



THE OLD FARM HOUSE IN THE INDIAN VALLEY  
DISTRICT OF FLOYD COUNTY, VIRGINIA

I CAME INTO BEING IN THE YEAR OF 1926,  
BY LOYAL AND HARD-WORKING UNSKILLED  
LABOR. LEAVING ME WITH A FEW SQUEAKS  
AND RATTLES. MY BRIGHT SHINY TIN ROOF  
BEING IMPROPERLY INSTALLED ALLOWED A  
FEW DROPS OF WATER TO ENTER INSIDE.

JUST AS A REMINDER THAT I DO PROTECT

AND KEEP MOST OF THE BAD WEATHER OUTSIDE. I WAS NOT COMPLETELY FINISHED  
FOR MANY YEARS LATER. I HAD NO ELECTRICITY OR PLUMBING. I DID RUMBLE AND  
SHAKE AS THE DEEP SNOW WOULD BEGIN TO MELT, AND SLIDE OFF MY ROOF. HOWLING  
WINDS MADE ME SQUEAK AND RATTLE, CAUSING DOORS TO SLAM SHUT AND ME TO TREMBLE.

I HAVE SERVED ONLY ONE LARGE FAMILY. MY WARMTH AND SECURITY, I AM PROUD OF.  
ONLY TWO PEOPLE HAVE LEFT ME FOR A BETTER HOME IN HEAVEN. ABOUT SEVEN BIRTHS  
HAVE COME INTO BEING UNDER MY WARMTH AND PROTECTING COVER. NO LONG TERM  
ILLNESS WENT ON INSIDE ME. JUST A HARD-WORKING. FUN-LOVING FAMILY, PLAYFUL  
CHILDREN. THROUGH ALL THE DEPRESSION YEARS I PROVIDED SHELTER AND WARMTH.  
I HAVE HOSTED MANY VISITORS, GOOD COOKING, FRIENDSHIP, HAPPY TIMES WAS THE  
ORDER OF THE DAY. I HAVE HEARD MUCH SHOUTING AND SCREAMING. ALSO MANY  
SACRED MOMENTS TO GIVE THANKS AND WORSHIP.

MANY TIMES, COWS AND ANIMALS COMING UNDER ME FOR PROTECTION, BUMPING THE  
POSTS I REST ON, CAUSING ME TO RATTLE AND SHAKE. MOREOVER, I HAVE ALSO  
BEEN HIT BY LIGHTNING, BUT I HAVE WITHSTOOD IT ALL.

I FEEL RATHER SAD, NOW, BEING SO LONELY AND QUIET. WHERE ONCE WAS LAUGHTER  
AND NOISE OF HAPPY CHILDREN PLAYING, THE SMELL OF GOOD FOOD COOKING. I'LL  
JUST SIT HERE AND WAIT, HOPING ONCE AGAIN TO SERVE ANOTHER FAMILY.

THE OLD FARM HOUSE

1988

JAMES FLINCHUM

