure. It fit the picture I had carried in my mind for so long. The more I thought about it, the more certain I became. I wasn't naming a character anymore—I was naming the companion I hoped would someday walk beside me through the woods, *Scout*.

One of the characters in my book says, "He has more personality than most people do." I've never forgotten that line because, somehow, it seemed to describe him perfectly, before he even existed outside the pages.

Over time, Scout stopped feeling like a character in a story and started becoming my perfect dog. As I learned more about field-bred English Cocker Spaniels, I became even more convinced that this was the breed for me. Originally bred to hunt game birds, they're known for their excellent noses, willingness to learn, joyful personalities, and strong desire to stay connected with their handler. They're athletic enough for long days outdoors, yet many have the ability to settle down and simply enjoy being with their family when the day is over. That balance is exactly what I had been hoping to find. The search was finally over. Now it was time to prepare.





Many are the plans in a person's heart,
but it is YeHoVaH's purpose that
prevails."

Proverbs 19:21

Breed

Field-bred
English Cocker Spaniel
Intelligent, eager to
please, and always
ready to work beside
me.

Hunting & Blood Trailing

A natural nose and
the drive to follow
the trail. Working
side by side as a
team.

SCOUT

Outdoor Life

Woods, ponds, and
wide open spaces.
Adventures together
are what make life
so full.

Companion

A steady friend for
everyday life. Loyal,
affectionate, and
always ready to be
by my side.

Faith

A prayer answered in
YeHoVaH's perfect timing,
Scout is the companion
I had been praying for.

Bible

This time, I did something differently. Years ago, I had pages and pages of lists, supplies, and plans for my future dog. This time, I started over. I kept what truly mattered, let go of what didn't, and focused on preparing for the dog instead of simply collecting things.

Another reason I liked the breed was its ability to live well with other dogs. Since we already have Bella, our family's German Shorthaired Pointer, that was something I paid close attention to while searching for the right breed. Knowing Bella would be a dog pal at home, made choosing the right breed even more important.

And now, after all these years of dreaming, searching, waiting, and praying... Scout is almost here.

For a long time, he was simply a dream. Then he became a character in one of my books. Now, he's becoming part of my real life. In just a short time, I'll finally welcome him home, and these pages won't just tell you about the dog I've dreamed of—they'll introduce you to the dog walking beside me on wooded trails, waiting patiently by the pond, sitting beside me while I write, and playing in the ordinary moments that make life so special.

This is Scout, my puppy companion. Even now, before he has ever set foot on our land, I thank YeHoVaH for him every single day. I prayed for the right puppy for a long time, and I believe I'll always thank Him for answering that prayer.

*Scout is my puppy companion in the making...
and our journey is just beginning.*



Threads of a Lifetime

The Precious Gift of Grandchildren

Proverbs 17:6 says, “Grandchildren are the crown of the aged, and the glory of children is their ancestors. How true those words are. My grandchildren are my crown, and they are among the greatest blessings YeHoVaH has ever entrusted to me. Three of my grandchildren live nearby, and each one fills my heart with joy in a special way.



My granddaughter Faith recently woke me before sunrise so we could capture the beauty of creation after a gentle rain the night before. The world was fresh, quiet, and glistening, as though everything had been washed clean. Together, we watched the morning slowly awaken around us. Sharing that peaceful time with her is a memory I will treasure for the rest of my life. My grandson Samuel loves to include me in his hunting adventures. Even when those adventures take place in the wonderful world of his imagination, he takes me along to faraway places in search of the perfect hunt. His excitement is contagious, and through his eyes, every trail seems to lead somewhere new. His imagination reminds me that life is still filled with wonder.

My younger granddaughter, Grace, is only a toddler, but she already knows exactly how things ought to be done. She enjoys playing pool with me while giving me her own special instructions along the way. We also love putting puzzles together, patiently searching for each piece until the picture is complete. Those simple moments have become some of my most cherished memories.

My eldest granddaughter, Lacey, is now married, and she and her husband, Trent, have been blessed with a beautiful baby boy, Brady... my first great-grandchild! Watching another generation begin fills my heart with gratitude. I look forward to the years ahead and to all the memories still waiting to be made.

One memory of Lacey has stayed with me through the years. She was about two and a half years old when she looked up at a helicopter flying overhead and said, "*Nama, that looks like a grasshopper with a lawnmower on its back!*" I laughed so hard. Even now, I can still hear those little words. It delighted me to watch her young mind trying to understand the world around her. Childhood has such a beautiful innocence. Children see familiar things in ways the rest of us would never think to see them.

