

Where I'm From

by Caitlin Marie Morgan
I'm from...

Hershey's Kisses
Bonfires, Campfires
Cake, and Cookies, and Ice cream
Macaroni and Cheese
Blankets and Forts,
Painting
Put up Christmas trees
Go fish, Hangman, Puzzles
The pool, Play fights
~~God~~ ♥
~~Girl~~ Scouts, Kentucky, U.K. Blue!
Jesus the son of God
Elf on the shelves
Sleepovers, Neighbors, Friends
My mommy and Daddy and my dogs
Ginger and Nightain, and my Grandma
and Papa
Lady bug Girl, The Giving Tree
I love you for always, my baby you'll be

Caitlin Morgan
6 years old
Rineyville, KY
Hardin County

Where I'm From

by H.B.

I am from tea towels and proper place settings

I am from the huge garden where we grew our food.

I am from the burning bush and the black cherry tree

Whole long-gone limbs

I remember as if they were my own.

I'm from black walnuts and Corny and Estelle

I am from the dead end street

From 20 kids in all a one creepy neighbor.

I'm from now I lay me down to sleep and

turn on the night light.

I'm from Black Mountain and Tip Top

From asparagus and strawberries.

From the house burning down and my grandma's

burnt and bandaged hand.

Under my bed was a stack of records

I am from those moments – playing over and over

On the record player with the purple handle

From survive, survive, survive...

Where I'm From

by H.M.

I am from baby bottles and burp clothes

I am from the kids' shows and nursery rhymes

I am from the mulberry bush and the kookaburra tree

I am from Apollo and Ares

Late nights and dirty diapers

I'm from the kiss the boo-boos

From bring you up and don't bring you down

I'm from mother and love and

temper tantrums.

I'm from Philadelphia and Elizabethtown

And from cheese steaks

and sausage gravy.

From the birth of my children

And watching them grow.

Under my bed was a box of photos.

I am from those moments of motherly love.

Where I'm From

by L.M.

I am from Kentucky.

I am from the bluegrass and dirt roads.

I am from the burning bush and the dogwood tree

Whose long-gone limbs I remember as if they were my own.

I'm from homemade cookies and Donna and Karl.

I'm from the hold your chin up and keep going

From the zip its and park its.

I'm from saying your prayers and

Respect your elders.

I'm from Brandenburg and Battletown

And from beans and cornbread.

From the eye my uncle lost in the wood mill

And the fingers my uncle held on to in the hospital.

Under my bed was a scared little girl.

I am from those moments – a strong independent woman.

Where I'm From

by R.P.

I am from the tears in my eyes
The smell of fear, The salty taste
That forever fell from my eyes
The shining clear drops rolling down my face.

I am from the prickly rose bush
That blooms and dies, over and over
The thorns often prick my smile
As I try to pretend to be happy.

I am from the darkness of night
With millions of stars trying to twinkle
I'm from the secrets within
Hiding the darkness,
Feeling alone,
From deep within knowing there is
Love somewhere, but where?

I'm from the creek, cold water to clean
From the smell of beer, sweat and cologne
That forever changed my life
Never understanding why – never a place to hide.
Feeling the warm sunshine lying in the woods
Hearing the water flow
My forever safe place I still try to find.

Where I'm From

by L.H.

I am from buttermilk,
Bleached flour and brown eggs.
I am from cold creeks full of tadpoles
And cat fish; tasted like copper
I am from honeysuckle
And walnut trees; climb, eat
Shade, swing and bare feet
In the soft cool grass.
I am German chocolate cake
And rotary phones, from Clara Lane and Corine
I am from tattle tellers and hush yo' mouths
From sit a spell and visit
I'm from Amen and Hallelujah
With Sunday roast and pecan pie,
And two verses of Amazing Grace.
I'm from Dairy Dell out Lincoln Boulevard
And Red Castle burgers on the square
From my dead uncle I never knew to Aunt-cousins I grew up with
Toi the eye my Aunt Alice Lee lost.
Under my bed was a dollhouse full of loving families
And bald headed naked girls and broken GI Joes
Stolen from my brother
I am from those memories allowed to
Flourish and bloom, tempered
Part of my family tree.

