

Where I'm From

I am from the county, from Hattiesburg to Fairfield to Plum Run to Ritchie Lane

I am from running barefoot and climbing trees

I am from blowing bubbles – using morning glories and a bar of we Palmolive soap

I am from crafts and fun, crocheting and knitting, playing Dominoes, dining out and kaleidoscopes

I am from an older generation who used curtain stretchers and hung the wash out on the line, in winter as well as summer

I am from lightening bugs and hummingbirds, from Wisteria, honeysuckle, sweet peas, peonies and spirea – all flowers that my Nana grew in her yard.

I am from arthritic pain and sleepless nights, also lounging on the sofa watching KET

I am from Georgia peaches, chicken salad, cantaloupe and watermelon

I am from traveling when I can – family vacations and cruises are the best

I am from a glass of wine and listening to the frogs sing in a nearby pond

I am from old habits and trying new things

I am from friends, old and new

I am from the Cecil's the Greenwell's and Strange's

I am from strong family ties, whose members seem to be dwindling away far too quickly

I am a widow and proved to myself that I can do things on my own and I am stronger than I thought I could be, even when I would rather someone take care of me

I am the oldest in the family and have recently been told – in the last week of 4 funerals – that I am the glue that holds the family together

I am from way too much nostalgia, often to the point of tears as I reminisce

**Submitted by The Nelson County Public Library, Main Branch
Bernadine Cecil Strange**

Where I'm From

I am from the parents who loved and nurtured me.

I am from the crunching fall leaves beneath my feet.

I am from the breeze of swinging from the large maple tree.

I am from the fresh, new scent of spring.

I am from the warmth of the sun upon my face.

I am from a lifetime of animals who complete my being.

I am from the friends I discovered after leaving the confines of the small community of my youth. There really are other people who think like me, and understand me.

I am from the soaring of the airplane that takes me to my childhood dream of seeing a cloud up close.

I am from the freedom and serenity of living on the farm.

I am from the books that transport me to other worlds and ideas.

I am from the excitement of achieving a dream, and the desolation of a dream unfulfilled.

I am from the happiness and completeness of love, and the grief of its loss.

I am from loving and losing rather than never loving at all.

I am from the innocence and hope of a child.

I am from the might oak tree planted by my father.

I am from the determination and willpower of my mother.

I am from the laughter of family and friends- present and past.

I am from the small black cat whose spirit still lives.

I am from the driving force of the crashing waves to the driving of a vehicle.

I am from the forces of nature – from its awesome beauty to its destructive forces.

I am from the photographs preserving the past and recording the present, with the hope of continuation in the future.

I am from the good earth to which I will one day return, and join those who have gone before.

**Submitted by The Nelson County Public Library, Main Branch
Mary Drake**

Where I'm From

I'm from the bedroom shared by four sisters where the one electrical outlet was considered sacred space to be shared by the record player, the radio, the lamp and the hot curlers.

I'm from the front yard, side yard, back yard and garden all lined with aisles of flowers, fruits and vegetables, accessed by a barrel stave and flat rock path and tended by my grandparents.

I'm from the pre-recycling days when the garbage sorted into what was for the compost, the burn pile and the one little can for the garbage truck.

I'm from the days when dinner at the table was a given at 5 o'clock and there was always a square meal to pass around. Breakfast was on your own and lunch was casual but dinner was not optional.

I'm from the long line of kids walking to and from school from my end of town. We knew the kids behind us and in front of us as well and the houses of the Kirtleys, Cambrons, Hagans, Hills, Sympons, Goberts, and Applegates.

I'm from the world of spit curl, the pin curl, the bobby pin, rollers and orange juice cans. From lemon juice and vinegar rinses, Dippity Do and Sun-In, rat tail combs and hair bonnet dryers.

I'm from the kitchen where it was my turn to wash, dry or set the table. Where the ironing board faced the fridge and my share of the ironing increased from pillow cases to shirts & pants as I got older.

I'm from North Third Street when it was two-lane with the sound of semi-tractor trailers purring us to sleep on the roadside as their drivers went in for a quick bite at the greasy spoon, Snack Shop.

I'm from Henrytown where sidewalks were only on the main street and front doors were never locked, kids were everywhere and grown-ups were not limited to their own kids when offering council.

I'm from the wide front porch where granddaddy had his chair, daddy his swing and us girls the shadows when out dates brought us home to sneak in a kiss or two before Granddaddy interrupted the romance in his underwear.

I am from a family of hardworking, honest people who never allowed themselves to have too much fun.

**Submitted by The Nelson County Public Library, Main Branch
Carol Elliot**

Where I'm From

by Mary Popham, Nelson County

I am from the knobs of Nelson County,
from Catholics, bourbon, corn and
tobacco.

I am from a country store,
the Monks Road, the Beech Fork River,
the old pike, the public school taught by
nuns.

I am from a mama who sewed and
sang, a daddy, the fiddler, who built our
house.

I am from the weeping willow, the
landmark of our home.

I'm from roses, garden vegetables, a
milk cow,

From backyard chickens and
purple martin boxes. From the poison tree, fried
squirrel and biscuits.

I'm from singing Latin in the church
choir and pig-Latin and the book mobile.

I'm from letters saved and journals kept,
From Landing Run Creek and stories the
aunts told.

From the May March and First
Communion veils.

I'm from the Sears Roebuck catalog and
Elvis pin-ups. From the wonder of
listening to the blues station on the radio
at night, then standing at the windowsill
dreaming of my future husband.

Where I'm From...

I am from the western fringes of the bluegrass to dusty gravel roads of lofty western knobs.

I am from tobacco rolled into smokes and sour mash distilled into aged Bourbon.

I am from foraging honey bees in native locusts, redbuds and serviceberry trees.

I am from sped Indian arrowheads now resting in cigar box collections.

I am from Native Americans and outlaws and gunshots fired at Jesse James in the Old Talbott Tavern

And, a plea to "Weep No More My Lady" because the sun still shines brightly on "My Old Kentucky Home."

I am from Sunday dinners at Grandma's with country fried chicken, banana croquettes and a shot of Elijah Craig to be enjoyed while sharing stories and memories about long gone cousins, aunts and uncles who made their way from Maryland or Virginia or the Wilderness Trail to eke out a farm living with maybe just a few acres and a mule.

I am from festivals and parades to celebrate handmade crafts, Iron Horses and burley tobacco with folks from all faiths and ages standing side-by-side along the route to dive after handfuls of candy thrown from the parade floats.

I am from Memorial Day remembrances with a flag on every soldier's grave and "We will Remember You" on our lips as we stand to salute your service to all.

I am from *Amen, Alleluia, Our Father and Hail Mary*, with a strong faith from the past that leads into a yet-to-be determined future.

Submitted by The Nelson County Public Library, Bloomfield Branch

Nina H. Lee and Sally M. Long and various members of the Friendship Friday Group