



Muddiford

United Reformed Church

(The Chapel in the Valley)



Harvest 2025 Magazine



Dear Friends

The rain is falling gently outside my window as I write and it feels as though Autumn has well and truly arrived. Harvest festival is just round the corner, a time to pause and give thanks to God and to give thanks for all who help grow and produce the food on our plates. In the rhythms of

creation, the transition from summer to autumn also invites us to pause, reflect, and reorient ourselves around God's enduring presence and promises.

After the quieter pace of summer, meetings have resumed and the church community has gathered again in earnest. But more than simply a return to routine, this moment is an opportunity to re-centre our lives in the grace of God, who calls us not merely to activity, but to faithful witness and deepened discipleship.

The words of the prophet Isaiah come to mind: **“Do not remember the former things, or consider the things of old. I am about to do a new thing; now it springs forth, do you not perceive it?”** (Isaiah 43:18–19)

Our God is always at work. As we like to say in the URC: reforming, renewing, redeeming. As a Reformed people, we believe the Church is *ecclesia reformata, semper reformanda*—the Church reformed and always being reformed according to the Word of God. This ongoing reformation is not merely institutional, but spiritual and communal. It begins in our hearts, in prayer, in Holy Scripture, and in our willingness to be shaped afresh by the living Christ.

During September the Elders met for an Away Day at Tinhay Retreat Centre and reflected on what the Spirit might be saying to our church in this season. Where might God be inviting us to step out in faith, or to return in repentance and trust? We will be able to share our reflections with you in the coming months, through our worship and church meetings.

As you know, we are a pilgrim people, walking together as the body of Christ. We need to keep looking forward, holding onto the promises of God.

Let me finish with Lamentations 3:22-23: **“The steadfast love of the Lord never ceases; his mercies never come to an end; they are new every morning.”** In a world that often feels uncertain or overwhelming, these words offer grounding and hope. God’s mercies are not only sufficient, they are *new* every day—fresh, faithful, and enough for whatever lies ahead. May we all trust in this love of God that never ceases.

Every blessing
Rob

How God works.

A grandmother was taking her grandson for a walk in the park. The flowers were looking beautiful on that day.

Wanting to encourage her grandson’s spiritual understanding of the

world, she said; “doesn’t it look like an artist painted this scenery?”



Did you know that God did.

In astonishment the grandmother asked what he meant.

“well he must have done,” said her grandson, “because we learned at Sunday school last week that Jesus sits on God’s right hand.”

From Sandy



Every morning the URC sends out a short Bible Study & the other day one of them particularly caught my attention. It was based on Exodus Chapter 3 where we read about Moses & the burning bush. It tells how Moses was tending the sheep of his father-in-law Jethro. He led the flock to the far side of the desert & came to Horeb, the mountain of God, where an angel of the Lord appeared to him from a bush which was burning but was not

being consumed by the fire. Moses felt that he must go & investigate & God called to him from within the bush 'Moses, Moses' to which he replied 'Here I am'. God promised Moses that He would be with him as he endeavoured to lead the Israelites out of Egypt.

Moses received a dramatic sign that God was with him but even so he could have ignored it and gone on his way. It is unlikely that we will ever experience anything like this, but are we ignoring God speaking to us? When Jesus was on this earth he often spoke in parables about the things around at the time. He did this to help people to understand His message & maybe we should be aware of this today.

This Summer has been amazing & several people who have visited from other parts of the country have remarked how green & fertile this valley is. It made me realise how blessed we have been but how easy it is to take everything for granted.

Harvest Festival is probably the time of year when we think most about thanking God for 'all good gifts around us' & acknowledging that they are 'sent from Heaven above'. So, this year as well as expressing our gratitude it will be good if we can stop & look around us & see the beauty that is right here. May we listen for God speaking to us through the ordinary things of life & never ignore him, but give Him our full attention - just like Moses did!

Pam

Harvest can be a bit of a back slapping exercise. Didn't we do well., we grew all these wonderful things and then went all around the world and collected the most amazing things produced in other countries. We can refrigerate and freeze, we can put things in cans and ensure that we have as much as we want, almost whenever we want it.

But at what cost our farming methods, our industrial progress, our economic systems – all of these have a price. Other people around the world sometimes suffer as a result of our consumption. There is a growing weight of evidence that the activities of human beings are having quite a dramatic effect upon our climate as well as the old familiar problems of pollution.

