

1 **Old Time Mountain Music**

2 **A Poetry and Prose Anthology**

3 **As Compiled by**
4 **Old Mountain Press**



Old Mountain Press

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About the Cover

2 THE SCULPTURE, “Old Time Music” by Stefan Bonitz, 2008 sits just off
3 the main street in Waynesville, NC. Below is the text on the plaque that
4 stands in front of larger than life creation:

5 “Old Time Music” is the inaugural installation by the Waynesville
6 Public Art Commission.

7 The Waynesville Public Art Commission was appointed by the
8 Town of Waynesville to develop a public art plan. Choosing themes
9 that are unique to Waynesville, the Commission Will bring art to public
10 sites, resulting in the art trail for residents and visitors to enjoy.

11 Using recycled materials, the artist celebrates Waynesville’s his-
12 tory of street performers and music festivals. The earliest known musi-
13 cal event in Waynesville, was a gathering of 120 singers in front of the
14 Haywood County Courthouse in 1812. Today we celebrate old time
15 music at our street dances, festivals and at the annual Smoky Mountain
16 Folk Festival which began in Waynesville in 1972.

17 These representations of the mountain musicians are fabricated
18 from materials previously used as industrial equipment. The wash-tub
19 base is the drive collar from a concrete truck, the stool legs are augers,
20 and the bodies are composed of various propane and industrial tanks.
21 All pieces are mild steel, no less than one-quarter of an inch stick. Over
22 time, a rusty patina will cover the pieces, furthering the rustic effect,
23 but never completely oxidizing.

24 Funding was provided by the area businesses, community and arts
25 supports, and an award from the Haywood County Tourism Develop-
26 ment Authority. To make a donation for future projects please contact
27 Downtown Waynesville Association at 828-456-3517.

Poetry and Prose



1 *Climb the mountains and get their good tidings:*
2 *Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine into*
3 *flowers, the winds will blow their freshness into you,*
4 *and the storms, their energy and cares will drop off*
5 *like autumn leaves.*

6

- John Muir

1 **Summer in the Smokies**

2 *Tom Davis*

3 Thunder

4 Rumbles

5 Like an old man's hungry stomach

6 Through the green capped Smokies

7 Soon

8 Rain will come

9 To cool a Summer's lazy afternoon

1 **Hiking Mt. San Jacinto**

2 *David Treadway Manning*

3 Winding the switchback trail up San Jacinto
4 around boulders and wind-bent pines. Hemet,

5 San Diego, early fog almost a lifetime below.
6 The path rises through manzanita, chinquapin

7 and scrub oak, gravel softening to sand.
8 I pass the turn-off to a spring, Wellman's Cienega.

9 Hundreds of feet below, Long Valley stretches,
10 its dark forests broken by a half-sunlit meadow,

11 the flashback of a dream. Dark is coming.
12 What would be lost by stopping here?

13 What promises would anyone remember?
14 Three of these boulders would stop the night wind,

15 and this late-day breath is icy and refreshing,
16 the sand soft as a nest.

17 *From Appalachia, Winter/Spring 2007*

1 **Cades Cove**

2 *Jim Clark*

3 *for Larry Blythe*

4 The eyes set sail on a windy cloud.

5 The body lies limp

6 in the soil's scarred hands.

7 High overhead

8 the eyes drag their nets over the terrain

9 seining in a vision of the body

10 moored in a sea of grass

11 like an abandoned ship

12 whose planks have taken root.

13 Below the body rocks gently

14 quivering with the deep

15 pulse of roots.

16 A dark stain leaches into the soil

17 as the body, buoyed by a new lightness,

18 stretches into the sky.

19 The eyes, grown bright

20 and keen as hawks,

21 spiral downward

22 and light on the body

23 that streams with grace,

24 swaying in the wind.

1 **Mountain Woman**

2 *Vicki Collins*

3 She greets the dawn in her red union
4 suit, lays a fire and lets the Lab in
5 to warm his backside near the woodstove.
6 She reads from Leviticus, waits for the kettle
7 to sing its morning song, then savors ginger
8 root tea from her favorite earthenware
9 mug. Tugging on muck boots, she steps
10 onto the porch to welcome cold mountain
11 air deep into her lungs. She carries carrots
12 and quartered apples folded in her apron
13 to the horses, reluctant to leave the
14 warmth of hay-strewn beds. On her way
15 back from the barn, she notices her cabin,
16 covered with snow from last night's storm,
17 is a frosted birthday cake with silver smoke
18 rising from a single blown-out candle.
19 Chafed hands lift a banjo from its hook
20 on the wall and pluck chords slowly;
21 her tinny voice praises God for solitude
22 she enjoys, most days. Later, she places a
23 thimble over her finger and draws to her lap
24 green and gold quilting squares that wait
25 on the rocking chair. The rising afternoon
26 temperature beckons her outside to roam
27 the woods with a handcrafted walking stick.
28 Though exploring takes her down new paths,
29 she returns to a soil rich with the remains
30 of kinfolk who rest under Appalachian
31 hillsides flush with phlox and bloodroot.

1 **1848-1931**

2 *Celia Miles*

3 The little graveyard lies
4 up a winding mountain road
5 across from the larger one.
6 Now unmanicured and unmowed
7 it stays quiet and deserted
8 forsaken except for bleached plastic daisies,
9 plastic roses in rusty coffee cans placed there
10 by kind and unknown hands on some Decoration Day.

11 It holds the marker of one mother,
12 Minnie Ester Arledge, long lived
13 at ninety-three and long dead
14 these eighty years thereafter.
15 Claimed now by tall pine trees above,
16 their roots embrace her as once
17 before the Civil War some husband had.

18 Separated by long time and progress
19 too close to gravel roads and mobile homes
20 she rests without her kin.
21 A few plain stones, just rocks are scattered
22 under the branches, her name and Mother
23 roughly etched, barely visible.
24 By whose hand? Her children? His?
25 We who by accident pass this way know only
26 that once upon a time, that time, ever before us
27 there was a Minnie Ester Arledge.

1 **Gone**

2 *Jerome Norris*

3 I still recall a day, so long ago
4 that month and year are lost forevermore.
5 A boy I was – eleven years or so,
6 and, with my friends, I'd set out to explore
7 the wilderness so near our little town
8 that just an hour's walk could take us where
9 no sign of any human could be found
10 among the boulders, in the mountains there.

11 Sangre de Cristo Range, near Santa Fe.
12 A lonely, lovely place: Unspoiled. Sublime.
13 How frequently the thought of that one day
14 returns, through nearly sixty years of time!

15
16 You can't go home again. It seems unfair.
17 But – you're no boy. And home's no longer
18 there.

Mountain Music

Joseph J. Youngblood

- 1
2
- 3 Songs of the mountains, mist in the hills;
4 Quiet of the morning, Mockingbird trills;
5 Hawks soar above mountains as old as time;
6 God making music he shares with mankind.
- 7 Songs of the mountains, hammer on steel;
8 Laying twin rails that wind through hills;
9 Walking with nature, hearing the sounds;
10 Hearts have been broken or love that abounds.
- 11 Songs of the mountains, banjo, guitar;
12 Mandolin and fiddle, heard from afar;
13 Fingers skip nimbly on taunt dobro strings;
14 Families knit tightly by songs that we sing.
- 15 Songs of the mountains, come from our past;
16 The taste of whiskey, the burning of grass;
17 Chairs on the front porch, Fireflies at night;
18 Old friends and new, memories that last.
- 19 Songs of the mountains, passed to us in time;
20 Brings joy to our hearts, peace to our minds;
21 Songs about the old folks with God above;
22 Songs from our heart, sung with our love.

1 **Fiddler On The Ocoee**

2 *Michael Hugh Lythgoe*

3 (after “Ocoee” by Art Rosenbaum)

4 A Georgia painter is also a folk singer,
5 a collector of folk music, folk songs,
6 a scholar of banjo sounds. He works large
7 murals, liner notes, and paints
8 cover scenes of East Tennessee.

9 I walk the newly hung gallery.
10 The Ocoee River rapids are flush
11 with white water dam-released.
12 I am wet with the fiddler’s

13 celebration. A splashing artist—
14 a bluegrass singer’s stories flood
15 the Tennessee Valley with white
16 water. Appalachians ride rafts

17 down North Carolina mountain spine.
18 Imagine running Georgia’s rivers. Georgia
19 folk art—told in oils—echo Marc Chagall’s
20 folk tales, musical, packed with lives

21 dancing, enflamed; bluegrass burns.
22 Below the fault line, below the Savannah
23 River’s rapids is Augusta’s Westobou
24 Arts Festival. A river fiddler saws a furious
25 bluegrass, ignites Appalachian conflagration.

1 **A Tale of a Tune**

2 *Jerry Judge*

3 {for Freddy of Marion, N.C.}

4 Everything's a note for his song mill.

5 Nobody's safe from his verse.

6 Friends tell him a story on themselves

7 and then go, "Uh-Oh!"

8 Even beloved Little Bo Beep

9 and Barbie have had their hidden selves

10 brought out into the open and sung about

11 from a brand new angle.

12 Politicians are skewered and barbecued.

13 One certain former President and Vice President

14 are strummed and laughed about over a guitar

15 and voice that perhaps forgives too much.

16 The roots of music are planted deep

17 around the mountains. Each morning one buds –

18 the songwriter nurtures the new arrival,

19 nudges it to life with his pen and a tune.

1 **Wildflower by the Frozen Stream**

2 *KD Kennedy, Jr.*

3

4 Wildflower, wildflower say are you really here?

5 For you this surely has to be a deadly time of year.

6 Your blossoms and stems, a winter design flaw,

7 are seldom by this frozen stream 'til aft the mountain thaw.

