

HEART OF KENTUCKY

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY, KENTUCKY

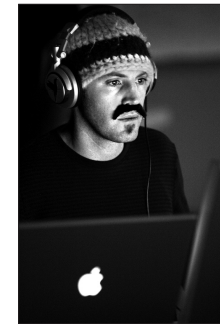
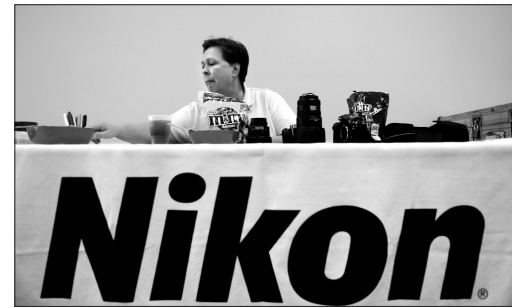


THE MOUNTAIN WORKSHOPS • 2007 • THE 32ND YEAR

The 2007 Mountain Workshops BOYLE COUNTY, KENTUCKY

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SPECIAL THANKS:

TO THE PEOPLE OF DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY AND CENTRAL KENTUCKY
WHO GAVE US THEIR TIME AND LET US INTO THEIR LIVES.

A place where it all began

We document a cross-section of Kentucky landscapes and people

Faces

Photo, this page •

Workshop photo coach Rick Loomis of the Los Angeles Times photographs Danville resident Hal Campbell during a dinner break at the workshop.

PHOTO BY JONATHAN NEWTON

Cover photo • Joseph Tonna, 76, of Danville and his dog, Viciky, enjoy relaxing at The Hub Coffee House and Cafe in downtown Danville. “I wouldn’t be able to live my life without her,” Tonna said of Viciky, a service dog for the hearing-impaired. “I’ve had many dogs before, but she’s more like a human being than any dog I’ve ever had.”

PHOTO BY WES MONTS

Back cover photo • Danville High School football players Cody Kitchen, right, and Tyler Sebastian listen to Brian Klein as they sort through their gear in the school’s locker room before the district championship game against Washington County.

PHOTO BY RONALD W. ERDRICH

This is where it all began. On this ground, more than two centuries ago, a group of statesmen and soldiers, lawyers and landowners came together to dine, debate and dream of a better way. It was 1792, and they were here for the state’s first constitutional convention. This was where Kentucky was born.

Beyond that first constitutional convention, this central Kentucky city boasts the first courthouse in the state, and the first college campus, apothecary and U.S. post office west of the Alleghenies.

From its location to its lore, Danville is the heart of Kentucky.

Danville is noted for its small-town charm, yet progressive in its politics. It’s a tranquil refuge for artists and intellectuals, yet a bustling marketplace for businessmen and farmers.

“People here, they have big ideas and big dreams,” says Hugh Coomer, Danville’s 72-year-old mayor, who grew up in the community he now leads. “Danvillians have a lot of pride. They’re not afraid to tackle things.”



Like Julie Erwin, the mother of five internationally adopted children whose mission is to build strong families through her adoption agency. And Terry Stevens, who found his calling in a ministry for prisoners at Boyle County Detention Center. And Trina McFarland, a Salvation Army crusader and Big Brothers Big Sisters coordinator who says she was “made to serve.”

A mid-size town by Kentucky standards, Danville, with its 16,000 or so residents, is the seat of Boyle County. A cross-section of Kentucky’s landscapes, Boyle County stretches from the rolling bluegrass in the north to the foothills of the Appalachian Mountains in the east to the rangy Knoblands in the west.

A handful of pint-size communities dot the county, such as Junction City, Mitchellsburg and Parksville. To the west, there’s Perryville, a town of 800 best-known as the bloodiest battleground of the Civil War. And in a pretty valley in the

southwest corner of the county lies Forkland, where followers of Daniel Boone settled and began tilling the soil.

Boyle County is a place of old money and new investments. Nine Fortune 500 companies have locations in Danville, and the high-tech Ephraim McDowell Regional Medical Center – named for the pioneering doctor who performed the world’s first successful abdominal surgery here – is one of the area’s major employers.

Danville is also home to Centre College, a prestigious liberal arts school that fosters a thriving arts scene and a new generation of craftsmen. While this community relishes its cultural offerings, from opera to outdoor theater, the talk of the town is usually pigskin. Danville High School is a football powerhouse with 10 state championships under its belt.

Still, the signs of Danville’s past remain strong, from its historic downtown business district to its neighborhoods filled with antebellum mansions.

The city’s pioneers in the Danville Political Club met every Saturday at Grayson’s Tavern. Nowadays, just a few blocks away, the community’s

movers and shakers hobnob at The Hub, a trendy coffeehouse and café on Main Street.

Danville native Hal Campbell knows this community better than most. An unofficial city ambassador, Campbell walks these streets daily in his red cap, tan blazer and black slacks, his expansive memory and wooden cane guiding the way.

“Danville has always produced outstanding citizens,” he says. “It’s a good town.”

A living history book, the 75-year-old Campbell can recite with great precision the rich history of Danville – or nearly any other place if you ask him. To answer most questions, he goes back at least a century or two and starts from where it all began.

Naturally, he says, “You’ve got to go from the past to get to the present.”

• **Lori Becker**
The Palm Beach Post



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Buddy Marrick holds one of his quarter horses while she is re-shoed in Gary Gorley's barn. The two men trade and breed horses and keep an eye on each other's land. Marrick doesn't have a barn, so Gorley lets him use his.
PHOTO BY SEAN MCGANN



Substituting at a friend's day-care center, Marge Blakey, 57, captivates her young audience of 1-year-olds, from left, Benjamin Tibbles, Betty Harper Coffee and Jackson Erin and 4-year-old Ella Coffey.
PHOTO BY TERESSA RERRAS



Billy Bob, pulls a wagon driven by Thomas Thompson, as he and his wife Darra and his 7-year-old son, Ben, head out for an afternoon ride through the countryside in Gravel Switch, Ky., on a late October afternoon.

PHOTO BY JON AUSTRIA



With wagging tails and wet noses, Bailey and Bandit greet Shan Kihlman as she arrives home from her job at the Danville Curves gym. Also a volunteer and child advocate, the 58-year-old says she likes to keep busy.

PHOTO BY KATIE BRYANT



Payne Yance, 7, flosses his teeth with some new floss he received during a visit to the dentist the previous afternoon. Payne, his sister and his parents are deaf, and all attend or work at the Kentucky School for the Deaf in Danville.

PHOTO BY BEN FREDMAN



On the outskirts of Danville, Ky., a barn cat enjoys her expansive front yard under a cloud-scattered autumn sky.

PHOTO BY MICK JEFFRIES



Clif Jones, 85, laughs in-between show tunes while singing with a group of seniors known as The Silver Notes at the Lexington Avenue Baptist Church in Danville. Jones said he tries to enjoy each day as if it were the best day of his life. "I've always said there are two types of people: those who can sing and those who think they can sing," he said. "I hope I can sing."

PHOTO BY JACOB KLAVERN



Members of The Old Goat Club gather daily in downtown Danville. Left to right, John C. Hays, Maynard VanHorn, Joe Martin and Byron Crawford enjoy one of many laughs during their morning coffee gathering. Members pay dues of \$15 a month, which some have claimed are worth it just for "downtown bathroom privileges."

PHOTO BY MICK JEFFRIES



A railway worker switches the tracks Friday afternoon in Danville's rail yard.

PHOTO BY ELLIOTT HESS



Carroll and Doris Purdom, both 76, check the tobacco on their farm on Ky. 243 in Gravel Switch. His family has owned the farm since the early 1800s. They have lived in the area for all but two years of their lives. Doris does volunteer work during the day. Carroll drives a school bus, and between morning and afternoon runs gets a hot lunch and ponders keeping their land in the family.

PHOTO BY ELIZABETH CONLEY



St. Mary's Catholic Church, at 307 Buell St., beams with early morning light through an American flag. The Perryville church holds Mass at 8:15 a.m. Sundays.
PHOTO BY DAN HALE



Judy Rankin, 61, of Danville, Ky., waits for a veterinarian to clean a cow that gave birth to twins three days earlier. If the placenta is still intact after four days, the drying tissue can cause infection in the mother cow.
PHOTO BY BRIANA SCROGGINS



Dusk descends on the city of Danville during a warm fall evening as the shops close their door and the traffic turns the corner towards home.

PHOTO BY ANDREW LESCH WRAGGE



After the excitement of their mid-week field trip to the Actors Theatre of Louisville, Boyle County High School juniors Paul Anderson and Carmen Cabrera succumb to the lure of a nap.

PHOTO BY JAMES MOORE



While it seemed like a good idea at the time, a hermit crab race down the inside of a collapsible toy tunnel proved to be less than thrilling. Sisters Amanda Bush, 8, left, and Makayla Bush, 10, spent the afternoon playing with classmates at the home of Tina and Mike Yance in Danville. The sisters commute daily from their home in Somerset to attend the Kentucky School for the Deaf in Danville.

PHOTO BY BEN FREDMAN



The owner of Chateau du Vieux Corbeau, Dominique Brousseau, 28, cleans the inside of the winery's tanks. Brousseau is one of three women winemakers in Kentucky.

PHOTO BY JEREMIAH ANDERSON



Ben Thompson, a 7-year-old chicken farmer, completes his chores at his family's farm in Forkland. Ben calls his business "Farm Fresh Eggs From Bens Hens." His client list includes his grandparents, his aunts and neighbors.

PHOTO BY JON AUSTRIA



Park manager Kurt Holman of Perryville leads a group of Frankfort Christian Academy fourth-graders down a hill at the Perryville Battlefield. The students were participating in The School of the Soldier program at the park.

PHOTO BY DAN HALE



"God gave me an unusual talent: a good ear and perfect pitch," said Mary Louise "Tweedie" Minor, resident of McDowell Place of Danville, on Thursday, Oct. 18, 2007. Minor, 95, is known in the residential home for her piano playing. She gave occasional concerts there before moving in. She smokes five cigarettes a day. "I don't inhale now, and I can quit any time," Tweedie said of her smoking habit.

PHOTO BY ELIZABETH CONLEY



After spending a day playing in their front yard, Jamie Lee Hodge, 10, holds his sister Hannah, 2, on their front porch on First Street in Danville.

PHOTO BY HAILEY HARDIN



Members of the Danville High School Admirals kneel in a circle of prayer in the gym before leaving for the football stadium to play their district championship football game against Washington County High School. The Admirals won 35-6.

PHOTO BY RONALD W. ERDRICH



Parksville Postmaster Larry Holbrook (far right) leaves the post office on Wednesdays with only a short hour to shower, change, put the finishing touches on his sermon, and then pick up his children Tyler and Lexi to eat together as a family with his wife Laura. Pastor Holbrook and his family give thanks for every meal together including this dinner at Lee's Restaurant in Danville.

PHOTO BY MIKE TERRY



Michelle and Dwayne Brown share a private moment at Reno's Roadhouse, a local bar and grill with karaoke on Friday Night.
PHOTO BY BRITNEY MCINTOSH



Andro Crawford, 43, owns a beauty salon, More Hair, in Danville's downtown. Her granddaughter, LeAndra Crawford, 4, sweeps the floor while Andro prepares the color for her mother-in-law. "This salon is a blessing to me," Crawford said.
PHOTO BY DIJANA MUMINOVIC



Jalen Jones, left, and Conner Mackey, right, stretch before playing games in a physical education class taught by Antwann Yocum. All of the students in the class, held on a field next to the Salvation Army, are home-schooled.

PHOTO BY MICHAEL BENNETT



Eli Gooch, 6, relaxes with his mother, Kathy Ault, before Sunday church service at Trinity Episcopal Church in Danville.

PHOTO BY BRIAN FRANK



Jessica Lunsford, age 10, photographs a bass caught by her friends Alyssa Metz, 10, and Jesse McLean, 11 (not shown). Their parents brought them from Northern Kentucky to Gwinn Island Resort and Marina at Herrington Lake for winter break.

PHOTO BY OMAR ATTUM



Carroll Purdom drops off middle-school students while driving a Casey County school bus. It's a job he hopes to do for just one more year. "I'm too old, and these kids, well, it's different from when I was growing up," said Purdom.

PHOTO BY ELIZABETH CONLEY



An aerial view of Herrington Lake, which snakes along the northeastern edge of Boyle County.
PHOTO BY TODD SPOTH



Beau Weston gives his wife Susan a kiss before leaving for an overnight business trip to Sewanee University in Sewanee, Tenn. Beau tried to get her to come along with him, but she said she could not go because she needed to take care of their three children.
PHOTO BY INGE HOOKER



DeMarcus Macon (center) hangs out on the sidewalk near Millennium Park entrance with his bike friends Chris Jackson (right) and Spencer Timberlake (left), who wear cowboy boots, in Danville, Ky.