Where I'm From

by D.T.

I am from a beautiful place in Louisville, KY

I am from the small town they call Valley Station

I am from the bluegrass and gorgeous green trees

Whose long goin limbs I remember as if they were my own.

I'm from my mother Carolyn, from my father Ricky and sever other siblings.

I'm from the happy place I once called home

From when I was a kid and I grew into a beautiful woman.

I'm from peace and pride, with honor and

Spiritual people.

I'm from the dirty south and Sun Valley Estates

And from cabbage and cornbread.

From my nephew who took a shot to the face

and my niece's bone cancer.

Under my bed was a part of the part of me that gave up, but I survived

I am from those moments and all of my family,

I am from myself.

Where I'm From

by C.G

I am from Georgia, where I grew up

I am from the United States with my family

As we grow

I am from the pixie bush and the willow tree.

I'm from Hardin County from

My son, and his daddy

I'm from the sky above

From loved ones and family

I'm from Georgia when I was born

And now in Elizabethtown.

I'm from Georgia and Kentucky

From Taco Bell and Subway.

From the hitting a deer car wreck and food poison

From aunts and uncles and grannies and grampas

Under my bed was a box of prom pictures

I am from those moments and spending time with my family

From together we stay

Where I'm From

by S.R.

I am from many gardens
I am from bare feet and gravel roads
I am from the snowball bush and the walnut trees
Whose long gone limbs I remember as if they were my own.
I'm from a still river
And Margaret and Herbert
I'm from the storm
From Highway 79 and Highway 60
I'm from the rolling green acres and
Stargazing on top of the hills.
I'm from the north and the south
And from beans and coffee.
From the cancer and chestnut hulls sticking.
Under my bed was a picture of my dad
I am from those moments
I am

Where I'm From

by L.G.

I am from Louisiana

I am from the bayou country

I am from the azalea bush, the oak tree.

I'm from Louisiana from Robert

And Lola and the bayou

From down south and across the water

I'm from my family town of Theriot

And Houma.

I am from gumbo and etouffee

From the boat accident

Where that boy lost his life

Under my bed was a book

I am from those moments of love and

Family traditions

I am From

*I am from a needle and thread
From 100% Polyester and tightly woven Cotton
I am from the Stone and Mortar
Colorful, Mismatched and Slightly Rough*

*I am from Daisies,
Surviving in a Field of Goldenrod*

*I'm from visits on Sunday and Big Blue eyes
From Mom and Constance*

*I'm from Loyalty and Anger
From Hard Work and Pride*

I'm from Sunday School, Long Revivals with Papaw

*I'm from the two story House on the Farm
Sliced Gravy and Fresh Gathered Eggs*

From the existence of Generations of Strong Women

Cris C. Roberts, Hardin County

Where I'm From

by Carson, Elizabethtown, Hardin County

I am from beaches,
the warm sand that was sometimes too hot to walk on.
From blue waters,
cold after a storm passed through.

I'm from "Don't go out too far in the water"
when the waves were rough.
The fountain with cannons that blasted cold water,
the carousel with all types of creatures-
I always picked the horses!

I'm from gelato, fudge,
and the best ice cream places in the world!
The cute little shops along brick roads,
the little statues outside them in the summer.

I am from beautiful summers,
complete with live music every weekend.
From fruit picking,
first strawberries, then cherries,
then my favorite-blueberries-
the biggest ones eaten right off the bush.

I'm from snowy winters,
the refreshing smell of cold air on a winter morning,
shoveling the driveway and the sidewalk.
The frustration when the plow blocked the driveway
with snow we had just cleared away.

