

## Where I'm From

I'm from the dusty, muddy lane leading from the huge frame house old enough to have been built before the Civil War,  
The woods, the ponds, the branches, and blackberry patches nearby.  
I'm from sitting on my daddy's lap on the ole 8N Ford tractor plowing the field  
and my mother's bended back in the rows of Kentucky wonders.  
I'm from "Amazing grace how sweet the sound," "I'll fly away oh glory," and "Come unto me" echoing among the walls of "Ditney."

I'm from the concrete canyons of Chicago,  
The Japanese teacher who taught me to read my English at Alexander Graham,  
The Sunday morning treks down Halstead to church.  
Oh, the loneliness and strangeness of this monster city!  
Oh, for the warmth, peace, familiarity of my Lola!

I'm from the long walk through the fields to catch the "bus" for school,  
A green 1952 Ford family car that picked up the "kids on this road."  
I'm from the canner in the fence row under which I hid my boots in case of rain.  
I'm the shy little girl who sang "Teen Angel" at Friday morning chapel  
And sat amazed at the feat of John Glenn who became my hero.

I'm from memories of large family gatherings: Wringing the chicken's head,  
climbing the huge old apple tree, sliding down the muddy pond bank,  
and catching tadpoles.  
I'm from playing hide-and-seek in the dark,  
Hearing the adult conversations in the yard as cigarettes glowed amongst the fireflies,  
Making homemade ice cream, and wading in the creek.

I'm from the patriotism of my father's WWII stories  
Told as he gently rocked on the front porch at the end of a long day,  
From the freedom purchased by the death of a friend who took me fishing  
before his destiny in Korea at the hands of a sniper.  
I'm from the likeness of a mother's heart who was a "Rosie, the Riveter" doing her  
part to defend a democracy.

I'm from parental sacrifice that made it possible for me to pursue hopes and dreams.  
I'm from classrooms of innocent students yearning to be free, to learn, to soar, to spread  
their wings, to experience life beyond the day,  
From students that ever kept me young and growing in spirit.  
I'm from peace, joy, happiness, fulfillment, contentment, and a wonderful husband.  
I'm from the love of Christ who sacrificed His life that I might live eternally.

Doris Crawford Cothron  
Livingston County