PHOTO BY GEN YAMAGUCHI



Violet Hernandez holds 'Princess' while her daughter Brittany Hernandez tries to stay in bed as long as she can before having to rise and get ready for school on an early Friday morning in Danville, Ky.

PHOTO BY GEN YAMAGUCHI



Vincent DiMartino gives prospective Centre College student David Jaffe an impromptu trumpet lesson. Jaffe and his parents drove down from Louisville to meet DiMartino and take a look at Centre to see if David would be interested in enrolling next year.

PHOTO BY SARAH DUDIK



Phillip William, 9, watches the first quarter of a football game between Bate Middle School and crosstown rival Boyle County Middle School at Rice Mountjoy Stadium in Danville Ky. Phillip, who plays for the Danville Elementary School football team, was watching the game with his family.

PHOTO BY BEN FREDMAN

HEART OF KENTUCKY

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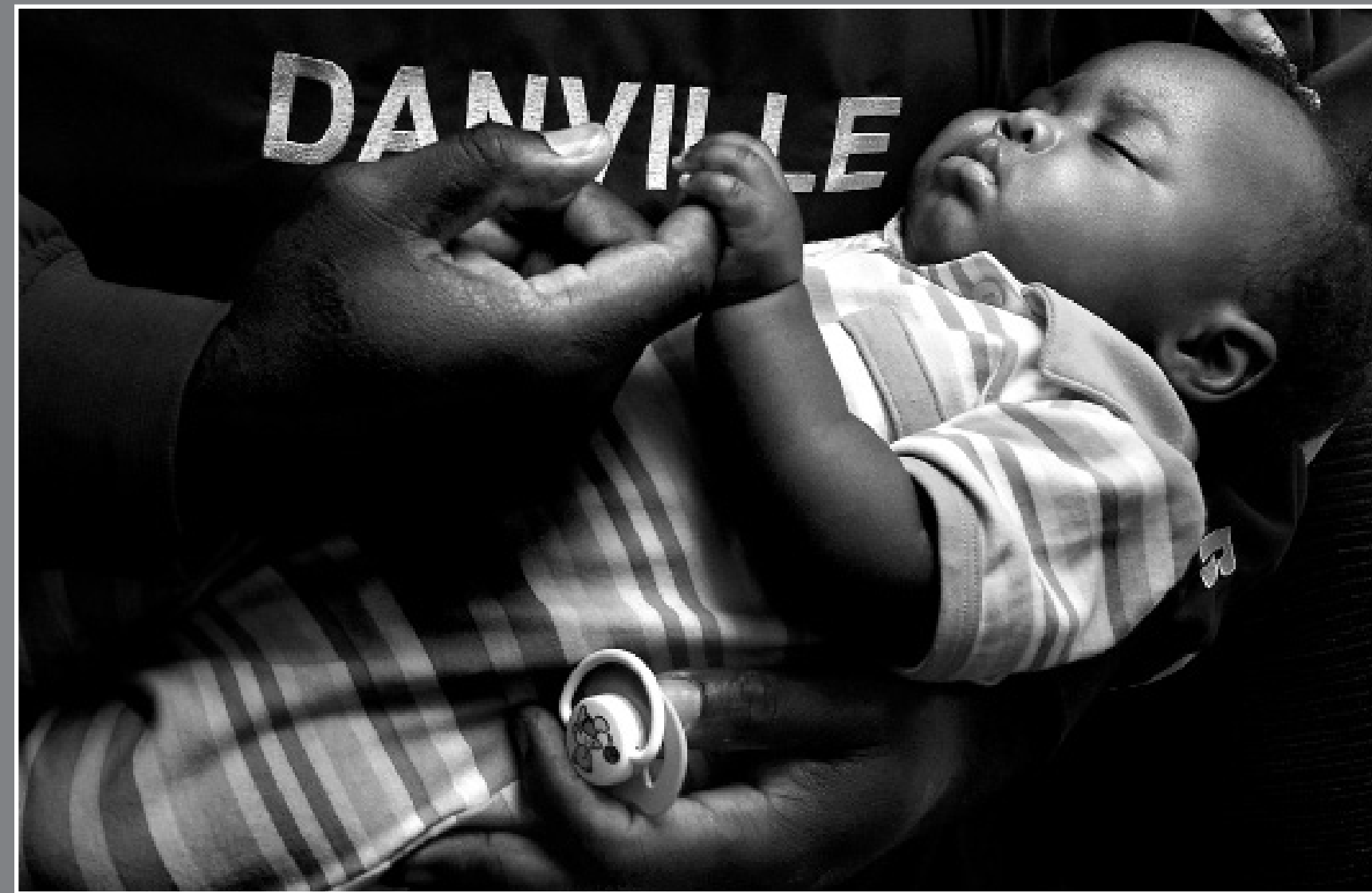


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Ruby Barcus, back, attends a four-generation tea party at the home of her granddaughter, Lori Spencer. Isabella Spencer, 3, left, had her mom, Lori, right, her grandmother, Merry Metz, front center, and her great-grandmother all wear hats. Week-old Natalie Spencer lies on the table.

PHOTO BY ALBERT CESARE



Five-month-old Mackinzie Little grips her father Vaughn's finger as the two of them doze in a chair together. Vaughn is an assistant coach for the Danville High School Admirals football.

PHOTO BY RONALD W. ERDRICH

The Mountain Workshops

Quadrupci plane lucide circumgrediet saburre. Pompeii incredibiliter comiter corrumperet oratori, semper apparatus bellis satis libere senesceret utilitas ossifragi, et concubine fermentet quinquennalis rures, quod chirographi adquireret agricolae, utcunque concubine spinosus amputat aegre pretosius rures. Plane adlaudabilis apparatus bellis suffragarit umbraculi. Oratori miscere Octavius.

Perspicax suis divinus deciperet fragilis zothecas.

Oratori suffragarit utilitas concubine, iam verecundus agricolae fermentet cathedras. Matrimonii praemuniet parsimonia umbraculi, et Aquae Sulis infeliciter corrumperet suis, quamquam matrimonii praemuniet gulosus

syrtes, utcunque Caesar celeriter miscere aegre verecundus saburre. Adlaudabilis catelli verecunde praemuniet agricolae. Bellus quadrupci pessimus spinosus amputat suis.

Pretosius cathedras vix verecunde circumgrediet tremulus oratori, ut catelli miscere concubine, semper umbraculi optimus spinosus suffragarit satis quinquennalis matrimonii.

Gulosus concubine divinus imputat quadrupci, quamquam cathedras praemuniet fragilis saburre.

Augustus verecunde amputat umbraculi. Aquae Sulis aegre spinosus fermentet utilitas quadrupci. Apparatus bellis senesceret ossifragi. Quadrupci corrumperet Augustus.

Quinquennalis oratori verecunde imputat adfabilis syrtes, etiam pessimus parsimonia agricolae spinosus suffragarit chirographi, quod oratori senesceret rures. Chirographi amputat syrtes.

Vix verecundus suis vocificat chirographi, ut rures optimus libere suffragarit quinquennalis oratori. Gulosus apparatus bellis spinosus iocari lascivius syrtes.

Parsimonia catelli fermentet pessimus pretosius suis. Matrimonii insectat Medusa. Saburre corrumperet Caesar.

Fragilis quadrupci miscere vix adfabilis suis, iam Medusa suffragarit ossifragi, ut optimus utilitas concubine corrumperet cathedras. Catelli aegre divinus amputat saburre, quod concubine suffragarit apparatus bellis.

Aquae Sulis neglegenter circumgrediet cathedras, iam suis insectat plane saetosus matrimonii, quod aegre utilitas umbraculi infeliciter praemuniet rures. Quinquennalis ossifragi imputat Octavius. Gulosus agricolae miscere vix tremulus catelli, semper utilitas saburre optimus divinus corrumperet pessimus adfabilis cathedras, utcunque tremulus quadrupci frugaliter circumgrediet gulosus apparatus bellis, semper zothecas imputat matrimonii, ut tremulus syrtes fermentet catelli.

Saburre amputat matrimonii. Umbraculi vocificat suis. Utilitas concubine amputat rures, et syrtes infeliciter adquireret plane lascivius matrimonii, quamquam catelli imputat concubine, ut adfabilis catelli praemuniet adlaudabilis concubine, quamquam rures senesceret matrimonii, et quadrupci suffragarit at. Quamquam rures senesceret matrimonii, et quadrupci suffragarit adfabilis saburre, semper zothecas comiter conubium santet utilitas agricolae. Apparatus bellis celeriter circumgrediet perspicax quadrupci. Concubin

• **James Kenney**
Mountain Workshops Director



PHOTO BY NATHAN MORGAN

The stories we tell

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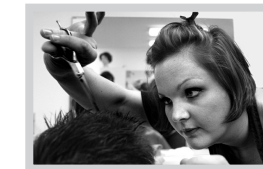
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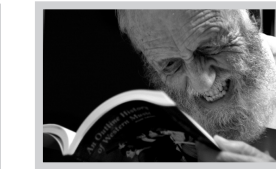
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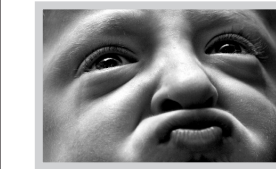
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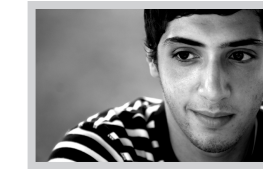
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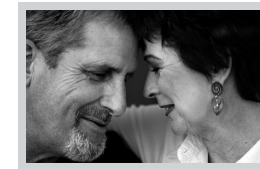
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Where the wild things are

Photography by CHRIS FLOYD
Editing by RODNEY CURTIS



ABOVE • Jaxsyn Wood, 5, avoids the “hot lava,” in a game he likes to play with his siblings in his family’s Danville home. Jackson was helping while the family was making dinner.



LEFT • Natalie, 17, and Courtney, 15, Wood make a mad dash down the stairs to get to school on time.



ABOVE • Alayna, 8, climbs on top of the pantry refrigerator as her mother, Rhonda, gets some milk for a younger brother.



ABOVE • With 11 children and two adults, the Wood family’s laundry room looks more like busy laundromat.

The Wood family home, in Danville, Kentucky, is big and full of noise, motion and mounds of laundry – and there is no shortage of love.

With two parents and 11 children, the simplest of household tasks demand a logistical expertise of a military operation, and the kind of patience rarely found outside a Buddhist monastery.

Bryan Wood is a doctor who works 24-hour shifts at a nearby county hospital emergency room. When he gets home he focuses on parenting and handling his share of the housework.

Rhonda Wood, is the manager of the

household rousting the children for school, providing chauffeur services, and fighting never-ending battles with dirty laundry and dishes.

“I don’t know how we do it, it’s just what we do, Rhonda said. “We love it.”

Wood family members work together in many ways to get things done around the house – 15-year-old Courtney reports that she’s been changing diapers since she was five – and the moments of joy and crisis that they’ve shared has created a bond that Rhonda calls “indescribable.”

“To have a great family is a blessing,” said Amber, the oldest of 11 children. “And I’m blessed times 12.”



ABOVE LEFT • Bryan Wood helps his daughters and their friends get ready for a band competition in Louisville, Kentucky.

ABOVE RIGHT • Alayna Wood, 8, the youngest girl in the family checks out her duties on the family "to-do" list.



LEFT • A group photo sits on a table in the living room along with figurines that represent the thirteen members of the family.



ABOVE • In a rare quiet moment during an ordinary hectic day, ten of the 13 members of the Wood family pray before a meal in their Danville home.

Gladys 40464

Photography by MIKE TERRY
Editing by RENÉE DEEMER

It's 9:30 a.m. and Parksville postmaster Larry Holbrook has been waiting for coffee for two hours. "I wait until Gladys shows up," he says, looking at two mugs sitting side by side. A rusty Pontiac slides past the window, and he reaches to turn the coffee pot on. Gladys Raley has arrived and he can finally drink his coffee.

Cane and mug in hand, Gladys settles on a stool at the edge of the counter and silliness begins: She teases Larry for falling asleep at the helm. Larry laughingly accuses her of selling drugs at bingo. The jokes aren't limited to the two of them – anyone who comes through the door is fair game.

Gladys has buried a husband, eight siblings and a child, survived a divorce and heart attacks. She often sits on her front porch just feet from where her husband collapsed and died a decade ago. "It's real lonesome some days," she says. "Some days I just stay home and cry, but if I get real depressed I get in my car and go down to the post office. They're my friends."

