

Where I'm From

Group poem written by students and families at Berea Community School, March 31, 2016

I am from Amway,
from hogs and station wagons.
I am from Lexington,
filled with nice people, helpful,
(it sounded pretty crowded).
I am from tiger lilies,
And Anglin Falls (it's fun to climb).
I'm from the very talkative
and playing checkers at Cracker Barrel.
From my Pappap
and Aunt Pete
and Gray.
I'm from PJ's on Christmas Eve
and made-up words.
From "Wash your hands,"
and which Princess I am at bedtime
I'm from black balling,
and Children's Church.
I'm from St. Joe Hospital,
West Virginia and California.
From if I was born 1 day earlier I'd be in 1st grade,
and the time my mom got stung by a bee,
when she was 5 years old.
I am from the warm and beautiful ocean
and from wearing my Grandpa's shoes

Sylvia DeLee Davis
Richmond, Madison County

I Am From

(a take on George Ella Lyon's "Where I'm From")

I am from an Appalachian holler
where on summer nights
fireflies dance to the crickets' chirp
while foxhounds yelp beneath ebony skies.

I am from clean-swept dirt yards
galvanized bath tubs, snow cream,
pawpaws, feedsack dresses,
tobacco hanging in the barn.

I am from the Trail of Tears,
the Irish potato famine—
Kentucky!

WHERE I AM FROM...THIS MOMENT

By Jennifer Rose of Happiness Hills Farm, Berea KY

I am from the house at the end of the road
Where everyone feels at home
... yes, I mean EVERYONE
And, most of the time, they're all there.

You can come in the little side door
Past the closet with 25 dulcimers
8 guitars
4 recorders
2 pennywhistles
And a banjo

Take your shoes off in the foyer because our floor is solid maple
Reclaimed from Seabury Gymnasium,
Where we have all danced

You can join me where I'm from –
There are plenty of chairs for all of us
Because that's what life is all about
Because God made room in His world for Every
Single
Precious
Soul

I'm also from
There-are-too-many-people-here-and-I-need-to-hide-in-the-woods
Or on my mower
Or on a horse
Or behind my sewing machine
Or in my tiny, plain, peaceful bedroom

Thankful there is enough space for everyone to find solitude when they need it

I'm from a talented, handsome husband and two beautiful, capable daughters
Who are my greatest blessings
And my greatest challenges
My partners
And, sometimes, my adversaries

From chaos, to order, to chaos, to order in chaos

From keeping a peaceful center that anchors the lifestorm around me



Where I'm From

I'm from the wrong side of town.

The town with black soot suspended in the air like fly specks on a foggy morning,

The town where wealth abounds but only on the other side.

I'm from the hard work of a good man who was awful bad to drink and the really good woman who made up for him

I'm from the dirt farmers and moonshiners who stayed in the mountains to eke out a living after the Indians left.

I'm from the rundown neighborhood where the hillbillies lived after the war.

I'm from 39th Street where life was shift work and nothing good was supposed to happen.

I'm from Artho and Rebecca and Harry and Stella, from Ed and Arthie.

I'm from hearty stock that refused their destiny.

I'm just a girl – hillbilly through and through – proud, independent, smart, hard-working, diligent and successful – from the wrong side of town.

Carolyn Castle

Born in Boyd County/Lives in Madison County

October 20, 2016

Where We're From: a Collaboration Among Writers, Dancers, and Graphic Designers

Berea College, Fall 2015

These videos were made as a collaboration among students in three Berea College classes in Fall 2015: Advanced Graphic Design, taught by Professor Daniel Feinberg; Choreography, taught by Professor Sarah Downs, and Advanced Creative Writing, taught by Professor Libby Jones. The goal of this collaborative assignment was to explore creativity across several arts, discovering ways the different arts might inform one another.

The creative writing students began the project by crafting individual versions of George Ella Lyon's "Where I'm From." A team of writers selected lines from each writer's poem to create a collaborative poem, "Where We're From." This was used as the common source text for each group's project. Groups were free to add, delete, and/or rearrange lines. All members of each group were invited to participate fully in designing and enacting their projects.

The seven groups each consisted of one to two writers, one to two graphic designers, and one choreographer. The groups were asked to create a visual work that incorporated elements of the common text, graphic art, and movement in some way. The prompt was left intentionally open-ended. Some groups produced videos as their final products, while others incorporated images and spoken poetry into live dance performances.

Video links:

Group One (Garrett Meadows, Michael Hopper, Naphina Hagans, Derrick Wesley):
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gJkONr4z2_w

Group Two (Ryan Rutter, Atiba Bailey, Joshua Park, Jacy Stanford, Shalia Smith):
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PvDsrpAFgYs>

Group Three (Alexandra Chambers, Terrin Vann, Justin Wangler):
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FboQWzgttW0>

Group Four (Kirsten Davis, Felicia Johnson, Hank Pinkerton, Sean Bond):
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZWAPIAQfHvQ>

Group Five (Autumn Lipford, Aaron Glass, Trent Maddox, Rebecca Anderson, Harvey Reid):
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vFTv7fQOmLw>

Group Six (Olivia Welch, David Battoe, Soncera Teboe, Jennifer Adams):
<https://drive.google.com/file/d/0B2bKUMTz7cUQSHVSVXzhSRjdfEfk/view>

Group Seven (Rebecca Spelman, Ahmad Najwa, Noelle Hilpert):
Performance: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WwTWbuwWHfw>
Just video: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HbmvqxMQb3I>

Collaborative Project, Graphic Design/Choreography/Writing classes, Fall 2015

The following text is modeled on Kentucky Poet Laureate George Ella Lyon's poem, "Where I'm From." "Where We're From" includes items from all the writers in ENG 282/382. Movers and designers are invited to add an item or two to the text their group is working with. Groups may add, delete, and/or rearrange lines.

Where We're From

We are from broken doors
From setting suns and hanging trees
We are from back-waters creeks and brilliant city lights
Diaries with locks, letters from college, poems on pages
stuffed into notebooks

We're from a crackling fire
the graffiti under bridges
From loving the idea of loving ourselves

We are from collaboration and synthesis
Downward in the southern depths
We are fearfully and wonderfully made

From southern accents
and sweet ice tea.
We're from blue grass,
from the shut-outs
that made us shut-ins.
From Nana's Oak
and the dinosaur rock,
Nature that kept us company.

We're from the birds that burst at the seams
with melodies.
We are from the raven of poets—
from the clouds that shed their
tears in the form of rain.

We are from mint-green pews,
From crucifixes and stained-glass windows,
From an empty house,
From jumping, shouting, screaming,
standing still.

They told us we could be anything,
Naturally, we took it all on—
We are from language spoken and written,
from the Imagination—

Where I'm From group poem, Richmond Area Arts Council, 1-21-16

Participants: Debbie Kidd, Bobetta Bullins, Tasha Jones, Ruthie Maslin

I am from the sandbox, from Tonka trucks and graders.

I am from the small cul-de-sac,
bright streetlight base for hide-n-seek,
with fresh-cut grass.

I am from playing-card-in-the-bike-wheel-spoke.

I am from the snowball bush and pine trees.

The snow balls were so plentiful and the pine trees were so tall and beautiful,
like they would never end.

From "birds of a feather stick together"
and "a good name is your greatest asset."

