

'Round here:

Grounds keep us grounded.

Eagle eyes.

Energized.

For morning commutes to big booming business

Or big mama's bedside

'Round here:

We sacrifice

Sow so diligently

It's sensible that the grounds we trod would feel obliged to show gratitude.

Sportsmans' Paradise, Lone Star, Natural State

Scenery that changes any bad attitude, in its natural state

Pines as strong as workers in the factories who've ensured another day of prosperity

Magnolias wide and welcoming like teachers at the sound of school bells before bright eyed posterity

'Round here:

Café perks give us the jolt we need to live out our life's work

Inscribed on our hearts you'll read smooth jazz in a park

Painters, dancers, writers showcasing their art

'Round here:

We don't always come in when the street lights come on

You're liable to catch us out all night long

Fireworks over Four States

Christmas lights along Cane River Lake

Wake up, get a mocha or two to rejuvenate

Bluebonnet petals prepare our paths

Mother on the porch, rocking with her head wrapped

Father cutting and sending up timber in the back

Grand little ones scattered abroad, air lightens by their laugh

'Round here:

We sup together

A generations old diner or in the church's fellowship hall

You won't find anything finer, not at all

Oh, taste and see that the Ark-La-Tex is good.

We put the neighbor in neighborhood.

Whether you're a new resident, a visitor, or have always called this home

'Round here:

Faith. Family. Fellowship. Fun. We're friends you can always count on.