

# Welcome to the Farmhouse of King Road

If only walls could talk. The stories these walls could tell of rural farming life. The struggles of life and death, of raising large families for more working hands, of rich food, tradition, and connection to the land and the animals.

This farm, and this home, became part of my family's legacy when it was purchased by my great grandfather, Mose King, in 1940.

Mose worked his entire life, moving a family of nine children to 10 different farms before finally saving the money to purchase this farm for \$11,000. Having his own farm to work and to have a place for him and his wife Ida to grow old in was a dream finally realized.

This farmhouse had already stood for 150 years. The oldest part of this home, that you are standing in now, was built in 1790.

The thick wall between the kitchen and living room was originally an outside wall, and while it is unknown exactly how the rest of the home took shape, there is a date of 1910 in the closet of the Ace room, our downstairs bedroom.

The stone you see on the outside of the home is original. It was covered in a kind of white plaster, common to construction of the original era of the home, where horsehair was used to give stability to the plaster mixture.



*Left: Mose King*

Horses have always been a part of this farm, providing transportation and working the fields for my family, who were Amish, and continued to use horses even as modern farming equipment became available.

The horses supported the operations here, but it was the dairy cows and chickens that created the income and sustained the farm. The dairy here had around 20 cows and 2 chicken houses.

If you look out the window you will see a small springhouse across the road. For more than a century, this springhouse would have been the water supply for the home and farm. My family used it to keep the milk cool, sitting the milk cans in the cold spring water. You passed one of these large milk cans by the door as you came into the farmhouse. The spring house was also used for washing and packaging the eggs from the two chicken houses.

While this road is named for my great grandfather, Mose King, he only farmed for 8 years before his son, my grandfather, Abner King, took over the responsibility of the farm. Mose continued to work here into his 90s, still very involved in the daily operations and known to outwork even his grandchildren.

Farming life was not easy for Abner. He was struck by debilitating arthritis at age 25 and was affected for the rest of his life. His hands too gnarled by the arthritis to perform many tasks, he created many inventions to accomplish his work. For example, unable to grasp a rope to lead the horses, he cut a lath, a 6' thin stick with a snap wired to the end, that he used in place of a lead rope.



*Left: Farmhouse in 1952*

*Below: Farmhouse today*



Abner's physical limitations also meant that my grandmother, Annie, worked both in the home and out on the farm. She put her hands to many of the tasks that traditionally would have been considered "man's work", such as guiding the horse drawn plow to break ground.

Abner and Annie raised their family on this farm, with most of their children, including my father, born in this home.

Three generations of Kings lived and worked on the farm. Because it is traditional for Amish farming families to build on to homes so that families remain together as they grow and expand, Abner and Annie built the new wing of the home, the large section that runs perpendicular to this original part, in 1958.

We are so happy to have you here, sharing in our history, and creating this new phase for the Farmhouse of King Road.

To keep with the tradition of living simply and without waste, almost all the furniture in this home is either antiques from my family or was found in local thrift stores. The decorative items each have a story and the art is created by my friend since childhood, Kelsey Showalter. (Read more in About the Artist)

We want you to be absolutely comfortable here, so make yourself at home, explore the nooks and crannies and closets for a few hidden treasures, and soak in the history, known and unknown, remembered and forgotten, of the Farmhouse of King Road.

*Callie*

