

KENTUCKY HOME

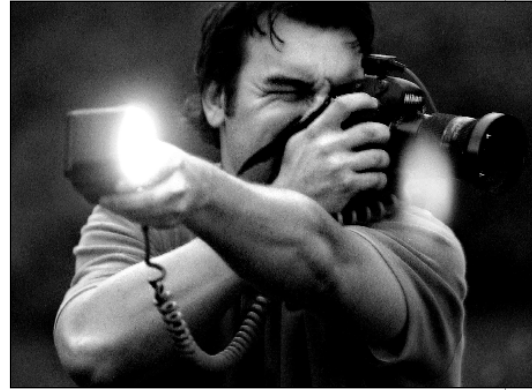
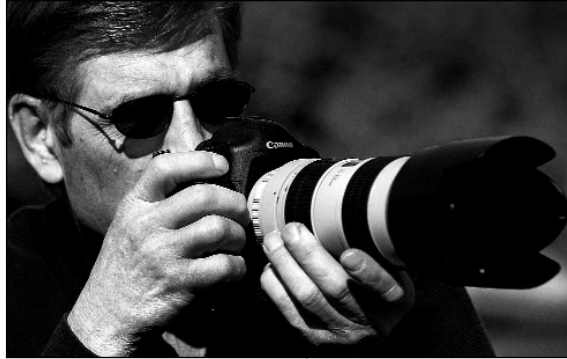
BARDSTOWN, NELSON COUNTY, KENTUCKY



THE MOUNTAIN WORKSHOPS • 2003 • THE 28TH YEAR

SPECIAL THANKS
TO THE PEOPLE OF BARDSTOWN,
NELSON COUNTY AND CENTRAL KENTUCKY.
YOU GAVE US YOUR TIME AND LET US
INTO YOUR LIVES.

The 2003 Mountain Workshops NELSON COUNTY, KENTUCKY



PHOTOS BY ROBIN BUCKSON

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Photo, this page •
Students cross an intersection in downtown Bardstown

PHOTO BY
EDWARD LINSMEIER

Cover photo • Kayla Ridgeway, 8, ties her shoe while she talks to her sister, Patricia Garcia, 17, about how they'll style Kayla's hair.

PHOTO BY
TYLER PELAN

Back cover photo • Daniel Donahue, left, and Scott Hardin watch for traffic as they ride down Highway 49 in search of "a Pepsi, a Dr. Pepper and some Lays potato chips in their homemade buggy pulled by Donahue's 3-year-old Tennessee Walker, "Bubbles."

PHOTO BY
BRIAN WAGNER

For more than two centuries, Bardstown has been a beacon for saints and sinners alike. It was the cradle of Catholicism on the Western frontier, and has produced most of the world's bourbon whiskey. Bardstown's easygoing charm once inspired a famous song, but 21st Century sprawl now threatens its traditional way of life.

As it does with thousands of tourists each year, Bardstown enchanted participants in Western Kentucky University's 28th annual Mountain Workshops. The 129 journalists and students who came from across the nation just missed the annual tobacco and bourbon festivals, but they saw central Kentucky's fall foliage at its colorful peak.

During a week of photography and interviews, workshop participants got to know Bardstown's people and places.

"It's a wonderful place to live," said Grace Svinovec, who moved to Bardstown with her husband in 1939 and raised five children here. "We all kind of look out for each other."

Bard's Town was laid out in the 1770s by William Bard. Among the early settlers was Basil Hayden, who led a group of Catholics here from Maryland and laid the foundation for Bardstown's two leading institutions: churches and distilleries.

Bardstown became headquarters for the Roman Catholic Church's frontier dioceses, which covered what is now a 10-state area stretching from New Orleans to Detroit. Other early settlers were Presbyterians and Methodists. Nelson County now has more than 60 congregations of various faiths.

Like other whiskey-making immigrants, Hayden found the limestone water ideal for his trade. Pioneer distillers invented

bourbon, Kentucky's unique elixer of corn, barley and rye (or wheat) aged in white oak barrels charred on the inside.

A handful of distilleries around Bardstown now produce about 80 percent of the world's bourbon and employ more than 700 people in this town of 10,374.

Bourbon is one reason tourism is now Bardstown's biggest industry. The other reason is Stephen Collins Foster.

A visit to a cousin's home in 1852 inspired Foster to pen "My Old Kentucky Home." The restored home Foster visited, Federal Hill, is Bardstown's biggest tourist attraction.

Although the number of local distilleries has fallen from 15 to four, other manufacturers have moved in to fill the void. Since American Greetings built a card-making plant here in the early 1980s, it has been joined by several other factories, including parts suppliers to the region's auto assembly plants.