I'm from Robert and Mary Jo,
who always helped me succeed.
From a large family-aunts, uncles, grandparents, cousins-
but no siblings.

I still visit often,

and those visits leave me with sense of happiness,
as I remember the beauty of the seasons.
Where I'm from will always hold a special place in my heart.

Where I Am From

by Ava, Rineyville, Hardin County

I am from stables and Arabian horses.
I'm from possum hunts and the cat trails,
From sneaking into old barns and corn fields.
I am from skateboards and streetball.

I am from a military family,
from living in many places.
I'm from Lake Erie,
collecting beachglass instead of seashells.
From going to Indians, Cavs, and Lake Erie Monsters games.

I am from mini panthers and wild kittens.
I'm from fishing rods, nets, bass, and ponds,
I'm from Tae Kwon Do,
Where I learned to be a purple belt.

I came from an apple orchard,
from the huge yard full of trees and deer.
I am from seeing "Baby Deer" being dragged on my sled in the snow.
I'm from climbing trees and giving out "Ibydones,"
from seeing "HOME!" every day.

I am from burying myself in mud puddles and playing Chopped.
from my pet alligator snapping turtle to my pet box turtle.
I am from trails and poison ivy soap,
from bikes, on foot and horseback.

Every night I come home to the record player playing,
and go in my bed and fall asleep.

Where I'm from

Connor, Elizabethtown, Hardin County

I am from Walnut Hill Road,
From the biggest hill on the block.
I'm from my parents,
Chad and Carol,
A brother and a dog,
And from a loving and caring family.
I'm from Sunday mornings at church,
And Monday night football.

I'm from lifelong friends,
And "Can I stay up later?"
To "Do I have to?"
I'm from teenagers,
The mean kind.
I'm from Saint James School
And waking up and 6:00
Every single morning.
I'm from "The Early bird catches the worm,"
And "Don't bite the hand that feeds you."

I'm from shady summer days,
And from rainy spring days.
From twenty inches of snow,
Sledding down and down my hill.
I'm from the hot glass of cocoa,
To the best times of my life.

I'm from a small town
And a small house,
From the greatest memories I've had
And many more to come.

Where I'm From

by Emerson, Rineyville, Hardin

I am from a place of travels,
from New York to Kentucky.

I am from the smell of salt
created by the waves.

I am from the sound of dirt
scraping against the shovel.

I am from the feeling of sand
rubbing between your toes.

I am from the taste of the sea,
salty, wet, and bad.

I am from a beachside town
where fun was daily.

I am from the smell of sweets
cakes, brownies, and cookies.

The taste of chocolate
with sweet bread melting in your mouth.

I am from a place of storms
where lightning reveals its beauty.

I am from a place of Sun,
where I can have a good time.

I am from the feeling of satisfaction
after hitting the yellow on the target.
From a horse-liking sister to normal brothers,
I have been through more than you can think of.

I am from many places
all along the East Coast.
I have loved more than anyone can ask for.
From the beach to the rain,
I have seen wonderful things!

Where I'm From

Gabriel, Elizabethtown, Hardin Co.

I am from the top of a hill,
From a pond filled with leaches.
I'm from Hardin Memorial Hospital.
I'm from family fun!

I'm from homemade cooking,
And from a crazy family.
I'm from where the sight of a wild animal is not rare.
I'm from lazy Sundays.

I'm from mud.
Filthy, sloppy mud.
I'm from the fish from the river.
I'm from open fields and woods.
I'm from nature itself.

I'm from church.
from the water that baptized me.
I'm from saying daily prays.
I'm from a catholic family.

I'm from the tops of the trees.
To the stories by the fire.
I'm from camping.
I'm definitely from s'mores .

I'm from ATVs and side by sides.

To good times all around.

I'm from a family with big hearts.

I'm from the best times in the world!

Where I'm From

Grace F., Vine Grove, Hardin

I am from the nature,
rolling in the grass for hours.
From being outside all day,
finding snails and giving them a plastic home.

