Hometown **Ramblings**

By Bobbie Smith Bryant

Contributing Columnist

The old tobacco barn stands proudly against the morning sky. The unarmed watchman silently beckons those who unassumingly pass by. Irrelevant to the unacquainted, its story often remains untold. For those, the barn is a negligible mainstay from bygone days. It's only a nameless edifice, seasonally filled with the fall harvest of the dark-leaf

The decrepit barn wears its skin in aged clapboard. Metal sheeting replaces sections of log siding which were lost and never found. Wrinkled like Methuselah, the lumber reveals the abuse it's withstood for more than 100 years. Pocked and gnarled, its pioneer craftsmanship is marred by the burden of extreme temperatures fed by seasonal nor'easters and gale-force winds blown from the western heartland.

A tin roof snugs up to shelter the wood, shimmering against the sapphire sky on each sunfilled day. A lever system allows for the needed ventilation when the firing process is underway. Inside the barn, thick timber beams stretch across its wide open spaces, tier above tier.

Strong and stout, the old barn is built to last.

For me, this barn is like an old friend. It remains as one perpetual aspect of an ever-changing landscape. It offers the familiar, the comfortable, the way things were, the way things are, and the way things will be.

I love to tell the story of the old barn. It has been an inaudible witness to the lives of my farming ancestors. It coddles the youngsters as they learn the craft

SUNDAY, MARCH 15TH 10:45 AM.

FREE PIZZA AND FUN ACTIVITIES!

EVERYONE IS INVITED GEARED FOR AGES 11 - UNDER

GUEST SPEAKER: CALVARY KIDS PASTOR JON YOUNG!

16.TUB DETTY SISTERS

of tobacco production from their elders. It nurtures the young newlyweds as they begin a new life together. It provides for the growing family as children come in stair-step succession. It serves as a source of retirement for the aging farmer. It shades the same pathways that many have walked long before me and my kin.

"Each barn has a personality to them, just like we have," so says my brother, the full-time famer.

I know it must be true.

For this old tobacco barn continues to withstand as the world swirls around it. Horse and buggy has changed to automobiles and driver-less cars. We talk to our neighbors and friends through telephone lines, satellite dishes and fiber optic cables. We no longer grow gardens preferring instantly available storebought food.

All these modern amenities have not deterred the old barns important role on our family farm. This unyielding behemoth somehow comforts this wayfaring child with its presence. It holds a tender place in my psyche for it provides the fragrance



An old barn is pictured with hanging tobacco

of home.

Bobbie Bryant lives in Louisville and serves as a Community Development Advisor for the Kentucky League of Cities. She is passionate about western Ken-

tucky and is a freelance writer with four publications: Farming in the Black Patch, A Beautiful Star: the Life of Lois Etoile Brewer, Passions of the Black Patch: Cooking and Quilting biesmithbryant.com.

in Western Kentucky and Forty Acres and a Red Belly Ford: The Smith Family of Calloway County. For more information about the author, visit http://bob-

I Am a Child of the Black Patch

By Bobbie Smith Bryant

(in response to George Ella Lyons' "Where I'm From" writ*ing prompt)*

I am from the land of darkfired tobacco,

reared on corn bread baked in my Papaw's cast iron skillet;

patchwork quilts air out on the line.

I am led by the Holy Spirit; enjoy Sunday dinners on the ground,

help clean the cemetery where my forefathers lie.

I am a tobacco setter and hay baler.

pick blackberries by the side of the road;

while smelling honeysuckle on the vine.

I am crispy fried chicken with sawmill gravy, Climb trees, play ball and

ride my bike;

watching Bonanza on Sunday

I am a bottle feeder to baby

goats. and catch tadpoles in a blue

Mason jar; I fish, frog gig, and snipe hunt

with my friends.

I celebrate my birthday with

bob for apples, run a sack

and go door-to-door to trickor-treat.

I am a front porch rocker; a butter bean-sheller; and I sing right along with Porter Wagoner.

I am sawdust and barn fire, curing the tobacco; stripping the dark leaf, preparing for market.

I am turkey and dressing at Thanksgiving, snow cream at Christmas;

black-eyed peas and turnip

greens ring in the New Year.

I am passionate about my an-

and telling their stories, a ten-generation farm family

from western Kentucky.

Yes, I am a child of the Black Patch;

farm dirt flows through my

I honor these traditions and

pass them on to the next gener-



WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO LIMIT QUANTITIES & CORRECT AD ERRORS