8

9 I see the glacier snow rough-fingering your hair.

10 I know the freezing rain's a coarse garment to wear.

11 I'm worried that this season you've blossomed far too soon.

12 You would be smiling wider in the tulip-time of June.

13

14 "I don't know why I've opened up two months before my peer.

15 I think it due my hill-bred seed of many yesteryear.

16 I only know I'm strengthened by chilling, rushing rains.

17 And February snow drifts bring vigor to my veins."

18

19 A troubled mother chickadee, chirping her music she,

20 will draw her fight not from her girth, but her tenacity.

21 Wildflower, wildflower, do you of scanty form,

22 have the constitution to last through every storm?

1 **Strong in the Music**

2 *Lynn Veach Sadler*

3 My folks came in on the Great Wagon Road
4 and, when the land played out,
5 moved on up into these mountains.
6 My granddaddy on my mama's side
7 was born in a line of Old Time Musicians.
8 He told me—"You don't have the right
9 to play unless you are strong in the music.
10 Sometimes you'll have to put it by.
11 But there'll come days when you,
12 like a practiced wood chopper,
13 will be strong in yourself for yourself
14 but mostly for the music. Play then.
15 You owe the music that much."
16 He didn't play twelve whole years
17 while his five sons and four daughters
18 were in their best growing-up stages.
19 "I had to be strong in my family
20 them years, Little Girl."
21 He left me his banjo, but I didn't see
22 how I could ever lay by music.
23 It was the most precious thing
24 that had been in my life
25 for any length of time.
26 I had to learn that
27 even a well-played banjo
28 can sound thin and naked
29 trying to go it alone.

1 **Wind Talk**

2 *Ann Fogelman*

- 3 listen to messages of a mountain wind
4 soft taps against windows
5 whistles around corners of home
6 rustles branches
7 leaves scoot across lawns
8 flutter into piles
9 pick up speed
10 whirl through air
11 shutters bang back and forth
12 kites soar high
13 wind roars like a lion
14 across ground
15 damages fences
16 uproots trees
17 throws berries, pecans, clumps of grass
18 like pellets or missiles
- 19 mild summer wind
20 blows my favorite message
21 touches face
22 caresses arms, ankles
23 coos invitation
24 come outside
25 play with me
26 breathe deeply
27 enjoy fresh air
28 relax

1 **Nearly A Year**

2 *Kerri Mai Habben*

3 Nearly a year,
4 since you've been gone.

5 I've come to wonder
6 why I never knew before
7 that your voice was as a clear brook
8 easing over stones and around boulders alike.
9 That you moved as the tallest and highest trees,
10 swaying to the secret songs of the wind.
11 Yet you were rooted in the mountain earth
12 you were born to and raised up in.

13 No matter that much of your life
14 was lived in the bustle and scurry of a city.
15 The mountains traveled east within you.
16 Their breezes shimmered upon your smiles,
17 their being held their shape through the fog,
18 their bulk sheltered a heart that
19 loved and was loved
20 through all the seasons it was given.
21 The heart of a mountain that is still loved after

22 nearly a year,
23 since you've been gone.

1 **Sunday Mornings**

2 *Katherine Russell Barnes*

3 On Sunday mornings she sits on the porch
4 of her shabby wooden shack,
5 facing the early sun. No longer willing
6 to risk the rocky hills leading to
7 the only church, she finds a way to worship.

8 The twang of her Scottish brogue echoes:
9 “On Christ the solid rock I stand.
10 All other ground is sinking sand.”

11 Towhees cheep their one word, “sweet”
12 and scratch around the plank steps
13 in search of berries and dried seeds,
14 while flickers and finches flit
15 from branch to branch and trill their praise
16 to the new day.

17 The old woman makes her offering.
18 Not to God in coin, but in bits of cornbread
19 saved from her daily meals and scattered
20 for the little winged creatures
21 she has come to love.

22 Then she ends her worship with a prayer
23 of gratitude for the sun,
24 the mountains and plains of the earth
25 and the music of birds.

- 1 **Seven Ways to Hear a Banjo**
- 2 *Arnie Johanson*

- 3 Seven Ways to Hear a Banjo

- 4 *G*: With guitar blazing,
- 5 dueling with a weird kid in a tree.
- 6 Delivered up to evil.

- 7 *A*: In a woodshed, alone
- 8 with logs and Scruggs instruction book.
- 9 Alternating thumb roll,
- 10 a thousand reps.

- 11 *B*: A black cat sleeps
- 12 in red velour lined case.
- 13 Whiskers twitch in 4/4 time,
- 14 tail waves on downbeats.

- 15 *C*: Up to Cripple Creek
- 16 the *Foggy Mountain Breakdown*
- 17 energizes as you roll
- 18 in your sweet baby's arms.

- 19 *D*: Down in the valley
- 20 with guitars, mandolins, washtub bass
- 21 and beer to lubricate the sound.

- 22 *E*: Even in a minor key
- 23 rolls and licks of plinks and plunks
- 24 can't sustain sadness.
- 25 Happy music's all you get.

- 26 *F*: Blended with a fiddle,
- 27 *Whiskey Before Breakfast, Bonaparte's Retreat.*
- 28 Inscrutable Appalachian
- 29 Yin and Yang.

1 **Mountain Melodies...**

2 *Patsy Kennedy Lain*

3 magnify nature

4 sounds across foothills,

5 rumbles echo.

6 Winds whistle a tune,

7 howl gusting groans,

8 swoosh-sway notes

9 that capture cliff rocks,

10 move trees where birds perch,

11 chatter and croon.

12 Streams crackle, create

13 a trickle of song, spurt

14 across pebbles,

15 spray over boulders

16 creating a roaring

17 waterfall musical.

1 **Morning**
2 *Sonja Contois*

3 The world woke up backward for Julia; her deck chair
4 faced west. Blanket-wrapped in the cool grayness of
5 morning, she sipped hot creamy coffee and listened to the
6 deep, hollow, intermittent hoots of an owl, like an
7 orchestra's first tuning notes.

8 The sky lightened to the mournful coo of a dove. The
9 sun crawled down the mountain, sliced through
10 evergreens, coaxed limp alders to life, and came to rest in
11 the buttercup-filled paddock. At each stretch of the sun, a
12 different voice awakened: a barn swallow's *kvit-kvit-vit-*
13 *vit*, the *fee-bee, fee-bay* of a chickadee, the gurgling
14 *chur-wi* of a blue bird, a warblers' *ticka ticka, swit-*
15 *swit, chew chew chew*.

16 By the time the horses had plodded their way
17 through the buttercups to more succulent greens, the bird
18 feeders had filled with spring's new clutch of gold finches
19 and wrens. The old oak's low, creaking boughs swayed
20 with on-looking birds as they waited for an open perch;
21 others scoured the ground for fallen seed. A chirp here. A
22 chirp there.

23 When the pack of fur sailed passed Julia, she tossed
24 her blanket aside, pitched the half empty cup, and dashed
25 toward Clara, the tri-colored butterball of a cat that had
26 nabbed a wren. With both hands, Julia grabbed the nape of
27 Clara's neck. She held the cat tight as the bird fell from its
28 mouth, tumbled itself aright, and fluttered away.

29 As if it would do any good, Julia scolded Clara for her
30 stealth in soundlessly clearing a squeaky cat door and
31 threatened to put bells round her collar so she couldn't
32 quiet the single bell under her chubby chin. Disgusted,
33 Julia jostled the cat under one arm and grabbed the
34 blanket and cup with the other. But when she turned to
35 go inside she caught a whisper of wind laughing through
36 the mountainside trees. She paused and sighed. Morning's
37 music had been supplanted by an impudent world.

1 **Jumping Off Place**

2 *Sandra Ervin Adams*

3 In modern-day Turkey
4 where craggy gray mountains
5 meet palette-blue sky,
6 a red-framed cable car
7 stretches almost half a mile high.
8 Metal umbilical cords connect,
9 hold the perfect tautness, dare it
10 to stay suspended, cause it
11 at the same time to rise, fall,
12 rise, fall, wobble its way up, down,
13 the grass-spotted ground.
14 People peer out
15 of its wide windows,
16 wonder why
17 they chose to arrive
18 at this juncture,
19 where a little further on,
20 near the edge of the earth,
21 there is nothing.

1 **For the Song Plays –**
2 **Doctor Who's Regeneration**
3 *Matthew G. Adams*

4 While traveling in the mountains of Tibet
5 I felt it necessary to don a fur coat,
6 but I did not seem affected
7 by your sphere's cold weather.
8 I knew you from that distant place so long ago.
9 We danced the night's favorite song in favor of stars,
10 little realizing our day was coming.

11 Music plays in the background as the end is nigh.
12 We turn to one another and say our gentle goodbyes
13 knowing destiny is pulling us
14 in different directions.
15 Nothing can change the fate of our walks.
16 We part in good faith as the song maker sings melodies
17 of sorrow mingled with the briefest
18 of all hopes.

19 I walk towards the light suffering the plight of the mad.
20 Nothing can stave off the wistfulness of the night.
21 Sigma sings his last as I collapse near the end
22 of my sojourn. It gives me strength to cross
23 over and accept my fateful change.

1 **Call and Response**

2 *Nancy Dew Taylor*

3 How long will she keep this up,
4 holding off Frank, whom she loves?

5 Dinners now quiet affairs.
6 After, Frank finds business, books,
7 leaves her alone. Fear ripples
8 her shiny skin.

9

10 Dead of night
11 suits her. Firelight reveals twins
12 rumped on pallet, Frank's face—
13 fatigue soft-fingered by sleep—
14 she can study unabashed.

