

## **An Ode to a County Fair Judge**

I'm a 4-H helper at the county fair.  
Sometimes I find it's to my despair.

The weather may be hot, or the weather may be cold  
And I never can decide what I should wear.

It's judging day and I park my car,  
But the attendant says to move it and then walk quite far.

I enter the exhibit hall all alert with a grin  
To use all the knowledge from the training where I've been.

Let's see, what am I helping with--clothes, home living, or foods,  
Oh, yes, it's Foodworks. It all just looks so good.

I told my husband yesterday that I was going to diet,  
But with all this food in front of me, it's hard to even try it.

Now some of these 4-Hers are wizards of cooks.  
The things they come up with you'd never find in books;

The flavor is delicious, the texture divine,  
The color just grand, none like it you'll find.

So it's reds and it's blues and it's purples I place  
Each time wondering what I'll see on the 4-Hers face.

I hope it's a laugh or a smile or a grin,  
Because no matter the ribbon color, everyone did win.

I hope that no matter, they don't hold a grudge  
Because I'm a person, I'm teacher, I'm their county fair judge.

Poem by Val Schellpeper, July 10, 1979 .