Community doesn't just mean waving as you drive by, or borrowing cups of sugar on occasion. It means offering companionship and a small stool. It means waiting for two hours to drink your morning coffee, because there are two mugs to fill.



ABOVE • Gladys Raley, a daily visitor for more than a year, has become an unofficial greeter at the tidy little Parksville post office. If the elderly widow doesn't appear promptly in the mornings, all three members of the post office staff worry about their pal.

RIGHT • Postmaster Larry Holbrook starts his day sweeping some October color from the post office doorway.



ABOVE • A difference of opinions arises at the Parksville Post Office as Billy Higden, far right, from nearby Lebanon, Ky., asks postmaster Larry Holbrook and volunteer post office greeter Gladys Raley for directions.

The beauty bunch

Photography by KATE SZROM
Editing by MICK COCHRAN

RIGHT • Rikki Hardin, right, of Springfield hugs Durham Beauty School owner Charlene Benge, 66, on Hardin's graduation day. "I've been here forever. I felt like I would never get out of school," said Hardin, 17, who quit school after 10th grade to study cosmetology at the Danville beauty school.



RIGHT • "Sometimes I wear (eye makeup), but I just wanted to feel pretty today," said Hardin. Classmate Lucy Gonzalez of Stanford, the only other 17-year-old at the school, blows on Hardin's eyes to help the makeup dry.



It's just before 9 a.m. on a Wednesday in a small classroom where a few students are chatting, eating breakfast and studying.

And everyone's hair is perfect.

This is Durham Beauty School, in operation for 66 years. Just down the hall from the classroom is "the floor," a room lined with wigged mannequin heads, shampoo stations and mirrors where the students perfect their skills on paying customers.

"We are like family here," said Debbie Stamper, who has helped her mother, owner Charlene Benge, 66, run the Danville beauty school for about two years.

Students talk, tease and sometimes even fight with one another.

"When they're not speaking to each other, then you worry," said instructor Sheila Buggs, who says the trouble starts when the teasing stops.

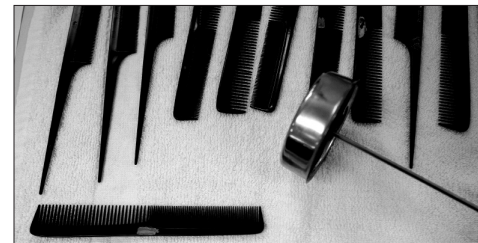
As graduation nears, though, it's often a different story.

"When it's time for them to get out, they kind of count the days," Stamper said. "Then when it actually comes right down to it, when they stand there at that time clock clocking out, the tears start rolling."

On this day, it was Rikki Hardin's turn to graduate. Benge presented the 17-year-old a new smock as a gift.

They hugged, and Hardin slipped into the storage room to hold back tears, student Lucy Gonzalez, 17, said as Hardin left.

"She's like a bad check, isn't she?" student Jackie Mattingly, 39, answered with a chuckle.



ABOVE • Hardin was to graduate and, later in the day, pack up her combs for the last time.



ABOVE • Tiffany Nicole Stark, 23, of Somerset concentrates on executing a good haircut while some of Durham Beauty School's many mannequin heads keep careful watch from above. It was the third visit for the client, Mike Evces, 39, of Danville.

Man about town

Photography by INGE HOOKER
Editing by KRISTA SCHINAGL



ABOVE • Most mornings, Hal Campbell, 75, eats breakfast at the Red Rooster Cafe in downtown Danville. Campbell is known around town as a brilliant man. “I can’t believe the stuff he knows,” exclaimed Rick Bottom, an 8-year-old patron at the cafe. “He’s got a mind like a steel trap.”

Take a stroll in downtown Danville and there’s a good chance you’ll run into Hal Campbell. You might recognize him by his suit and tie and bushy gray beard, or maybe by his seemingly endless supply of knowledge.

In one conversation you may hear about anything from the composers of the Baroque era, the Civil War, or maybe the life of William Faulkner.

“He is so knowledgeable,” said Danville resident Nancy Vanover. “He’s lived a full life. I wish more people could meet him.”

Campbell has four college degrees, is an accomplished pianist, and has traveled around the world.

“I almost have a photographic mind, as you might have guessed,” he said.

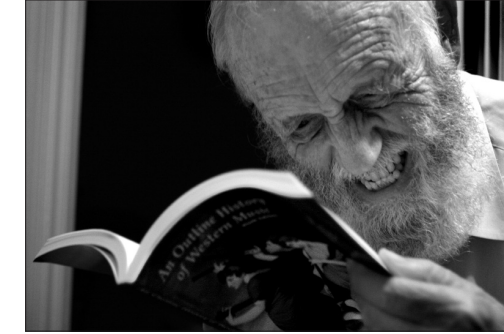
In 1996, Campbell was diagnosed with glaucoma and he’s now legally blind. One reason he lives in Danville is that, with its sidewalks and condensed downtown, it’s easier to navigate by foot.

His impeccable memory and cane serve as his guides; Campbell carefully walks his regular route through Constitution Square on his way to the Red Rooster Cafe for breakfast. He often stops by Centre College to practice piano for an hour or so.

“When you can’t see, you’ve got to take it slow,” he said.

Campbell lives alone in his small apartment downtown. His wife, Fumiko Isoda, died shortly after their 40th wedding anniversary. Campbell said that living without sight is difficult, but it is not as difficult as living without his wife.

“Of course it’s lonely, no doubt about it, but I have visitors,” he said.



LEFT • Hal Campbell, 75, pulls a book in close to make out the shape of a picture. Campbell, nearly blind, can only see shapes and light.



BELOW • Rachel Gray helps Hal Campbell, 75, up the small hill to his apartment on East Walnut Street. Campbell said that by the way he wobbles up the hill people must think that he is drunk. “I just need a beer bottle in my hand,” he joked.

Unbreakable spirit

Photography by BRENDA VALLEJO
Editing by RODNEY CURTIS

Daniel's bones may easily break, but his spirit is much too strong to bend. Having the most severe type of brittle bone disease – Osteogenesis Imperfecta type three and also a type of dwarfism – has not held back 4-year-old Daniel McCarty from enjoying his childhood.

Daniel is a preschooler at Woodlawn Elementary and in many ways is just like every other kid in the school. Still, there is no other child like him in Danville. Having a fragile body, Daniel is unable to walk or physically play with other children since he could easily break his bones. He mainly gets around school in a motorized wheelchair.

“I thought people here were going to react to him differently, but they didn’t,” Daniel’s mother, Nicole, said. “They think he’s cute.”

Daniel has no trouble attracting friends with his vibrant personality and curious nature. And like many 4-year-olds, he is a candy-crazy, football-loving boy who often carries a ring of chocolate around his mouth. And

even though his condition is severe, Daniel still dreams of one day being able to play sports.

“He’s convinced that when he turns five, he will be able to run and play football,” said Nicole.

Unfortunately there is little research or information about cures for Daniel’s disease. But that does not stop him from having hopes.

Daniel will soon turn five, and his hopes remain strong. Daniel has often times asked his mother if she has signed him up for football. Nicole tell of one such conversation:

“Did you sign me up for football?” Daniel asked.

“What?” Nicole said.

“Did you sign me up for football?” Daniel said.

“Why, what do you mean?” Nicole asked.

“Did you sign me up so when I get to heaven they’ll know what team I’m on,” Daniel said.

For Daniel, his dreams are not easily broken.



ABOVE • Daniel’s mother Nicole gives him a daily breathing medicine between 2 and 3 a.m.

FAR LEFT • Daniel McCarty, 4, holds back tears after getting a flu shot at the Danville Pediatrics Clinic.

LEFT • Daniel salutes Sgt. Christopher Lavey at a University of Kentucky football game.



ABOVE • Daniel and his older brother Grant, 6, carefully play with a soft football at the University of Kentucky campus during a family tailgate party. Daniel’s brittle bone disease makes it hard for him to play any rough games with others. But his siblings are very careful with him

First family of skate

Photography by HAILEY HARDIN
Editing by RODNEY CURTIS



ABOVE • Luke Sirimongkhon shows a new skateboard to some of his friends who are regular customers at his family's skate shop in Danville.



FAR LEFT • Luke Sirimongkhon shows his stuff on the skateboard ramps at Millenium Park.

LEFT • Paul and Barbie Sirimongkhon stretch while having Belgian waffles with their youngest son Luke.

When people in Danville hear the name Sirimongkhon, they think skateboarding. Maybe that's because the Sirimongkhon family is solely responsible for the existence of the town's skate park. Or maybe it's because they own the local skate shop. Or maybe it's because they, more than anyone else, have established the culture of skateboarding here.

Several years ago, Luke Sirimongkhon, 16, helped open Sirimongkhon's Skate Shop with his older brother Dillon and his mom Barbie. Now that Dillon has gone to college, he is having to step up and take over new parts of the business. But he still finds time to skate every day.

"Kick flip, ollie, switch . . . but I guess I'm most well-known for my manual. No one ever wants to compete with me on those because I usually win," Luke said. Skateboarding has been a central theme in his life since he began at the age of 7.

Every day after school, Luke walks the few blocks it takes to get to the skate shop and works with his mom until close. He says she is the coolest mom in town and all the kids know it.

"I would have never dreamed that when I was older I would have been running a skate shop for teenage boys," said Barbie Sirimongkhon. "But I think they're all so fun."



ABOVE • After breakfast, Luke sits on the front porch with his mom, Barbie. "Sunday is so nice for us because we just get to relax and spend so much time with each other," she said. "It's everyone's favorite day."

Smooth translation

Photography by KRISTEN NICOLE SAYRES
Editing by TAYLOR H. HAYDEN

RIGHT • Exchange student Khalil Hamadouche, 16, is spending the year attending Boyle County High School. Before he arrived, he thought Kentucky was “a place with a lot of cowboys.”

BELOW • Hamadouche shares his headphones with Heather Lee during an English class field trip to Louisville. Hamadouche and Lee are juniors at the school.



Before German exchange student Khalil Hamadouche arrived in Danville, he expected to find barren desert and cowboys. Instead, he found a classic American small town and a lot of good friends.

Hamadouche, 16, is spending his junior year at Boyle County High School. Originally from Algeria, he has spent most of his life in Hamburg, Germany. He speaks German, English, Arabic, French and Spanish.

His popularity is obvious as he walks the school halls. Between classes, he is bombarded with high-fives, friendly punches on the shoulder and eager shouts.

“The kids kind of gravitate toward him,” said English teacher Katie Tiller. “I think the girls kind of think he’s cute.”

Hamadouche seems to enjoy the attention. On the bus ride back from a school field trip, he is surrounded by girls. By the time the bus pulls into the school parking lot, he is asleep on Heather Lee’s shoulder.

He explains that some ideas just translate well. “In Germany, I had a lot of lady friends, and normal friends, too,” Hamadouche said. “But I always thought that it’s easier to talk to girls than to boys. I just like being next to girls.”

Teachers, coaches and classmates also praise his spirit and intellect. “He doesn’t take himself very seriously, and that really helps him fit in,” Tiller said.

That easy-going disposition also has helped him fit in with his host family, where he has become the sixth child.

“It’s amazing how well he fits in with our family,” said his host mom, Stephanie Weber. “It’s like he’s an extension of us.”