15 Cornered, leaning alone,
16 his hand-carved dulcimer, one
17 he used to sing the children
18 to sleep, to send messages
19 to her in old love songs.
20 Tonight, so she could not miss
21 it, "He's Gone Away," would-be
22 mate far off, ten thousand miles,
23 the improbability
24 of love's return implicit.

1 **Serenata de Granada**

2 *Jo Koster*

3 Moonlight spills over the basalt pavers
4 worn silvery smooth by countless feet;
5 the Gothic façade looms ghostlike,
6 rugged as the distant Sierra Nevada.

7 The accordion player settles on the steps;
8 black fingerless gloves fumble a sign
9 next to the basket at his feet:
10 *necesito una operacion para mis ojos.*

11 His hands grapple with the keys,
12 wresting a tune of longing and sorrow
13 from the white fake ivory and silver gilt,
14 filling the plaza with unexpected song.

15 No need for words, for translation:
16 the melody is loss and sadness,
17 the agony of love forgone,
18 the pain of separation and exile.

19 Gravely, we drop coins in his basket,
20 mutter *muy hermosa* as we slip away.
21 The cathedral rears up like a granite peak,
22 indifferent to his prayer.

1 **Fourest Picked Guitar**

2 *(for my other Dad)*

3 *Elizabeth MacKenzie Hebron*

4 His brothers chimed in with licks on

5 mandolin,

6 guitar,

7 banjo,

8 though none could read a note of music.

9 Roxie's Jack played fiddle. They could pick

10 and sing all day, never repeat a song.

11 I was raised up on old-time country –

12 *Amazing Grace, The Old Rugged Cross,*

13 *What a Friend We Have in Jesus,*

14 *Bury Me in the Garden...*

15 Fourest took me *South on 23,*

16 *Home to West Virginia,* down

17 *Country Roads,* to *Pennsboro,*

18 and *40 Miles from Poplar Bluff.*

19 The ol' courtin' guitar he played

20 seventy years ago to win Opal's heart

21 sets in a special place at home.

22 At 93, my *Silver Haired Daddy*

23 tunes up the big Martin, picks out

24 *Green Rolling Hills of West Virginia,*

25 still woos his true love every night.

1 **Shoot A Mile**

2 *Evelyne Weeks*

3 “Shoot a mile, Yes!”
4 meant something then.
5 Like mud sliding on mountains,
6 it would glide down the moment
7 of our hillbilly tongues
8 in a rhythm we lived
9 between hollers and hills
10 until “mile” was stretched
11 into tomorrow and “yes”
12 slapped fast and hard
13 against a limestone cliff.
14 We understood Friday night football
15 ate chinky pins in school
16 and “shoot a mile, yes!”
17 we dreamed.

18 We dreamed of the moon
19 while men walked there
20 and so too could we,
21 on hot summer nights,
22 but for the swings
23 behind the school, our birches,
24 that let us fly up and close,
25 then stole us back again
26 just short of mountain lift off.
27 We went there anyway
28 on clumsy, cautious first kisses
29 and celebrated the cusp of
30 our adulthood amid talk of
31 impeaching a president
32 as draft cards lost their meaning.
33 And, Shoot a mile, yes!
34 we dreamed.

1 **Sunrise on Franklin Mountain**

2 *Joseph Haymore*

3 The smoldering orb creeps
4 Cautiously out of the desert
5 Then scales the rock pile
6 That is Van Horne Pass.

7 It chases shadows as
8 They snake across the sand,
9 Scattered brush and rocks
10 Seeking Franklin Mountain.

11 The sleeping town at the base
12 Of the mountain tries to trap it
13 For a few minutes, but it soon finds
14 The towering slopes above El Paso.

15 Then begins a slow climb –
16 Illuminating a tangle
17 Of thorns, cactus and
18 Creosote bushes, it pauses
19 To add brilliance to tiny

20 Desert flowers of red and yellow.
21 All too soon it is high overhead
22 And its overwhelming heat
23 Begins another smothering day.

1 **Mt Rainier Wilderness 1959**

2 *Charles "Hawk" Weyant*

3 It was a fierce, cold wind,
4 moaning in a dark, cloud-shrouded night,
5 among fir trees so old their ages
6 spanned this century and the last.

7 A fire, built in the lee of a dead-fall,
8 snapped and darted flames at the wind and
9 darkness.

10 I, wrapped in a cocoon of wool blankets,
11 set thoughts and dreams loose in its smoke
12 to be snatched away by the cruel wind.
13 The watch-dog fire held at bay
14 the storm of wind and darkness.

15 When I awoke at break of day,
16 it had spent itself down to few dying embers.
17 From beneath them, I picked a small,
18 warm stone – and put it in my pocket!

1 **Appalachian Ride**

2 *Margaret L. Parrish*

3 I've a thick down bed and a tick-tight roof,
4 simmering sausage and a fresh-made loaf,
5 a view of Beech Creek with grapevine swings
6 that would ransom a congress of kings.

7 I've a laptop I picked up cheap,
8 a little boot, the planet's at my feet.
9 When I'm someplace that has plenty of time
10 I type short stories about the racing line.

11 John Henry impatiently paws his stall,
12 anxious if we'll have a ride at all.
13 From Nantahala right to Cullowhee
14 we head where ramblers ought to be.

15 Apple petals puff like a baby's sigh,
16 a red hawk dips on penetrating cry,
17 greens lean on such transparent blue
18 if you gaze you're lost for a month or two.

19 Thimbles is keeping her kittens near,
20 who can charm a point off Satan's ear,
21 can match the dapples on hidden fawn –
22 I'm glad we've not been too long gone.

1 **Old Man, What Need Have We for Dulcimers?**

2 *MaXine Carey Harker*

3 At the press of a button, worlds fly by.
4 Screened scenes appear, each grimmer than the last
5 One click: a civil war. Click two: a spy.
6 Click three: a revolutionist's bomb blast.
7 As all around us fortunes rise and fall,
8 the rich look down from corporate glass and steel,
9 and torches flash across our neighbors' wall.
10 Upon the pavement writhe the poor genteel.
11 But wait! I click again and what is this?
12 A man who spends his time between the hills
13 of Tennessee inside his chrysalis
14 a 'shapin' dulcimers from inborn skills.
15 An instrument on which to pluck the tune
16 finale of "The Failure to Commune."

1 **Melt Down**

2 *Glenda Sumner Wilkins*

3

4 The candle burns

5 strawberry fragrance

6 across winter days

7 dips red remembrance

8 of that mountain cabin

9 summer night jazz

10 and your gentle hands

11 Still you remain

12 in my mind's museum

13 a hard waxed figure

14 flame to my sanity

15 almost unbearable

1 **luthier or the magician**

2 *Susan McKendree*

3 hands

4 fallen trees

5 of walnut cherry spruce

6 a precious cache of ivory and ebony

7 curling wires that catch on fingers

8 and unspool into song

9 a life's worth

10 of learning

11 of practice

12 of love

13 are all he has to give

14 and so the instruments

15 (the neck of a banjo

16 roughed out here

17 the spiraling scrolled head of a dulcimer

18 awaiting tuning pegs there)

19 come into being

20 each one as singular

21 or a snowflake

22 or a human soul

23 all the while he is

24 breathing life

25 and music

26 out of silence

1 **A Mountain Storm Surrounds**

2 *Stuart Burroughs*

3 Rain ripples down the window glass
4 with droplets forming a riveted design.
5 Pounding water falls as if
6 the sky is breaking just above
7 the darkness of the mountain road.
8 The chalet porch is like a ship
9 surrounded by forceful water, and inside
10 where only the lantern gives light,
11 I hear the towering tree branches brushing
12 in the night the topmost windows.

13 A squirrel that scampered on the high rail
14 earlier has found a dry, protected spot—
15 as has my restless terrier who joins me
16 on the sofa cushions.
17 Now the heavy downpour with rumbling thunder
18 sends my thoughts to times when— as a child—
19 I found pleasure in a noisy rain.
20 The relentless pounding of the storm occupies
21 my mind, chasing away pressing concerns;
22 my pet and I feel secure.
23 Together we will let the wonderment
24 of the powerful outside forces
25 comfort us until the morning.

1 **Dear Mountain**

2 *Susan Sadowski*

3 First crush: I met you in a Piedmont glen.
4 Female child, eager explorer then,
5 With parents and sisters ambling your
6 spiny trail,
7 Chasing colorful leaf, acorn, and
8 bashful snail,
9 While Dad hunted mushroom and Nazi ghost in a
10 piney den.

11 You cradled me later with Quercus red
12 Leaves in autumn, a canopy spread
13 Over boy and me. Mere sixteen we were,
14 Reaching home base while watched
15 by multi-eyed ferns,
16 Curiously gazing on young lovers' first bed.

17 I cursed you thrice along your
18 Blue Ridge trail:
19 When you weren't loyal blue, and it started
20 to hail;
21 When I sprained my ankle on a hidden rock;
22 When I got poison ivy in a feminine spot.
23 Grad school girl, loyalty to you starting
24 to bale.

25 Query, Alleghenia, devotion lost, but why?
26 Well, I saw that timber rattler come
27 sneaking by.
28 You hide hungry cougar, escaped convict
29 and the bear
30 That stole that child from Adirondack chair.
31 And the unibomber, didn't your cousin
32 suckle him for awhile?

33 Dear Mountain, you had me within your reach.
34 But then I met the sand, sea, and beach.

- 1 **Mountain Music Memory**
2 *Jerry L. Bradley*
- 3 Drifting off, I find peace
4 In nature's bosom
5 She holds me close
- 6 Sweet smell of lilac soap
7 Cooking in Grandma's
8 Black kettle over open fire
- 9 Soft scent in contrast to
10 The mountain pine
11 Burning hot beneath
- 12 Uncle plays Mother
13 Maybell's Wildwood flower
14 On his fiddle
- 15 Cool autumn breeze carries
16 Pine smoke, Lilac and music
17 Across rolling hills
- 18 Matchbox Cars park
19 On black top below
20 To hear the fiddles faint cry
- 21 I cord along on
22 The old arch top
23 Until I drift slowly back
- 24 The dream, over
25 But the mountain
26 Music memory is forever.

