

The Way Forth is dedicated with love to
my brother, Edward Sterling Grimes, and
to my mother, Lou Jean Leedy Grimes.

Characters:

A modern-day woman

Pauline

Patsy

Sister

Margaret

Daughter

Wife

Nephew

Carney

Pee Wee Queen

Henry

Son

Dolly

Frederick

A modern-day man

Preacher

Elizabeth

Abraham

Hoy

Sara

**The community and
the congregation**

What to do with all of these mysterious photos, letters, deeds, clippings, this gorgeous 1908 scrapbook, this ancient Scottish family Bible... Who is this woman with the piercing gaze? Why is this woman wearing men's clothing and sporting a cigar? So, he really was a miner 49er...and how are we related to him? Why didn't she finish her college degree until she was 61? These were some of the questions my brother and I asked our parents and relatives over the last few years as we sorted our way through their memorabilia. These questions led to a few answers...and many more questions. An examination of generations of my family's history branched out, leading to other families with whom they had crossed paths, and formed a framework for trying to reconcile Kentucky history and how it relates to the westward expansion and settlement of the United States.

I wanted to know more about the lives of these people, especially my grandmothers and many great-grandmothers, of whom I had only a few photos, postcards, and traces of pioneer lore. The songs weave back in time through a postcard, a personal account of a long life on a farm, traces of folk tunes, names, places, and rivers, all woven into an emotional fabric of yearning, nostalgia, grief, and the rich intimacies of everyday life.

“Patsy” and “Sara” recall their stories, excerpted from primary sources. Patsy Treadway, from Winchester, looks back on her life and work on a mid-nineteenth century farm. Sara Katherine Simpson Jones, from Lincoln County, goes to work for a family in town so that she will be able to attend high school. “There Is No Other” shares the female perspective on marriage in youth, middle-age, and near the end of life. The words of “Red House School” are edited from an autobiography written by my maternal grandmother, Margaret Ruth Baldwin Leedy, highlighting her rural teaching career. “Sisterhood of Man” brings together the voices of many women through time, and its musical theme recurs in “Nowhere on Earth” and “Dolly.”

As I read more on early Kentucky history—largely written by a very few privileged white men, recording the deeds and accomplishments of other notable white men—the stories routinely glossed over people without titles or voting rights, and dehumanized most others by referring to them as objects of desire, savages, or slaves. Modern day editors and researchers added dynamic new dimensions to these stories of “winning the wilderness.” The recent book, *Women of Boonesborough*, by Harry Enoch and Anne Crabb, pulls together fragments of known history of the women who lived in the pioneer fort. Among them was an enslaved woman named Dolly, brought by Colonel Richard Callaway on the 1775 Boone expedition from North Carolina into Kentucky. She was one of two women on the trip through Cumberland Gap to establish Fort Boonesborough. While on that journey, she was raped, presumably by Callaway, and a child was born nine months later, the first child born in the fort. Until very recently, Dolly has never been named, as this founding mother is known only as “A Negro Woman” on the D.A.R. monument at Fort Boonesborough state park. Piecing together slivers of evidence within my family’s wills, newspapers, and historical accounts, Dolly lived well into her 80’s, in servitude to Callaway’s widow Elizabeth and daughter Keziah.

With the help of researcher Paula Falvey, we assembled fragments of the story of Dolly’s child, Frederick. He was likely sold to friends of the Callaways, the Nathaniel Hart family. Frederick Hart served in the War of 1812 and subsequently married Judith Brown of Frankfort. Their son Henry Hart was a notable violinist, composer, and band leader who lived in Evansville and Indianapolis, Indiana. Henry, his pianist wife, Sarah Smith, and their daughters performed as a popular band in the area. Hart’s hit song from 1873, “Good Sweet Ham,” is included within a medley of favorite popular tunes which my paternal grandmother, Dorothy Susan Newland Grimes, taught me when I was young. Together, these tunes comprise the musical time-travel in “Fontaine Ferry.”

Throughout *The Way Forth*, the congregation and the community are observers and participants, and the next several songs weave in fragments of church music, as the scope widens to include a narrator’s reflections on a place battered by greed, civil war, bigotry, and the exploitation of natural resources. “Dix River Doxology” reframes a familiar protestant responsorial in praise of the great river. “Bill of Sale” is the community’s lament on the hideous practice of slavery, as they hear the distant voice of an enslaved woman named Susan, listed along with her three children in a Newland family document from Madison County in 1824. “End of Dominion” documents the 1775 swindling of the Cherokee people in a land grab aimed at establishing a 14th colony. Shifting voices through time detail the continued plundering of land and animals, the brutal treatment of oppressed peoples, ending in an abrupt and colliding confusion.

The work closes with the only instrumental, “A New Land.” We can come together to treasure and protect each other, our lands, waters, and all creatures.