Harvest is a wonderful time of year, but now perhaps more than ever before it is a time when we need to also ask ourselves whether our greed has produced real need.



If the cost of world development is global warming and the associated weather problems, then we have to dedicate ourselves to thinking how we are going to help those who will suffer from the worst effects of flood and famine.

It is against this background that we need to be reminded of the cost of the harvest. Christians need to responsibly engage and share in thinking through the potential costs of supposed gains in production. The answers are as difficult as the questions posed and as Christians we can never jump on bandwagons or offer simplistic solutions. However what is clear is that just because our technology or science is able to do something, doesn't mean we should allow it to happen. When God created Adam & Eve he placed boundaries on them. Just because they were able to eat the fruit of the tree, did not mean they should. Likewise as Christians, just because we can, doesn't mean we should.

Harvest is a time to focus on our environment, to thanks God for it and consider our responsibility towards it.

After church, Johnny tells his parents he has to go and talk to the minister right away. They agree, and the pastor greets the family.

"Pastor," Johnny says, "I heard you say today that our bodies came from the dust."

"That's right, Johnny, I did," he says.

"And I heard you say that when we die, our bodies go back to dust."

"Yes, I'm glad you were listening," the pastor replies. "Why do you ask?"

"Well you better come over to our house right away and look under my bed, 'cause there's someone either comin' or goin'!"



Psalm 23

A Sunday School teacher asked her group of children if anyone could quote the entire 23rd Psalm. A golden-haired, four-and-a-half-year-old girl was among those who raised their hands.

A bit sceptical, the teacher asked if she could really quote the entire psalm.

The little girl came to the front of the room, faced the class, made a perky little bow, and said, "The Lord is my shepherd, that's all I want."

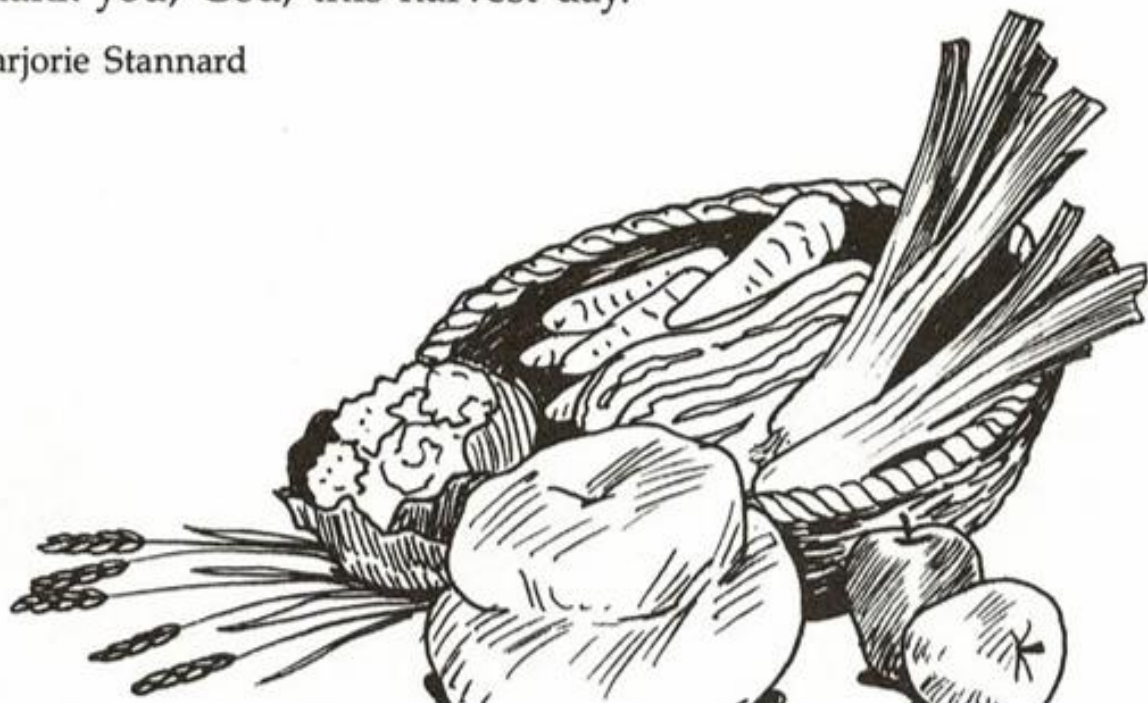
She bowed again and went and sat down.