I'm from playing games,
especially with the neighbor's dog.
Having the smells of the outside
drenching me every night.

I'm from Kinkead Road
to Beckley Woods,
stopping at Hunters Drive.

I am from Eric and Carrie,
from Love You So and Forever and Always.

I'm from swimming in the backyard,
to watching and smelling a candle burn in the house.

I am from growing up on the front row of church,
looking out stained-glass windows on Sunday morning.

I'm from making pretend siblings to play with,
and riding my bike barefoot on Sunday afternoon.

All these memories are me,
and will always be my story.
From becoming a part of nature,
to spending time with family and God.

These moments can stay in the past
or come to me in the present once again as real life.

Where I'm From

Matthew, Elizabethtown, Hardin

I'm from chips and dip and
mugs of hot tea,
from older siblings
two brothers and a sister
always watching over me.
I'm from hitting tennis balls on a string
teaching me how the game begins.

I'm from alligators, pirates, and Lego blocks.
I am from birthday parties with cakes made by my dad,
from fireworks bursting in the sky.
I'm from daboo and dibadow,
from hot feet that never liked socks.
I am from hitting tennis balls barely over the net,
and a patient dad saying
"Don't give up just yet."

I'm from asthma that led to swimming
Boy Scouts and archery.
I'm from family vacations at the beach,
the sound of the waves hitting the shore,
the smell of salt in the air,
and the feel of sand between my toes.
I am from rollercoasters, biking, and skim boarding.
I'm from airplanes and cruise ships
sixteen states and three countries,
I can taste the foreign food tingling my mouth.

I am from strong family ties
that date back to the Mayflower.
I'm from hitting tennis balls,
finally better than my brother.

I'm from a neurotic dog,
from sleepovers with friends,
from sledding at the dam,
and from good books that I don't want to end.
I'm from hitting tennis balls
that win tournaments

and a shelf full of trophies.

I'm from horseracing and the Bluegrass,
from Lincoln's birthplace and Fort Knox.

I'm from the house by the lake
filled with family, good times, and love,
and my grandma just around the block.
These memories truly tell where I am from.

Where I'm From

Riley, Elizabethtown, Hardin

I am from dresses
From dolls and pigtails
I am from the little playhouse
Where I would spend hours playing with imaginary friends
I am from the box of markers
That I wore out to draw the many things
Pleasing to the eyes of a child.

I am from the smell of honeysuckle
Wafting through the backyard
From the long walks
Taken around the neighborhood
While the wind blew around my hair
I am from the house on Benjamin Drive
where I spent the first half of my life.

I am from Katie and John Torbus
Along with my little brother and sister
I am from a father in the army
Gone for months to fight for our country
Saturday night dinners at my grandma's house,

cousins who were my closest friends, and playing hind-and-go seek

In the big house with three stories is where I'm from.

I'm from, "can we listen to music?"

And dancing around the living room with my father.

From snuggling up to my mother in my bed and being read a story

I'm from helping my grandmother make cookies,

stealing icing when she turns away.

I am from the sound of moving trucks

From the long days awaiting the start of a new school year in a new place

Making new friends and leaving behind old ones

I am from days of sleepovers,

Laughs, and inside jokes

I wouldn't trade anything or anyone I have for the world.

These are the things that make me who I am.

They are memories that will be with me *forever*.

Where I am From

by Sara, Elizabethtown, Hardin County

I am from dressing up and playing princess with pretty dolls and lovely lace dresses.
From playing village, building forts in the back fields, and house with all my cousins, and
Rummy, Kings in the Corner, and James Bond for long hours.
And breakfast every Sunday morning after nine o'clock mass,
Third pew, on the right every time.