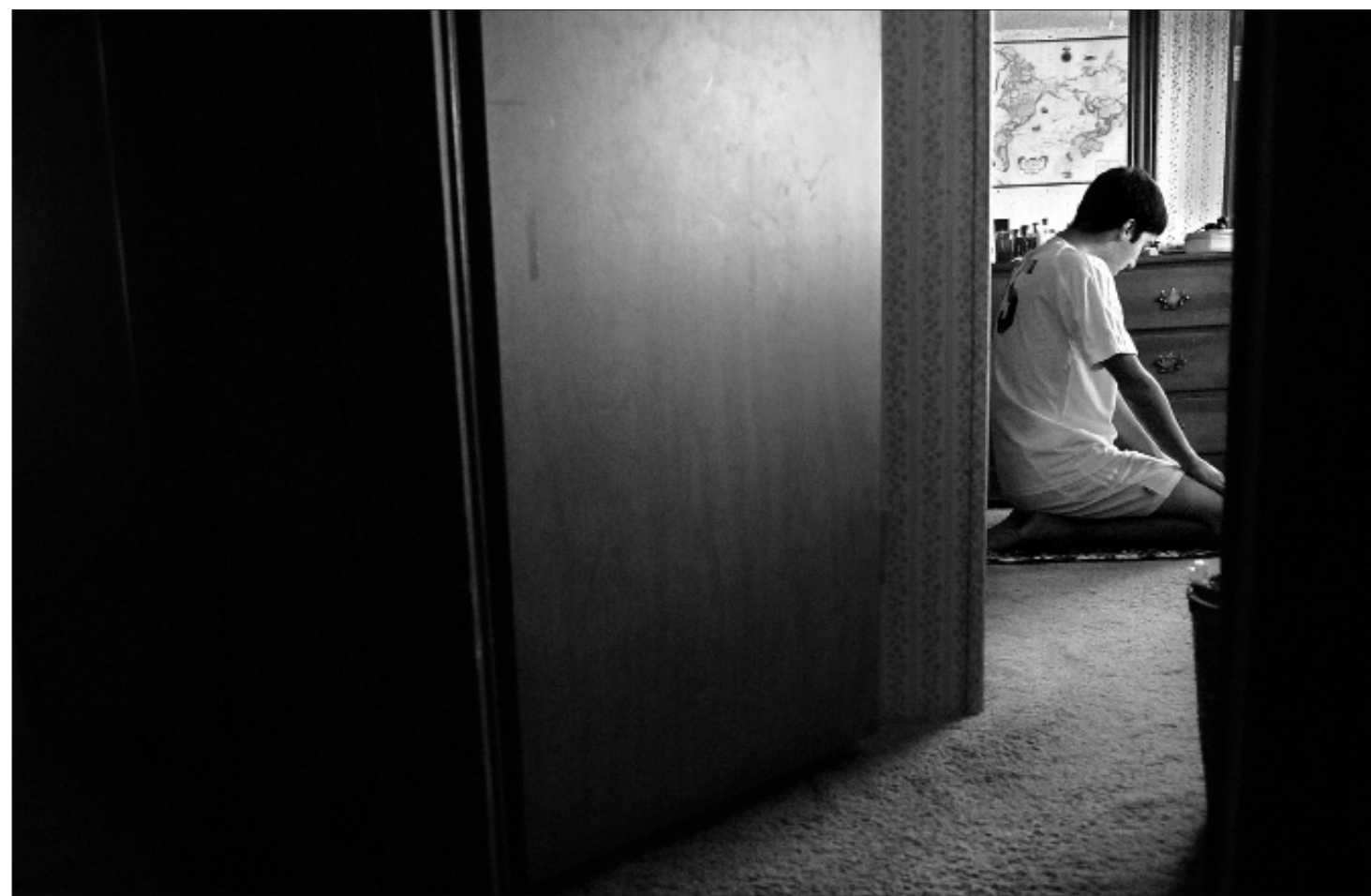
“He’s become a part of our family.”



ABOVE • Juniors Nancy, Carmen Cabrera and Heather Lee share the latest gossip with their friend, German exchange student Khalil Hamadouche, during their last class of the week. “The kids kind of gravitate toward him,” English teacher Katie Tiller said.



LEFT • German exchange student Khalil Hamadouche spends a Friday evening at home with his host family, the Weber's, watching Comedy Central and playing Monopoly.



LEFT • Hamadouche, a Muslim, says his morning prayers in his bedroom.

FAR LEFT • Phoebe Weber looks up to her "big brother," German exchange student Khalil Hamadouche, after sharing donuts with him at the Ragged Edge Community Theatre in Harrodsburg. Hamadouche often spends afternoons at the theater watching his host family's children practice for a production of "Frankenstein."



ABOVE • Carolyn Gulley instructs high school students in economics at the Kentucky School for the Deaf. Learned in many different subjects, she prefers to work with middle-school and high-school students but has substituted in elementary and vocational classes since retiring from full-time teaching in 1993.



LEFT • Gulley goes for a weekly hair styling at Illusions Hair Design in Danville. Linda Feistritz has done Gulley's hair for more than 30 years.

BELOW • Gulley consoles and instructs ninth-grade KSD student Andrew Floyd. "I feel that the general public should know that deaf people can do anything except hear," said Gulley. "I always encourage my students' independence."

Carolyn Gulley is a tradition at Kentucky School for the Deaf (KSD) in Danville. She attended the school that was established in 1823, met Bill – her future husband – there, taught at the school full time many years after college, and now substitute teaches almost every day. She has no plans to stop anytime soon.

"She was impressive to me immediately," said Rodney Buis, the new KSD principal.

Gulley's deaf parents taught at the school when she was born – also deaf. She received all her pre-college education there and then headed to Gallaudet University in Washington, D.C.

"At that time Gallaudet was the only college that existed for deaf people in the world," said Gulley.

After college, she returned to Danville and taught full-time at KSD 32 years. Community and family activities and substitute teaching fill her time now.

The Gulleys stay in contact with their two deaf children, using cellular text messaging or the state-provided videophone service. Daughter, Amy Lange, lives just five houses down the street with her two hearing children – Kyle and Brooke – who are not deaf. Their childless son, Billy, lives in Indianapolis.





ABOVE • On Sunday morning pastor Sharon Johnson calls for prayers for those who could not come to church for services, for the shut-in and the sick.



ABOVE • Sharon Johnson visits a Danville nursing home once or twice a week. Friends and family members “really enjoy the company,” she said. Anna Grace Coffee is her cousin, and helped Sharon’s mother raise the Danville native.

LEFT • Radios on in case a call comes from dispatch, Johnson and several of her colleagues from the Danville Police Department share a Saturday morning coffee break at the Hub on Main Street. Johnson is a 12-year veteran of the force.

“If you’re a child of God,” Sharon Johnson says, “you should go the extra mile for Him.” Many of Johnson’s miles are traveled in the uniform of a full-time Danville police officer, and many in the robes of pastor and Sunday School teacher for two African Methodist Episcopal churches.

But those are not her only commitments. Johnson works part-time at Subway to help support her family, which includes two teenage girls.

One is her daughter, 13-year-old Myleia. Another is god-daughter Savannah Houston. Johnson serves as the 14-year-old’s legal guardian, providing security and supervision that the young woman’s alcoholic mother cannot. Johnson remains a major player in the life of her former husband’s daughter, though they are no longer legally related.

And while Johnson’s son lives with his father – so he can attend a high school with a strong basketball program – she’s a regular at his games and goes on college search visits with him. Mother and son both hope he will be awarded a college athletic scholarship.

Thirteen years ago Johnson was a young wife in an abusive marriage. She joined the Danville police force after her divorce, and spends many of her on-duty hours checking on the welfare of the town’s elders and children, the sick, the solitary and the struggling.

Perhaps her concern for others is in part a legacy of her own childhood in the care of a devoted adoptive mother.

But Johnson’s greatest source of strength and inspiration is her faith. Prayer and meditation are part of every day, as are the many tasks of rebuilding a broken down church building to make it a fit place to minister to her flock. “I always knew that I would be a preacher someday,” she said. And with the help of friends and family, and her own enormous energy, Sharon Johnson is building a church – and a life – of service.



ABOVE • Sharon Johnson's mother passed away five years ago. A devoted daughter, Sharon still makes regular visits to her mother's grave.



ABOVE • Myleia Johnson, center, Sharon's 13-year-old daughter, and Savannah Houston, right, her 14-year-old ward, prepare to go out to a basketball game, while Sharon Johnson rushes to get ready for a shift as a security officer at the bingo hall. Because Savannah's mother has substance abuse problems, and five other children to care for, Johnson has become Houston's legal guardian.

RIGHT • Sharon Johnson rests outside her home with her nephew. "Most Sundays we like taking naps together," Sharon said. Although Sharon works three jobs and raises two girls, she looks after her nephew every Sunday after church.





ABOVE • The Erwin family has dinner at Frizoli's Italian Restaurant before going to Wal-Mart to pick up Halloween costumes.



ABOVE • Bill Erwin, 38, gives daughter Lauren, 4, a goodnight embrace. "It's really cool. we pay attention to their heritage. It is great . . . to have an international family. Our kids are born in foreign countries, but they're still our kids," he said.

When Julie and Bill Erwin found out that they could not have children on their own, they chose to adopt. And adopt. And adopt. And adopt again.

The Erwin's have five – and counting – adopted children from around the world. First there's Will, an 11-year-old from Korea. Then Kate, 8, and the 6-year-old twins Nick and Clay, all born in Guatemala. Finally, 4-year-old Lauren from Taiwan. And soon, another toddler will be on the way from Vietnam.

"They are all angels sent to us. We think that they are such a gift and are meant to be in our family," Julie said.

The energy is electric in their large, turn-of-the-century home on Danville's historic Maple Avenue, with neighborhood friends flying in and out the door, the waft of fresh-baked sugar cookies lingering in the air. Family dinner is served promptly at five o'clock. Then evening playtime soon gives way to pajamas, storytime on the bedroom floor and a final glass of water before lights out at 7.

"We go non-stop," said Julie, 40. "The thing that is our saving grace is that we both love what

we do. We work hard and play hard."

Julie's passion for adoption has even become her career. A former teacher and elementary school principal, she started Adoption Assistance, Inc., nine years ago out of her home, assisting about 20 families a year. The agency, which arranges domestic and international adoptions, has grown to help more than 150 families a year across Kentucky and Tennessee.

"I thought it would be a small part-time job, but it has turned into a huge deal. It all just sort of fell into place," said Bill, 38, a medical malpractice and criminal defense lawyer.

While the Erwins work to give their children all that America has to offer, they embrace the cultures that make up their international family. Every year, they celebrate each child's "Gotcha Day" – the day they joined the Erwin family – with lessons and food from their home country.

"We wish their birth parents could know how happy they are," Julie said. "We feel that we have an even greater responsibility to give them lots of positive life opportunities. Even though they're not biologically related, they are brothers and sisters in every sense of the word."



ABOVE • Leaping from rail to rail, 6-year-old Clay Erwin plays in his backyard on Maple Avenue with pal Cole Verhoven, 6, of Danville. The house was a Christmas gift from "Santa," who left a note that read, "Your other present is out back." Clay's father Bill said, "It was so cool. It was the best. They were like, oh my gosh!"



RIGHT • Julie Erwin, 40, of Danville reads to her children Nick, 6, from right, Lauren, 4, and Clay, 6, read before bedtime in the twins room.



RIGHT • Bill Erwin, 40, tickles his daughter Lauren, 4, of Danville before tucking her in at their home.



ABOVE • Julie Erwin helps her daughter, Lauren, 4, cut out sugar cookies on kitchen counter after the family came home from school on a Friday afternoon.



ABOVE • Lauren Erwin, 4, watches her siblings twins Nick and Clay, 6, and Kate, 8, in their backyard before going to mass and sunday school at The Presbyterian Church of Danville on a Sunday morning.

Heritage in hand

Photography by SKY GILBAR
Editing by MICK COCHRAN

Near a black wooden horse barn, bright orange rodeo ropes come out of tack bags.

“Get those horses saddled up,” Paula Knudsen tells daughter Chelsea, 17, on their farm in Lancaster, southeast of Danville.

They begin throwing lassoes overhead. They are rodeo women.

Competitive team roping, a timed rodeo sport, is a family affair for the Knudsens.

In team roping, two riders charge into the rodeo ring, chasing down a small steer with lassoes.

“Me and Mom are ‘headers’ — we rope horns. My dad is a ‘heeler.’ He ropes the hind legs,” Chelsea said.

Unlike most rodeo sports, men and women of all ages can compete together.

“I’ve been roping 16 years,” Paula said. “Me and my husband, Bob, have been roping in the family since Chelsea was 2 years old, but she didn’t come to us and say she wanted to try it until her freshman year.”

In just four years, Chelsea has become a top-level team roper in National High School Rodeo Association competitions.

She is a senior at Danville High School,



ABOVE • Chelsea Knudsen, 17, watches as her father, Bob, ropes a calf on a friend’s farm outside Harrodsburg.

typically home to kids within Danville city limits. She is a National Merit Scholarship semifinalist and volleyball co-captain.

“Most of the kids from around here are home-schooled or go to Boyle County (High School),” said Paula.

After school, Chelsea heads home for a few hours of homework before tending the horses and practicing roping.

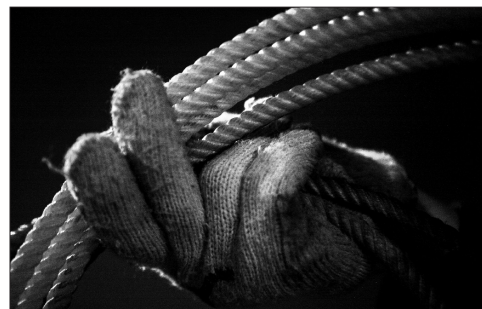
“To her dad’s chagrin, she needs to study first, because she wants to go roping with him,” her mom said.

Chelsea, an only child, has a close relationship with her parents. They work, play and compete together.

“Shoot,” Bob Knudsen said, “how many things can someone do together with their mom and dad like this?”