I am from shape note singing,
trying to reach the pedals while playing piano in church,
hearing my grandfather's bass voice, as he sang,
and feeling safe as he laughed and encouraged me on my piano bench.

I'm from the flat squares of Indiana cornfields, and Dutch immigrants,

From fried Spam and Diet 7-Up.

From my father hitchhiking along the Tamiami Trail, a young sailor,
and my great-grandmother Wilhelmina's crooked fingers and whispery voice.

Where I'm From

Written by the residents of McCready Manor and St. Andrews Place, February 8, 2016

Contributors: Shirley Spangler, Sandra Ganter, Jean Snyder, Kelly Benton, Martha Wells, Evelyn Pearl Anderson, Ruby Evans, Shirley Gibson, Carol Mills, Bill McKenney, Hannah Gentry, and Eva Shearer

I am from gardens.

I am from chickens,
from eggs and meat.

I am from peas and pies, squabbles and hugs.

I am from the tobacco farm,
from galvanized wash tubs.

I am from the front porch swing,
from lye soap and baking soda,
Vicks' salve and Milk of Magnesia.

I am from tomato soup and homemade biscuits,
from pinto beans and corn on the cob.

I am from the still pool of water,
from the ripples made by the pebble I dropped to watch,
then fade again to silence and peace

I am from the brick house – big and cold, but warm inside,
concrete, cool, filled with family, some sad, some glad,
conflicting, irritating, soft, secretive, abusive.

I am from daffodils and roses, the flatland cornfields.

I am from dirt under the house,
making mud pies and cakes, decorated with tea red roses.

I am from "Fudge" and Joe and Weddle,
from "Do as I say, not as I do."

I am from the game players and passionate arguers,
from "What have you done?" and "You're my favorite!"

I am from Brother George Jacobs,
a penny tied in my hanky to put in the Sunday School collection plate.

I am from big Sunday dinners and neighbors welcome.

Where I'm From

Group poem written February 11, 2016

Madison County Public Library

Contributors: Jeanette Matthews (workshop leader), Gary Parker, David Payne, Athena Gentry, Abbie Harris, Elaine Hunter, Ruthie Maslin

She wouldn't tell first-grader me what airsick bags were for –
my reputation preceded me.

I am from toddler tasting the salty sea in a bathing suit strap.

I am from the salt-air low-tide stink of estuary,
from rivers and creeks, long fields and trees.

I am from lizards and tadpoles and fishing with cane poles,
from fishing more with less to show for it than anyone you know.

I am from mountain laurel, deep-rutted creekbeds, damp, musty moss,
from hay stacks and straws, blue sky with a gentle breeze.

I am from days spent catching and climbing on the old horse in the field –
only to be thrown off,

from sitting bare-back on our old horse on a hot afternoon,
staring at the clouds while he ate fallen apples.

I am from tobacco fields with sticky leaves so high the sky was green,
from Red Man and Marlboro with no Prince Albert in a can.

I am from climbing trees and skinning knees,

from Diet 7-Up and Fritos during Lawrence Welk on Saturday night.

I am from barefoot on hot asphalt.

I am from coal fields and hollers, from coal camps in Harlan.

I am from east, west, north, south, and center, wafted on the winds of war.

I am from "You ain't from here, are you?"

From curio cabinets, denim days, and Depression glass.

I'm from gravy and biscuits and bacon burnt to a crisp.

I am from the rewards of licking the butter paper for being a helpful cookie baker,
from nightmares of aliens pouring out of my little toy oven.

I am from Henry and Hattie, six brothers and four sisters.

Where I'm From

Group poem written at the Madison County Public Library 2/19/16

Participants: Athena Gentry, Alix Burke, Ricki Barker, Jen Caudill, Ruthie Maslin, Lacey Branham; Workshop leader: Savannah Sipple

I am from deviled ham,
from glossy wood paneling and Pyrex mixing bowls.

I am from the quiet riverside,
 (green, it smelled like dead fish).

I am from snowball bushes
and pine tree forts
where we played with dangerous
antique metal Tonka trucks.

I'm from proper grammar and new potato gravy,
from Stanley and Wilhelmina.

I'm from the quick-witted
and the do-as-I-say,
from "Children are to be seen and not heard,"
and "This too shall pass!"

I'm from "you go to hell for lying,"
Popsicle stick crosses
and Bible School cookies.

I'm from Lone Oak and Lion Fork,
Polish kraut and friend Spam.
From my great-grandfather's ghost who visited the grandkids,
and Dad's wedding ring incident.

On top of the mantel was a milk can,
full of deeds and birth certificates,
tobacco seeds. I am nestled there,
next to my great-uncle's Purple Heart
and Grandmother's 1851 gold dollar.

Where I'm From

Group Poem – Liberty Place 2-23-2016

50 participants

I am from cattails, from lilies and porch swings.

I am from the Conservatory -- glass, with a waterfall in it.

It had a cactus room

where I would prick my finger on the spikes.

I am from creek rock, slimy and black.

I am from round noses and stubbornness,

From Charles, Maria, and Clea.

I am from strong women

and crazy, psycho love.

From "look before you leap" and "quit picking on your brother!"

I'm from sneaking out of church

to run to the candy shop,

prayer cards and rosaries,

dinners on the ground

and baptisms in the river.

I'm from Oklahoma City's tall buildings,

from apple butter, homemade banana pudding,

chocolate pie, chocolate gravy, and fried apple pies.

I'm from moonshiners,

my grandmother walking to school barefoot in the snow,

and chicken fights.

In the bottom of the closet, in a box I made,

were photos, insurance papers, and clips of baby hair.

I am from the hollers.

Where I'm From

Group Poem -- Grow Appalachia All-Hands Gathering 2/25/2016

Facilitator: Alix Burke

I am from the rocking chair
from cornbread
and Kool-Aid.
I am from the gravel road
dusty, bumpy
it tasted gritty and skinned my knees.
I am from the pink dogwood,
the chicory,
the bees love it.

I'm from breaking beans
and hard-headedness.
From Pauline and Buzz and Mava.
I'm from busted knuckles
and eating until the whole plate is gone.
From "Don't scuff your shoes"
And
"Don't walk on your heels."
"Tummies in, titties out."
I'm from Go Rest High on the Mountain,
My Rock and My Redeemer.

I'm from Lonesome Mountain and Big Ugly Creek,
Perogies and 'mater sammiches.
From the toe my grandfather lost to the chainsaw,
my brother's cider-pressed hand.

Pictures covering the walls of the hallway,
Out-dated frames,
gold and oval.
I am proud, country,
mud on the knees.
I'll go down fighting.

A ratty farmhouse too close to the road,
a garden
nourished by mothers' losses.

Where I'm From

Group Poem written at Union Church in Berea, KY

February 29, 2016

*Contributors: Jenny Bromley, Carla Gilbert, Rachel Dorroh, and Dorie Hubbard;
facilitated by Ruthie Maslin*

I am from a cobbler's bench,
sewing machine,
and washing machine.
From Oxydol, Sunshine Bread, and Lean Cuisine.
I am from Grandfather's farm,
Flat Rocks,
And my mom's company car
(it seemed like we were always driving).
It was burgundy
With plush velour seats
And a saggy ceiling we weren't supposed to touch.
But we did.

I am from lilac bushes,
little bitty wild strawberries,
and Georgia red clay.