I am from long summer days,
The sickly sweet scent from hay and hot air.
Empty soda cans snuck from the fridge.
Having one too many Oreo eating competitions,
And trying to climb trees that touch the setting sun with their branches.
Playing pickle and volleyball when the family reunion came around, first Saturday of August.
Family weddings, dancing until I collapsed.
Jokes about nothing that funny but laughing until it hurts.
From scraped knees and elbows covered with Barbie band aids
Tears being wiped away followed by hugs.

I'm also from basketball, volleyball, and softball.
Waking up early to drive to Bardstown to go to a fourth grade basketball game,
Or staying at the softball park for an hour more because the game went overtime,
Or passing the volleyball with my sister until we got to one hundred.
From practicing after school for long hours just because it's fun.

From discovering the powers of pencil, paper, and imagination.

From reading of adventurous boys and girls who had ordinary lives, but still saved the world.

Learning that I can be whoever I want.

I am from learning, loving, and family.

And living by this, "be fearless in the pursuit of what sets your soul on fire."

WHERE I'M FROM

I am from dried beans and potatoes,
from warm morning stoves.

I am from oatmeal on a cold winter night.

I am from chickens in the back yard
(clucking, pecking and scaring Claire).

I am from Queen Anne's lace and wildflower bouquets,
from hollyhocks growing by a weathered picket fence.

I am from spider webs glistening in the morning dew,
from crickets chirping in the night.

I am from the sweet smell of fresh mown hay,
from work hands laboring, lifting, stacking bales.

I am from dinner in the middle of the day,
from waiting my turn with Joe Willy on the front porch
(teasing, napping, snoring).

I am from hot, sunny days and sweat-soaked clothes
in endless rows of towering tobacco plants.

I am from bleating baby calves separated from their moms,
from mother cows bellowing despair in return.

I am from the swish, swish of pipelines in the milking parlor
morning and night,
from thick heavy cream managing to float to the top of the milk.

I am from hand-churned butter and mom's sweet cream pies.

I am from twilight, sleeping engines, resting cows,

kittens snuggled in barns in the hay,
from lightning bugs performing their nightly ballet,
blankets in the grass, stars in the sky.

I am from run sheepy run.

I am from busy Sunday mornings in a small country church,
from dinner left cooking on the stove.

I am from singing in the choir with Mom and Chris and Claire,
from dusting pews the Saturday afternoon before.

I am from Sunday dinner, brothers and sisters gathered around
Dad saying grace while everyone's head is bowed.

I am from lazy Sunday afternoons,
from walks in the woods and rides around the circle.

I am from Uncle Bernard's and Aunt Lucy's,
From visiting their barn to see the horse.

I am from playing in the shade of the grapevine arbor.

I am from mom's old home place.

I am from sleeping in my bed at night remembering where I have been,
from daydreams wondering where I'm going.

I am from my home place,
my mother's arms and my dad's genuine laugh.

by
Liz Tabb
Elizabethtown, KY
Hardin County

I'm From Home

I am from love, faith, and pride
Family dinners and watching Gilmore Girls
I am from canned green beans and fried apple fritters
and spending every summer picking up shells in Daytona

I am from four-eyes and metal mouth
and "Honey, you're growin' like a weed!"
I'm from planting petunias with Nanny,
Jumping off dirt piles in too-big, black rubber boots
and stealing Amber's barbies while they sunbathed

I am from Folgers houseblend coffee
and digging through the ads in the Sunday newspaper
I'm from fighting over the bathroom with my sister
but still whispering secrets at midnight under the covers

I am from falling in love
And kayaking the Barren River with Chris
I'm from shrieking til' all the birds left the trees,
letting go of the knot rope hanging from a tree branch
and plunging into icy Trammel Creek

I am from "Love you, see you later"
and "Lord willin' and the creek don't rise"
I am from church every time the doors are open

I am from different places--
Moving every time the Navy asked us to
I am from studying abroad in Lincolnshire, England
and calling long distance from Paris and Rome

But mostly, I'm just from home
Where all of our stories all begin.