- Rachel Grimes



Got Ahold of Me (Woman)

There is something
got ahold of me
and it won't let go
in a stranglehold

There is someone
got ahold of me
and they won't let go
in a stranglehold
with a bitter undertow

Stick and stone
knife and gun
lay down your arms

For what battle have you won?
Lay down your arms
untie me (and hold me)

Postcard from Pauline

Sept. 21, 1888

Dear Pauline, I have been thinking so much about you all of late and wishing so much that I could see more of you. Will you and your mother not make us another visit before the winter sets in? Sue has had quite a little spell with her side, but all is well as usual now. If you don't come, do write - your Aunt Pauline

Patsy

I am 85 years old today and have been here during three wars: 1812, 1848, and 1860. I am the mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother of 103 children. When just past 18 years old, I was the mother of two children. I carried them with me to the field after milking and getting breakfast, tied them in a fence corner, and cut 12 shocks of corn per day. I have cut wood, split rails, handled the reap hook and cradled in harvest time; sowed, pulled, broke, hackled and swindled flax, spun it and wove it into cloth. I have sheared sheep and made the wool into blankets, linsey, and jeans. I have done all kinds of work and feel none the worse for it. At the age of 19 I joined the old Lulbegrud Baptist Church under the ministry of Rev. Thomas Boone. I am now a member of Mt. Sterling Baptist Church. This is my last birthday.





Sisterhood of Man (Sister)

This old, heavy grief and terror
deep has nearly drowned me
Broke my legs and tamped my
longing voice
My soul is shattered
By any means, my freedom

Darkened meadowland so
fortified in a stranglehold
Lay down arms and the truth
be told
Ani-yun-wi-ya
By any means, their freedom

Sister mine tell us, is it time, to
ease the burden?
Stony heart break wide and
flow again
Let us find the way forth
By any means, our freedom



Red House School (Margaret)

I was born March 4, 1903 near Union City, Kentucky, in Madison County.

My parents had five children in nine years: three boys and two girls.

In 1910, we moved from Union City to Brookstown, which is near Red House. I started in a one room school that was heated by a large coal heater in the middle of the room, with double desks, two or three sitting together in

the seat. It had a large recitation bench up in front where we sat when having class.

All eight grades were taught in this room with just one teacher. Most of the time, the teacher made the fires, swept the floors, and straightened up the room before any of the children arrived. Some of the girls and boys in the upper grades would help with the ones in the lower grades.

After graduating in 1921, I taught a three-month spring school at Brookstown. In a spring school, the parents paid the teacher \$3 a month for each pupil.

In the fall of 1922, I entered Eastern State Normal School in Richmond to get a Life's Certificate. I taught the first four grades at Red House School for two years, then taught one year in high school. That year my youngest brother and sister went to school with me, and they graduated that year.

In the fall of 1927, I went to Benham, in Harlan County. There were 130 children in the first grade so the class was divided with two teachers. They were building a new school building and as we didn't have enough room, one teacher taught half of them from 8:00 to 12:00 and I taught the other 65 from 12:30 to 4:00.





In January 1928, I got married. I finished out that year then quit teaching to raise our family. In 1933, we moved from Harlan County to Stanford, in Lincoln County. We have one son and four daughters.

In 1956, I returned to teaching as a substitute, then in '58 I taught the first four grades in a two room school in Rowland. In '59 I came back to Union City to teach in the same building that my mother had begun her teaching career many years ago and in the spring of '60, they gave me the Principal's job.

In the fall of 1960 we moved to Union City and in 1962 the school was consolidated with the Red House School to move to the new Daniel Boone School here in Madison County.

I went to summer school, then started teaching the second grade. It was the first school that I had ever had just one grade, with new equipment and many conveniences.

In '63, I taught twelve days and got sick, so I took a year's leave of absence. After resting and getting to feel better, I decided to come back to Eastern the second term and hope to get my degree in August.

I feel that we have a good deal in common, as you went to rural school and loved living on a farm in your childhood days. Also, I love boys and girls. If it wasn't for the love of being with boys and girls, trying to teach them to be good citizens, I wouldn't be going to school. For at my age, it is very hard to concentrate and learn with the younger generation being so alert.

A close-up photograph of a red metal surface, possibly a door or a sign, showing significant wear and damage. A large hole is visible, and a white metal fastener is partially embedded in the metal. To the right, a blue sign with white text and a star is partially visible. The background is a blurred outdoor scene.

The Hysterical Society (the community)

Patsy, Matsy, Mary Margaret, Dorcas Alexander
Celia, Dolly, Bessie Ella, Susie, Lizzie, Lula
Margilee and Elsie Jane, and another Margaret
Nancy, Sara, Susan, Philadelphia Deboe

Transylvania, Spotsylvania, Fincastle and Madison
Otter Creek, St. Asaph Creek, Muddy Creek and Tates Creek
Foxtown and Preachersville, Culpepper and Hubble
Walnut Flat and Hazel Patch on the Little Rockcastle River

Colonel This, and Captain That, Nathan, York, and Henson
Prather, Pawling, Edward Sterling, Jacques de la Fontaine
Jupiter and Hoy Flournoy, Johann, David, Joseph
Abraham and Isaac on the Hope of Rotterdam

Fussin' and a fightin'
Spoiled stinkin' rotten
All came through the Cumberland Gap



Nowhere on Earth (Daughter)

Not too long ago, I drove
by there again.
It was one of those days in the
late fall where the sunlight
is slanted and bright.
The craggy trees,
the cedars suddenly so obvious.
Fencelines full of leaves.
And the hay and soybeans
are honey-colored stubs.
The tobacco is hanging in the barns.