I'm from singing in the car
and putting up the Christmas tree on Christmas Eve
and singing around the piano.
I'm from Dora, Bartlett, and Helen,
From Helen, Helen, Carl, and Carla.
And Gertrude Swingley.

I'm from "Don't make your grandmother cry!"
(in response to my latest fashion trend)
And "Get rid of your frown."
I'm from being baptized at age 14 with my mother and brother,
From no recollection of my father being in church,
And my mother conducting the stewardship campaign
at 93.

I'm from ice cream, lettuce salad at the end of the meal,
hamburgers on Saturday night,
and my father making sandwiches
out of everything.

In my grandma's house
in a closet
were two boxes,
one filled with photos
and the other with uncle's Matchbox cars.
I'm from my mother's cedar chest
and her metal box of photos.

Where I'm From

Group Poem written at Union Church in Berea, KY

February 29, 2016

Contributors: Judy Flavell, Grace McKenzie, Alison Szewczyk, Rita L. Barlow, Kim Kobersmith, and Sayer Kobersmith; facilitated by Brandon Thompson and Jeannette Matthews

I am from electric fences,
from Blue Bell ice cream and Miracle Whip.
I am from the tricky-tree
with tracks up the trunk –
it felt rough and solid.
I am from the rose of Sharon,
the lilac in the side yard
(the fragrance made my mother cry).

I am from the holidays
at grandma's long table
where the men sat down first
and were thrifty and hard-working.
From Williams, Johns, and Georges galore.
I am from the secrets
& the bickering,
From the water is sweet
& there-and-back in one day.

I am from staying on good terms
with the Virgin Mother
and being Mary in the Christmas pageant.

I am from Jenny Ridge,
PB&J & elderberry fritters.
From Aunt Nell,
who got the first divorce in the state of Ohio,
and Great-Aunt Marie,
who ate a whole donut
in one bite.

I'm from negatives in old pipe tobacco cans.

I am from Madison County
in the Appalachian foothills.

Individual Submissions

From a Teen Workshop at the Madison County Public Library in Berea, KY,
on February 19, 2016 – led by David Payne

Where I'm From

I'm from Danville
I'm from a Kellogg's cereal box
I'm from a grandfather who really raised me
I'm from a grandmother who really helped me
- Marlow, Berea KY

Where I'm From

I'm from the thing called reality,
And reality slaughters dreams and imagination.
It causes a feeling that you can't describe.
But when I die I will finally
Be released from it's grip.
- Liz, Berea, KY & parts of Florida

Where I'm From

I am from biking around town
From Dr. Pepper and donuts
I am from a zany loving household of convenient surprises.
I am from the lilly flower, the single stem, rooted at the floor of the pond the
flower floating at the top of the pond on a pad, collecting air around sunlight.
I am from commitment issues and memory loss
From Susie and Ed and Will
I am from daydreaming
And indecision
From "only get what you need, not what you want" and "if papa did it, I can do it"
I'm from Las Cruces, New Mexico,
Ramen noodles and rice
From running to my neighbors house,
And fighting with my brother for a top bunk
From counting to 3 with my brother so we would press play at the same time and
get on the same server.
I am from files of pictures and picture frames on the bookshelf.
- Emily, Las Cruces NM & Berea KY

Where I'm From

I am from internet

And gatorade and nikes

I am from the people all around with no space

Small, cramped

It was loud like sirens

It was like apple blossoms

The robbins

Orange small birds, with brown backs

I am from the cinnamon candy and brown hair.

From Polly and David, and Marie Barret

I'm from the loud and embarrassing and loving and caring.

From work hard and things get better

I'm from Jehovah, doing what's thought of you

I'm from St. Joseph

Cornbread and Milk

From the cactus that poked my sister with a thousand needles.

The foot my uncle broke falling down the stairs.

In my parents closet, a box full of photos with dates.

I am from fun, creative culture, with loved ones surrounding.

- MaKensie, Berea KY

Where I'm From

By David Payne

I'm from 2:38 am on the best month of the year
Forget Steven Daniel

I'm from tobacco fields with sticky leaves
So high the sky was green

I'm from gravel roads and slick banks
And seeking shade under a tree
An army of cousins arrived throughout the week
Our imaginations ran wild

I'm from darting around with my tie-dye t
Laying claim to mountain rock
Fighting enemies from crystal rock
Breaking in new toys or just breaking them

When we kids stayed over my aunt once said
 she could only have 2 big 'ens in a bed
How did we become big 'ens?
Little plastic pools once hold 12 kids
The walk around my aunt's house was more of a journey when I was young
When I graduated from a big wheel to a bicycle
I learned to ride on a sea princess
I flew down hills without training wheels
The bruises were worth it

I'm from pretending I had powers
Cape crusaders flooded my thoughts
How does my mind remember so many comic names?
How many times can one be a power ranger for Halloween?

My great aunt watched me afterschool
My memories of childhood happiness involved her warm hugs

I felt so connected to older people
Maybe that's why I'm a mammaw

I'm from new innovation and a new found laziness
My parents always talked about how they didn't have what we had
Toys Television Sodas Fast-Food Internet
Maybe this is why my eyes are still glued to animation

I'm from running up steps and dropping my sorbet cone just as I reached the top
I still wanted to take a piece of that vacation with me and shells wouldn't do

I'm from fireworks at home with sparks grazing your cheeks
Adults didn't seem as adulty
Four-wheelers and dirt bikes were too dangerous for me
Maybe that's why I flipped one

I'm from doing what you're told
Cleaning your plate
Twenty dollars was like a holiday
It burned holes in my pocket

I'm from one road splitting off in different directions
Some go here and some stay there
Most stay

Where I'm From

Betty Lou Sarafin

I am from blue collar roots in Pennsylvania
and white sheets on clotheslines in backyards.
I am from Ellsworth Elementary,
where we read Dick, Jane, Sally
and see Spot run.

I'm from hot June days eating popsicles
on the front porch; cherry, grape, and orange.
I'm from dress up with old curtains and
clean up in cast iron tub with claws.
I'm from being girly girl with my Barbie,
to tomboyish climbing trees by railroad tracks.

I'm from Sunday mornings at the Polish
National Catholic Church where mass
was delivered in the polish language.
I'm from public schools, distributive ed,
business schools, community college,
and two urban universities.

I am from the old house with too many
children she didn't know what to do.
I am from generations of alcoholism and
as a child witnessing domestic violence .
From marrying at 21 and divorcing at 31.
Amazing, I have survived!

I am from a career in journalism and three
small businesses, Avon twice and animal care.
I am from newspapers, magazines, TV,
PR, advertising, cold calling, lipstick sales and
feeding, petting, walking, giving meds and treats
to dogs, cats, rabbits, chickens and goats.

Today, I am from small town Kentucky,
where folk art is plenty and a college
education can be obtained without debt.
From hiking the Pinnacle, to contra dancing,
to the Union Church, and where lemonade or
cocktails are served on the wrap-around porch
of Boone Tavern. I am from Berea.

Where I'm From

By: Ruthie Maslin

I am from Castille soap and Estee Lauder,
From painting the dresses on Mrs. Butterworth's bottles
in my grandmother's basement,
and roller skating on the driveway.

