

## Heritage

Amy Halstead

I am from Leland Baxter who begat John William who begat Noah Creed who begat Darrell Creed.

I am from lazy crickets in the summertime, whose calls resonate throughout the hollow, emphasizing the stickiness of the afternoon.

I am from the little white church, which has never seen women in pants nor heard contemporary worship music.

I am from the button jar in Mamaw Alma's closet, whose colorful, mismatched contents provided hours of playful solitude.

I am from the first smell of wood smoke in the fall, whose arrival announces the beginning of hunting season.

I am from family gatherings with wooden homemade ice cream makers, whose slow churning of the sweet cream taught me the true meaning of patience.

I am from Decoration Day flowers, gospel quartets, and family dinners on Sunday.

I am from "Don't get above your raising! Pretty is as pretty does. And Lord willing and the creek don't rise."

I am from Browns Creek and the Bird Family, the only child of Darrell and Donna.

I am Amy Darnell Bird Halstead and I am only the beginning.

