**The Farmhouse**

Steve Poynter 7/4/16

On the plains of Minnesota, 7 miles southeast of Jackson, just a quarter mile east of Petersburg

Sits an old 4 square farmhouse, in the Des Moines River valley, on a small farm south of Ringenberg’s

Take the quarter mile gravel lane; it’s mostly all downhill, and at the bottom stands a grove of trees

And as you turn into the farmyard there you will see, the house that holds the memories,

That’s where I come from, where my life began; it’s where I return to, every now and then

A down home country farmhouse, simple in its plan,

Many years have come and gone, but it will always be a part of who I am

My brother and my sisters, my mother and my dad, taught me to be grateful for everything we had

Food on the table, a roof over our head, and you best believe that prayers were always said

Hard times would come and go, but they never lasted long; just brought us close together; made us strong

We sang away our troubles with a Gospel melody, sweet old time country in 3 part harmony

Well, many years have come and gone, our family grew, we still meet at the farmhouse, to heal and renew

It’s a little more crowded now, lots of feet on the floor, but mom was right, there’s always room for more

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