1 **Mountains in My Mind**

2 *Andrea Haigh*

3

4 You look sturdy, strong,
5 confident and at peace.

6 When at times I am not.

7 I'm not wanting to hurt you,
8 as I pull myself up your side.

9 You're in perfect shape I now realize.

10 I don't know if I am strong enough

11 to reach the top; I need your

12 confidence and strength.

13

14 I see you have a lot of ledges
15 that I can hold on to.

16 I only have a lot of holes

17 I can see through.

18 I have no idea how to grab a hold

19 of your ledges, nor how to fill in my spaces.

20 Those ledges are hard and sharp,

21 while I am empty.

22

23 I want to enjoy every minute

24 I have with you.

25 I have made plans to take my time...

26 to feel you and to heal me.

27 Minute by minute your ledges seem to feel

28 softer as I pull myself up to reach the top.

29

30 Your fresh air smell is clear

31 and it fills in my space.

32 As I inhale your smell,

33 with every ledge

34 I complete.

35 My mind is now at peace.

1 **Blue Ridge Reminiscence**

2 *Nancy Sollosi*

3 Traveling the snaky
4 shadows of her parkway
5 rooted in my adolescence;
6 magenta scents loll me in the thick
7 moist world of wild rhododendron.
8 Starry blossoms of ivybush
9 adorn the sandals
10 of their mountain mistress.
11 Woodland and rivulets
12 jut from the crevices
13 of her majesty's
14 toes as she flaunts
15 my insignificance.

1 **Winter Storm**

2 *Michael Potts*

3 Air climbs snow-capped tops, stops—
4 drinks iced wind. A storm, born,
5 matures, descends to the hollow,
6 and cold slides between gray slats,
7 crawling through cracks. Wood fire
8 can't do much here, 'specially
9 for the young'uns wrapped
10 in patchwork quilts. Wild sky cries
11 through cedar and pine, asks *Why*
12 *do you stay? Leave for town,*
13 *settle down to a job better than dirt*
14 *farming, move to safer shelter,*
15 *flatter land, 'lectric heat, solid walls.*

16 *In a day or two, I say, storm will move*
17 *away to the east, dissipate, die.*
18 *In three months spring will birth*
19 *Queen Anne's Lace, daisies, thistles,*
20 *a patchwork of white, yellow, purple,*
21 *resting in a green-grass bed. Mornings*
22 *fog-clouds will float over orange*
23 *flame, sunlight unwrapping mist*
24 *from mountains, revealing slopes*
25 *of tree and stone. Now, winter sky,*
26 *you cloak the earth with snow*
27 *that will sparkle when sun returns,*
28 *flashing diamonds worth the pain*
29 *of wind and cold. Beauty beyond*
30 *change mountains bring—I'll stay.*

1 **Hitchhiking in a Minor Key**

2 *Earl J. Wilcox*

3 Bach's C Minor Fugue fills my car stereo.
4 I adjust the AC, sip from a bottle of water.
5 Rounding a craggy mountain curve, I spot you,
6 yellow shirt dangling loosely across your brown arm.
7 You flip the shirt, a signal you're hitching. Speeding
8 too fast to stop, I glimpse your suntanned face, smile
9 radiant and sustained as Bach's fashioned fugue.

10 After three decades now, I still hear Dad's voice:
11 Don't pick up hitchhikers. They'll rape and kill you.
12 In the 70s, the news about hitchers was always bad,
13 gentle hippies taking blame for savage deaths done
14 by road walkers attacking unwise, unwary drivers.
15 Bach's Fugue completes its coda. I drive into the cool,
16 Appalachian spring morning, wonder if Dad was right.

Climbing Mountains

Dr. Bonnie Ivey-Collins

1
2
3 Climbing, Climbing, Climbing–
4 Tired and weary,
5 Up a step, down two,
6 Summiting, Summiting, Summiting–
7 I head toward peaks bare and pointed,
8 Assaulted by storms and tempest.
9 Frosted fragmenting rocks
10 Tumbling, Tumbling, Tumbling–
11 Ignorant of nature’s power
12 I, the modern woman,
13 Unlike independent mountain man
14 Sustained by she-goat’s milk
15 Continue without advancement
16 Until I hear a loud voice
17 Roaring, Roaring, Roaring--
18 “Never try to go straight up a mountain.
19 Wind upward like a spiral staircase,
20 Taking rest stops I have carved.”
21 Resting, Climbing, Continuing...
22 Learning more the long way up!
23 Reaching, Looking, Seeing
24 From God’s view;
25 Knowing His presence
26 Is on top of the mountain
27 And also in the valley below–
28 Wherever I dwell.

1 **Old Time Mountain Music**

2 *Wynne Huddleston*

3 Sometime between supper and fade of day
4 the mountain can get real quiet;
5 there's a hush that begs for more to say
6 to ease the lonely night...
7 That's the time for us to boogie
8 with some old time mountain music!

9 *All in Down and Out,*
10 *Hold that Wood-Pile Down—*
11 Papa's on the fiddle, Daddy's on guitar,
12 but Uncle Dave's banjo is the greatest by far,
13 always sets my feet to itching.
14 Mama, come on! Get out of that kitchen!

15 Sure enough *The Old Gray Mare*
16 gets granny right out of that rocking chair.
17 The *Big Eyed Rabbit*, the *Hangman Song*,
18 yeah, *Barbara Allen*, come along.

19 Line up little kiddies, and now unwind
20 the *Killy Kranky* tightly wound grapevine.
21 Who wants to make the limberjack's feet
22 tap to the dulcimer's pretty beat?
23 Like a *Big-Eared Mule*, I'm kicking my heels
24 to Snuffy's 3 finger style *Chicken Reel*.

25 We dance and we sing 'til the moon shines bright
26 but then we have to say goodnight.
27 Oh, there's never been anything quite so grand
28 as an old time mountain music band!

1 **Mountain Woman**

2 *Stella Ward Whitlock*

3 Swollen and convulsing,
4 Earth heaves, vomits
5 molten rock that destroys.
6 Flames and ash suffocate.

7 Winter comes. Clouds shroud
8 her peak in mist. Hikers attack
9 her steep slopes, past tall trees,
10 low bushes, scrawny shrubs.

11 Climbers struggle like ants
12 over alpine mosses, bare rock,
13 steep cliffs, tethered together
14 against the mountain's dangers.

15 Ice cracks as glaciers calve
16 icebergs larger than freight cars.
17 Avalanches crush all hapless
18 creatures caught along the path.

19 Today the mountain glitters
20 in sunlight—still, silent, bright.

Donald and Ol' Red

Martha O'Quinn

1

2

3 YOUNGINS IN THE mountain holler love to help Granny with her
4 chores. They know they'll be rewarded with dinner and special
5 biscuits. Special because she rolls the dough out and cuts it with
6 the rim of a small glass dipped in flour. Their mommas make
7 large, doughy biscuits by pinching off a wad of dough to shape
8 with their hand. Granny's are kid-sized and firm.

9 Her ten-year-old nephew is there to help hoe her garden.
10 She'll make his favorite dish, chicken, allowing him to catch the
11 day's sacrifice. As Donald approaches the hen house the chick-
12 ens scatter, running underneath an old shed. While he's down on
13 his hands and knees hoping to grab one with Granny's special
14 hook, Ol' Red the rooster jumps at him and on him. Frustrated,
15 he goes to the house and whines to Granny that Ol' Red is giving
16 him a problem. She laughs and says, "Go show 'im who's boss."

17 To an angry ten-year-old, that's permission to make sure that
18 rooster never bothers him again. He grabs a broom from inside
19 the shed and heads back toward the chickens. When Ol' Red co-
20 mes at him he swings the broom handle and *whop*, the rooster's
21 head is left dangling by a small piece of skin. He drags the
22 rooster to the back door and yells, "Here 'e is!"

23 One look at Granny and he knows she isn't as happy as he is.
24 Her few moments of silence seems like an eternity. All of a sud-
25 den she bends over, slaps both her thighs and begins to laugh.
26 Together they scald her prize rooster, pluck his feathers and stew
27 him until he's tender and swimming in rich, yellow gravy, per-
28 fect for sopping with Granny's biscuits.

29 She still laughs about Donald's literal interpretation of *go*
30 *show 'im who's boss*. Donald tells folks that Granny gave him
31 his first lesson in sex education. Before that memorable Saturday
32 he had no idea of a rooster's role in the hen house!

Terror on the Tuckasegee

Dare Freeman Ford

1
2

3 THAT MARCH DAY in the western North Carolina mountains
4 started as a typical Saturday in the life of a college girl.

5 My friend Paula and I decided to ride inner tubes down the
6 Tuckasegee River near Cullowhee. We packed cheese nips, ap-
7 ples, peanut butter sandwiches and beer. A friend drove us fif-
8 teen miles upstream, and let us out at a good spot.

9 Paula and I laughed, drank and sang as we floated. We
10 screamed, "Bottoms up, beers up," as we were tossed
11 helter-skelter among jutting rocks.

12 As the sun waned, we were near the end of our journey. We
13 were bruised, goose pimply, but in great spirits.

14 We had planned to stop just before the bridge and walk the
15 mile and a half back to campus. At the last minute, I suggested
16 we have a race, go *beyond* the bridge, and *then* get out. Paula
17 refused.