That may well be the greatest interpretation of the 23rd Psalm ever heard.

Harvest plenty

Long, crusty loaves of twisted shapes,
A bowl of eggs, a bunch of grapes;
Michaelmas daisies, mauve and blue,
Gay marigolds and asters too;
A jar of honey, a jug of milk,
Peaches with skins like softest silk;
A box of apples, a bag of plums,
A bunch of bronze chrysanthemums;
Blackberries on a leafy dish,
Marrows as large as you could wish;
A pound of butter, a piece of ham,
A round red cheese, and strawberry jam;
A cabbage with fine, curling leaves,
Wheat, oats and barley in full sheaves;
Baskets of peas still wet with dew,
And runner beans all crisp and new;
Onions, potatoes, carrots, leaks,
Hips and haws with glowing cheeks;
Curved cucumbers, tomatoes red,
And celery with curly head;
Bunches of mint that smell so good,
And gold-fringed bracken from the wood:
For all these things we want to say
Thank you, God, this harvest day.

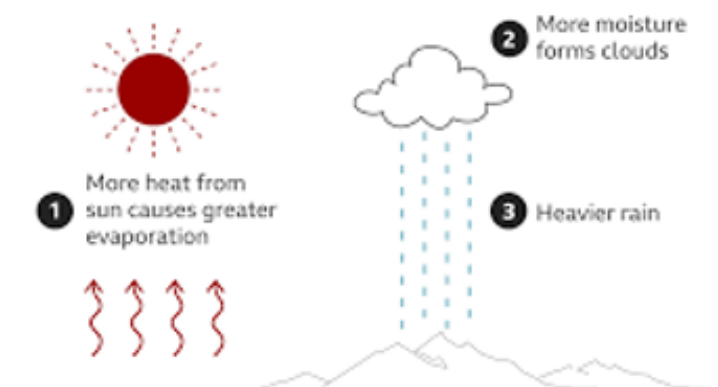
Marjorie Stannard



A recent service at Muddiford URC included the hymn Beauty for Brokenness which reflects all the major problems in the world.

This led to some lovely prayers being said for the horrific suffering caused by war, people oppressed by regimes across the world and climate change.

How higher temperatures cause extreme rainfall



The problems caused by climate change are so wide, ranging now that we hear of flooding, droughts, rising sea levels and landslides anywhere in the world. This of course wrecks families, their homes and lively hoods.

We have just experienced a lovely hot summer in this country which I have really enjoyed because it allowed me to be outside tending our garden.

The high temperatures we had are widely blamed on climate change but it appears that North Devon fared a lot better than other parts of Great Britain because we did have bits of rain to keep most of the vegetation green. It wasn't until late August before I noticed the fields turning brown.

The late summer bank holiday was a lovely hot day which allowed us to walk half the length of Woolacombe beach at the waters edge as the tide came in. together with thousands of people of all nationalities it was a glorious experience but so far removed from all the concerns mentioned earlier.

It really made me feel blessed to live in such a beautiful part of God's creation.

Data published by the World Wildlife Fund show that on average the size of wildlife populations have fallen by a staggering 73% mainly due to habitat lost, human activities and climate change. We all depend on the insects to pollinate the crops for our food but a 63% drop in flying insects over 20 years is also huge. Add to this rising temperatures in the world that cannot rise much more before we are really in trouble.

So what can we do to help repair the wonderful nature we see around us. The smallest thing can help, like planting the correct



pollen laden flowers which are easily accessible to the insects. Our wildlife meadow has seen a big increase in bees and insects this year due to more wild flowers appearing. No doubt to the lovely hot summer weather.

Climate change is so confusing to us, so we need to pray that God will give us the knowledge and guidance to repair the brilliant natural world around us at this Harvest time.

From Gary



At a recent midweek “Get together” on Zoom we were joined by one of the local Rural Chaplains, who ended the evening by sharing “The Farmers Advice” (and I think most of these sayings can apply to all of us!)

Your fence needs to be horse-high, pig-tight and bull strong.

Life is simpler when you plough around the stump.

A bumble bee is considerably faster than a John Deere tractor.

Words that soak into your ears are whispered...not yelled.