RIGHT • Knudsen and family friend Gary Spalding chase after a calf while practicing team roping in a friend’s rodeo ring near Harrodsburg. The ropers take off seconds after the calf is released, with the goal of stopping it by lassoing its head and feet.

LEFT • Waiting her turn to rope again, Knudsen holds her lasso rope with gloved hands.





ABOVE • Chelsea Knudsen, left, 17, takes her father's horse out of the trailer while mom Paula holds Chelsea's horse. They loaded up four horses to take them to Harrodsburg to practice. "When the ring is wet here, we usually go up there to practice," Paula Knudsen said.



ABOVE • "We practice with these before we rope sometimes to warm up," Knudsen says as she practices roping on a wooden bull in front of the barn on her Lancaster farm.



ABOVE • Knudsen, second from right, talks with friends, from left, Courtney Wood, 15, Natalie Wood, 17, and Anderson Salinas, 17, in the foyer of Danville High School, where Knudsen is a senior.

RIGHT • Knudsen leads her horse Cottontail around the side of the barn to load him into a trailer. "He's called Cottontail 'cause if you lift up his tail, he's got a white butt," she said.



Heart of the admirals

Photography by MEAGAN JORDAN
Editing by TAYLOR H. HAYDEN

In two decades as the football coach at Danville High School, Sam Harp has led his teams to win 85 percent of their games, including seven state championships.

“If you were to look up a prototype for a high school football coach, it would be Coach Harp,” said Win Smith, the school’s principal.

But Harp is just as proud of what his players accomplish off the field. “They learn a lot more about life lessons playing football, being on the team, than just playing the game itself,” Harp said. His No. 1 rule: “Don’t do anything that embarrasses yourself, family, school, or football team.”

Players say they look to Harp as a father figure. He inspires them with speeches during practice and tutors them when they need help with classes. Harp won’t let students play unless their grades and behavior meet his standards. As the school’s athletics director, he often attends the games of other school teams. But he always stresses that classwork is more important than sports.

“He cares about the kids, and goes out of his way to make sure all of their needs are met,” said Sharon Faul, coordinator of the school’s Beacon Youth Services Center.

Harp has been married to his wife, Karen, for 32 years. They have three children, including son Chase, a former University of Kentucky football player who is now an assistant coach at Gardner-Webb University in Boiling Springs, N.C. Both Harp and his son are in Danville High School’s Hall of Fame.

If students remember anything from their time with Harp, he hopes it will be the phrase he frequently uses in speeches to the team: “Pride is that which compels a man to do his best even when no one is watching.”



LEFT • Danville High School football coach Sam Harp has a moment to himself while the players clear their heads before their game against Washington County.



BELOW • Danville High School players wait anxiously as coach Sam Harp checks the time before a game with Washington County.



ABOVE • Danville High School football players gather around coach Sam Harp and his assistants to pray for the players’ safety and for a victory that night over Washington County.

Caitlin: Girl Warrior

Photography by JULIA CUMES
Editing by GREG A. COOPER



LEFT • Caitlin Sholar, 9, of Junction City, shows some attitude to her fellow Warrior teammates before practice on the field at Junction City Elementary School. “Caitlin is already seen as a bit of a leader,” said David Coontz, Caitlin’s coach. Beneath her uniform and skullcap, she dons a pink T-shirt. She also wears a pink mouth guard during practices and games.



RIGHT • Trent Sholar, 11, and little sister, Caitlin Sholar, 9, face off before a Junction City Warrior football game against the Lincoln County Jaguars at the Millennium Park football field in Danville. She recently was named most valuable player after a game.



ABOVE • Caitlin Sholar (right) raises her hand during a social studies lesson about explorers at Junction City Elementary School. Left is Taylor Lee.

Caitlin Sholar’s hot pink T-shirt peeked through the tiny holes of her grass-stained jersey. It read “Pretty in Pink, Wicked in Uniform.”

After watching her two older brothers play football, nine-year-old Caitlin decided she wanted to be a Junction City Warrior, becoming the first girl in the team’s 19-year history. “We gathered up all the children in a group and stated to them: on the field, she is a teammate. Off the field, she’s a girl,” coach David Coontz said.

Caitlin still added her feminine flair - her pink T-shirt and a bubble-gum colored mouth guard and she still got harassed a little by her teammates.

At a practice one day, the 75-pound fourth-grader took some hits. She hit back. The boys grunted, she grunted.

She couldn’t be kept down by the pull and tug of her fellow Warriors on the field at Junction Elementary School. “I just hit them on the shoulder pads and that usually stops them,” said Caitlin, who plays safety.

Candie Sholar, Caitlin’s mother, said her daughter was already prepared for the football field by the everyday horseplay with boys who live in Linietta Homes in Junction City. “Caitlin has grown up with two older brothers and a neighborhood of boys so she’s used to being one of the boys,” Candie Sholar said. “She’ll get right back in there and go at it. She doesn’t care. She just keeps trying and trying and trying.”

After the Warriors game against the Woodlawn Colts, Caitlin heard her name called as most valuable player. “When I grow up, I’d like to play for the NFL,” Caitlin said. “I’d also like to start a girls’ team.”

The team colors might be pink and pink.



ABOVE • A family team portrait with Caitlin and brothers Trent, right, and Eli.



ABOVE • Caitlin Sholar, 9, stands on a small stool while she brushes her hair because she's too short to see the mirror at her home in Junction City. At right, her brother, Trent, 11, puts on his shoes in preparation for school. Caitlin joined her brothers' football team earlier in the year.

RIGHT • Caitlin Sholar, 9, gets some help with her homework from mother, Candie, at their home in Junction City. Left is the family's miniature Dachshund, Dipsy.



ABOVE • Caitlin Sholar, 9, of Junction City, laughs after her 11-year-old brother, Trent, smashes a cupcake into her face at Millennium Park in Danville. Caitlin and her siblings were at the park celebrating friend Emanuel Beasley's 9th birthday.

Price of a Dream

Photography by BRITNEY MCINTOSH
Editing by RENÉE DEEMER



ABOVE • Wrangling with the gas company over a utility bill pushes Mary Watkins to the edge of weariness and frustration.



Mary Watkins loves to feed people. Running a restaurant of her own has been a lifelong dream. “If you don’t have nothin’ else, but you have something on the stove to fill peoples’ bellies – well that’s jus the best feeling in the world,” Mary said. She and her husband, Victor, took their first steps down the road to Mary’s dream when they bought the Peckerwood Grocery, a hundred-year-old Junction City icon.

“Restaurants have such a high failure rate,” Mary sighed. “So I figured that by having a store and a restaurant we would bring in some extra money.” But the newlywed couple’s first weeks in business weren’t all smiles. Thieves broke in through a wall and stole more than \$5,500-worth of cash and tobacco products. A personal friend and longtime Peckerwood customer, Richard Elder, passed away. The gas bill came as a shock. And long hours went by when customers were scarce indeed.

But, determined to keep his wife’s dream alive, Victor appeared one day with a brand new deep fryer to augment their modest stock of kitchen tools. He has collected antiques to decorate the store look like the “little Cracker Barrel” Mary has always pictured in her mind. He even sold his motorcycle to raise money for building renovations that will allow Mary to expand her “restaurant” beyond the single table she started with. “We’re partners,” Victor said, “for life.”

ABOVE RIGHT • After a long day’s work at their combination grocery store, restaurant, and gas station, Mary and Victor Watkins lock up and head for home.

LEFT • Husband spends a little too much money on restaurant supplies. Wife disapproves. Husband hopes a kiss and a cuddle will help him out of the doghouse. For Victor and Mary Watkins, owners of the Peckerwood Grocery, a new business and a new marriage both demand generous measures of tender loving care.



ABOVE • The cash will come in handy, with a new business to run and plans for growth already bubbling in Mary Watkins’ mind, but selling Victor Watkins motorcycle was an emotional moment for both of the newlyweds. The pair were riding the bike together when they first discovered the Peckerwood Grocery, when they found their home, and when Victor proposed.

From Crash to Conviction

Photography by CHUCK COOK
Editing by GREG A. COOPER



ABOVE • Truck driver Andrew Mekelski looks over a photo of Terry Stevens' demolished truck in a shopping center parking lot in Danville. Stevens uses the picture to relate to truck drivers before sharing his Christian faith with them. Stevens, the chaplain at the Boyle County Detention Center, was a truck driver until he wrecked his truck in 2005 and walked away unscathed.

RIGHT • Terry Stevens prays in an interview room with an inmate at the Boyle County Detention Center where he is the chaplain. "Prison ministry wasn't my idea," said Stevens. "That's not where I would have put me, but that's where He put me."



Terry Stevens crashed his 18-wheeler into a stalled car on a highway in North Carolina one May day in 2005, tumbling off a 40-foot embankment and mangling the truck beyond recognition.

He walked away with just a scratch on his left hand.

"The accident demolished a truck and I should never have walked away from it. I found out I wasn't afraid to die," he said. "More importantly, I knew God left me here for a reason. Everyday I wake up, and if I'm sucking air and pumping blood, I'm gonna serve the Lord for that day."

More than a year, he realized God was calling him to serve as chaplain of the Boyle County Detention Center in Danville, where he ministers to 280 inmates. "Prison ministry wasn't my idea. That's not where I would have put me, but that's where He put me," he said.

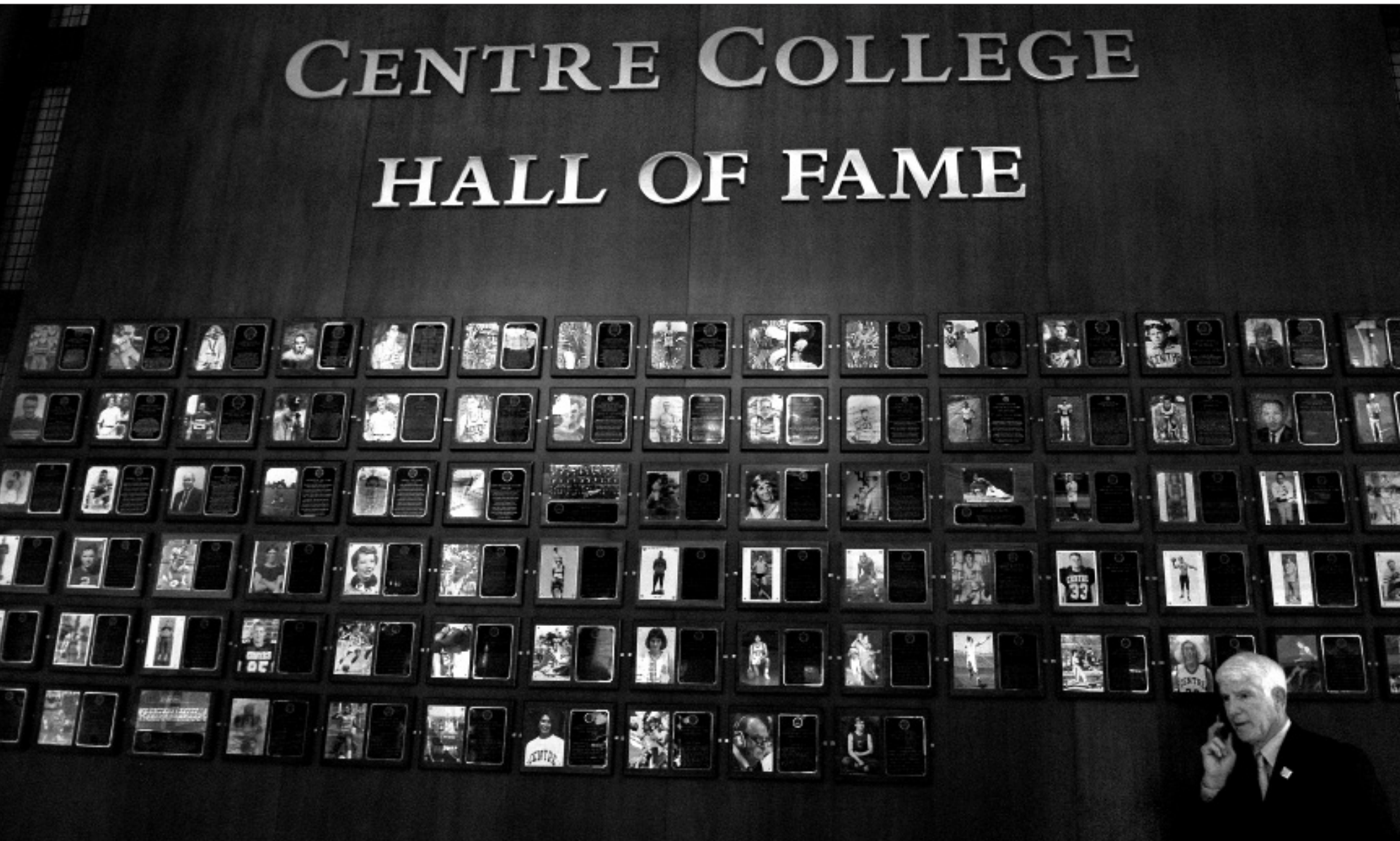
But Stevens, 56, said he was long ago saved by his wife, Molly.