I'm from the cherry in the bottom of her Manhattan glass,
from Fritos and Diet 7-up for the kids before dinner
(she called it Vespers, and it was always at 4 o'clock).

I am from Hillcrest Ave. and Worthington Hills,
From the Orlando Naval Training Center
And Apple Street.

I am from palm trees and pine trees,
Palmetto plants and tall pecans .

I'm from dressing up to go to church,
hairspray and high heels,
from singing the Doxology and A Mighty Fortress Is Our God.

I'm from Martha Ruth and Ralph, Dorothy and George,
John Jay and Wilhelmina (everyone called her "Minnie.")

I'm from jello salad and orange ambrosia,
Roast beef and canned ham,
Porkchops and fried chicken.

I'm from clean your plate and ask a blessing,
From "I'll have another cup of coffee"
And "Children are to be seen and not heard."

I'm from the house my grandparents bought for \$5,000
When they were first married,
And my grandfather who died at work
the summer before I was born.

I'm from Boilermakers and sailors,
Preachers and car salesmen,
Farmers and teachers.

I'm from the family documents tucked in a bright blue lockbox
my grandmother kept under the bed.

I'm from stoic stock and Dutch determination.

I'm from "Always walk into the room as if everyone was waiting for you to arrive."

Where I'm From

by Kim Kobersmith

I am from a cross stitch pattern,
from Blue Bell ice cream and the space shuttle.
I am from the crawdad holes in the yard,
like hollow towers of mud pies.
I am from the sweet bluebonnet spring
and fireweed after the burn,
both reaching cheerfully to the sky.

I'm from reading and camping trips,
from Idamay and Robert Lee the third.
I'm from thrift and safety,
from both "Follow your heart" and "Choose security."
I'm from a warm hug from Santa Claus turned pastor,
and a petition to ban "The Last Temptation of Christ,"
from Mom who is the last to leave.

I am from Chocolate Bayou and Ocean City,
fresh baked cinnamon rolls and whole grain bread.
From natural child rearing before it was a thing,
homemade dresses matching Mom and sister.

The pictures, the stories, are boxed up and hidden away
of a pastor, a union organizer, immigrants and businessmen
Waiting for me to connect to these roots of my family tree.

Where I'm From

by Rachel Dorroh

I am from water slapping sand
foot-shaped pools, sun on my back
shells in my hand

I am from 4-Square
with popcorns and bus-stops
Girl Scouts in circles, and candles in churches

I am from neon signs for nudey bars
exhaust fumes from too many cars
Cuban cigar shops and Cuban bread sandwiches

Zoloft and Paxil, Cobain and flannel
“Don’t make your grandmother cry”
and “Just be yourself”

My mother balancing a wedding cake
on her bicycle handlebars
My cat licking Weight Watchers cheesecake
from a disposable bowl
My young uncle’s surgery scars
and tiny feet in big shoes
his inflatable seat and eggcrates to sleep on
plastic bags hung from the shower rod
with rubber tubes dangling

His paintings stacked
against the bedroom wall
and hung up at an art show
where I wore my grandma’s coat

I am from a speeding car

and I'm whispering
into the flappy silver buckle
of the burgundy bench seat
while my mother and sister
sit up front, sorting out the Wendy's

I am from lots of places, but mostly those involving beaches, I-75 and/or the METRO rail. Lately, I have become attached to small-town life and the opportunity to grow vegetables and know neighbors here in Berea, Kentucky.

Where I'm From

Elaine Hunter Berea, KY

I'm from Earth Island. Ancient Mother Earth, Timeless Father Sea.
Stardust, sea sands, dusty dust, dirt, mud, snowflakes,
the winds and the waves and the air.
Water droplets that have been who knows where since time immemorial,
held together with usual assortment of biochemicals.

I'm from Big D, my, oh yes, TX; KS, NH, CO, WA, WY, AK (not yet a State),
FL, MD, ON, QC, wafted on the winds of war; some multiple times.
AZ, ES, LK, KY, AT, those I chose. An egg carton's worth of schools,
Friends almost as scarce as hens' teeth.

Amazed tiny tot tasting salty sea in bathing suit strap.
From sea to shining sea and back again by 8 years.
Beach comber collecting gifts from the sea, fisher girl.
Spying in wonder at great sea turtles laying leathery eggs.
Will the denizens of the seas survive inhumane-kind?

I'm from singing alto in chapel—sat with the boys!
The “lazy susan” altar, PAFB Chapel, Protestant, Catholic, Jewish
under one roof, one sky.
A multitude of beliefs, philosophies have since infiltrated.

Transported on trollies, automobiles, trains, buses, ships, tricycles, bicycles,
Row and motor boats, airplanes, ambulances, tuk-tuks.
I'm from airports forgotten or vaguely recalled.
That first flight Mom would not tell this 1st grader what airsick bags were for—
sickly child, reputation for motion barfing.
Later impromptu sky-high temporary countries,
all immigrants at 40,000', -77°F ±.

Dad said “some people likes peach” and

“sit on the floor and let your feet hang over”
and terrifying thing I don’t want to repeat.
He didn’t know children weren’t soldiers.

I’m from “oh, your whole body has been irradiated”
(by ephemera of thermonuclear weapons, repurposed nuclear waste).
From the flute songs of Journey with the Spirit of the Wind.
And “you’re different from everyone by a whole f-ing universe.”
And quaking in my genes knowing the mayhem men manufacture.
And from knowing: that the Creator intends for us to be well is
evidenced by the myriad of healing ways inspired in the heads,
hearts, and hands of His/Her creations.

Where I'm From

Marie Mitchell (Madison County)

I am from here and there, hither and yon, anybody's guess, blip on a map,
USA.

From roaming spirit, late bloomer, dumb mistakes often repeated.
I am from teen parents linked for life, two sisters—friends and foes, baby of
the

bunch.

From sharing a room, dividing the chores, carving a niche, playing a
part.

I'm from curly perms, magnified eyes, crooked teeth, finally straightened.

From homemade clothes, homegrown food, hometown blues.

I'm from putting pen to paper, listing, listening, analyzing, presenting.

From trying hard, doing my best, giving my all to hear Dad say, "I
don't

see anything wrong with it," his highest compliment.

I'm from anticipation and disappointment, wanting more, getting enough,
making

do.

From sitting a spell, staying awhile, dropping by, being neighborly,
porch

swings, lawn chairs, and iced tea unsweetened.

I'm from ice cold root beer in frosted mugs, strawberry fizzies, and ice
cream we hand-cranked ourselves.

From rhubarb pie, chocolate brownies, Hershey bars the size of a
shoebox

every Saturday morning when Homer and Ruby came to town.

I'm from detasseling corn on dewy mornings, waiting tables, stuffing
envelopes,

and other dreary jobs.

From hunting worms after a soaking rain, fielding fly balls once
supper

dishes were done, hiding the red plastic parrot, a family joke.

I'm from the magic of Disney's Wonderful World of Color.

From dumb dogs, coddled cats, livestock grazing in the front yard.
I'm from gravel roads, stick shift cars, close calls.

From sickness and health: ear aches, doctors' visits, surgery, too
sick to savor the treats promised as a bribe.

I'm from the Mitchell sister trio harmonizing off-key at Calvary Baptist on
certain Sundays, Heaven help us!

From brave women, breast cancer survivors, my heroes, forever

joined

as Family.