18 I continued on, past the bridge. The current suddenly quick-
19 ened and rapidly carried me toward the dam. My arms and legs
20 were numb, but I fought with all my strength. The last person
21 who had gone over the dam had died; I figured I was next. I was
22 terrified.

23 Paula ran down the road yelling for help, as I prayed and
24 fought to survive. Finally, I managed to grab a bush. My teeth
25 were chattering, and I was wondering how much longer I could
26 hang on, when Paula and a man appeared through the brambles.
27 He hoisted me out of the water.

28 I couldn't quit shaking, and my skin was bluish-purple. The
29 man gave me his warm, dry shirt to wear. We thanked him pro-
30 fusely. He smiled, "No problem. Glad to help."

31 The terror from the near-tragedy on the Tuckasegee was re-
32 placed by gratitude for the power of prayer, and the sudden ap-
33 pearance of the bearded stranger.

Mountains? What Mountains?

Marian Gowan

1
2

3 I KNEW I wanted to retire to the mountains...of New Hampshire.
4 I had spent childhood summers in the shadow of Mount Wash-
5 ington, the highest mountain east of the Mississippi. Compro-
6 mise with my husband, who wanted to escape upstate New York
7 winters and retire to Florida, brought us instead to the mountains
8 of North Carolina. Over the past ten years we have adjusted. The
9 first shock was that it is Mount Mitchell, not Mount Washington,
10 which is the highest.

11 Then there are the different seasons. Yes we have the usual
12 summer, fall, winter, spring. But what is Blackberry Winter? Is
13 that before or after Dogwood Winter? And the locals have never
14 heard of Indian Summer.

15 The language is different. "So, what's a straight drive?" I
16 ask, imagining a new kind of gear shift I have never heard of.
17 The only ones I know are automatic and manual. To me, a man-
18 ual is four on the floor, or stick shift. But what, I wonder, is a
19 straight drive?

20 "You know, where you have to use the clutch."

21 "Oh, so like a stick shift?"

22 "Well, yeah, but it might be on the column or on the floor."

23 So now that that's settled, how about some other words I
24 don't know. The server approaches our table. "How was every-
25 thing? You ready for your teeket?"

26 What in the world is a teeket? Oh, ticket. But a ticket to
27 what? Then we get it. It's the check, or the bill. She's still won-
28 dering why we didn't want grits or cornbread.

29 The Indian names are different, too. Junaluska, Tuckasegee,
30 Cherokee instead of Oneida, Mohawk, Seneca. There is a con-
31 stant, though. The casino owned by the Eastern Band of the
32 Cherokee, commonly called Harrah's, is equally adept as the ca-
33 sino owned by the Seneca Nation, commonly called Seneca Ni-
34 agara, at taking our money.

Marine's Mountain Dulcimer

Barbara Ledford Wright

1
2

3 LAKE CHATUGE IN Clay County, North Carolina laps the banks
4 behind Philadelphia Baptist Church Cemetery. The dogwood
5 blossoms flutter in the breeze. It seems that I can hear the sweet
6 tune of a mountain dulcimer.

7 I stroll the cemetery and stop at Marine Ledford's grave. She
8 was buried with her dulcimer December 12, 1941. She often sat
9 on the front porch of her log cabin, and picked the strings. A
10 gentle breeze rustled her nut-red hair, light as air, hanging down
11 in ringlets. Her cornflower blue eyes gazed at Eagles View and
12 Dan Knob, but she couldn't see these mountains.

13 Marine was born blind October 21, 1916 to Grant and Callie
14 Ledford. She grew up on Scrougetown. According to folklore, so
15 many Ledfords moved into the area that they scrouged everyone
16 else out.

17 Her neighbors got together—for company and fun. Marine's
18 music was always part of these gatherings. Her ancestors came
19 from Ireland and Scotland. They brought the tradition of singing
20 ballads.

21 She held the dulcimer on her lap and plucked the strings with
22 a turkey feather. She used a plain wooden match stick and
23 pressed down on the 1st string and slid it to the fret. The strings
24 rang of bagpipes due to the ancestry of the originators of the in-
25 strument. Marine pressed the strings with her left hand and
26 played the ballad, "Barbara Allen".

27 She began singing with a clear pure voice. Her song was
28 filled with sincere emotion.

29 Marine was an example of how to conquer a disability. She
30 attended the Wake County School for the blind in Raleigh, North
31 Carolina.

32 Marine learned to use her sense of touch and hearing to play
33 her dulcimer. With braille she wrote poetry and music.

34 Now I place a bouquet on Marine's grave, birdsong fills the
35 air. I lean into the strings of spring, and I can imagine Marine
36 strumming her mountain dulcimer in the heavenly choir.

Mt. Pisgah Church

Blanche L. Ledford

1
2

3 THE MUSIC OF the mountains filled the Hawkin's Cove one
4 spring in 1932. Robins lifted songs and jonquils dotted the coun-
5 tryside.

6 I could hardly wait to attend the singing at Mt. Pisgah Bap-
7 tist Church. I gobbled my supper and heard, "Put-put-pow! Rack-
8 ety-put-pow!"

9 Us younguns knew only one thing could make that racket.

10 "A motorcar!" shouted my brother, George.

11 There chugged a Model T up the dirt road, scaring our cow,
12 Bessie, and the old hound dog.

13 A young man got out of the car. He ambled to Daddy who
14 was standing on the front porch.

15 "Mr. Lee, may I take Oma to the singing?" he asked.

16 Daddy peered over his spectacles at him. "I'll let you take
17 my daughter if I can go, too."

18 The fellow agreed. Oma sat with her beau in the cab. Daddy,
19 Mama, and we younguns climbed on the back of the pickup.
20 Daddy's bass voice echoed across Davy Mountain as he sang
21 gospel songs.

22 The sky flamed like a fireworks as we arrived at Mt. Pisgah
23 Baptist Church. We rushed into the church and sat on the back
24 bench.

25 Ott Stuart led the choir singing shaped-note music. A woman
26 pounded on the piano, one man picked a guitar, and a girl played
27 the dulcimer.

28 Ott asked Daddy to pray, and then they passed the hat. The
29 congregation stood and clapped in time with the old-time song,
30 "I'll fly away, o glory, I'll fly away..."

31 The altar was filled with people praying that the Great De-
32 pression would end. A lady got happy and shouted all over the
33 mountain church when her wayward son repented of his sins.
34 The singing ended with everyone lifting their hands and singing
35 a cappella, "Amazing Grace."

Mountain Craftsman

Brenda Kay Ledford

1
2
3 GORDON PARRIS AND his wife, Elvia, lived on Cold Branch Road
4 in Clay County, NC. Gordon made mountain musical
5 instruments and enjoyed showing them to visitors.

6 He was an humble mountain man. I never saw him without
7 his brown hat and overalls. He even wore them to church.
8 Gordon loved to talk and had a dry sense of humor. He had a
9 million dollar smile and would chuckle at his own stories when
10 he told them.

11 Although Gordon did not have a formal education, he was
12 self-educated. He liked to read and often visited the local library
13 to check out books.

14 He could just look at a musical instrument and make it from
15 memory. Gordon took pride in his work and stuck to the tradi-
16 tional mountain way of making his instruments.

17 Gordon made many dulcimers. They are the only true moun-
18 tain instruments and have always been in the Appalachian
19 Mountains. Dulcimers have a sweet sound and a lot of people
20 play hymns on them.

21 Gordon also made fiddles. He said, "I've about quit making
22 fiddles. I got to make a big bass fiddle someday. When I get the
23 neck carved, the rest won't amount to nothing. It will take awhile
24 to do it."

25 The fiddle was called in our part of the mountains "the
26 devil's instrument," because it was played at dances. At any rate,
27 the instrument did survive and was popular in the Appalachian
28 Mountains.

29 Additionally, Gordon made one or two banjos a year before
30 he started crafting dulcimers. "I saw a wooden banjo hanging on
31 a wall in a dulcimer shop in Balsam Gap," said Gordon. "I
32 looked at it and made an eight-sided one, but it was six-sided."

33 Although Gordon passed away a few years ago, his handi-
34 work lives on. Many people bought his musical instruments and
35 play them today. I have one of his dulcimers. The beauty and
36 quality of his craftsmanship is amazing.

A Mountain Virtuoso

Al Manning

1
2

3 WHAT IS THIS music I hear? It seems familiar yet not. Ah! Hear
4 that riff. Surely that's from the baroque era. But who? Perhaps a
5 very early and little known composer. Listen! Hear that hint of a
6 minor key? Surely that is from a later time. Perhaps a contempo-
7 rary of Mozart? No! Hear that hint of a chromatic run? This must
8 be from a much later period. But who wrote this? When was it
9 written?

10 Now that sequence defies description. This is not by any
11 composer known to music historians. It is not in the repertoire of
12 any orchestra or chamber group. So what is it?

13 Realization dawns. This is not a composition, but instead is a
14 marvelous improvisation, constructed by some musical genius.
15 Hear how he performs those repetitions, each a variation on the
16 theme, yet each subtly progressing towards the finale. This is
17 music of the angels.

18 Ah, the concert is over. There is the performer. But he is so
19 young. There is no way someone that young could produce such
20 ethereal music. But maybe so. It is well known that mountain
21 mocking birds are very precocious.

Heart's Song

Tonya Stauffer

1
2

3 CLAUDE AND HIS beloved rocker had kept company most all af-
4 ternoon on the front porch. A cool mountain breeze blew by
5 bringing him a welcome break from the heat of the day. His still
6 keen ears captured the music of the whippoorwill and tree frogs
7 coming from the nearby cherished hickory tree. The mountain
8 man's wrinkled hands made music of a different kind as his
9 knife and a piece of wood found harmony with each other.