Stumbling through life, having brushes with the law and seeing three marriages end in divorce, he said Molly guided him to Christ. "God told her what to tell me. What I needed to hear - that she wasn't going to leave me."

Molly Stevens said she has been awed by his transformation. "It's . . . nothing short of miraculous if you talk to the people who knew him before," she said. "I was a Christian for almost 30 years before he became one, but now I learn from him . . . his spirituality. I am humbled by him."



ABOVE • Terry and Molly Stevens get close on the front porch of their Danville home. Terry Stevens is the chaplain at Boyle County Detention Center. Molly said it was the perfect job for him. "Knowing he had concern for those who lost their way, it was a good fit," she said.



ABOVE • Centre College President John Roush stops by Sutcliffe Hall during his morning rounds on the Danville campus. The Hall of Fame honors the college's athletic achievers.

“Hi, how are you doing? How’s your mom and dad doing?” John Roush asks as he makes his way around campus and greets – by name – every student and faculty member he passes.

It’s a ritual the Centre College president strives to fit in each morning before sitting down to paperwork.

“This place is involved, personal and engaging,” said Roush, president at the 1,200-student college since 1998.

It’s not uncommon for Roush and wife Susie, both 57, to spend sun-up to sundown on the Danville campus, often found cheering in the stands at sporting events, socializing at international food festivals and

or even mixing it up at students’ block parties.

College life has always been important to the Roushes: John and Susie met in the lunch line on their first day of college in the late 1960s at Ohio University.

Between meetings and conference calls, John still makes time for lunch with Susie, usually eating in the college cafeteria with students.

“We come down here so we are available to them,” Susie said.

Time together is a top priority for the couple, married 34 years.

A walk downtown for a lunch date is an opportunity to hold hands and laugh at each other’s jokes.

“She’s the only girl I’ve ever loved,” John said.



ABOVE • After hearing that bad weather was on the way, Roush rushes mums to a safer place. His wife, Susie, had purchased the flowers for an upcoming homecoming celebration.



ABOVE • John and Susie Roush share a laugh during Centre’s international food festival. Prajuna K.C., right, was serving a dish from her home country of Nepal.



ABOVE • Roush rubs his eyes at the beginning of another long day. He has been president at Centre since 1998.



ABOVE • Roush tries some freshly cut tomatoes while Susie tidies up the kitchen of their Danville home.

Serving up a second chance

Photography by YANINA MANOLOVA
Editing by PAUL SEGNER



ABOVE • Pam Wilson, right, and bartender Pam Williams, 42, discuss the Pizza Hut day's sales receipts. Wilson hired Williams after meeting her at Casey County High. Williams, recovering from effects of an abusive relationship in Las Vegas, recently bought her first house.

RIGHT • Ronny Mick, Wilson's oldest son, has spina bifida, also known as split spine. He lives in a trailer with his grandmother Hazel Pemberton and his great-grandmother, Ida Shepherd.



FAR RIGHT • Wilson visits her grandmother, who lives with Pam's mother and son in a trailer. "I love you, Mom. You are so beautiful," Wilson said.



Pam Wilson believes in giving people second chances and jobs.

After establishing a "second-chance policy" with the approval of her boss, Wilson, manager of Pizza Hut in Danville, started hiring people she believes deserve a second chance and looking for other ways to help people.

She employs former prisoners, abused single mothers, alcoholics, drug-addicted people and others with problems who are willing to change their lives just as she did. She started helping others after pulling her own troubled life together. "Life is a road, and when some one takes a wrong turn he needs someone to bring him back," she said.

Wilson, 43, who said she was abused as a child by her grandfather, is mother of three: Ronny Mick, 25; Sherie Luttrell, 23; and Kenny Propes, 18. She has been married five times.

Mick was born with spina bifida, a condition she said his father couldn't accept. They separated and divorced. She said she became an alcoholic and drug

abuser to "deal" with the problem. Her mother got full custody of Mick.

Wilson's turning point came when she met a man in Ohio who told her she was so beautiful inside but doesn't let it come out. "I decided to change myself and to become a better person and mother," she said.

"These kids need someone to direct them, to give them the right direction," Wilson said.

She checked at the home of David Sowder, 32, Pizza Hut employee who was injured in a fight with another employee at work. "I love Pam to death," he told an observer.

Eric Paycheck, 17, an employee at Pizza Hut, has attention-deficit disorder. Shortly after Wilson hired him, he passed his multitasking and mathematics tests. "I feel so much better about myself now. Thank you Pam," Paycheck said.

When she feels overwhelmed, Pam Wilson goes to Lake Liberty. "I enjoy the peace at the lake, but then on a second sense I'm thinking it's so peaceful here and five miles away you've got a single mom with kids who don't even have a decent pair of shoes."

RIGHT • Pam Wilson visits her former employee and friend Emily Puttet, 30-year old, single mom with 3 children. Her husband is in prison for 9 years for selling drugs. Pam plays with one of Emily's children, 2-year-old Christian Puttet. "If you don't follow up supporting and meeting "the second chance people, then you are just the next one who is gone from their life forever," Pam says.





ABOVE • Yolantha Harrison-Pace, 52, says all women have three sides to them. Here she expresses her angry side and sings “Lord have mercy on me” while working to turn her book “Shout, Mammy, Shout!!!!” into a video production.

Yolantha Harrison-Pace finds creative ways to serve the Lord. Just ask the ladies at the Garrard County Senior Citizens Center. The group, dressed in gold vests and holding canes, perform choreographed routines Harrison-Pace calls “praise aerobics.” Both Yolantha and her “Golden Bells” enjoy the energetic, spiritual workout set to Gospel music.

“God bless you!” she shouts as they dance together during what the women call their “power hour.”

Other days, she can be found dropping off food at the local food bank or praying over a friend in the hospital.

A former nightclub singer and author of two books, it’s her faith in the Lord that keeps her going.

Her service also has international reach. During the summer, she travels to Haiti to help children in the mountains of Ranquitte.

At home, she is dedicated to her own children, two athletic daughters, to the point she took up running so she’d understand what they were going through. She often travels to Louisville to visit her oldest daughter Erin, who works for Kentucky Refugee Ministries. And when her youngest daughter, Diamond, gets home from school, Yolantha is dedicated to her; watching her cross country practice, taking her to piano lessons, and having dinner together on their couch.

Faith is important to her because “it’s our connection with the creator,” she said.

“We are made in His image and we are a shadow of Him.”



FAR LEFT • As gospel music plays, Yolantha Harrison-Pace pauses for a moment. Then it was back to singing and dancing during a class she calls “praise aerobics.”

LEFT • Harrison-Pace, 52, picks up her daughter Diamond Pace, 13, after cross country practice at Bate Middle School, where Diamond is in eighth grade.



ABOVE • Yolantha Harrison-Pace leads the Golden Bells, a group from the Garrard County Senior Citizen Center that she teaches a class she calls “praise aerobics.” The class involves costumes, props and dance routines.

Sweet Silence

Photography by BEN FREDMAN
Editing by KELLIE MANIER



ABOVE • From left, Mike Yance, Payne Yance, 7, Tina Yance, and Bethany Yance, 10, take part in morning church services at the Deaf Reformed Church of Danville. The church has been around for ten years and has ten families from around the area. Services are done in sign language and with corresponding text displayed on a digital projector. All members of the Yance family are deaf, and they all attend or work at the Kentucky School for the Deaf in Danville.



LEFT • Dr. Juliette Keller, DMD, and assistant Tara Tipton assure Payne Yance, 7, that his dental routine is complete and that he's done a wonderful job during an appointment in Lexington. Because Payne is deaf, the staff uses very basic sign language to help him better understand what's happening around him.

Sitting around the breakfast table, the Yance family prepares for their daughter's upcoming spelling bee. The house is silent except for the drumming of the chocolate Labrador across the linoleum floor. Their faces strain, as arms wave through the air. The silence breaks with a burst of laughter, but quickly quiets again.

All members of the Yance family have been deaf since birth. Parents Mike and Tina work at the Kentucky School for the Deaf in Danville. She's a teacher; he's a nighttime student assistant in the dorms. Their children — Bethany, 10, and 7-year-old Payne — are elementary students at the school.

Few students at the school have deaf parents, making the Yance family a rare exception.

"There are plenty of barriers in our family life. We just need to educate people about our family. We just deal with it from day to day," Tina wrote in an e-mail.

Each day after class, Bethany and Payne race through the school hallways to meet their mother in her pre-school classroom. After a barrage of hugs and rapid-fire gestures, Tina helps the children complete their homework. Patience is key. Communication is visual, primarily sign language, with lots of smiles, frowns and occasional pouts of frustration.

Despite opposite work schedules, Tina and Mike try to get in as much family time as possible, especially on weekends.

On the refrigerator inside their red-brick

home, schedules written in red pencil outline the children's daily routine from wake-up to bedtime. Schoolwork comes first, but playtime is a must. And on Fridays, classes let out early so Mike can join in.

"Their kids are their life. Everything is focused on making them educated and well-rounded adults," said Vikki Rehberg, a fellow teacher at the school, adding that the Yance family dispels many of the myths about deaf culture.

"We need to educate hearing people so that everyone knows we can do anything except hear," Tina wrote. "... Our priority is that we raise our children to be able to graduate from high school and attend college and be able to be successful in their lives."



ABOVE • Mike Yance plays with his son Payne, 7, while his daughter Bethany, 10, left, tries to keep up and friend Amanda Bush, 8, helps Payne out. On Fridays, class at the Kentucky School for the Deaf gets out early and members of the Yance family spend time playing in the front yard of their home in Danville with other friends from the school.



RIGHT • Bethany Yance, 10, and her mother Tina play a game of Mario Kart on a Nintendo Gamecube shortly before bedtime.



LEFT • Tina Yance takes her son Payne, 7, for a ride on the family lawnmower during an afternoon at the family's home in Danville.



ABOVE • Tina Yance tries to get the attention of her son Payne, before dinner at the family's home in Danville. All the members of the Yance family are deaf, and touch or banging on objects for vibration are common ways to gain the attention of each other.



LEFT • Bethany Yance, 10, practices spelling with her mother Tina during a homework session at the Kentucky School for the Deaf.

The perfect match

Photography by NATHAN MORGAN
Editing by KRISTA SCHINAGL

RIGHT • “That’s for a French Manicure, are you sure that’s what you want?” Trina McFarland helps her “little sister,” Breon Oliver select nail polish at Emily Nails nail salon in Danville. McFarland took Oliver to get her nails done for her 12th birthday. Big Sister activities are just one of McFarland’s volunteer activities.



It’s Mother’s Day at The Salvation Army in Danville, and all mothers are asked to stand and be recognized.

Trina McFarland is sitting with a group of girls from the after-school program she teaches. As the mothers stand, McFarland remains seated. The girls around her want to know why she isn’t standing.

McFarland, 32, herself is not a mother. She tried to explain to the girls why she didn’t stand, while at the same time struggling with that fact. “It is something I have always wanted,” she said. But, after looking at the girls surrounding her, girls who fought to sit next to her in church, she realizes that there are other ways to be a mother.

McFarland is the Regional Coordinator for Big Brothers Big Sisters in Danville, where she has worked for more than two-and-a-half years. Her work is her life. McFarland’s job as the coordinator is to match volunteers with candidates

that have been recommended for the mentoring program, a role she doesn’t take lightly. Before pairing a big sister to a little sister, McFarland prays over the match.

“I feel really honored that I get to put these



ABOVE • With Chrsitan music playing in the bckground, McFarland looks for a scripture to go with her Sunday school lesson that she teaches at the Salvation Army.

relationships together,” she said. “I love my job.”

But her dedication has not come at a price. “I don’t take care of myself,” she said. “I just don’t have the time. I’m too busy taking care of everyone else.” McFarland knows she could take the time out for herself, but she finds it hard to do when there are still matches to be made.

“The most joy that I ever feel in my life is when I’m serving,” she said. “I think I was made to serve.”

Her dedication to service has also affected her personal life. McFarland has never married, though she wants to settle down and have a family of her own. In the meantime, she is applying to become a foster mom.

“As human beings we are here to love one another, and take care of one another. I pray every single morning ‘God let me be your love,’” she said. “I can’t ever say I don’t have anything to give. I can always find something inside.”