The road's a little wider than
I remember and now some of
it is paved pretty nicely.
The rickety bridge is gone.
It's now just solid concrete
and a little side railing.
There's a better metal bridge over
the creek but you can still see
where we used to drive through it.
The driveway's not gravel anymore.
It's a nice, paved, serpentine path
up the hill where you can't see
where you're going and it looks
like you're driving into the sky.

When you get to the top, it
looks like it always did.
There's the silo...but there's
no trailer anymore.
There's that little barn, the
equipment shed, and the brick house
- it's beautiful - it's been renovated.
That's where you were born.
I'm grateful they saved it.

I want to keep going - I drive
all the way to the far gate,
towards our house.
There is the old road and the trees
still arch over it - deep, deep ruts.
Even with the paving, I
can still see it there.
I back up and stop in the driveway
turnaround and look out over
the field towards Aunt Matsy's.
I roll down the window and I am
snatched into the past so quick.

It smells the same!
Nowhere on Earth
smells just like this.
Why do I know this place so
deeply, so surely? How?
Blood, bone, DNA,

it's somehow in there, I just don't know.
The cycles, the light, the wispy wind.
I can't see the river but I see its shape in the tree line.

There are so many of those grand sycamores still standing.
This is their time of year.
I've got to go. I have to get to you before it's dark.
This land is always with me...and I love it so.
If there is any soil, any wind on earth I have come from,
it is this place.

There Is No Other (Wife)

In my eye, through my ear
in my song, as you draw near
in my dreams and waking hours
I so feel there is no other
In my soul there is no other

Wood and stone, strained and raw
bur oak, lime, and possumhaw
I am man, I am woman
Hold so tight with the others
Precious night, there is no other

Fragile life, fill his veins
Ease her heart, a well of rains
Sorghum sweet and richness deep
I give my soul with no other
I give my heart to no other





The Spells (Nephew)

Well, they say she'd get to smokin' and that's how you'd know the spells were comin'.

She'd be out there on the back porch, one...after another... smokin', pacin', never sayin' a word.

But they knew the spells were comin', and they knew what it meant, and they kinda knew where it all came from.

And they'd get her settled down again, and go on.



Fontaine Ferry

(Sister, Carney, Pee Wee Queen,
Henry, and the community)

(Sister)
Painted stars and
cardboard moon,
in the photo tent with Grandma Suse.

It's big nickel ride day
down Western Parkway.
How can we have fun today?

Let's go out and find a menagerie.
Oh, I wish you were here with me.

(Carney)
Thank you all for coming out to
Fontaine Ferry Park today and
welcome to Hilarity Hall! Now, I know
you're excited to hear some good
music, so let's bring on Pee Wee
Queen and the St. Asaph Singers.

Meet and greet
stag or drag
All the ways to have fun today

(Pee Wee Queen - St. Louis Blues)
Oh, St. Louis woman
with her diamond rings
Pulls that man around
by her apron strings.
'Twant for
powder and for store-bought hair,
The man I love
wouldnt've gone nowhere, nowhere.

(Tenor - Red, Red Robin)
I'm just a kid again
doing what I did again,
singing a song
When the red, red robin comes
bob, bob, bobbin' along

(Five Foot Two)
Now if you run into
a five foot two,
covered with fur
Diamond rings
and all those things
Betcha' life it isn't her
But could she love, could she woo?
Could she, could she, could she coo?
Has anybody seen my gal?

(Henry - Good Sweet Ham)
You may talk about good eatin',
Of your oysters
and your chowder'd clam,
But it's when I'm awful hungry,
Then just give me
good old sweet ham.

Now some folks may differ with me,
But their talk is nothing but a sham,
For to touch this old man's palate,
Oh! just give me
good old sweet ham.

Old ham, it is the meat,
For it is always good to eat.
You may bake it, broil it, fry it or boil,
But still it is always sweet.

(Oh Susanna!)
Oh Susanna, Oh don't you cry for me
For I'm goin' to Californee with
a banjo on my knee

(Carney)
Who doesn't like milk toast?!?

