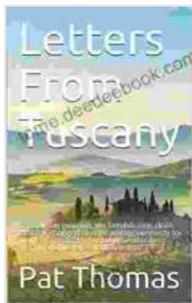


Saturday Morning: The Farmhouse is Clean, the Beds Changed, and Waiting

It's Saturday morning, and the farmhouse is clean, the beds have been changed, and breakfast is cooking.

The sun is shining through the windows, casting a warm glow over the room. The air is fresh and crisp, and the birds are singing outside.



Letters From Tuscany: It's Saturday morning, the farmhouse is clean, the beds changed, and I'm waiting nervously for the new arrivals. My husband Geoff ushers them in and we take silent bets on ... by Pat Thomas

★★★★☆ 4.5 out of 5

Language : English

File size : 24308 KB

Screen Reader: Supported

Print length : 26 pages

Lending : Enabled



I can smell the aroma of coffee brewing in the kitchen. The table is set with a white tablecloth and fresh flowers.

I walk into the kitchen and see my mother at the stove, flipping pancakes. My father is sitting at the table, reading the newspaper.

"Good morning," I say.

"Good morning, sweetheart," my mother says. "Did you sleep well?"

"Yes, thank you," I say. "I'm so glad it's Saturday."

"Me too," my mother says. "It's nice to have a day to relax and spend time with family."

I sit down at the table and my father hands me a plate of pancakes.

"Thank you," I say.

I take a bite of my pancake and it's delicious. The pancakes are fluffy and light, and the butter and syrup melt in my mouth.

I eat my pancakes slowly, savoring the flavor. I can't remember the last time I had pancakes this good.

When I'm finished eating, I help my mother clear the table. Then I go outside to sit on the porch.

The sun is still shining, and the birds are still singing. The air is warm and inviting.

I close my eyes and take a deep breath. I can feel the sun on my face and the breeze on my skin.

I'm so grateful for this moment. I'm grateful for my family, my home, and the simple pleasures of life.

I open my eyes and look around. The farmhouse is surrounded by fields of green grass and wildflowers.

I can see the barn in the distance, and the horses grazing in the pasture.

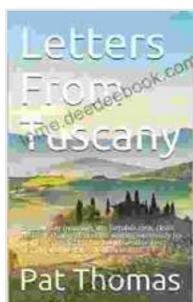
This is my home, and I love it.

I'm so glad to be here on this beautiful Saturday morning.

The Farmhouse

The farmhouse is a large, white house with a wrap-around porch. It's surrounded by fields of green grass and wildflowers.

The farmhouse has been in my family for generations. My great-grandparents built the house in the 1800s.



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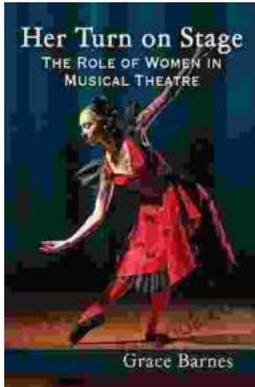
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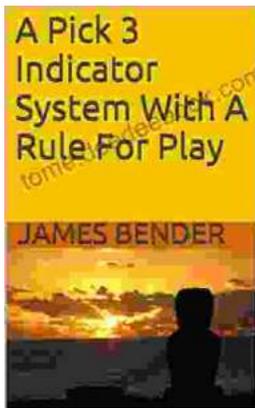
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