Where I Come From

Rhonda Edwards

I come from a mother who spread terror
and a father who never knew...

From Sunday School and John 3:16
born and raised near the Motor City
Dickenson County ingrained on my parents' tongues
Appalachia riding the trail of my DNA

I come from Aily and Bruce & Alfred and Tiny
Birchleaf and Dog Branch, outhouses at night
From a mother hiding one baby, giving another away
Ralph Stanley tucked inside our family tree

I am from food canned in old Mason jars
lined-up like soldiers on basement shelves
From soup beans and cornbread and fried potatoes
and turnips cooked with bitter greens

I come from Helen Keller Junior High
and running home to see Dark Shadows
From bell bottoms and love beads and Stop the War
and joints smoked recklessly in bathroom stalls

I am from a hetero marriage I couldn't maintain
raising two kids and growing up with them
I come from love in a chatroom in 1995
and leaving Kentucky for a northeastern Garden

From Mother disowning me, Dad passing away
As I enter data at Princeton
Then moving back home where Coal rules and abides
and praying diversity holds sway in Berea

I come from fear of myself then accepting myself
and defending the Bluegrass, despite its red status
I am from SCOTUS barely making the vote
watching equality rise as prejudice fails

I am from hatred and passion and oceans of guilt
stories wait impatiently inside me to be written...

Where I'm From

Sandra Ganter Richmond, KY

I am from a hand wringer washing machine.
from Camay, the soap of beautiful women and vinegar with the mother.
I am from a wood outhouse.
Splintery, cold,
afraid of falling through the hole.
I am from the still water pool,
Ripples from the lone pebble dropped,
then disappearing into nothingness.

I am from hunters and hand made bullets,
from Sarah and Harry.
I'm from staunch Germans
and guttural sounding words,
from No Back Talk and Respect Your Elders!
I'm from Everything comes from God
remember to be thankful
and help others.

I'm from the Boonies and hard workers,
venison and fried chicken livers.
From the fractured skull and jaw
when the tree fell on Dad's head,
and the anger that lasted forever.

In the cold, damp basement was a rusted metal box
with faded dark pictures of Berlin,
German words and faces with no smiles.
At the bottom of the pile
The Statue of Liberty with a sun-filled and blue sky.

Where I'm From

Evelyn Pearl Carpenter Anderson Richmond, KY

I'm from needle and thread
From Raleigh's Vanilla Extract to Vick's Salve
I'm from the old farmhouse on Maysville Road
weather-boarded over log for warmth
smelling like coal smoke on cold day
I am from pink and white Peonies
fluffy blossoms near the front porch step
snipped to fill quart jars
to take on Decoration Day
I am from candied orange slices on Christmas Day and honesty
from Nola and Orville and Carpenter
I am from hard work and helping others
From "no pink socks this year" and "a fellow can always do better, can't he?"
I am from family reunions in yesteryear's Wallingford family church
from pressed four-leaf clovers in Bible
to Amazing Grace as a thirteen year old
I'm from Fleming County, Kentucky, of English-Welsh descent
Fried potatoes and country ham cured by Daddy
From the Aunt Frances playing tricks on Russ
making all laugh with the cardboard blackberry cobbler crust
Daddy's snake stories in tobacco barn teasing cousins
I am from the dining room built-in cupboard floor to ceiling
about six shelves from bottom to top four feet wide
filled with quilts, patterns,
Montgomery Ward catalog with dreamy make believe
from touching my pretty glass teacups that never served tea
Mom's Botany notebook, boxes of things I never got to

Where I Am From

by Cooper Adkins, age 10 Madison County

I am from a Beretta pistol my dad
will give to me.
I am from the dirt patch in my back yard.
(a dusty, dirty place where I can dig.)
I am from the Bradford pear tree
that was planted when I was born.
From the dandelions that I pick for my mom.

I am from my dad's effort,
From my granddad's checker skills.
I am from Paula Hamilton,
From Jason Adkins.
I am from sledding, Sunday dinners, egg hunts.

I am from the county line, and Rano Court.
From cornbread and Mimi's cookies.
I am from when my dad's police car wrecked,
From when my dad's teacher shoved his whole desk into the hallway.

I am from "Hold your horses!"
From "Macaroni", what I call my sister.
I am from a Sentry safe filled with special things.
From a cigar box which I keep my silver knives.
I am from a family who loves being outside,
Who loves making s'mores, and
who loves going camping.

I am from these memories and more.

Where I'm From

By Dorie Hubbard currently of Berea, KY

I am from the treadle sewing machine,
from the ice box and the outhouse.

I am from lake Michigan,
from crashing waves, endless shores
and gritty, sandy beaches.

I am from the lilac bush
and the rock garden
surrounding the empty fish pond.

I'm from Dora and Helen,
two grandmothers so very different.
I'm from riding on grandpa's tractor,
from baking bread with grandma.
I'm from parents who loved each other,
from music, the violin,
singing in the car, around the piano
and while doing dishes with my brother.
I'm from Sunday afternoon rides in the country,
from corn on the cob, Sunday roast beef
and summer s'mores.

I'm from hide 'n' seek, sand dunes
and towering frozen waves along the shore.
I'm from snow angels,
Playing in the autumn leaves
And Saturday afternoon movies.
I'm from faith, from youth group,
Sunday school and summer camp.

I'm from a centennial farm,
settled by my ancestors,
from Russia and the palace of the czar,
from Germany and Heidelberg Schloss,
long before I was born.

Where I was born: New Troy, MI
Where I grew up: Benton Harbor, MI

Yesterday's Family

By Jean Blevins Harding Berea, KY

I'm from the old house, by the side of the road
Picking wild daisies by the wood fence. I'm from
Stringy hair and shoes that wore out too soon.
From gritted cornbread and water gravy too.
Making kraut in Granny's little blue medicine bottles.
"This way child," as she held my finger and poked
Tiny pieces of cabbage in the bottles. I'm from playing
With baby brother in warm spring rain and making mud pies
That baked in the hot sun. Picking blackberries with a lard bucket
Of blue tin, my own, special bucket to carry drinking water in,
Or, to fill with red ripe tomatoes when the time came.
I'm from hard times and Depression times, too
Looking out the window for Grandpa to hurry from the outhouse,
So we could eat our skimpy breakfast, yes, and enjoy Mommy's
Tiny biscuits smothered with fresh jam. I'm from riding the
Jolt wagon pulled by mules, picking purple violets while
Daddy piled rocks from new ground onto the wagon bed,
The mules snorting, flipping flies off their backs with long, hairy tails.
I'm from going to Sunday school with Mrs. Spencer
To learn the good book and sing "Jesus Loves Me."
Wearing the big green hair bow she bought me, my first,
I was proud as I could be. I'm from walking dusty road barefoot,
To catching tadpoles and carrying them in my dress pocket.
I'm from watching Mommy scrub clothes with lye soap
On a washboard in the creek, boiling them in an iron kettle on the bank.
I stood on a big rock, watching as the hot sun dried the clothes she spread on
bushes and limbs of small trees. Those days I was blessed to be with Mommy.
I'm from yesterdays of long, long ago and memories still lingering.

Where I'm From

By: Felicia Hopkins Harlan, KY

I am from the bushes,
from poke salad
and Crisco.

I am from the Harlan one-way streets and two lights,
Bloody Harlan, ginseng hunting,
It looked like mountains with a lot of bobcats in them.