For So Long (Son, the community)

For so long, you didn't know us
You knew us through the lens of the games
the constructs
the money
the land
the names
the places and the expectations
and the terrible guilt

You knew your idea of us
And we knew that too
Now, they're all gone
no names
no games
There're some things, some photos,
some stories
There's no money, no land
and now there's no fog

You are beginning to know us
Now you see us, you hear us
You have always loved us in some deep place,
and I know that
But you have not known us, to love us really,
to know us
There is still time, not much
We began to know you, to see it all better

To feel something - why? - that just - made - no - sense
We told, and re-told, and spun juicy versions
And that's probably not alright
It's just too much fun to go there!
But something just didn't add up

It's the pencil, the envelope
It's the only woman she was never nice to
It's the secreted jobs, the moving around,
the lying, the game-playing
the hustling
the bull-headed blindness
the deep loss of the truth

It's the Sunday shoes, the comb
the VO5 and Old Spice
the clothes brushes arrayed on the marble top
weapons in plain sight

You spent her savings
and gave away our dog
What did I ever do to her?? you asked

Unmoored and flailing, we asked ourselves:
why are we still here???

This is what was
And that over there...
is what could have been.



Dix River Doxology

(Woman, the congregation)

Great river, awake my soul

Awake my soul and with the sun
Dark meadowland can we be one?
Great river show us what you know
Praise her from where our
blessings flow. Amen

Dolly (Dolly and Frederick)

I never, ever thought I'd live this long.
Those dreadful nights he would come to me
and all those days he'd lay a hand on me.

Mrs. Keziah begged me to come here today,
all proud to be celebrated
and I expect she thinks I weep for
recollectin' the raids,
the frigid cold nights,
hauling the water, and scraping the hides.

I weep for my son, given no father's name,
no land to farm, no rightful way in this place
to be a man.

Bill of Sale (Woman, the community)

Ooo..
Ahh, no more!

Know all Men by these presents that I John
Stone of Madison County and state of Kentucky
for and in consideration of Seven hundred
and twenty five dollars to be hereinafter paid by
John Newland of the County & State a fore said
I have received whereof is hereby acknowledged
have granted bargain and sold and by these
presents do grant bargain and sell unto
the said John Newland my following slaves
to wit Susan and her three children Jane Henri
and Ann Susan about twenty seven years old
Jane about thine years old and Henriam about
four years old all born about two years or a bit
said by me I do warrant and defend a good
title to the said Newland his heirs &c
in any way and against title claim of
any other person or persons claiming by me
or otherwise further was and the said
Newland to be sound and sane and slave to
the except Jane she appears to be nearly blind
while the said Newland takes at his own
risk Newland's hand and seal this 30th Dec
1824

End of Dominion

(Narrator as Orator, Man, and Preacher; Woman, the community, the congregation, Frederick, Elizabeth, Abraham, Hoy)

(Orator)

So, today when you chance to gaze upon that beautiful emblem of liberty, that magnificent "Star Spangled Banner" which waves so proudly o'er us, you will see set in that field of blue, forty-seven glittering stars, spreading forth their rays of light, representing the greatest, grandest and most powerful and enlightened nation upon the face of "God's Green Foot Stool" and we have not reached the zenith of our greatness yet!!

(Man)

LAND HEIST

Winter 1775
Defying threats of imprisonment from the Royal Governors of Virginia and North Carolina, attorney Richard Henderson persuades the leaders of the Cherokee Nation to meet at the Sycamore Shoals of the Watauga River to finalize the purchase of land. Henderson's enterprise, known as the Transylvania Company of North

Carolina, intended to acquire the indigenous peoples' ancestral hunting ground between the Kentucky, Ohio and Cumberland Rivers in exchange for cash and trade goods.

CHEROKEE NATION

The arrival of 1200 members of the Overhill Cherokee followed months of obfuscation by various hired white men, including the explorer Daniel Boone, to lure this vast swath of land away from these people with the promise of a wealth of goods such as guns, lead, gunpowder, tools, flour, salt, hogs, bearskins, calico shirts, and Dutch blankets.

On March 14th, negotiations officially began between Henderson and the four chiefs of the Grand Council. By the end of the third day, dissent had divided many of the attendees as to the exact nature of the offer - was it an annual lease or a permanent sale? Chickamauga Chief Dragging Canoe pleaded with his fellow leaders to resist the continued encroachment of these white settlers driven by endless greed.

Despite his dire warnings, the Cherokee Nation voted to release 20 million acres to the Transylvania Company for goods equal to the amount of 10,000 English

pounds. The gathering ended with a great feast, though the so-called Treaty of Sycamore Shoals was never a treaty by definition, but was in fact a quitclaim deed drafted by two attorneys assigned by Henderson to represent the chiefs.

TURNING POINT

The final document was signed by those remaining three chiefs and - inexplicably - not by any of the nine individual partners in the company. This land heist at .0005 pence per acre later became known as the Transylvania Purchase. Henderson's dream to create the 14th colony signaled the expansion of the western frontier. Even before the celebration began, Colonel Daniel Boone gathered his trailblazing party of thirty men and two women, and charged north through the Cumberland Gap and up the Wilderness Trace.

FIRST SKIRMISH

On March 25th, 25 days before the Battles of Lexington and Concord, a skirmish between Shawnee and Boone's party took place a mile north-west of this church. Captain Twetty and several others were gravely wounded and an enslaved man named Sam was killed instantly. A temporary log shelter was erected to care for the wounded

- one of the first structures built in this newly taken land of Kentucky.