Meanness does not “just happen” overnight.

Forgive your enemies, it messes up their heads.

Don’t corner something that you know is meaner than you.

It doesn’t take a very big person to carry a grudge.

You cannot unsay a cruel word.

Every path has a few puddles.

When you wallow with pigs, expect to get dirty.

The best sermons are lived, not preached.

Most of the stuff people worry about, won’t ever happen anyway.

Don’t judge folks by their relatives.

Remember that silence is sometimes the best answer.

Live a good, honourable life. Then when you get older and think back, you’ll enjoy it a second time.

Don’t interfere with something that isn’t bothering you.

Timing has a lot to do with the outcome of the rain dance.

If you find yourself in a hole, the first thing to do is stop digging.

Sometimes you get, and sometimes you get got.

The biggest troublemaker you’ll have to deal with, watches you from the mirror every morning.

Always drink upstream from the herd.

Good judgement comes from experience, and a lot of that comes from poor judgement.

Letting the cat out of the bag is a lot easier than putting it back in.

If you start to think you are a person of influence, try ordering someone else's dog around.

Live Simply. Love generously. Care deeply. Speak kindly.

Leave the rest to God.

CHRISTIAN STEWARDSHIP (Can be sung to the tune of Lloyd)

**We always have enough to eat
And rarely faced a drought
But often, overseas, we find
There's not much rain about.**

**Those who have too much food to spare
Must be prepared to give
Some of the goods to those with less
So they can also live.**

**We must not consume to excess
E'en if we find we can
For there are those with less than us
They are part of God's plan.**

**We also must clean up our earth
Ignored for many a year
We need to be good shepherds of
All things far and near.**

**For our children we must prepare
So they can breathe fresh air
And they continue our good works
With due concern and care.**

Written by Wesley Paxton (Lockerbie)

Found in The Salvationist Magazine by Dorothy)





God's promise to us from,

Genesis chapter 8. verse 22.

While the earth remains, seedtime and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night shall never cease.

This promise was given by God to Noah, after the flood, establishing

the ongoing natural cycle of the earth.

And yes, God's promise has never failed. We continue to enjoy the fruits of the earth every year, and celebrate them with Harvest Festival.

However, God did not promise harvest would always be easy and abundant.

Most folk reading this will be gardeners, growers or farmers, or know of a family member or neighbour associated with growing something, and therefore will harvest the produce.

We also know every year is different, our weather pattern over the seasons change, and we have to adapt accordingly.

As long as the seed has some soil, sun and moisture it will germinate, when planted at the appropriate time.

For me, and for sure most of you, it never ceases to amaze us, how that little seed of Barley, Wheat or Maize grows into a plant with multiple grains or cobs.

Recently acknowledged by the Met Office this year has been a record long hot summer.

Great for tourists visiting our region, with a good harvest for the camp sites, beach food vans, and ice cream sales.

Not quite so good for the farmers who have experienced less volume of grass for silage and hay.

Also lower volume of yields and quality of grain crops.

However still a reasonably good harvest given how hot the summer has been.

North Devon being less affected than central areas of the country. Here we had enough moisture to keep the fields relatively green, whereas in and around Oxford, the country side resembled a desert.

Thankfully recent rain is seeing the grass, slowly recover, again how amazing the resilience of nature.

Whilst some crop yields are low, look at the abundance of fruit this season.

So many Apples bending the branches of trees to the ground, masses of Blackberries, loads of Sloes, and Hazel nuts .

Whilst some produce is down, others are well up.

There will always be ups and downs in our seasons, and Harvest, just as there is in all our daily lives.

But we can rest assured God's promise of harvest will continue.

We can also know that whatever happens in our lives, God loves us all.

Another promise he made can be found in,

1 John. chapter 4, verse 16.

And so we know and rely on the love of God has for us. God is Love.

Whoever lives in love, lives in God, and God in them. From Adrian



**Lord, send us showers of Blessing, we pray
Drenching and refreshing our Soul
Renewing our Spirit, infilling our hearts
Reviving and making us whole.**

**A shower of strength Lord when we feel weak,
Build us up so that we can be strong.
Help us to find the right words to say,
To those we meet as we journey along.**



For a seed to turn into a harvest, it involves a lot of wonders. The seed goes into the ground, dies first, then comes back, and may or may not make it to harvest.