That same imagination filled many of our days together. My first three grandchildren and I used to pretend we owned a restaurant. We prepared imaginary fast food for our happy customers and stayed very busy serving every order that came our way. To us, it was not just pretending. For a little while, that restaurant was real. We worked hard together too. There were gardens to tend, yards to clean, and chores waiting to be finished. But we played just as hard as we worked. Those ordinary days became extraordinary simply because we shared them together. I used to proudly hang the pictures they colored for me. Now they are creating beautiful designs, developing talents that continue to amaze me, and making special treats just for Nama. The little hands that once held crayons are growing and learning to create in entirely new ways. One of my greatest joys is helping them prepare for Shabbat. There is something precious about working side by side, getting everything ready, and sharing those quiet moments before the day of rest begins. Those are treasures that money could never buy. When our Heavenly Father blessed me with grandchildren, He gave me far more than I ever deserved. Through them, I have learned that life's richest blessings are often found in its simplest moments: a sunrise after the rain, an imaginary hunting trip, a puzzle spread across the floor, a pretend restaurant, or a little girl who once looked at a helicopter and saw a grasshopper carrying a lawnmower on its back.



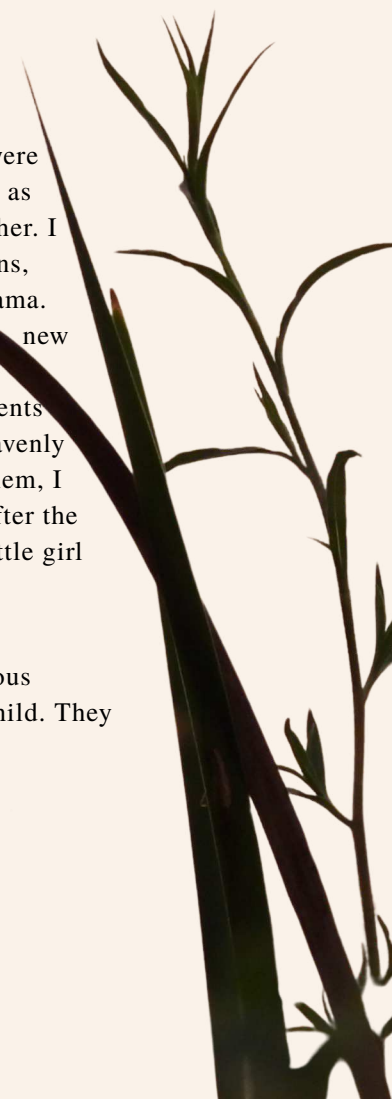
"Grandchildren are the crown of the aged, and the glory of children is their ancestors.

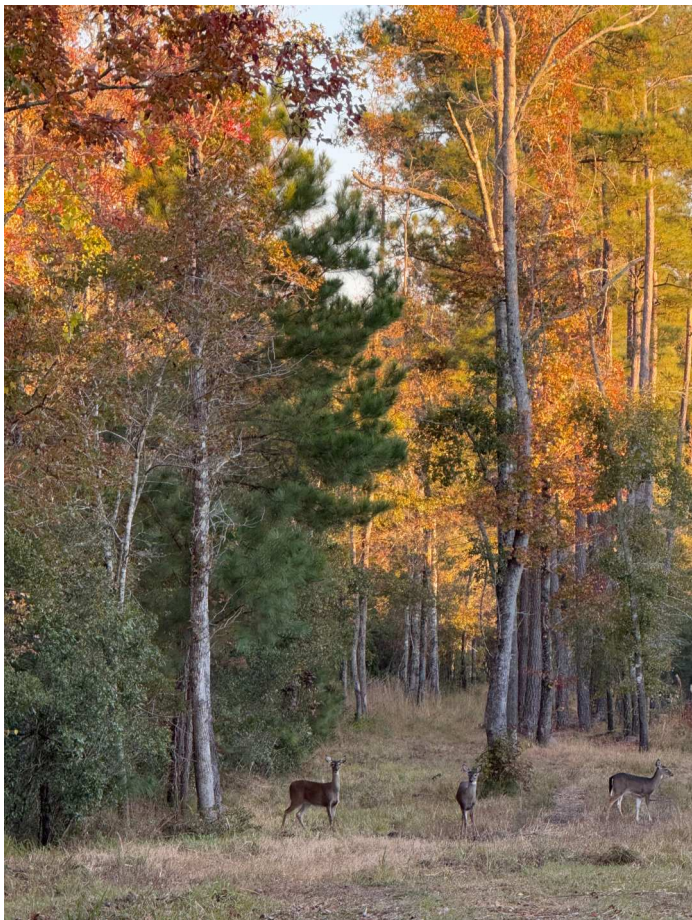
Proverbs 17:6



Every day I thank YeHoVaH for my precious grandchildren and my sweet great-grandchild. They truly are the crown of my life.

Rose C.





Until Autumn...

Every season leaves something behind.
Summer leaves warm evenings, laughter around
the table, and memories we'll carry with us for
years to come.

Now the woods are growing quieter.
The mornings are becoming crisp.
The leaves are beginning to change.
And my favorite time of year is almost here.

We'll see you there.

Autumn 2026