FIRST FORTRESS

After burying Captain Twetty and his slave Sam, the expedition continued heading north. On April 1st, Boone along with Colonel Richard Callaway began erecting a permanent fort on the south bank of the Kuttawa River. This twisting river flows northwest from the ancient Appalachian mountains, and is now known as the Kentucky River.

FIRST CHILD

Individual cabins were built, corn and peach stones planted. By June 14th, deeds were issued by the Proprietors of the Colony of Transylvania for small lots within Fort Boonesborough. By September, family members began arriving from North Carolina and moved into the rustic homes. In November, nine months after the expedition began, the first child was born in the Fort. His name was Frederick - the son of Callaway and his slave Dolly.

(the community)

Fortitude, servitude,
plenitude, gratitude

Certitude, pulchritude,
rectitude, decrepitude

(Man)

FERRY RAID

In October of 1779, the Virginia Legislature granted Richard Callaway's petition to build a ferry across the Kentucky River at Fort Boonesborough. On March 8, 1780 Callaway and several others were working on his ferry boat about a mile above the settlement, when they were fired upon by a party of Shawnee. One man was killed and two enslaved men were kidnapped. Callaway was killed, scalped and burned. When his body was recovered, it was noted that the Shawnee had rolled the body in the mud.

(Abraham)

THE WILL

One set of knives & forks and box

One canister

One pair of wool cards

Three spinning wheels

One jug

One whip

Sundry old irons

One two-foot rule

Sarah a negro woman

Jenny a negro girl

Nancy a negro girl

Berry a negro boy

York a negro man

Isaac a boy

Bagwell a man

Milley an old woman

Two iron pots

One kettle

One Dutch oven

One loom

One hackle

(Elizabeth)

THE LETTER HOME

There are many canebrakes so thick and tall that it is difficult to walk through them. Where no cane grows there is abundance of wild-rye, clover, and buffalo-grass. The soil is very favorable to flax and hemp, which grow in abundance. And I have heard a hunter assert that he saw above one thousand buffaloes at the Blue Licks at once.

(the community)

Fortitude, servitude,
plenitude, gratitude

Certitude, pulchritude,
rectitude, decrepitude

(Woman, the community)

Great river, awake my soul

(Man)

December the 20th, 1849 -
Oregon Territory - a letter home
to Walnut Flat, Kentucky

(Hoy)

GOLD RUSH

Dear Uncle, if it is the Lord's will, I will move to California the first of May with all my family. I will stay there about 15 months and try to make a raise of as much gold dust as we all want. Fir timber is 300 feet high. I have seen the common elder you make use for sugar spikes large enough to make six rails to the cut. There is white oak, black oak, dogwood, and soft maple. Peaches and apple trees bear every year. I have raised turnips 16 inches in diameter and the best oats grow there I ever saw. Mr. Bright told me while his

mule was drinking in the north fork of the Feather River he saw some gold shining in the water. He kicked his mule and in three hours he washed \$500. The balance of the day washed \$300 more. I saw him in October '48 and from June up to that time he told me he had made one hundred thousand dollars.

(Man)

CIVIL WAR

On August 29th, 1862, just a few miles south of Richmond, General Smith and General Manson's forces met and skirmished - the first real battle between Union and Confederate forces in Kentucky. The Union lost 206 men, around 800 wounded, and over 4000 taken prisoner. The Confederates lost 78 men, with 350 wounded. This church was used as a hospital. Women of the congregation came to serve as nurses and the men buried the dead. Forty were buried across the road right there, in Washington Maupin's field.

(the community)

Fortitude, servitude,
plenitude, gratitude

Certitude, pulchritude,
rectitude, decrepitude

Brother against brother
sister and mother
wrap the dead

Fortitude, servitude,
plenitude, gratitude

Certitude, pulchritude,
rectitude, decrepitude

(Preacher, Frederick)

EVANGELISM

Number 7. Name the six divisions
of Old Testament history.

Number 8. Give the extent
of the period of Power.

Number 9. Name three events
in the period of Conquest.

Number 10. Name five persons
in the period of Servitude.

(the congregation)

HOW GREAT THOU ART

I see the stars, I hear the mighty thunder

Then sings my soul, how great thou art!

(Preacher)

A splendid force of circumstances
have combined to press us into this
movement which will mean more to
the moral, social, civic, and spiritual

life of Bell County than anything ever
undertaken in its history. The plan
is to have as many revival Gospel
meetings in progress at one time as is
possible and to the best of our ability
to so arrange them accessible to every
mining camp, village and hollow in the
county. Think of the great treasures
of heart and material wealth which
now pay their increase to sin and
death, which will, by this campaign,
be turned into mighty streams of
virtue and blessing and Godliness!

(Man)

A MOCKERY

I promise to be kind always to her
mother; never join any lodge that does
not admit women; never to smoke
more than three cigars on a week day,
and not more than five on Sunday;
never to use profane language; to
beat carpets every spring without
grumbling; never to drink intoxicating
liquors, except at the annual spring
housecleaning, and never to keep a dog.