mackenzie mccamish
where i'm from // 10:28 am

i am from the hum of cicadas in the woods
i found shelter in the sticky needles of the pine
i was a four foot tower among the
honeybees, (i stole their land for beauty)
i am from Bob Ross and
Bob White, meditating to the sounds of their voices.
i am from the cemetery,
my brother a puppet in the sky.
naive, i thought i could stitch him together
though all i knew of him were blue roses
and pinwheels.
i am from cold winters and sultry summers
where home could only keep you safe
through a window or a flame.
i am from catfish and worms.
i never liked the harm i ensued, but i
always liked the aftermath.
i guess that's just how humans work.
i am from choked down Sundays,
sketching pictures of daffodils
and whiskey, while i soak up words
that i haven't yet learned to
wring myself of.
i am from dirty toes and dirtier circumstances:
we lived with what we had, not what we wanted.
i am from songs of moonshadows
and dreams of angels
i grasped for both though they were always behind me.
i am from the noose at the creek.
my mother wouldn't let me swing on it;
she hoped my future would rest in
holy water,
not rope burn.
childhood oblivion is my bedtime story-
i am from that familiar comfort read by the light of fireflies,
for sleep is my most distant memory.

I Am From . . .

*I am from Barney and Barbie's to fluffy bunnies, hamsters,
slimy toads and turtles*

*I am from the pass-it-ons and the know-it-alls to the "I have
no idea" and "figure it out yourself"*

*I am from the shoe box under my bed spilling with old
pictures to the sift of lost faces that drift beneath my dreams*

*I am from the tree I would fall from and climb back up
again to falling back down and trying again and again*

*I am from the dirt, soil, and water I would dig through to
find worms for fishing with my father to building secret forts
with my friends*

*I am from Candyland and hopscotch to cart-wheels and go-
carts*

*I am from the long golden blonde hair and pink bows and
yellow ribbons*

*I am from the "I hate you's" and "Leave me alones" to the
"I loves yous" and "Please come overs"*

*I am from the "Pipe downs!" and "Perk ups" to bumps and
bruises and caffeine over doses*

I am from sniffles and coughs to laughter and happiness.

*I am from the "Not old enough" and "You're too short" to
the "Grow up!"*

*I am from the brownie mix I would lick off the spoon to the
butter bowl I would stick my hand in and eat*

*I am from the flowing mind of ideas to the letters I am typing
on this paper*

*I am from the wonderful women before I, who made me
possible*

*I am from a world of soaring spirits who hover over me and
guide me through my life*

Krista Ford

Where I'm From
Based on the poem by George Ella Lyon
Amelia Tarrence (2014)

I'm from good books,
From Downy and Winter Candy Apple Lotion.
I am from the green-yet-not-so-green place,
The one that makes people sing that annoying TV theme song.
I am from the walnut tree twigs,
The wilted begonia on the front porch
That looked so pretty in the nursery.

I am from hash brown casserole for Christmas
And sweet potato casserole for Thanksgiving,
From red hair that makes old ladies coo.
From Greg and Jo Ann
And the short ones on one side,
And the tall ones on the other.

I'm from the ones who back into their parking spots
And wash all the dishes in the sink-
Even if there were only five dirty ones.
From "You'll thank me for making you play
The piano one day."
And "I can take off on Cary Grant!
'Judy, Judy, Judy!'"

I am from "Jesus loves me this I know"
And wanting to be the one to pass out the snacks in children's church.
I'm from a town where little-big things happened
And curvy, country roads traveled to see parents' old houses,
From the Barbie stuck in the maple in the front yard,
The cousin's heroic attempt to rescue her with a Nerf ball
That got stuck in the gutter (accidentally),
The last vanilla wafer that was eaten by the beagle.

I am from the Sterilite bins in the top of the crowded closet,
Those bins that look like the ones that hold that now rescued Barbie.
They keep my memories safe,
Holding the reminders that time can never take from me-
The love of my family
And the laughter of my childhood.