10 Whittling away a week of afternoons had produced the per-
11 fect carved image of a squirrel with a tiny acorn in his mouth.
12 Claude paused to study his creation before his knife blade made
13 a final pass across the wood giving the squirrel's face a wide grin
14 to match his own.

15 Benny, his only grandson, would be along directly to claim
16 his birthday gift and an hour of checkers. The old man's hands
17 had proudly produced a different critter for each of the boy's half
18 dozen birthdays. In his mind, he'd already chosen next year's
19 animal, trusting his knife and he could make even grander music.

20 Claude gave a nod of satisfaction as he placed the carving
21 and instrument on a nearby table, his heart's song ending.

Grandpa's Fiddle

James Gibson

1
2

3 I WAS A kid when Grandpa pulled the old fiddle down from the
4 closet. The fiddle had come unglued after many years of disuse
5 and the horsehair bowstrings were long-since gone. Over the
6 next few days, he repaired the fiddle and "borrowed" new horse-
7 hair from the tail of one of Uncle Joe's horses for the bow. I still
8 remember the day when Grandpa sat down in his living room to
9 attempt to play the fiddle after some forty years.

10 His fingers were old and stiff and at first the bowstrings
11 squeaked as he tried to find the notes. And then the magic
12 returned and I made out the soft melody of an old waltz. His
13 faded blue eyes grew soft as he became lost in a different time.
14 But his fingers grew tired all too quickly and he was forced to
15 put the fiddle down. He turned his head to gaze out the window.

16 "That was great, Grandpa," I said.

17 He looked at me and smiled wistfully. "It once was," he said.
18 "There was a time when it was great."

19 Later I asked Dad what Grandpa had meant.

20 "His dad came across the mountains from North Carolina,"
21 Dad replied, "and brought the mountain music with him. Your
22 grandpa loved it and took it up. He became good enough to be in
23 demand at the square dances when he was a young man. But
24 now his time has passed and I guess he misses it."

25 Years later, as a grown man, I realized what Grandpa had
26 shown me. It wasn't just the fiddling that was great; it was the
27 joy that came from doing something he loved to do. As I've ap-
28 plied that insight in my life, I think of Grandpa often, and I miss
29 him.

30 **Faded Memories:**

31 *We reach that point when*
32 *We can see our time has passed.*
33 *Bittersweet mem'ries.*

It's Not Fair

JC Walkup

1
2

3 MACULAR DEGENERATION. GRADUAL dimming, a curtain drop-
4 ping.

5 Blind in a year.

6 That was the eye doctor's verdict to my mountain Momma.
7 On the way home that April morning, she didn't cry, but I did.
8 Good thing she drove. I'd have wrecked our old dented-up
9 pickup.

10 "Momma, it's not fair," I said. Its not..." Tears choked me
11 and I couldn't finish.

12 "Hush, girl. I'll go blind but not today. We have time...time
13 to get ready."

14 I spent the rest of that awful day at my computer. Everything
15 about macular degeneration was on the net, everything but hope.
16 Mom's kind was fast moving; some folks with it could see at
17 least partially for many years.

18 Before that day, I'd never felt trapped It was always my
19 choice to stay or go. But now how could I even think like this.
20 During the next days my emotions alternated between anger and
21 guilt.

22 Momma was the eye of the storm. She wrote down things
23 she wanted to do while she still had sight. Her list was short:
24 driving, cooking special dishes, sewing, and reading. Whining
25 and crying she left to me.

26 She sat on the porch a lot, watched and listened to the natural
27 world: wild turkeys, screech owls, her special mocking bird,
28 chirps of young raccoons and tree frogs.

29 What would she do in all those dark hours ahead? What
30 would I do?

31 You out there know what Momma did. She put a guitar in
32 my hands and a recorder in hers. When the dark came, her spirit
33 and ears took over. She writes the songs I sing for you tonight,
34 songs that take us all over the world.

35 Here is the first one she wrote after the curtain went down:

36 "I'm living with hope

37 I'm living for a dream

38 I see with my heart

39 I hear, I hear...

40 Music of the mountains."

Food Chain

BJ Gillum

1
2

3 “LEROY CROUCH, WHAT’D I tell ye bout playin’ with them chains
4 again, huh?”

5 “Why, Abby Honey - I’s gonna slop ol’ Honey Pot in a min-
6 ute. Whut’s got ye so riled up ennyhow?” LeRoy’s left hand con-
7 tinued to stroke the nearest chain, his favorite.

8 “You an’ thet hawg! You’ve turned that pig into a pet when
9 ye knowed we’ll need hit fer meat this winter!” she scolded. “Ye
10 got the scaldin’ pot ready yit?”

11 “Jist ‘bout. Hit’s a’steamin’ a little - won’t be long now.”

12 “Hit’d better not be!” Abby hissed. “Hit’ll be snowin soon
13 an we’s liable t’git stuck up hyar on this God-fersaken mountain
14 till sprang an we’ll need that hawg meat t’git by!”

15 “I knows hit,” LeRoy whined. “Don’t ye worry none; I’ll do
16 whut’s gotta git done. There’ll be plenny meat fer winter, ye kin
17 be shore uv that!” He eyed Abby from top to bottom.

18 “I’ll be back t’check on ye shortly.” Abby wagged a warning
19 finger and walked toward their shack. “An remember t’bleed hit
20 out good. I don’t want no off-color lard this time.”

21 Weeks later deep snow covered their rusting roof but inside
22 LeRoy sat in a rocking chair near a roaring fireplace and fondled
23 his favorite chain. His companion dozed on a mat even closer to
24 the heat while tantalizing aromas of breakfast filled the room.

25 “How bout you, Honey Pot - more bacon?”

26 Honey Pot flipped her curly tail and grunted. LeRoy stepped
27 to the potbelly stove, lifted the lid off an iron skillet and exam-
28 ined its sizzling contents. “I do b’leve this be th’ whitest lard
29 yit.”

Timber Rattler

Joanna Catherine Scott

1

2

3 “I FOUND A timber rattler on the trail above the gully,” the ranger
4 told me. “I couldn’t kill it because timbers are endangered, so I
5 took a stick and hooked it underneath and flicked it off the trail.
6 It was a good flick,” he said, grinning underneath his baseball
7 cap. “That thing went flying up and over the rim of the gully and
8 landed in a tree. I saw it hanging there.” He set his hand to his
9 mouth and glanced about him guiltily. “I hope I didn’t break the
10 varmint’s back.”

11 I thought of this as I clambered up a trail, flagging from a
12 long day’s hike. I couldn’t tell if I were in the same gully, but
13 looked up anyway, half expecting to see the rattler slung, bro-
14 ken-backed, across a branch. And there he was, either the same
15 snake or another, looped and living, minding his own business in
16 the tree. I stepped smartly for a while and then looked back. And
17 all the branches of the trees behind were looped with rattlers.

18 (You don’t believe me? Nor did I, but imagine how it
19 spurred me on! Now you are expecting some mad fable, a ser-
20 pent version of Deliverance, perhaps. Nothing of the kind.)

21 As I went on, looking back from time to time, fearfully, and
22 then not fearfully, each tree I passed blossomed out in rattlers.
23 And they rattled, I forgot to tell you that, a sound of metal
24 crushed, or slow glass shattering, wistful and insistent and re-
25 peated, rising and sinking away, and rising, rhythmic as a tribal
26 drum.

27 All the way back to my cabin, they broke out behind me with
28 their singing, and that night when I lay down to sleep beside the
29 open window, they were singing still, loud now, soft now, like a
30 train coming and going round a mountain.

31 I slept, and woke, and slept again, and it went on all night,
32 the forest mourning for the broken-backed one.

Grandpa's Music

Phil Richardson

1
2

3 I HAD A special relationship with Grandpa Ollie. We shared his
4 music, sitting on the front porch of his cabin in the mountains.
5 He played his fiddle and the notes echoed through the hills so it
6 sounded almost like several fiddles playing.

7 "Play me a song," I would ask and then sang along. I didn't
8 always know the words and so I made them up. I had a good
9 voice for a ten-year-old and he seemed happy so share my non-
10 sense.

11 Grandpa loved his fiddle and took good care of it. He kept it
12 in a flour sack to protect it from dust and bugs and stuff. After
13 he played for me, he loosened the strings, polished it, and stuck
14 it into the sack, which he then placed on top of the dresser his
15 grandfather had hauled over the mountains on a mule.

16 One evening when Grandpa Ollie was eighty, he took his
17 fiddle down, grasped the bow in his arthritic hands, tucked the
18 fiddle under his chin, and sawed away. The tune was one I had
19 never heard. There was a feeling to it. A longing. A good-bying.
20 I tried to make up words to the song, but I couldn't reach that far.

21 All of a sudden, tears fell down my cheeks and I rushed over
22 to give him a hug.

23 Grandpa just smiled and, when he stopped playing, it was
24 like a dark curtain came over the room.

25 "Don't stop," I said. "That was beautiful. It made me cry."

26 "I'm glad," he said. "That's all I can ask from this old
27 fiddle."

28 He died the next day. I have his fiddle now, but I know I
29 could never play the song I heard that night so the fiddle sits idle
30 on my mantle. I do dust it and clean it every night. I owe him
31 that.

1 Authors' Biographies

2 A

3 MATTHEW G. ADAMS continues to be inspired by all things Whovian.
4 His poetry has appeared in *Mountain Time*, *Home for the Holidays*,
5 *Looking Back*, *Mountain High*, *You Gotta Love 'em*, *Just Between Us*,
6 *Traveling Time*, and *Words*. He lives in Midway Park, NC.