For the seed to make it to harvest, the seed needs: The soil. John 12:24

A seed remains alone until it enters the soil. There are different types of soil.

- Some fall by the wayside,
- Some on stony ground which does not retain water. 1 Corinthians 3: 6-8

If you plant and God refuses to allow rainfall, the seed will not make it to harvest. Amos 4: 7-8

- Some fall among thorns (worries). Matthew 6:34

The seed that falls on good soil is not suffocated by worries but enjoys an increase from God

It yields multiple folds:

- When you give to your neighbours, brothers, and sisters, you receive a 30-fold harvest. Galatians 6: 9-10

☆ The greatest wonder of the harvest is that everything is controlled by God.

- When you give to the man of God, it yields 60-fold. Matthew 10:41

☆ The greatest wonder of the harvest is that everything is controlled by God.

☆ When you please God, He gives you a harvest that is full of wonders. 2 Chronicles 1: 6-15

There are harvests that only children of God can enjoy.

Father, let my seed fall on good soil and let my harvest come in multiple folds.

This is the poem "Harvest Hymn" by John Betjeman. He saw the world in a quirky way, observing and recording. Some are funny and others make us think, so in many ways he was a visionary!

We spray the fields and scatter
The poison on the ground
So that no wicked wild flowers
Upon our farm be found
We like whatever helps us
To line our purse with pence
The twenty-four-hour broiler-house
And neat electric fence.

All concrete sheds around us
And Jaguars in the yard
The telly lounge and deep-freeze
Are ours for working hard.

We fire the fields for harvest
The hedges swell the flame
The oak trees and the cottages
From which our fathers came
We give no compensation
The earth is ours today
And if we lose the arable
The bungalows will pay.

In this strange time of isolation, when one's world has been greatly reduced, it has given us thinking and pondering time. Maybe the poet has a point!

*Lord help us see a better world, less greed, more wonder,
more love. Amen*

The Chicken Cannon



Scientists at NASA built a special cannon to launch standard 6-pound, whole dead chickens at the windshields of airliners, military jets and the space shuttle, all traveling at maximum velocity. The idea was to simulate the frequent incidents of collisions with airborne fowl to test the strength of the windshields.

Engineers working on the Bullet Train project heard about the cannon and were eager to test it on the windshields of their new high speed trains. Arrangements were made, and a cannon was sent to the Bullet Train engineers.

The engineers were excited to see the results of years of hard work and planning. They set up the experiment and even invited several government officials to attend that had championed the funding of this project. They had a grand ceremony with a countdown. The speedy bullet train roared down the test track at over 200 mph and the engineers fired the chicken cannon.

After the canon was fired, the engineers stood in shock as they viewed in horror at the damage. The shatterproof glass was smashed to smithereens, there was a huge hole in the control console, the driver's seat had the head rest blown off, and the chicken embedded into the back wall of the train engine's cabin.

Luckily this was an unmanned test, so no one was hurt except for the pride of the engineers. It was as if they were little boys who broke their prize Christmas present. That chicken trashed their modern marvel.

Immediately the engineers began assessing the damages, took numerous photos and measurements and sent a full report, along with their pages of scientific designs to engineers at NASA. The desperate engineers were totally dumbfounded and asked for an explanation of what could have possibly gone wrong? Their email to the head engineer at NASA said, *"Please help us understand how to resolve this issue. We followed all standard protocols and double checked every safety precaution prior to the test with the chicken cannon!"*

In just a few minutes, the Bullet Train engineers were shocked by the rapid response. The head engineer at NASA responded with just one short line in bold, all capital letters:

“DEFROST THE CHICKEN FIRST!”

Let's face it:  **English is a crazy language**

There is no **EGG** in **EGGPLANT** nor **HAM** in **HAMBURGER**; neither **APPLE** nor **PINE** in **PINEAPPLE**. **ENGLISH MUFFINS** weren't invented in **ENGLAND**. **QUICKSAND** can work **SLOWLY**, **BOXING RINGS** are **SQUARE**, and a **GUINEAPIG** is neither from **GUINEA** nor is it a **PIG**.

And why is it that **WRITERS WRITE** but **FINGERS DON'T FING**, **GROCERS** don't **GROCE** and **HAMMERS** don't **HAM**? Doesn't it seem crazy that you can make **AMENDS** but not one **AMEND**? If **TEACHERS TAUGHT**, why didn't **PREACHERS PRAUGHT**? If a **VEGETARIAN** eats **VEGETABLES**, what does a **HUMANITARIAN** eat?