A MURDER

Victim was found shot in her residence
on August 16, 1975. A neighbor looking
through a window spotted the body
lying in a hallway. She had been shot

four times in the back of the head.
Police said there were no signs of
forced entry into the house and both
doors were locked when officers
arrived. The neighbor remarked
that she had stood up for her rights
and maybe that is what killed her.

(the community)

Fortitude, servitude,
plenitude, gratitude

Certitude, pulchritude,
rectitude, decrepitude

(Man)

A FESTIVITY

On July 4th in Crab Orchard the
celebrations will begin with a ham
breakfast followed by a parade. Then
a horse race at Sportman's Hill, with
flea markets going all day long.

(the congregation)

How great thou art!

Sara

I am one of twelve children.
There were six boys and six girls.

We lived very close to the one
room school in Boneyville.

Sometimes at lunch
we would come home.

We would go to the garden
and get fresh tomatoes or
whatever was ready to eat,
Mama on day work
and Daddy on W. P. A.

We would go to the well, draw water
with a rope and get a fresh drink of
water, then go back to school.

I attended Lincoln High School and
graduated on April 19, 1946.

Soon after, Eugene was discharged
from the army and we got married.

We have four children and six
grandchildren - all went to college.

Sixty-six years together,
here in Lincoln County.

(the community)

And with the roots of the past, we shall
shake the branches of the future.

Words, music and orchestrations by Rachel Grimes, except where noted below:

Postcard from Pauline: 1888 postcard to Pauline Lackey Grimes (2nd great Aunt) from Pauline Jordon Lackey (3rd great Aunt)

Patsy: excerpted from Patsy Treadway personal account - The Winchester Democrat, Friday, October 9, 1896

Red House School: excerpted from autobiography of Margaret Ruth Baldwin Leedy (grandmother) - written for Eastern KY University 1964; guitar part by Nathan Salsburg

The Hysterical Society: includes segment of traditional fiddle tune from Cumberland Gap; guitar part by Nathan Salsburg, banjo part by Sean Johnson, improvised violin solos by Scott Moore, cello solos by Charlie Patton

Nowhere on Earth: guitar part by Nathan Salsburg

There Is No Other: guitar part by Nathan Salsburg

Fontaine Ferry: extracted and re-arranged copy from amusement park metal sign circa 1960; medley includes excerpts from:

Susan's Song (1980) Dorothy Susan Newland Grimes (grandmother)

St. Louis Blues (1914) W. C. Handy, Handy Bros. Music Co. Inc. ASCAP

Red Red Robin (1926) Harry Woods, (Callicoon Music, ASCAP)

Five Foot Two Eyes of Blues (1925) Ray Henderson (Ray Henderson Music Co. Inc. ASCAP), Sam M. Lewis (Sony/ATV/EMI Entertainment), Joe Young (MPL Music Publishing ASCAP)

Good Sweet Ham (1873) Henry Hart (lyrics slightly modified)

Oh Susanna! (1848) Stephen Foster (lyrics slightly modified)

Dix River Doxology: contains tune from Doxology, or Old 100, from the hymn tune by Loys Bourgeois

Dolly: based on an account from 1840 celebration of the establishment of Fort Boonesborough - Farmer's Chronicle, William L. Neale, editor, from an original paper belonging to Judge W. R. Shackelford, Richmond, KY, June 6, 1840 in Register of the Kentucky Historical Society: 24, 1926, pp. 175-181

Bill of Sale: a response to a bill of sale for \$775 from Caleb Stone to John Newland (4th great-grandfather), Walnut Flat, KY 1824 - for Susan (27 years old) and her three children Ann (2 years old), Jane (9 years old), and Henson (4 years old)

End of Dominion: excerpt from a speech given by Holly Peden, in honor of Col. C. A. Wood and R. M. Newland (great-grandfather) at the Oyster Roast given in their honor by the boys of the Admission Dept., Ocean View, Nov. 3rd, 1907 (from Bessie Newland, great-grandmother)

Vol. 21 of The Filson Club History Quarterly (1947), entitled "The Transylvania Company, Study in Personnel."

The History of the Daniel Boone National Forest by Robert Collins

The Life of Daniel Boone by Lyman C. Draper, Edited by Ted Franklin Belue

Women of Fort Boonesborough by Harry Enoch and Anne Crabb

Daniel Boone: Master of the Wilderness by John Bakeless

Excerpts from the Mt. Zion Christian church brochure, Richmond KY

Firsts Kentucky excerpt from History of Madison County

Excerpts from the property list of the 1790 will of Major William Hoy (5th great-grandfather, son of Elizabeth Jones Hoy Callaway, 6th great-grandmother), inventoried by Abraham Newland (5th great-grandfather)

The Discovery, Settlement, and Present State of Kentucke (1784) by John Filson

Excerpts from an 1849 letter from Hoy Bernard Flournoy to John Newland + Celia Hoy Newland (4th great-grandparents) of Walnut Flat, KY