I am from the daffodil,
the dandelion,
pretty.

I'm from Thanksgiving Dinner
and big noses,
from Johnny
and Shelia
and James.

I'm from the loud
and crazy,
From "You'll sit there till you eat it all,"
And "The boogey man is under the bed."
I'm from "You're going to hell if you don't mind your parents!"
And Jesus pictures on the wall.

I'm from Harlan,
Chitterlings and hash stew.
From the clock my grandma broke over my cousin's head,
the time Denis got his finger about bitten off.

In a trunk at the bottom of the bed were all the family photos.
I am from the sticks and stems.

Where I'm From

By: Kimberley Hay, Buffalo, KY

I am from an old wood stove,
from mountains
and hollers.
I am from the cute little shack,
Very cozy,
It was a true home.
I am from the garden, from fields and creeks,
There were deer everywhere.

I'm from the Andy Griffith Show
and Sanford & Son,
from Debbie Gayle
and Mike
and Neva
I'm from lovely insanity
and popcorn on the Xmas tree.
From "Live life to the fullest,"
And "Always be a survivor."
I'm from a beautiful little white church,
The cemetery where all my family rest.

I'm from Ball Holler,
Beans and cornbread.
From my Granny who was strong, who walked to school barefoot in the snow,
My Granny who is our rock!

I am from the family photos filling boxes and albums.
I am from the country.
You can take the girl out of the country, but never the country out of the girl.

Where I'm From

By: Amy R. Holland Lee County, Kentucky

I am from porch swings,
from banjos and guitars.
I am from the back porch,
 (shady and comfortable, its sounds were of music and laughter.)
I am from walnut trees
and buttercups,
luscious green and golden yellow.

I am from tobacco growing
and from the not so tall,
from Charlie and Isie and Sylvia.
I'm from Lee County with one stop light,
from the humorous
and the loud talkers,
from "Get in this house right now!"
and "mind your P's and Q's."
I'm from dinners on the ground
and baptisms in the creek.

I'm from Richmond, Kentucky and Lee County,
biscuits and gravy.
From my grandfather, crippled up with a limp,
who was kicked by a mule while plowing.

In the bottom of the closet
in the box I made are my memories.
I am from a small town raised on farming lands
where Sundays were gatherings of fun, music,
laughter and bonding.

Where I'm From

By: Amber Brown

Olive Hill, Kentucky

I am from a back porch,
from a swing and a screen door.
I am from the big lane,
(foggy, it looked calm and peaceful.)
I am from the tall cattails
and rocky dirt.

I'm from campgrounds and boats and dry land fishin'.
I'm from short, round noses and big bellies,
from Max, Sam and Zach,
from Papaw Church and Bettie Lou.
I'm from moonshiners, chicken fighters and law breakers,
from "Quit picking on your brother," and "Go play outside."
Southern Baptists and window seats
and feet washing.

I am from Olive Hill and Germany,
fried bologna and fried eggs.
From my brother breaking his arm rolling from a hammock,
from loud and destructive.

On Mom's cedar chest at the end of her bed,
I am pictured there. From the holler,
taught to stand up for me and my family.
I'm from loyalty, respect and love.

Where I'm From

By: Stephanie Mullins Covington, Kentucky

I am from vanilla candles,
from Mom's work shoes, allen wrenches and jacked-up cars.
I am from East Fork Lake, with man-made beaches and waves from big boats,
 (it tasted like mud and looked like the real ocean.)
I am from the little creek and salamanders,
fast and slippery.

I'm from the happy and the curly hair, the WEBN Fireworks,
from Rebecca and Daniel, Bernice and Lois.
I'm from the loud mouths and sarcasm,
from "I hope you dance,"
and "Better be in by the time the street lights come on."
Big hats, church songs, hand fans,
Amens and noodle necklaces.

I'm from Covington, Kentucky and voices that sing me to sleep,
bean soup and cornbread,
banana pudding.
From my grandma who crashed into the curb the first and last time she drove a
car
and the mother who cleaned houses.

In a flowery box Grandma keeps under the end table, I am nestled there,
next to big family dinners, forgiveness, "don't talk back"
and "stop slamming my doors,"
attitudes, tough love
and amazing city views.

Where I'm From

By: Christina Wehry Latonia, Kentucky

I am from the Village Thrift,
from Cincinnati Chili, the Sno Castle and the Pepper Pod.
I am from the inner city,
 (dangerous, yet comforting, it tasted like apple butter.)
I am from rose bushes and pear trees,
always swarming with bees.

I'm from the Andy Griffith Show
and church on Saturday evening,
from Bob, Sis and Cynthia.
I am from the giving
and the strong-willed,
and "Pretty is as pretty does,"
and "All that glitters isn't gold."
Prayer cards,
Saint pendants and rosaries.

I'm from Latonia, Kentucky,
Big Boy's and Skyline Chili Cheese Coney.
From expired barbecue sauce that made the meat purple
and slamming of the "dammit doll."

Loud mouths and closed ears
are captured in time on my grandmother's dresser
covered in picture frames.

Where I'm From

By: Tonya Rush London, Kentucky

I am from fishing poles in Daddy's hands,
from Tide and Avon.

I am from the back roads of London,
the fast-paced, slow life,
(it felt like busy days and lazy, summer nights.)

I am from willow trees and honey suckle,
soft and sweet.

I am from bonfires, short legs and big mouths,
from Lorene, Junior and Grandpa George.
I am from the know-it-alls who didn't know anything,
and the "Hurry up and waits,"
from "Don't make that face or it will stick forever,"
and "If you don't have anything nice to say, say nothing."
I am from "God is always watching you,"
and "Be grateful for what you've got."

I am from London, Kentucky,
poke salad and fried cornbread.
From wearing the same shoes for five years,
and the crazy aunt who smells like mothballs.

In the family bible
where important pictures are kept, I reside,
from the quiet town of London,
where everyone is different.

Where I'm From

By: Nicole Mattingly Owensboro, Kentucky

I am from chicken coops,
from duct tape and gravel roads.
I am from the lake at Windy Hollow on a summer weekend,
 (blistering hot, but cool in the slimy water,
 it smelled like mud and fresh cut grass.)
I am from cornfield mazes and honeysuckle,
bright yellow and tasting so sweet.

I am from the Sunday breakfast
and running around barefoot,
from Clarence, Daisy and the Kellys.
I'm from the short-tempered
and those who eat corn straight off the stalk
and "God made dirt and dirt don't hurt,"
and "Don't let the bedbugs bite."
Church on Easter morning
and vacation bible school.

I am from Owensboro, Kentucky,
burgoo and BBQ pork.
From the cream puffs Aunt Barbara makes on Christmas
and the strong smell of coffee telling me someone is awake.

In giant photo albums are memories of barbecue festivals,
Moreland Park and always taking the back road.

Where I'm From

By: Brenttney Sallee Lexington, Kentucky

I am from Harley motorcycles,
from fishing and four-wheeling.
I am from the beautiful city,
 (lovely, it sounded loud.)
I am from grass and dirt.

I am from sitting around after Christmas dinner
to look at old photos,
from Phil and Delenne and Aunley.
I am from brown eyes
and brown hair,
and "Be tough,"
and "Clean the dishes."
I don't go to church, but I believe in God.