In what other language do people **RECITE** at a **PLAY** and **PLAY** at a **RECITAL**? We **SHIP BY TRUCK** but **SEND CARGO BY SHIP**. We have **NOSES** that **RUN** and **FEET** that **SMELL**. We **PARK** in a **DRIVEWAY** and **DRIVE** in a **PARKWAY**. And how can a **SLIM CHANCE** and a **FAT CHANCE** be the same, while a **WISE MAN** and a **WISE GUY** are opposites?

You have to marvel at the unique lunacy of a language in which your **HOUSE** can **BURN UP** as it **BURNS DOWN**, in which you **FILL IN** a form by **FILLING IT OUT**, and in which an **ALARM** goes **OFF** by going **ON**. And, in closing, if Father is **POP**, how come Mother's not **MOP**?

—Richard Lederer, http://www.writing.com/lan_crazy.htm created by BusyTeacher.org

 An Autumn poem. 

It soon will be upon us not long to go Autumn my favourite time of the year,
Although summer is pleasant it can be too hot for me so I don't shed a tear.
The leaves will change colour before we know it, it happens with the blink of
an eye,

But it's something that makes me happy looking up into those changing
trees so high.

The colours are breathtaking, and when they drop to the ground,
They float down gently not making a sound.

Although on a blustery day you will hear the rustling leaves then they fall to
the ground,

Underfoot is that lovely crunchy sound.

I look forward to walking along kicking the leaves with my feet,
I really think that's a pleasant treat.

For a season of the year it's hard to beat. 



AUTUMN TREES

The trees are kind of pretty
in their autumn gold and brown.
Leaves are bright orange-reddish.
But all will soon fall down.

Then they dry and crackle
as we crunch them with our shoes.
I guess it's time for autumn now
as summer takes a snooze.

Genesis 8:22

While the earth remains, seedtime and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night, shall not cease."



For the gifts of heaven in the
fields of earth,
My soul will sing to the Lord.
For the fruitful lands as they yield their worth,
My heart gives thanks to him.
We may plough the soil, we may plant the seed,
But God will make it grow,
And the harvest comes from the tender goodness
Of the Father's hand.

As the trade winds blow over thirsty plains,
My soul will sing to the Lord,
And the storm clouds pour with reviving rains,
My heart gives thanks to Him.
Every season whispers the mystery,
The glorious rhythm of life,
Till the harvest comes from the boundless goodness
Of the Father's hand.

When the crops have failed and the fields are bare,
My soul will cry to the Lord.
When the hungry know only death's despair,
My heart will look to Him.
For the call goes out from the heart of God
To share with those in need;
As we feed the world we reflect the goodness
Of the Father's hand.

Stuart Townend

Recently a large seminar was held for ministers in training. Among the guests were many well-known motivational speakers. One such boldly approached the pulpit and, gathering the entire crowd's attention, said, "The best years of my life were spent in the arms of a woman that wasn't my wife!" The crowd was shocked! He followed up by saying, "And that woman was my mother!" The crowd burst into laughter and he gave his speech, which went over well.



About a week later one of the assistant ministers who had attended the seminar decided to use that joke in what was his first sermon to the congregation. As he shyly approached the pulpit one Sunday, he tried to rehearse the joke in his head. He was notably very nervous and getting to the microphone he said loudly, "The greatest years of my life were spent in the arms of another woman that was not my wife!" His

congregation sat shocked.

After standing there for almost 10 seconds the pastor finally blurted out, "...and I can't remember who she was!"

Johnny went to Sunday school one Sunday. The lesson for the day was from Genesis. "God opened up Adam's side, took a rib from him, and created Eve from it," was what really struck Johnny.



Later, that afternoon, Johnny started feeling sick, and his side began to hurt. He lay down on the couch, and after about half an hour, his mother came over and asked him if he was feeling okay.

He said, "Not really – I think I'm gonna have a wife."

The reaper's joy is now complete
The harvest bounty, oh so sweet,
The canning's done by setting sun
It's time to count our blessings son.

Soon birds will sing their farewell song
Days will be short, nights too long.
Saddest of all the leaves will fall
Yet we can count our blessings all.



