Where I’m From

I am from corned beef and cabbage, from Orangina and Good and Plenty

I am from a home filled with love and laughter, snuggly cat kisses and the inviting scent of something

always on the stove

I am from music and reading, the melodies of flute and guitar and getting lost in the pages of fantasy

I am from pork and sauerkraut on New Year’s Day and kindness, from Susan and Neal and the Carney’s

and Hartman’s

I am from “never be afraid to be yourself” and “always try your hardest”

I am from the Presbyterian Church where candles are lit on Christmas Eve to the tune of “Silent Night”

I am from Washington Crossing and Irish and German roots, the place where Washington crossed the

Delaware and the countries where my relatives originated

From the relative who fought at the battle of Normandy, the Grandfather who always sang “You are my

 Sunshine” and the Nana whose motto in life is to always “Rock On!”

I am from a home where pictures of my loved ones fill the walls, the antique teacups passed on from my

Grandmother sit on the shelf and cats that rule the roost