I'm from Lexington,
from bourbon balls and sugar pecans.
From Daddy being in the army,
and living all over the world
and Momma being tough.

In an old trunk are all the family photos.
I'm from the city,
loud noises, bright lights, big buildings.
I am from the rich to poverty.

Where I'm From

By: Amanda W. Stamping Ground, Kentucky

I am from the long gravel road,
from sun up till sun down
and chasing mamaw's chickens.
I am from laughter in the brisk back yard,
 (free and cool, it felt like I was loved.)
I am from the backyard treehouse,
the tall willow tree
dancing in the wind.

I am from the passed down struggle
and I am free at last.
From Ethan and Emma and Eston.
I'm from running away
and chasing my dreams,
From you can be whatever you set your mind to
and Be a good sister.
I'm from riding the church bus all alone
but He was with me.

I'm from Stamping Ground,
Green tomatoes and spaghetti.
From playing in the shallow creeks,
the tree alligators.

I am from our family pictures stored under the table.
I am from never giving up,
even in a small dream.

Where I'm From

By: Rebecca Turner Pineville, KY (Bell County)

I am from the mountains,
from Pine-sol
and baking soda.

I am from the countryside,
(Beautiful and safe),

From raindrops on the tin roof top.

I am from four-leaf clovers, dandelions, and the swing-set.

I'm from brown eyes
and the very humorous,
from Turners and Geneva and Lenuel.

I'm from the well-known
and well-respected,
from Go ask your daddy
and Go ask your mother.

I'm from Sunday School
And Sunday dinners.

I'm from Pineville, KY – Bell County,
From fried chicken and soup beans.
From my daddy was in the Korean War
and how my parents met.

I'm from family photos stored in my mom's old hope chest
at the foot of her bed.

I am from Home is where the heart is.

Where I'm From

By: Jessica Walls Danville and McKinney, KY

I am from four-wheelers,
from tractors
and fishing poles.
I am from the tobacco fields,
hollers,
and creeks.
I am from buttercups and hay,
Porch swings and screen doors.

I'm from family reunions
and hard workers,
from Naylor's, Browns, and Coontz's.
I'm from religious women
that are full of faith,
and hard-working men
that provide for their family.
From Do unto others as you want them to do unto you
And Not to start nothing, but don't take nothing.
I'm from Pentecostal religion
And church every Sunday,
From prayer cloths,
Anointing oil,
And baptism in the river.

I'm from McKinney,
From soup beans and fried cornbread,
From the smell of bacon frying on a Saturday morning
And Sunday dinners after church.

I'm from family memories hung on every wall.
I am from God-fearing women, Cherokee Indians, and big families.

Where I'm From

The following poems were written by third and fourth-graders at St. Mark's Catholic School in Richmond:

Michelle:

I'm from tortolines, tortillas, spaghetti rojo, pances, y pan dulces.
I'm from a bobbo, puchi, I will love you to the moon and back,
You are the best thing that ever happened to me,
and Do what you have to do.
I'm from roses, lily, marigolds, poinsettia, and lavender.
I'm from North Carolina and Mexico.
I'm from Mommy, Daddy, Arturo, Tia Ana, Tio Aldo, Andy, Tia Diana, Grandma,
and Grandpa.
I'm from funny, fun, smart, artistic, athletic, and loving.
I'm from my brother's baptism in Caltilla, Mexico.
I'm from the stories about my parents growing up.
I'm from pictures in an album.

Natasha:

I'm from costra, chicken, and coffee.
I'm from "I love you to the moon and back."
I'm from fruits, big and small.
I'm from the pond, farm, and Costa Rica.
I'm from Dyer, Vance, and Grams.
I'm from hunting, love, jokers, giggles.
I'm from church parties and Baptist fun.
I'm from my birth to my tia.
I'm from our safe and papo's chest.

Michiko:

I'm from antelope, dumplings, vanilla, sugar cookies, chicken noodle soup, banana bread, frozen yogurt, apple and pumpkin pies.

I'm from keep practicing.

I'm from roses, tulips, and cactuses.

I'm from Hawaii, Michigan, France, Benin, Cote d'Ivoire.

I'm from May Ezin, To To Vallhaun, Anya Victoria Orlehand, Nathan, Romauld David, To To France, Ta Ta Emelie, To To Marjorie, Beme, Bepe, Papa Fellicion, Grandma, and more.

I'm from jokes, fun, and smart.

I'm from prayer cards, rosary, church, praying, Catholic, and Catholic school.

I'm from safari trip and To To Frances.

I'm from my desk, boxes, albums, books.

Jack:

I'm from funny, artistic, smart, loud, and dog loving.

I'm from not wanting to go to church but family wanting me to.

I'm from my mom having to go to the hospital 4 times due to false labor and my Grandpa breaking his finger.

I'm from under the chair, on the shelf, and in boxes.

I'm from corn dogs and mushroom pizza.

I'm from I love you to Pluto and back, wake up!, and turn that thing off.

I'm from the big ol' tree in the backyard.

I'm from home, Cracker Barrel, and school.

I'm from Becky, Anna, Tom, Etherington, and Patti.

Mal:

I'm from the cheesecake on the platter. The cake up the ladder.

I'm from No! Mal!

I'm from the Ohio River, the old creek.

I'm from Camians House, Chicago, Illinois.

I'm from Hale, Grover, Miller.

I'm from good IQs, nice, artistic.

I'm from AME, Baptist, Catholic.

I'm from 3 boxes for Logan, Kaleb, and Me.

Luke:

I'm from my mom and dad all the time mad at them.

I'm from my Grandpa Back Hill and the person always looking for Hope.

I'm from my mom broke her leg.

I'm from the walk-in closet where my family keeps my family memories and from my Great Grandma.

I'm from the food what never gets cooked
or from the milk from 15 years ago.

I'm from never stop being yourself.

I'm from my backyard that always has plants.

I'm from my room

My mom was always looking for me in my room.

Lily M.:

I'm from Buckeyes, chocolate drop cookies, and steak.

I'm from clean your room and I love you.

I'm from sand, books, and saltwater.

I'm from the beach and by the creek.

I'm from my mom, dad, and my brother.

I'm from jokers and smart alecks.

I'm from Church and Catholics.

I'm from ghost stories.

I'm from the box in my closet.

Blue:

I'm from pineapple upside down cake.

I'm from brush your teeth.

I'm from flowers and roses.

I'm from Georgia Basketball.

I'm from Nevada, Nancy, Big Blue, Billy, Auntie Zraha.

I'm from food allergies

Scared.

I'm from prayer and Saturday mass.

I'm from my mom told me I was so cute.

Jacob Patrick Vaughn:

I'm from crawfish, shrimp, gumbo, chicken, fried chicken, and Popeyes.
I'm from clean your room,
And you have to clean your playhouse before you play with your friends.
I'm from pictures, shows, toys.
I'm from Louisiana – New Orleans.
I'm from Vaughn and Pam.
I'm from We like to joke around.
I'm from Catholic school, praying together, Mass.
I'm from pictures on display in the living room.

Mason:

I'm from taxes, math, and friendly.
I'm from church, prayers, rosaries, singing, Catholic, and Christmas.
I'm from my cousin is the first freed slave in Richmond, Kentucky,
Grandpa's back surgery three times,
And my uncle having brain surgery.