For in the barn hay is stacked
And in barrels apples are packed.
There's logs for the fire before we retire
We have so many blessings entire.

In the basement the walls are lined
With jars of food, most every kind.
We won't fear when winter's here
God's given us blessings so very dear.

From Sandy

Apples

The children were lined up in the cafeteria of a Catholic elementary school for lunch. At the head of the table was a large pile of apples. A nun had posted a note on the apple tray, "Take only ONE, God is watching."

At the other end of the table was a large pile of chocolate chip cakes, next to which, in a child's handwriting, was a sign,

"Take all you want, God is watching the apples."



A Page of Prayer.

Creator God, we thank you for the beauty of our landscape and our countryside, and give thanks for all those who work so hard to care for our livestock and our land. Help us to meet others where they are and resource them in their time of need and bless us on our journey as we walk with you.
Amen.

A Teacher's Prayer

Lord, enable me to teach with wisdom, for I help to shape the mind. Equip me to teach with truth, for I help to shape the conscience, encourage me to teach with vision, for I help to shape the future. Empower me to teach with love, for I help to shape the world.

Prayer for Hope

God of hope, With you nothing is impossible. Your promises endure, Your Spirit sustains us. Establish in us hope for your world; Hope that moves us, Like fire in our bones, Like a shoot springing up from the soil, Like an ever-flowing stream. Nurture in us a vision for change. Stir in us a desire for justice, That our hope may become action, That your will may be done. Amen.

The Lord's Prayer

Our Father, Perfect Love, We turn again to You.

Guide us; help us to love, so that Your Will be done, on earth as in heaven.

Give us this day that which we need.

Fill us with hope and trust.

Help us to forgive our brothers and sisters (and ourselves as well); and to look on them as you look on us.

Give us strength to resist temptation. When we are tempted, let us choose peace. Deliver us from our fears. For what You love is safe.

And Your love remains forever and always. Amen.

The World Is Mine! !

Today, upon a bus, I saw a very beautiful woman,
And wished I were as beautiful.
When suddenly she rose to leave,
I saw her hobble down the aisle.
She had one leg and wore a crutch.
But as she passed, she passed a smile.
Oh, God, forgive me when I whine.
I have two legs; the world is mine.

I stopped to buy some candy,
The lad who sold it had such charm,
I talked with him, he seemed so glad,
If I were late, it'd do no harm.
And as I left, he said to me, 'I thank you, you've been so kind.
It's nice to talk with folks like you. You see, ' he said, 'I'm blind.'
Oh, God, forgive me when I whine.
I have two eyes; the world is mine.

Later while walking down the street, I saw a child I knew.
He stood and watched the others play, but he did not know what to do.
I stopped a moment and then I said, 'Why don't you join them dear? '
He looked ahead without a word, I forgot, he couldn't hear.
Oh, God, forgive me when I whine,
I have two ears; the world is mine.

With feet to take me where I'd go,
With eyes to see the sunset's glow, With ears to hear what I'd know.
With loving family & friends to enjoy life
Oh, God, forgive me when I whine,
I've been blessed indeed, the world is mine. - - - -

KAUSHAL SABOO



Harvest



ABUNDANT
 ANNUAL
 APPLES
 BALES
 BARLEY
 BEANS
 BEETS
 CANNING
 CARROTS
 CELEBRATION
 CHESTNUTS
 CHILLY
 CIDER
 CORN
 CORNUCOPIA
 CRANBERRIES
 CROP
 CULTIVARS
 EATING
 FARM
 FROST
 FRUIT
 GARDEN
 GATHER
 GOURDS
 GRAINS
 GRAPES
 HAY
 HAYRIDE
 HOMESTEAD
 HUSK
 JAMS
 JELLIES
 LEGUMES
 MAIZE
 MARKET
 NUTS
 OATS
 ONIONS
 ORCHARD
 PEPPERS
 PLENTIFUL
 POTATOES
 PRESERVE
 PRODUCE
 PUMPKINS
 REAP



RIPE
 RYE
 SCARECROW
 SCYTHE
 SEASON
 SQUASH
 STRAW
 SUNFLOWER
 THANKSGIVING

THRESHING
 TOMATOES
 TRACTOR
 TURNIP
 VEGETABLES
 WAGON
 WHEAT
 YIELD
 ZUCCHINI

