**I Am From…**

I am from rolling plains of gold,

Brilliant lights dancing in the sky,

The rust and rumble of oil pumps,

And a lullaby of crickets.

I am from hand me downs and family feasts,

Laughter, cheer, and lots of music,

Dusty back road driving lessons,

And long old stories told upon one’s knee.

I am from sharpening skates and tap shoes,

Music lessons and singing how to,

Acting like “There’s no place like home”

Rehearsal, lessons and practice, practice, practice.

I am from fresh air blowing all around,

Stained coveralls drying on the line,

Smells of home grown and raised family dinner

And the silence of open sky.

I am from cracked hands of long hard days,

The chords and notes of family talent,

The years of advice, sacrifice, and praise,

And the strength and courage I will always look to.

I am from familiar faces,

Wide open and free,

Family and friends,

And really there is no place I would rather be.

