

CULTURAL ARTS and HERITAGE
Creative Writing Contest – Entries Due to STATE Chairperson by March 1
COVERSHEET • AUTHOR RELEASE FORM

GENERAL GUIDELINES:

- Members may submit ONE entry in EACH category
- **Category descriptions are on the next page**
- Entries should not contain words of profanity
- The KEHA Executive Board reserves the right to not print any entry due to content
- Entries should be **typed**, *however*, legible handwritten entries will be accepted if there is no way the entry can be typed; Entries submitted in **electronic format**, preferably in **Microsoft Word**, are **encouraged**
- Entries are not returned; please save a copy of your entry and this page for your records
- Winners will be announced at the State Meeting and winning entries will be posted on the Cultural Arts webpage by July 1
- **1st Place Winners in each category will receive a \$25 gift card at the State Meeting**

**THIS Creative Writing Contest Cover Sheet and Author Release Form
must accompany EACH entry. Entries are due with this sheet by March 1.**

Indicate category of your entry:

- ☐ **Poetry** (limited to 30 lines)
☒ **Memoir** (limited to 2 pages)
☐ **Short Story** (limited to 3000 words)

Please submit to:

Cindy Moore

2707 Sunnyside Road

Eminence, KY 40019

cjml@bellsouth.net

Title of Entry: What the Green Glasses Taught me
Author's name: Shelby Butler
Address: 154 Black Branch Road Unit B
City: Cecilia State: Ky Zip Code: 42724
County: Breckinridge AREA: Lincoln
Phone: (270) 668-5596 Email Address: shelbybutler614@gmail.com

The Kentucky Extension Homemakers Association has my permission to print my creative writing entry, to include my entry in a booklet of all or selected entries, or to read aloud or perform my entry at a public event, such as the KEHA annual meeting.

Signature: Shelby Butler Date: 2-10-26

What the Green Glasses Taught Me

It was one of those hot summer days where the air felt thick and slow, the kind that clung to your skin and made even breathing feel like work. I was 6, my sister was 5, and the house smelled like sweet fruit because my mom was canning. When my mom canned, she didn't like to be bothered. I didn't understand why then, only that her focus was sharp, her movements careful and her patience thinner than usual.

My sister and I kept running into the kitchen interrupting her rhythm, asking for water. Again and again, we darted in, our bare feet slapping the floor, our voices whining from the heat. Each time, my mom paused what she was doing, her hands sticky and busy, and she sighed. I didn't realize then that canning wasn't just cooking, it was work that required attention, timing and care.

Finally, she had enough!

She reached into the cupboard and pulled out the big, tall green drinking glasses. I remember how heavy they felt in my small hands, how the glass was cool against my fingers. She filled them all the way to the rim, the water trembling slightly at the top and placed them in front of us. Her voice was firm but calm when she told us we had to drink every bit of it.

At first, it felt like a challenge. The glasses were huge to us and the water seemed endless. We drank slowly, our stomachs filling, the urgency of our thirst disappearing long before the glasses were empty. I remember glancing at my sister, both of us realizing we had made a mistake by asking one too many times. After that, we didn't run back into the kitchen asking for water anymore.

Looking back now, I see more than just a moment of discipline. I see my mom teaching us respect for her time, her work, and not taking things for granted. She wasn't being unkind; she was being practical. In her own way, she showed us that constant interruptions mattered and that actions have consequences, even small ones.

The green glasses have stayed with me all these years. Not the actual glasses, but what they represented. They remind me of a lesson learned without yelling, a mother managing a hot day, two restless children, and a kitchen full of responsibility. Most of all, they remind me how the smallest moments in childhood, ones that seem ordinary at the time can shape how we understand patience, respect and gratitude later in life.

The summer day didn't just quench our thirst. It taught me how lessons are often poured out slowly, filled to the rim and meant to be taken in completely.