Examination questions "Training for Service" Herbert Moninger c. 1910 (from Joe Sterling Grimes, grandfather)

From the Bell County Christian Convention, I. G. Shaw - March 19, 1910 (from Joe Sterling Grimes, grandfather)

Newspaper clipping c. 1921 - This Man Was Tamed (from Marion Givens Grimes, great Aunt)

Cold case of Margaret Shanks King, Danville KY 1975 - KY State Police

Danville Advocate Messenger - August 17, 1975

Lincoln County Historical Society bulletins 1976, 80, 90 (from Dorothy Susan Grimes, grandmother)

How Great Thou Art, Swedish traditional hymn, lyrics by Carl Boberg

Sara: Excerpted from family biography from Lincoln County History book (2002) and Simpson/Hayes Family Reunion motto, both by Sara Katherine Simpson Jones

A New Land: guitar part by Nathan Salsburg, banjo part by Sean Johnson

Timbre Cierpke - harp (1, 4, 5, 6, 7, 12, 17), **voice** (1, 2, 4, 6, 10, 14, 15)
Scott Moore - solo violin (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17), **voice** (6)
Erica Pisaturo - violin (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17)
Rob Simonds - violin (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17)
Laura De St. Croix - viola (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17)
Evan Vicic - viola (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17)
Charlie Patton - solo cello (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17)
Cecilia Huerta-Lauf - cello (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17)
Aaron May - double bass (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17)
Rachel Grimes - piano (1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 17), **voice** (5, 6, 7, 10, 15)
Jecorey Arthur - washboard, bells, bass drum (6, 10, 15), **voice** (6, 10, 13, 15)
Sean Johnson - banjo (6, 17), drum kit (10)
Joan Shelley - **voice** (2, 8, 15)
Nathan Salsburg - guitar (5, 6, 7, 8, 17), **voice** (15)
Teddy Abrams - clarinet (10)
Stephen Webber - narrator (9, 10, 11, 15)
Martha Neal Cooke - **voice** (3)
Doris Smith - **voice** (13, 15)
Joe Manning - **voice** (15)
Bettie Wheeler - **voice** (16)

Members of SONUS choir, directed by Timbre Cierpke
(10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16): Joy Baker, Sadie Dunn, Danielle Taylor,
Tetra Cierpke, Mara Miller, Tim Rosko, Garen Webb, Zach Shockley,
Tyler Evick, Christopher Anderson, Benton Quarles

Recorded by Anne Gauthier in Todd Hall at The Kentucky Center,
at La La Land, Louisville, KY, and at Eastwood Christian Church,
Nashville, TN

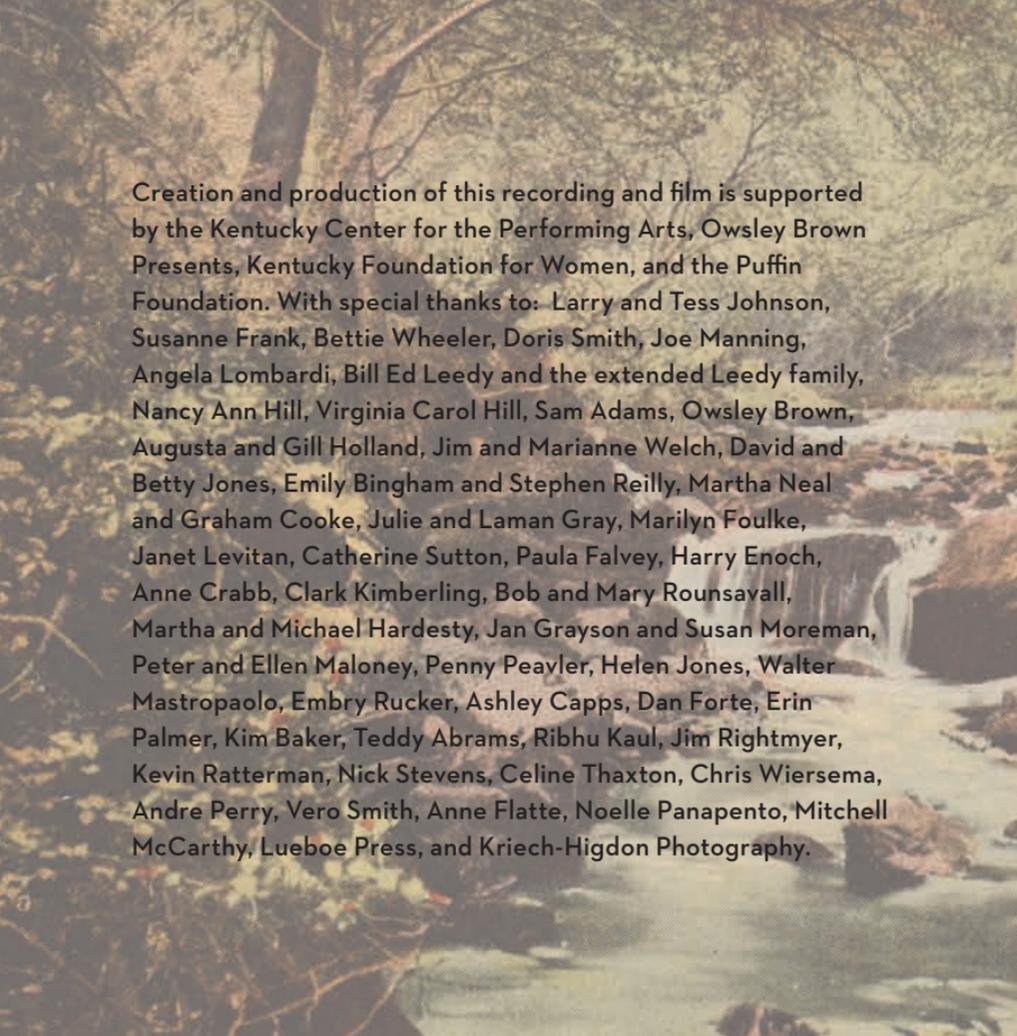
Mixed by Rachel Grimes and Chris Greenwell
at Downtown Recording, Louisville, KY