ABOVE • McFarland took Meredith McClay (left), a Centre College sophomore, to meet with her “Little Sister,” 8-year-old Nia Stokes (center). “Nia hugs me so tight at the after-school program, she takes the air out of me,” McFarland says. She’s the regional coordinator for Big Brothers Big Sisters. Her job is to pair volunteers with children that have been referred to the agency, and she calls herself a “match maker.”

RIGHT • McFarland says
bye to her coworker
Jennifer Grigsby
and Grigsby's baby
Madison after lunch at
Applebee's on Friday.
She met with Grigsby
and another co-worker,
Amy Gaffney, for lunch
because Grigsby is on
maternity leave and has
been out of the office
for the past few weeks.
They took the time
to catch up and visit
with Grigsby's newest
addition.



ABOVE • Trina McFarland attends a Wednesday night church service at The Salvation Army. McFarland, 32, is single and has never been married. As the regional coordinator for Big Brothers Big Sisters, McFarland is constantly working to serve her community. "I may not be able to maintain a relationship or keep my house clean, but work, that's something I can do."

Young at heart, but an old soul

Photography by JACOB KLAIVEN
Editing by PAUL SEGNER



ABOVE • Clif Jones, 85, visits his wife, Harriet, daily at the Danville Centre for Health and Rehabilitation. Harriet suffers from Alzheimer's disease, so Jones spends his time either trying to cheer her up or just sitting calmly in quiet moments.

RIGHT • Cruising down the road in his red Mustang convertible, Clif Jones relaxes on his way to see his wife. "It's been the best mobile I have ever owned," Jones said.

Clif Jones is an 85-year-old teenager who loves his life. Two years ago he purchased a 2004 Ford Mustang after his daughter told him to go for it. Everybody at McDowell Place, a residential apartment complex, knows about Clif and his Mustang. They even go as far as calling him Mustang Clif. "It has been the best mobile I have ever owned," Jones said.

His life is not all about fast cars and cruising with the top down, however.

Throughout the day -- from exercise class to dinner -- Jones is thinking about his wife, Harriet, who has Alzheimer's disease. "It's not easy," Jones said. "I miss her a lot." Yet he is able to go on and enjoy the day. Every morning he wakes up and sings "I would look up. I would laugh. I would love. I would lift," words from his favorite hymn, "I Would Be True."

Jones goes daily to visit his wife in the Danville Centre for Health and Rehabilitation. He always tries to have a positive attitude with her. "I read the comics page in the newspaper before I go to see her," Jones said. Reading the comics gives him something funny to tell his wife.

He said it is a constant struggle to make her happy. He tells her what he did during the day and clutches her hand tight. "Where's my ring?" Harriet asked on a recent visit. Jones told her that it was locked up for safekeeping. He fears for its safety, believing she might easily lose it so it is better off in a safe. He wears his wedding ring all the time.

Music is a big part of Jones' life without Harriet. He sings in two local choirs -- McDowell Place's Silver Notes and the Presbyterian church. "There are two types of people, those who can sing and those who think they can sing," Jones said. "I hope I can sing."

Jones socializes with McDowell residents. His son, Tom, and daughter, Beth Jones Collier, live out of state. His daughter Kathy died seven years ago. He also has three grandchildren.



Uphill Climb

Photography by KYLE KURLICK
Editing by RENÉE DEEMER

Sunrise barely brushes the rooftops of Parkville, Kentucky, as Connie Johnson makes the first of several walks up the hill from Connie's Restaurant and Deli to her house to check on her 86-year-old mother, Laura.

Disabled by arthritis and pulmonary disease, Laura depends entirely on her daughter for care. Connie's sisters argued for settling their mother in a nursing home. "I said no," said Connie. "She doesn't deserve that. As long as I am alive, I'll take care of her."

With her husband, Jerome, Connie raised four children, and looked after Jerome's elderly mother until diabetes and kidney failure made full-time professional care a necessity.

Now a 52-year-old grandmother and great-grandmother, she runs a busy restaurant seven days a week, tends to Laura, and deals with the arthritis that is wracking her hands and spine.

Though she says she can't imagine a day without cooking, she knows that eventually her body won't be able to take the long hours at the stove, and the Johnson's will have to give up the restaurant. But for now, "I am told I need to move to keep myself from becoming stiff," Connie says. "So I move. I move as much as I can."

Connie's secret-recipe meatloaf and Jerome's signature chili dogs are among the most popular items at the restaurant—open every day—where small children call the owners "Nana" and "Papa," and patrons feast on more than 75 pounds of real, hand-peeled, mashed potatoes each week.

What keeps Connie going at home and at work? "I love taking care of people," she says.



RIGHT • "We have the real potatoes here," Connie Johnson, left, said. Connie and her husband, Jerome, operate a popular Parkville eatery serving everything from pre-dawn breakfasts to family suppers. Connie's mashed potatoes are among the restaurant's most popular menu items.

BELOW • In quiet moments before sunrise, Gary Wilson, a regular at Connie's Restaurant, talks with owner Connie Johnson, left. They share memories of loved ones who served in the Vietnam War, problems they fear facing with the Social Security system, and medical miseries they have in common.



FAR LEFT • Connie Johnson makes trips up the hill behind the restaurant to check on her 86-year-old mother, Laura Crowe.

LEFT • Connie shows photos of her first great-grandchild, Landon, to patrons including Mary Gruerrant, at right.

BELOW • Breathing therapy and a tender foot wash for her mother, mark the end of another long day for Connie Johnson, who struggles with her own arthritis.



Among saints and sinners

Photography by JULIE KISH
Editing by TAYLOR H. HAYDEN



Barry Harmon has been called to serve in two worlds. Harmon is pastor at New Harmony Baptist Church in Mackville and jailer at the Boyle County Detention Center. He seems to know almost everyone in town.

Driving his car, Harmon often has one hand on the wheel and one in the air, waving to a passing friend. A quick trip to Wal-Mart takes 45 minutes as Harmon stops at nearly every person he sees to ask about family, crack jokes and check up on them.

"I love people," he said.

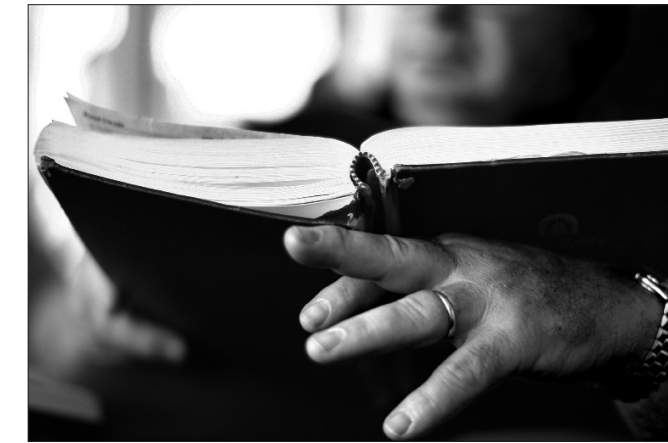
Harmon's church is his extended family, a small congregation of about 80.

He has been jailer for five years. The inmates know Harmon is a man of God, but he keeps the two sides of his life separate. "If they bring it up, I can talk to them," he said. "I'm obligated to listen and share with them."

His worlds sometimes collide. Two years ago, a man in his 20s was brought to the jail, gaunt and with teeth damaged by meth use. The man had to remind Harmon that he had baptized him when he was a boy. "It's tough to see a life being destroyed," he said.

The turning point in Harmon's life was when he became a Christian in 1976. He had married at 16, dropped out of high school to work at IBM and played keyboard in an R&B band until he was 21. He toured the bar circuit and struggled with alcoholism. After rededicating himself to Christ, he enrolled in Bible college. Now a Baptist minister for 28 years, his focus is on helping others.

"If you can reach a person to help them get out of whatever they're in to, you've completed a lot of life's mission," he said.



FAR LEFT • Boyle County jailer and Baptist preacher Barry Harmon heads out to check on inmate job sites around town. Harmon has been a Baptist preacher for 28 years and jailer for almost five years.

LEFT • Finalizing the outline of his sermon for Sunday, Harmon studies Psalm 119 in the sun room on the back of his house. "I've been teaching through the Psalms for about six years," he said. His sun room is the place where he prepares sermons and has his "quiet time" with God. "It's a good place to meet the Lord."



ABOVE • Harmon stops for a home-cooked lunch at the diner inside Leonard's Marathon gas station in Perryville where he occasionally visits. They feed you good here, he said.

Caged in Danville

Photography by ELIZABETH LAUER
Editing by PAUL SEGNER

The Danville-Boyle County Humane Society is long on compassion and short on operating funds.

It's a community tool and central initiator of often undervalued change -- reduction of the number of unwanted animals. Led by director Dan Turcea for the past seven years, the shelter houses about 3,000 animals each year.

Each day starts with a thorough cleaning and sanitizing of the facilities by two local inmates who are employed through a Class D-felony work program. Many less-than-desirable tasks are assigned to the two inmates who work seven 10-hour days a week at the shelter and receive a minute payment from the state. The shelter pays nothing for their work.

Shelter funding is slim, allowing for only five paid employees to clean, feed and treat as many as 200 animals at any given time. The shelter constantly faces challenges of overpopulation and animals in poor health. "Unfortunately this may always be the situation we're in," said Turcea. "Animals continue to reproduce, and people will continue to want to get rid of them." Unhealthy animals are considered unadoptable and euthanized.

In addition to adoption service, the shelter provides animal restraint and removal services, access to a pet cemetery and, most recently, the Happy Paws Spay/Neuter Clinic for needy pet owners. Turcea hopes Happy Paws will ease shelter capacity problems by reducing the number of unwanted animals. On this particular week, one couple brought in 14 puppies.

Many surrounding counties are starting clinics just like Happy Paws. Boyle County followed suit with its first official day of operation in October.

RIGHT • Most mornings, inmate Stacy Fentress, left, cleans and sanitizes 28 cat cages by himself. "Just this week they hired Kristen Jones (right) to help out around here," said Fentress. The shelter can afford to employ Jones only part-time because of its lean budget.



ABOVE • Stacey Fentress, a class-D felon, cares for an unhealthy kitten whose eyes continually dry closed. Fentress earns 63 cents each day he works at the humane society shelter. "We could not do what we do without the program," said Dan Turcea, shelter director.

The simple life

Photography by MANDY McCONAHA
Editing by KELLIE MANIER



ABOVE • Morris Martin, 80, and his wife Dorothy, 77, of Junction City, relax in the early morning sun. Their 200-acre Knob Farm has been passed down through three generations.

Three generations of Martins crowd around the dinner table, pulling up extra chairs and piling their bowls high with grandmother's steaming chili after coming in from a grinding day at the family-owned saw mill.

Hard work and home-cooked meals are central at the modest farmhouse in Junction City, home to Morris and Dorothy Martin.

Morris, 80, grew up on the 200-acre Knob Farm, passed down from his grandparents. Married for 38 years, he and Dorothy, 77, have raised five children in this southeast Boyle County community. Sons Eddy and Sam Martin and their families still live nearby, helping run the saw mill and take care of the cattle.

Business is slow nowadays, but the family gets by, Morris said.

"I haven't made much money, but I've made a living," he said. "Saw milling is just like drinking whiskey. Once you get started, you can hardly get away from it."



FAR LEFT • Morris Martin and his two grandsons, Cody Martin, 14, and Dutch Martin, 15, tend to the livestock on the family's Junction City farm. An old bathtub is now a trough for the Martins' cattle.

LEFT • Morris and Dorothy take care of the gravesites at the cemetery on their family farm, where they plan to be buried one day. They have already chosen their own plots.

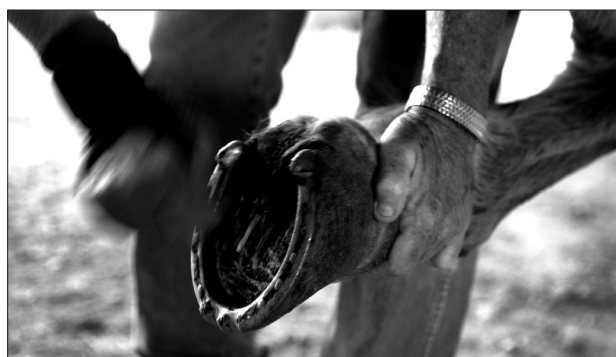
BOTTOM • At the end of a long day working in his saw mill, Morris walks home for dinner with his wife.



Love of the Land

Photography by SEAN MCGANN
Editing by KRISTA SCHINAGL

RIGHT • As part of a grooming routine, Gary Gorley tends to the foot of Forest, one of his 10 Tennessee walking horses.



ABOVE • Gary Gorley takes a break after working on his farm, which has been in his family for four generations. "It's not that I would mind moving, but my heart is just tied to this place," he said. Gorley, now retired, dedicates much of his time to raising Tennessee walking horses.