7 SANDRA ERVIN ADAMS is listed in *A Directory of American Poets and*
8 *Writers* and has been published in anthologies and literary journals. In
9 2006 she authored *Union Point Park Poems* and plans to publish
10 *Through A Weymouth Window*. In 2008 she taught a poetry workshop
11 at New Bern's First Literary Symposium. Sandra is working on a po-
12 etry book about Swansboro, NC and its people, and does readings at
13 various locations. She lives near Jacksonville, NC.

14 B

15 KATHERINE RUSSELL BARNES lives in Wilson, NC. She is a retired
16 nurse, a wife, a mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother. She stud-
17 ied writing at Barton College and Wilson Community College and has
18 written poetry for three decades. Her poems have been published in
19 *Crucible*, *Pembroke Magazine*, *Dragonfly* and many other magazines
20 and anthologies. She has held offices in The NC Poetry Society and
21 The Poetry Council of NC.

22 JERRY BRADLEY spent thirty years in the US Air Force from which he
23 retired in August 2008. He and his, wife, Laura, were stationed at the
24 different military locations. During his career he wrote poetry off and
25 on and now has the opportunity to concentrate on his writing. Most of
26 his poems are related to this faith, his family or the military. They
27 raised three children, a daughter in the Army, a daughter married to
28 Army, and a son in the Air Force. Jerry and Laura currently live in
29 Raeford, NC.

30 Stuart Burroughs has been involved since childhood in visual art, po-
31 etry, and music. She has taught English and art, and her art hangs in
32 many homes. A collection of her poems, *Beyond the Hills*, can be pur-
33 chased on Amazon.com or from The Chapel Hill Press. Stuart lives in
34 Chapel Hill, NC, where she writes, paints, and plays her piano program,
35 *Music to Remember*, every week at several locations.

C

1

2 JIM CLARK is the Elizabeth H. Jordan Professor of Southern Literature
3 and Chair of the Department of English and Modern Languages at
4 Barton College in Wilson, North Carolina. In November 2010 he re-
5 leased his second solo CD, *The Service of Song*, featuring his musical
6 settings of twelve poems by the north Georgia “farmer-poet” Byron
7 Herbert Reece. His home page is www.jimclarkpoet.com

8 VICKI COLLINS, an English instructor at the University of South
9 Carolina Aiken, lives in Graniteville, SC. Her work has appeared in
10 *Kakalak*, *The Teacher’s Voice*, *Barbaric YAWP*, *Windhover*, *Traveling*
11 *Time*, and *Words*. Her family roots run deep in the mountains of Appa-
12 lachia.

13 SONJA CONTOIS is an award-winning author with short stories in *Christ-*
14 *mas Presence* and oodles of Old Mountain Press Anthologies. Her mag-
15 azine credits include *Western North Carolina Woman* and *Fresh*. A
16 former therapist and minister, Sonja is now a full-time writer living in
17 the beautiful mountains of Haywood County, North Carolina.

D

18

19 TOM DAVIS’S publishing credits include *Poets Forum*, *The Carolina*
20 *Runner*, *Triathlon Today*, *Georgia Athlete*, *The Fayetteville Observers*
21 *Saturday Extra*, *A Loving Voice Vol. I and II*, and *Special Warfare*.
22 He’s authored a collection of short stories, *The Life and Times of Rip*
23 *Jackson*; a children’s coloring book, *Pickaberry Pig*; a how to book on
24 writing a ranger patrol order, *The Patrol Order*; and an action adven-
25 ture novel, *The R-complex*. Tom lives in Fayetteville, NC.

F

26

27 DENA M. FERRARI, author of *Poems from the Hearth* 2010 She has po-
28 ems in a few OMP anthologies. She placed several times in Fields of
29 Earth, sponsored by the Writers’ Ink Guild, Charles Weyant’s book, *An*
30 *Odyssey in Broken Rhythms and Ragged Lines* (2006). Several works
31 are included within anthologies by the Writers Alliance World-Wide
32 Poets. Dena’s poetry is also in WCC of NY *The Phoenix* (1976). Dena
33 and Peter are from Vass, NC Brightest Blessings.

34 ANN FOGELMAN, was born in Reading, Pa. Her work has appeared in
35 *Pets Across America*, *The Noble Generation*, *That Thing You Do*,
36 *Boundless 2011*, *Words* and other anthologies and school publications.
37 She is a member of Bay Area Writers League, Gulf Coast Poets, Poetry
38 Society of Texas, The Arts Alliance Center in Clear Lake and OLLI at
39 Galveston. Ann lives in Friendswood, TX.

1 DARE FREEMAN FORD is author of *Don't Make Me Turn This Bus*
2 *Around*, chronicling her adventures as a teenage bus driver in Anson
3 County, NC. Her work has appeared in several regional publications
4 and Old Mountain Press anthologies. She also contributed to *Christmas*
5 *Presence* and *Clothes Lines*, edited by Celia Miles and Nancy
6 Dillingham. She lives in Hendersonville, NC.

7 G

8 JAMES GIBSON (Northville, MI) combined his love of the American
9 West and fascination with Native American culture to write the five
10 novels in the *Anasazi Quest* series. He also wrote *The Last Ride*, set
11 outside Tucson, AZ, in the 1870s. All six of his novels can be found at
12 the www.pentaclespress.com website. The *Anasazi Quest* novels can
13 also be purchased through Amazon.com and Barnes & Noble.

14 BJ GILLUM 72, is retired on Watts Bar Lake near Rockwood, TN, with
15 his wife Sandra. He has written six novels, a travelogue and is a fre-
16 quent contributor to Old Mountain Press. BJ is an amateur winemaker
17 and is president of Roane Writers Group.

18 MARIAN GOWAN is author of *Notes from the Trunk*, published by Old
19 Mountain Press (www.oldmp.com/mariangowan.htm). She contributed
20 to *American Patchwork*, St. Martins Press. Her work has appeared in
21 several Old Mountain Press anthologies, as well as *Christmas*
22 *Presence*, and *Clothes Lines*, edited by Celia Miles and Nancy
23 Dillingham. She retired to the NC mountains from western NY in 2001.

24 H

25 KERRI MAI HABBEN lives in Raleigh, NC where she works as a writer,
26 photographer, and a local historian. A graduate of both Peace College
27 and North Carolina State University, her articles, essays, and poetry
28 have appeared in literary journals, *the News and Observer*, and other
29 publications. She is currently at work on a novel set in 1929.

30 ANDREA HAIGH moved to Fayetteville, NC, over a year ago. She enjoys
31 spending time with family, friends and her puppy Duffy

32 MAXINE CAREY HARKER and husband Berkley, have lived 57 years in
33 the little one-stop-light town of Grifton, NC, reared 5 children who
34 have produced grandchildren and great grandchildren in far-flung
35 places. Published in national, state and local publications. She prefers
36 non-fiction, sonnets, and haiku. Taught Writing for Publication for 30+
37 years at Community Colleges, now Rec Center in New Bern. MaXine
38 is 82, her doctor tells her she is 65.

1 JOSEPH HAYMORE is a self-taught poet. He has a degree in accounting
2 but says his college English courses were a “piece of cake.” He is a former
3 president of The Writers’ Ink Guild of Fayetteville and credits any
4 poetic expertise he may possess to his wife and mentor, Catherine.

5 ELIZABETH MACKENZIE HEBRON grew up in Detroit, Michigan, where
6 she spent much of her early childhood with her West Virginia Godparents,
7 soaking up the rich and varied mountain music Fougere played and
8 sang. Her daughters grew up listening to him sing those same tunes.
9 Her granddaughters now sing their Mama and Granny’s favorite, *Forty*
10 *Miles from Poplar Bluff*. Elizabeth lives in Westland, MI, but her
11 heart’s in West Virginia.

12 WYNNE HUDDLESTON is a public school music teacher living in Little
13 Rock, MS who spent many summers vacations in the Smoky Mountains.
14 She is a member of the Mississippi Poetry Society and the Mississippi
15 Writers Guild. Her poetry can be read in numerous publications
16 including *The Rainbow Rose*, *Orange Room Review*, *Halfway Down the*
17 *Stairs*, *New Fairy Tale Anthology* (Aurora Wolf), *From the Porch*
18 *Swing*, and *The Harsh and the Heart—Patriot’s Dream*. Visit her at
19 www.wynne-huddleston.blogspot.com/.

I

21 DR. BONNIE IVEY-COLLINS is a retired teacher, counselor, therapist,
22 social worker who loves to write. The legacy she wishes to leave her
23 granddaughters is to believe one is never too old to learn. She is almost
24 finished with her Masters Degree in Theology and awaits any old age
25 opportunity. She lives in Hattiesburg, MS.

J

27 JERRY JUDGE lives in Cincinnati with his beautiful wife, Michele, two
28 imperial felines and a former shelter dog named Luna who stole his
29 heart. He has work in several journals and has published seven chap-
30 books. He’s a proud papa of two grown sons, Nick and Devin.

31 ARNIE JOHANSON is a retired philosophy professor, living in Durham,
32 NC, with summers in Minneapolis, MN. He has been writing poetry
33 since retirement, and his work has been published in a variety of jour-
34 nals and anthologies. He has published two chapbooks of poetry.

K

36 K. D. KENNEDY, JR. has published two books of poetry, *Our Place In*
37 *Time* (2002) and *Waiting Out In The Yard* (2006). He has been
38 published in the Barton College Crucible, In the Yard, a poetry anthol-
39 ogy, and several other anthologies. He is presently writing short stories

1 along with poetry, and is researching a novel. KD and his wife Sara
2 Lynn live in Raleigh, NC.

3

L

4 PATSY KENNEDY LAIN lives in Hubert, NC, and has published works in
5 several anthologies and online magazine sites. She has received several
6 Literary Arts ribbons and medals in Senior Games for her poetry and
7 short stories in 2008, 2009, and 2010. She was honored as
8 Gilbert-Chappel Distinguished Poet Series Adult Student Poet in 2009.
9 Patsy maintains membership with the Onslow Poetry Consortium and
10 NC Poetry Society since 2008.