Mastered by Bob Weston, Chicago Mastering Service

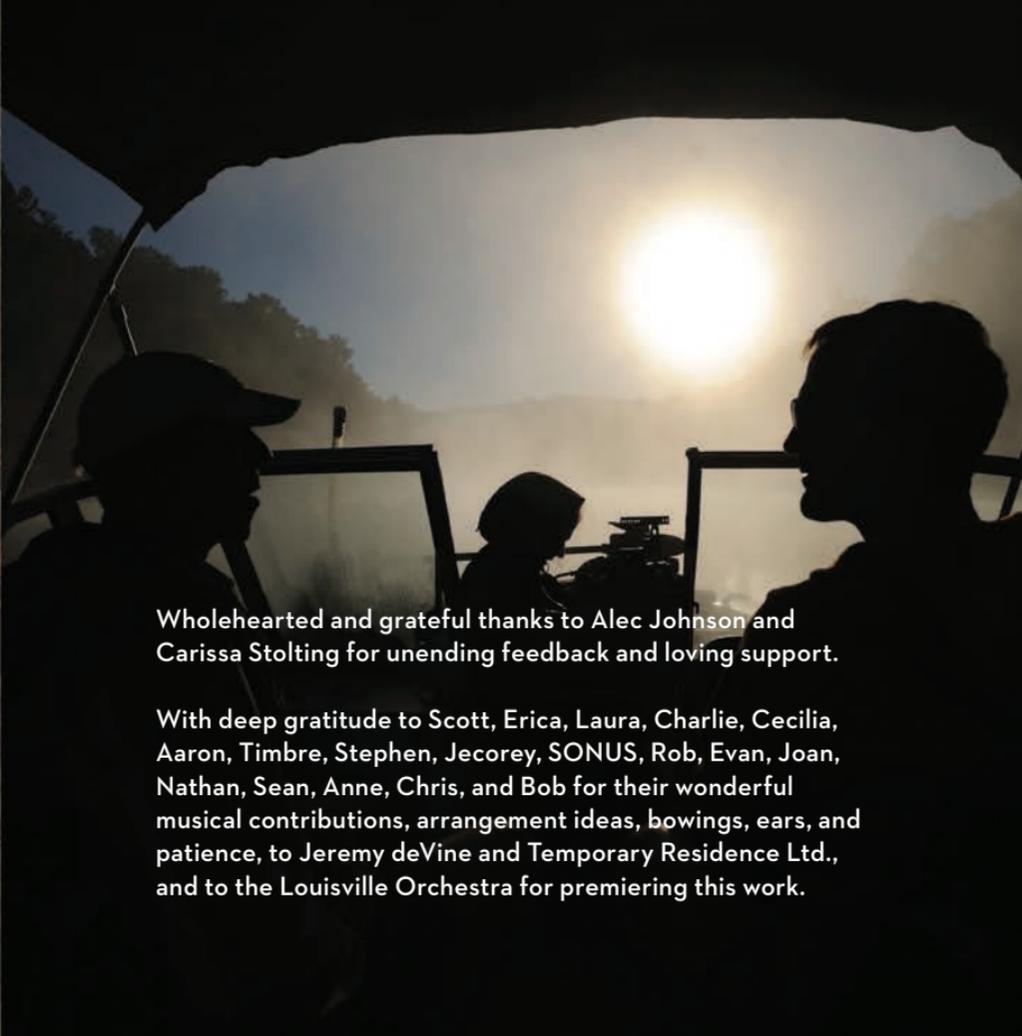
Film co-created by Catharine Axley and Rachel Grimes,
edited by Catharine Axley

Album design and layout Michael Jarboe and Rachel Grimes

Photos by Rachel Grimes and family; additional photos by
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Harvey Wang, Christina Horn, Jones family, Library of Congress



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