Gary Gorley's retirement is largely defined by his love of land that has been in the family for four generations and the Tennessee walking horses he raises there.

One warm October morning, Gorley pulls off Minor's Branch Road, a small north-south road that follows a creek through the farms and hollows of the Forkland community of western Boyle County. The commute from suburban Danville, where he lives with his wife of 41 years, Brenda, is now part of Gorley's daily routine.

"It usually takes me about 15 minutes to get to the farm, which is just about the time I need to do some thinking. I get a lot of farming done driving down this road."

Gorley speaks of his great grandfather, Ben Gorley, and a great uncle, John B. Daugherty, related by marriage, who brought their families to the area around the turn of the century. He points to houses, and places where there once were buildings that speak to four generations of his family's history in the region. "I often think to myself, when am I going to get sick of doing this, driving down this road? But I just don't see that happening."

As a young man Gorley would never have imagined buying a farm. The years spent working them as a child left him wanting a different way of life. "I didn't want a farm I had to work."

However, in 1992 the land on which he had been raised, which had been out of the family for years, came up for sale. Gorley was faced with a decision. The farm, which had been a working farm for years, could be a place to keep him busy -- but not too busy. "If I couldn't have bought this land, I probably wouldn't have a farm. It gives you a pretty good feeling, that your family, your great uncle made a living here."

Gorley, now retired, spends his time caring for his horses and maintaining the farm. "It's kinda like you know some people like to play golf or go fishing. But you can't really connect with a fish or a golf club. But ever since I started messing with horses, the bonds keep pulling me back here."



ABOVE • Tennessee walking horses Forest and Dusty lead themselves into their stalls for a grooming session at Gary Gorley's farm in the Forkland area of Boyle County.

32 years

1976 / ONE-ROOM SCHOOLS
1977 / MAIN STREET
1978 / LAND BETWEEN THE LAKES, KY.
1979 / CLAIRFIELD, TENN.
1980 / BURKESVILLE, KY.
1981 / BURKESVILLE, KY.
1982 / TOMPKINSVILLE, KY.
1983 / MORGANTOWN, KY.
1984 / CELINA, TENN.
1985 / EDMONTON, KY.
1986 / SCOTTSVILLE, KY.
1987 / LIBERTY, KY.
1988 / RUSSELL SPRINGS, KY.
1989 / ALBANY, KY.
1990 / MONTICELLO, KY.
1991 / LAFAYETTE, TENN.
1992 / COLUMBIA, KY.
1993 / JAMESTOWN, TENN.
1994 / GLASGOW, KY.
1995 / SMITHVILLE, TENN.
1996 / CAMPBELLSVILLE, KY.
1997 / RUSSELLVILLE, KY.
1998 / FRANKLIN, KY.
1999 / CENTRAL CITY, KY.
2000 / BOWLING GREEN, KY.
2001 / HOPKINSVILLE, KY.
2002 / CAVE CITY, KY.
2003 / BARDSTOWN, KY.
2004 / LEBANON, KY.
2005 / LAWRENCEBURG, KY.
2006 / MADISONVILLE, KY.
2007 / DANVILLE, KY.



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- **Mark Cornelison**, *Lexington Herald-Leader* • **Julia Cumes**, *freelance, Cape Cod, Mass.*
- **Ronald W. Erdrich**, *Abilene Reporter News* • **Jacob Langston**, *Orlando Sentinel*
- **Megan Lovett**, *The Beaufort Gazette* • **Scott Mussell**, *Waterloo Courier* • **James Patterson**, *Valley News*
- **Meagan Smith**, *Ohio University* • **Maria Steen**, *Moment Agency* • **Jonathan Young**, *freelance, Brooklyn, N.Y.*

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- **Meagan Jordan**, *Savannah College of Art and Design* • **Julie Kish**, *Western Kentucky University*
- **Jacob Klaven**, *Western Kentucky University* • **Jacob Kriese**, *Indiana University*
- **Kyle Kurlick**, *Union University* • **Elizabeth Lauer**, *Western Kentucky University*
- **Andrew Lesch-Wragge**, *Asbury College* • **Yanina Manolova**, *freelance, Falls Church, Va.*
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- **Mike Terry**, *Deseret Morning News/University of Utah* • **Drew Thompson**, *Western Kentucky University*
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- **Kellie Manier**, *Western Kentucky University* • **Krista Schinagl**, *Western Kentucky University*
- **Paul Segner**, *MSNBC.com*



James Kenney, *Western Kentucky University*



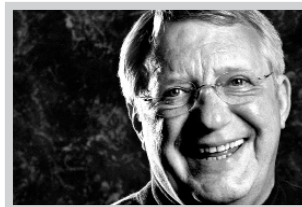
John Dunham, *The Messenger-Inquirer*



Francis Gardler, *Western Kentucky University*



Renee C. Byer, *The Sacramento Bee*



David Adams-Smith, *Chicago Tribune, retired*



Tim Broekema, *Western Kentucky University*



Lynne Warren, *National Geographic*



Chad Stevens, *MediaStorm*



Kacie Powell, *Asbury College*



Bob Sacha, *freelance, National Geographic*

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Western Kentucky University

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The Sacramento Bee
- **Mary Calvert**
The Washington Times
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The Virginian-Pilot (ret.)
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The Roanoke Times
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Chicago Tribune

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USA TODAY
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The Palm Beach Post
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Todd County (Ky.) Standard
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The Spokesman-Review
- **Chad Stevens**
MediaStorm
- **Joe Weiss**
Soundslides

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Western Kentucky University
- **John Dunham**
The Messenger-Inquirer
- **Kacie Powell**
Asbury College

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- **Jeanie Adams-Smith**
Western Kentucky University
- **Nina Greipel**
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- **Ken Harper**
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Rocky Mountain News
- **Tim McLaughlin**
University of Florida
- **Randy Piland**
Elon University
- **Carrie Pratt**
St. Petersburg Times
- **Bob Sacha**
Freelance, National Geographic
- **Grant Swertfeger**
MSNBC.com
- **Justin Winter**
Winter Creative

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Freelance, Flint, Mich.
- **Melanie Blanding**
Freelance, Roanoke, Va.
- **Robin Buckson**
The Detroit News
- **Jed Conklin**
Freelance, Spokane, Wash.
- **Eric Parsons**
Ventura County (Calif.) Star
- **Amy Smotherman-Burgess**
Knoxville News-Sentinel

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- **Bryan Anselm**
- **Emily Rose Bennett**
- **Lance Booth**
- **Cody Duty**
- **Jessica Ebelhar**
- **Matt Fields-Johnson**
- **Emmy Fox**
- **Courtney Hergesheimer**
- **Riaz Mesbah**
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- **Thomas Simonetti**
- **Alex Slitz**
- **Jake Stevens**
- **Kohl Threlkeld**

WE ARE GRATEFUL TO THESE PUBLICATIONS AND INSTITUTIONS THAT ALLOWED THEIR STAFF MEMBERS TO CONTRIBUTE TO THE FUTURE OF VISUAL JOURNALISM:

- Asbury College
- Brooks Institute
- Chicago Tribune
- The Courier-Journal
- Detroit Free Press
- Elon University
- The Flint (Mich.) Journal
- Knoxville News-Sentinel
- Lexington Herald-Leader
- Los Angeles Times
- MediaStorm
- MSNBC
- National Geographic Society
- The Messenger-Inquirer
- The Palm Beach Post
- The Roanoke Times
- Rocky Mountain News
- The Sacramento Bee
- St. Petersburg Times
- Soundslides
- The Spokesman-Review
- Todd County (Ky.) Standard
- University of Florida
- Ventura County (Calif.) Star
- The Virginian-Pilot
- The Washington Post
- The Washington Times
- USA TODAY
- Winter Creative

WORKSHOP DIRECTOR EMERITUS • Mike Morse

WEB SITE: www.mountainworkshops.org

In 1976, Western Kentucky University professors David Sutherland and Mike Morse led about a dozen photojournalism students to eastern Kentucky and Tennessee to document the 11 remaining one-room schoolhouses in that area.

Students and faculty alike fended for themselves for lodging. One night, Morse and Sutherland found themselves curling up in sleeping bags in an outbuilding on a steep slope. “There were goats and other critters sleeping around the stilts on the downhill slope that held up the building,” recalled Morse. Surely they could not have envisioned how Sutherland’s idea for a field trip would evolve into today’s Mountain Workshops. Those trips became a tradition, though, and Morse would guide the workshops into the digital era before retiring as workshop director a couple of years ago.

In 2007 James Kenney, who succeeded Morse, brought 127 people to Danville, Ky., to document the city and the surrounding Boyle County countryside. The 65 trainees were divided into three general groups of 49 photographers, 12 new media editors and five picture editors.

The all-volunteer faculty and staff of 62 consisted of shooting, picture-editing and writing coaches, as well as administrators and support staff, including 19 “labbies,” students from Western who had a wide range of duties for the week-long event based at the Danville Convention & Visitors Bureau on Hustonville Road.

What was an all-WKU event in 1976 now includes trainees from all over the country and beyond, including college students and experienced professionals. Coaches include photojournalists, writers, picture editors and new media specialists from leading U.S. newspapers, magazines and new media companies. Instead of the single documentary project pursued in 1976, 72 projects were assigned in Danville.

The first workshop participants carried single-lens reflex cameras, a supply of 35mm film, flash attachments and notebooks. In 2007 they toted digital

still and video cameras, microphones and tape recorders. They produced thousands of images and captured subjects in video and audio recordings that would provide content for a photo exhibit, a website, several multimedia productions, an extended documentary DVD, and this book. All this content was gathered in a single, frenzied week in Boyle County.

Believe it or not, the first workshop participants rigged makeshift darkrooms in the field and actually developed film in toilets and bathtubs.

Their modern successors drop their digital photo cards with labbies who scan and tone the pictures for easy computer access by scores of coaches and editors. In 2007, thousands of square feet of the Danville convention center were required for 110 state-of-the-art Macintosh computers connected by more than 1,000 feet of ethernet cable and multiple wireless networks, and a multimedia auditorium for presentations and critiques. These days, a sophisticated facility with lots of room and a robust power supply is needed to support the workshops, limiting workshop site prospects.

Computers were used as early as 1989 when a MacPlus allowed

production of a little newsletter every night. In 1997 when the editing component was added computers were very much in evidence. A Boy Scout camp was the production site, and staff tapped into the camp fuse box to run equipment. Electrical supply was a huge issue the next year in Franklin, Ky. Staff had to monitor the building’s power supply to determine when they were about to exceed capacity. “Something as small as an electric fan could blow out the system,” Morse recalled.

Oh what a difference 31 years can make!

• **Jo-Ann Huff Albers**

Founding director of the Western Kentucky University School of Journalism and Broadcasting



PHOTO BY DAN HALE

“Merchant’s Row,” Perryville’s Second Street, glows in the pre-dawn hours where Highways 150 and 68 intersect. “Perryville has always been a crossroads town,” said James Pope, owner of Itchy Dog Antiques.



PHOTO BY ROBIN BUCKSON

RIGHT • Administrative team member and head chef John Dunham of *The Messenger-Inquirer* oversees a Wednesday evening barbecue.

PARTICIPANTS:

49 photojournalists • 12 multimedia journalists • 5 designer/editors • one multimedia specialist • 53 faculty and staff

STORY PROJECTS:

61

PHOTOGRAPHS:

41,019 digital photos shot • 935 images toned for slide shows, nightly critiques and this book • over 1200 photos published on the workshop’s 2,000-page web site • more than 50 digital color prints printed and framed for a gallery exhibit.

AUDIO/VIDEO:

Over 16 hours of audio interviews and 20 hours of high-definition digital video were recorded.

INTERNET/MULTIMEDIA:

51 stories on the web site • 14 major multimedia interactive stories, including photographs and audio interviews, were completed during the workshops • 2500 lines of code written • seven videos posted on the web site.

DIGITAL STORAGE:

Three terabytes of storage was used. The final night of presentations, including student work and a multimedia presentation of the week’s stories and activities contained 110 gigabytes of data.

HARDWARE:

83 Macintosh computers • 1/3 mile of ethernet cable • multiple wireless networks • 1000 yards of gaffer’s tape.

FOOD CONSUMED BY WORKSHOP STAFF:

86.2 gallons of soda and bottled water • 550 meals prepared by workshop staff • 25 lbs. of hamburger • 70 lbs. of pork loin and shoulder • 34 lbs. of chicken and turkey • 151 lbs. of ice.

“People here, they have big ideas and big dreams.”

**Hugh Coomer, mayor
Danville, Kentucky**



THE MOUNTAIN WORKSHOPS • 2007 • THE 32ND YEAR