11 JO KOSTER teaches at Winthrop University, where she spends too much
12 time on administrative duties and not enough on writing. She was a
13 2010 finalist for the Carrie Allen McCray fellowship of the South
14 Carolina Academy of Poets, and a new chapbook, *Nine Days' Wonder*,
15 is just about finished. She and her cats Max and Neville live in comfort-
16 able chaos and in Rock Hill, SC.

17 BLANCHE L. LEDFORD'S work has appeared in *Southern Mist*, *Night*
18 *Whispers*, *The Outer Side of Life*, *Words*, and other Old Mountain Press
19 anthologies. She won first place in the Cherokee County Silver Arts
20 contest for her essay, *Planting by the Signs*. Blanche resides in
21 Hayesville, NC, and enjoys gardening, reading, and writing.

22 BRENDA KAY LEDFORD is a member of North Carolina Writer's Net-
23 work and North Carolina Poetry Society. Her work has appeared in all
24 of the Old Mountain Press anthologies and many other journals. She
25 received the Paul Green Award for her three poetry chapbooks: *Patch-*
26 *work Memories*, *Shew Bird Mountain*, and *Sacred Fire*. Brenda resides
27 in Hayesville, NC and her blog is:
28 <http://blueridgepoet.blogspot.com>.

29 MICHAEL HUGH LYTHGOE'S reviews and poems appear in *Windhover*,
30 *Petigru Review*, *The Caribbean Writer*. He has read his poems at the
31 Morris Museum of Art in Augusta, GA, and produced a program for the
32 Westobou Arts Festival in 2010. His full poetry collection, *HOLY*
33 *WEEK*, is available at Xlibris.com. Also see his web site:
34 www.BrassBard.com. Mike lives in Aiken, SC with his wife, Louise.

35

M

36 AL MANNING is a retired Naval officer, and a retired college instructor.
37 He is on the Board of Directors for the North Carolina Writers' Net-
38 work, and is the Chatham County representative for the network. Al
39 now lives in Pittsboro, NC.

1 DAVID TREADWAY MANNING lives with his wife Doris in Cary, NC and
2 has work in various journals, seven chapbooks (most recently *Conti-*
3 *nents of Light*, Finishing Line, 2010), and two full-length collections,
4 *The Flower Sermon* (Main Street Rag, 2007) and *Yodeling Fungus*, see
5 www.oldmp.com/DaveManning.htm (Old Mountain Press, 2010).

6 SUSAN MCKENDREE is a writer and collage artist who shares her
7 Weaverville, NC, home and life with three kitties. She writes poems,
8 builds shrines, and is a professional caregiver. Susan has published
9 work in several other regional anthologies as well as in *WNC Woman*.
10 She is currently working on a chapbook of sacred poetry in the form of
11 *ghazels*—an ancient Persian form consisting of couplets—to her Divine
12 Beloved.

13 CELIA MILES, community college retiree, lives, writes, edits,
14 photographs, and travels from Asheville, NC. Her latest novels are
15 *Sarranda*, set in the mid-1800s before, during, after the Civil War, and
16 *Journey to Stenness*, set in NC and the Scottish island of Orkney.

N

18 JEROME NORRIS is a retired lawyer and an active amateur writer who
19 lives next to a pond with his beautiful wife of fifty-one years near New
20 Bern, N.C. He's so old that his poetry still rhymes.

O

22 MARTHA O'QUINN writes poetry and creative non-fiction. Her prose is
23 based on family stories written as confirmation of an old adage, *truth is*
24 *stranger than fiction*. Martha is a mother of two, grandmother of four,
25 and soon-to-be great-grandmother. She and her husband live in
26 Hendersonville, NC.

P

28 MARGARET L. PARRISH'S poems have appeared in *Mountain Time*,
29 *Poem*, *Bay Leaves*, *Poets for Peace* and other publications. She lives
30 and works in Raleigh, NC.

31 MICHAEL POTTS, a native of Smyrna, TN, is Professor of Philosophy,
32 Methodist University, Fayetteville, North Carolina. His poems have
33 appeared in several literary journals and Old Mountain Press antholo-
34 gies, and his chapbook, *From Field to Thicket*, won the 2006 Mary
35 Belle Campbell Poetry Book Award of the North Carolina Writers Net-
36 work. He lives with his wife and three cats in Linden, NC.

R

38 PHIL RICHARDSON lives in Athens, Ohio where he has been writing short
39 stories for quite some time. His wife Joyce is also a writer and they be-
40 long to the same writing group. Phil has published fifty short stories

1 on-line and in print publications. Two of his stories were nominated for
2 the Pushcart Prize in Fiction.

3 S

4 DR. LYNN VEACH SADLER, a former college president, has published
5 widely in academics and creative writing. Editor, poet, fiction/creative
6 nonfiction writer, and playwright, she has published a novella,
7 short-story collection, and seven chapbooks and has a full-length poetry
8 collection and a novel forthcoming. She lives in Sanford, NC.

9 SUSAN SADOWSKI, currently living in Aiken, South Carolina, regards
10 poetry writing as a beautiful mystery to be solved. “The subject
11 becomes part of me, teasing me, invading everything I do, until the
12 poem is finished. Then, I breathe... and have some wine.” Susan is
13 amused by a fellow Anthology contributor and neighbor, along with his
14 lovely wife.

15 JOANNA CATHERINE SCOTT is the author of the prizewinning poetry
16 collections *Breakfast at the Shangri-la*, *Fainting at the Uffizi*, and *Night*
17 *Huntress*; the novels *Child of the South*, *The Road from Chapel Hill*,
18 *The Lucky Gourd Shop*, *Charlie*, and *Cassandra, Lost*; and the nonfiction
19 *Indochina’s Refugees: Oral Histories from Laos, Cambodia and*
20 *Vietnam*. A Woodrow Wilson Visiting Fellow, Scott is a graduate of
21 Adelaide and Duke Universities and lives in Chapel Hill, North
22 Carolina. Her website is www.joannacatherinescott.com.

23 NANCY SOLLOSI is a lifelong resident of the South. She draws much of
24 her inspiration from dreams, both real and imagined. She writes poetry,
25 prose, and songs in Jamestown, NC.

26 TONYA STAUFER found her way back to writing a few years ago. She is
27 a real estate investment broker by day and a writer by night. She and
28 her husband call Saluda, NC home. Her stories have appeared in *Spirit*
29 *of the Smokies*, *A Long Story Short*, *Western NC Woman*, *Moonshine*
30 *Review*, and numerous anthologies.

31 T

32 NANCY DEW TAYLOR’S work has most recently appeared in the *South-*
33 *ern Poetry Anthology’s Contemporary Appalachia* volume. Emrys
34 Press published her chapbook, *Stepping on Air*, in 2008. She lives in
35 Greenville, SC.

36 W

37 JC WALKUP, a graduate of the University of Texas, and currently en-
38 rolled at UNCA in The Great Smokies Writing Program, has written

1 three novels, award winning short stories. She is a workshop junkie and
2 a research addict who prefers following clues to actually writing. Five
3 years at United Artists and thirty-three years in the defense industry
4 failed to rehabilitate her. Now she lives in Canton, NC feeds her habit
5 with daily doses of words.

6 EVELYNE WEEKS is a writer of both poetry and prose. Her work has
7 been published in *The Hollins Critic*, *Appalachian Heritage*, and *Out of*
8 *the Rough: Women's Poems of Survival and Celebration*. Today she
9 lives in Rock Hill, South Carolina, where she has taught English at
10 Winthrop University since 1989.

11 CHARLES "HAWK" WEYANT lives in Fayetteville, NC, where he has
12 been a member of Writers Ink Guild for twenty-seven years. He read on
13 Public Radio for ten years and his works have appeared in more than a
14 dozen anthologies. A true imagist poet, his book *An Odyssey In Broken*
15 *Rhythms And Ragged Lines* was nominated for a Pushcart Award.

16 STELLA WARD WHITLOCK (widow of a Presbyterian minister, mother of
17 four, grandmother of seven) is a writer, teacher, and traveler. She has
18 camped in all forty-eight contiguous states, traveled in Alaska and Ha-
19 waii, and toured more than forty countries. Her stories, poems, and arti-
20 cles have been published in numerous journals, magazines, and anthol-
21 ogies. Her chapbook *Florida Heat* was published in 2008. Stella cur-
22 rently lives in the Glenaire Retirement Community, Cary, NC.

23 EARL J WILCOX writes about teens, aging, baseball, and Southern cul-
24 ture. He has published more than four dozen political poems and sev-
25 eral baseball poems. Many of his poems may also be found on his blog,
26 *Writing by Earl*. Earl lives with his wife, their granddaughter, and their
27 Sheltie (Lady) in Rock Hill, SC.

28 GLENDA S. WILKINS grew up on an eastern NC tobacco farm, and be-
29 lieved she'd never live beyond the county line. Decades later, she
30 moved to Europe for almost a dozen years. Her poems are published in
31 the U.S.A., Canada, Spain, Luxembourg, Switzerland, and Great Brit-
32 ain. Along the way, she has won several poetry awards. Today, she
33 lives on an airstrip outside Winterville, NC.

34 BARBARA LEDFORD WRIGHT is a frequent contributor to OMP includ-
35 ing the latest anthology *Words*. Her essays are in the 2011 *Clay and*
36 *Cherokee County NC Sesquicentennial and Civil War* souvenir editions.
37 Besides other publication credits, her writing is included with 50 WNC
38 *Women Writers: Women's Spaces Women's Places* anthology. She's a
39 native of Clay Co. and presently resides in Shelby, NC.

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