I'm from a wooden box and computer in the attic.
I'm from pizza, pasta salad, tomato soup, carrots, spaghetti, and hotdogs.
I'm from brush your teeth, clean your room, bubby, May May go to bed,
and wake up.
I'm from Dogwood trees, cactus plants, and bug killing plants.
I'm from Kansas, California, Walmart, Meijer, and Kroger.
I'm from Sandy, Jim, Ciji, Doug, John, Zian, Natalleya, Abby, Taylor, Tarren,
Donnie, David, Vickee, Holly, and Jackie.

Abigail:

I'm from crazy, loving, funny, and caring.

I'm from the Holy hospital.

I'm from Papa's cut thumb, and my mom was born one day before me.

I'm from the Closet of Doom.

I'm from shrimp, fish, and macaroni and cheese.

I'm from I love you to the moon and back.

I'm from roses and tulips.

I'm from Africa, and Doggie Livin'.

I'm from Sparky, and Spider the dog.

Logan:

I'm from a busy family in sports.

I'm from going to Mass, and pray.

I'm from "Logan did you toot? Nope, I pooped."

I'm from pictures on the shelf.

I'm from spaghetti and a side of fries.

I'm from go outside, and clean your nerf guns.

I'm from dirt and flowers.

I'm from the barn, Frip House on the island, and the shed.

I'm from Sallie, Terrell, and Cecilia.

Josiah:

I'm from arguers, jokers, and runners.

I'm from eating at churches in Louisville, and going to Mass.

I'm from being born three days after July 4th, so my birthday is 7-7-7.

I'm from the closets.

I'm from hot sauce, and hamburgers.

I'm from cute boy.

I'm from roses and other flowers, dirt, grass, aloe plants, and cacti.

I'm from big churches with food, funerals, and Meijer.

I'm from Bob, David, Steven, Joe, Tot, Kristen, and Josh.

Savannah:

I'm from you can only play your tablet till 7:00 pm.

I'm from my mom teaching kindergarten at my church.

I'm from you screamed so hard you almost busted the doctor's glass on the windows.

I'm from boxes and books.

I'm from taco salad.

I'm from keep trying and you will get better,

Grab a jacket,

And run 100 times around the house.

I'm from trees, orchids, and cacti flowers.

I'm from my grandma's house, Car Car, and G.G.'s house.

I'm from Steven, Garland, Buddy, Mary, Peril, Clay, Sneakers, Sierra, and Sox.

Chealsea:

I'm from silly, and nice.

I'm from First Baptist Church,

St. Mark Catholic Church,

Pray, and take care of your body.

I'm from my dad said when he was little I used to get so many spankings because of not cleaning my room and disobeying.

I'm from the garage and the cabinet.

I'm from homemade cake, spinach, wings, mac-n-cheese, and pizza.

I'm from practice makes perfect!

Princess, do your homework before anything,
and wake up!

I'm from Florida, pool, piñata, palm trees, and beaches.

I'm from school church, store, house, and AFRICA.

I'm from Gachagua, Anthony, Margaret, Maggie, Grandma, Grandpa, Addyson, Lexi, Chris, Conner, and my uncle.

Aayden:

I'm from protecting, and singing.

I'm from church, Catholic, prayer cards, Rosary, St. Agnes, and pray.

I'm from the two toenails on my grandfather
that were lost in a lawnmower accident.

I'm from my basement, on the phones, and in the Bible room.

I'm from spaghetti and hotdogs.

I'm from brush your teeth!

Good morning baby girl,

Double A., and Mayme.

I'm from Dogwood trees, cactus, and Willow trees.

I'm from Walmart, and my old home.

I'm from Dawn, Scott, Jimmy, Brenda, Donnie, Meow Meow, Trisa, Picasso, Taylor, and Ollie, Socks, and Judy.

J.T.:

I'm from caring, crazy, and nice.

I'm from started going to church when I moved here, St. Mark.

I'm from eating dog food, and I was born one day late.

I'm from the basement.

I'm from pizza, mac and cheese, and brownies.

I'm from JBird clean up your room and do your homework.

I'm from palm trees, flowers, and dog food.

I'm from church, store, and Michigan.

I'm from Tom Marty, Jim, Hazel, Becky, and Jim Jr.

Alex:

I'm from jokes.

I'm from Church, and Christmas.

I'm from La Loraroa.

I'm from two boxes and cages.

I'm from spaghetti, pizza, tacos, chicken, and hotdogs.

I'm from brush your teeth, go to school, and run to the concrete.

I'm from dandelions, roses, and plants.

I'm from Mexico, California, San Francisco, and Meijer.

I'm from Valeria, Willie, Isaac, Angel, Paul, Raul, and Marga.

Jack:

I'm from jokers, cuddlers, and beauty.

I'm from the replica of the cross that Pope Francis wears.

I'm from my mom leaving me at school.

I'm from the kitchen.

I'm from steak, candy, greens, fries, and pizza.

I'm from you didn't hustle, hurry up, butterball, and Bobo.

I'm from climbing.

I'm from going to the beach, and my grandparents' house.

I'm from Ann, Jeff, Lily, Papl, Jack, and Jake.

Abby:

I'm from hurry up, suck it up, and yelling.

I'm from going to church on Sunday, prayer cards, singing,

Christmas Mass, Easter Mass,

Prayers, rosaries.

I'm from when my uncle went up a tree.

I'm from in the attic, computer, and basement.

I'm from mac and cheese, protein mix, pork, deer, spaghetti, cookies, fries, chicken, and beans.

I'm from you're spoiled rotten, go outside and have fun,

get dressed, be a kid,

get up, listen, and be nice.

I'm from roses, magnolia trees, peach trees, and willow trees.

I'm from Kentucky.

I'm from Erin, Shawn, Connor, Kara, Abby, Lexi, Lucy, Sheba, and Nutmeg.

Khang:

I'm from so silly.

I'm from Buddhist.

I'm from stories of when I was 6 and 7 years old
and I was talking a lot.

I'm from my passport.

I'm from spicy noodles when my dad cooks for me.

I'm from my family calls me Spongebob.

I'm from rose flowers.

I'm from my family going to South Carolina.

Clare:

I'm from goofy, happy, and kind.

I'm from sitting up in the front pew in Mass.

I'm from I dropped a bottle of soda on the floor,
then opened it without thinking.

I'm from in my dresser.

I'm from kielbasa, and tasty nut rolls at Grandma's house.

I'm from get out of bed in five minutes.

I'm from tomato plants, and maple and oak trees.

I'm from I-Hop, Granma's house, and church.

I'm from mom, dad, Biscuit, Peanut, Nittany, Spot, and Uncle Pikajoe.

Annabelle:

I'm from silly, funny, crazy, loving, and game night.

I'm from church every Sunday, devotional, and the rosary.

I'm from dad took me hunting and he tickled me and I laughed
and scared the deer away.

I'm from under the bed.

I'm from meatloaf, venison, salmon, and spaghetti.

I'm from I love you to the moon and back,
and you are my sunshine, my only sunshine.

I'm from daisies, tulips, and roses.

I'm from the wildlife center, church, Kentucky, beach,
and the pool with the neighbors.

I'm from Pappy, Nana, Gramcracker, Willy, Waylon, mom, dad, Shermen,
Peabody, Reba, and Fins.