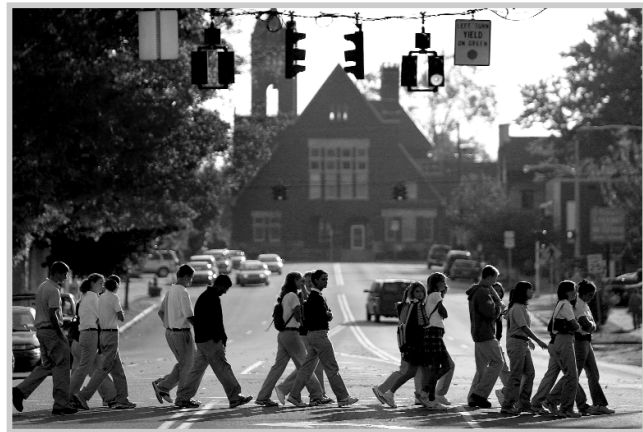
"Our economic sector has always been strong, and we're one of Kentucky's fastest-growing counties," said Kim Huston, president of the Nelson County Economic Development Agency.

Indeed, while Kentucky's population rose 9.6 percent between 1990 and 2000, Nelson County's grew by 26.9 percent.

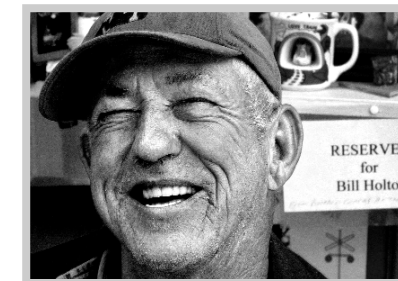
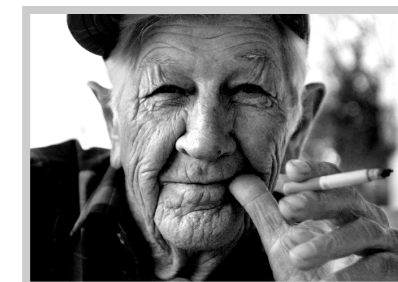
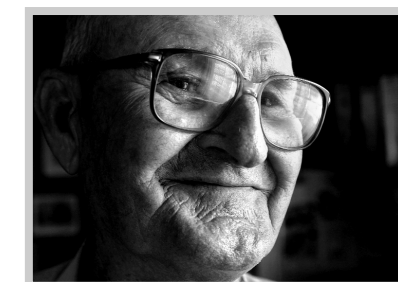
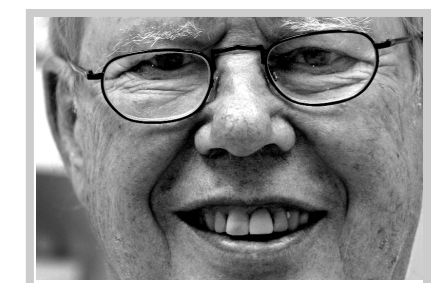
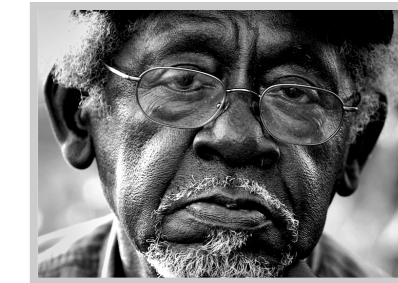
Despite officials' emphasis on good planning and zoning, some residents are uneasy about all of the new homes, schools and businesses popping up amid the cornfields.

"People don't come here to see our Wal-mart," said Judy Parrish, who owns Bardstown BookSellers near the courthouse. "They come here to see our old homes and shops."

• **W. Thomas Eblen**
The Lexington Herald-Leader



Faces



PHOTOS BY (LEFT TO RIGHT): FIRST ROW: ARTURO FERNANDEZ, JOSEPH MURPHY, WILLIAM DESHAZER, JENICA MILLER, **SECOND ROW:** DOUG KEESE, RODRICK REIDSMA, MARCIA LEDFORD **THIRD ROW:** REBECCA HAZELWOOD, JOLIE COATES, DIANE MATTINGLY, MAGGIE HUBER **FOURTH ROW:** JOSEPH WILKINSON, JAMIE RAY, JEFFREY AUSTIN, JULIE BUSCH



Street lamps twinkle and hum in the early morning light, and the merest whisp of traffic moves along North Third Street toward the towering brick courthouse that stands in the center of Bardstown.

PHOTO BY CHET WHITE



Howard Perkins cleans manure out of horse stalls every afternoon. He loves the responsibility of raising Tennessee walking horses.

PHOTO BY ERIK LUNSFORD



Eight-year-old Ruth Handy takes a break from her home studies to check on the Great Dane puppy she and her four sisters are raising to sell. "She doesn't like being in the cage," Ruth said.

PHOTO BY GENEVIEVE ROSS



Violin instructor Cathy Mejia coaches Ruthie Walton, 7, as mom Susan Walton, 33, and Ruthie's 4-year-old brother Tommy wait.

PHOTO BY CARISSA HORNER



Frank Zavaglia plays the organ at St Joseph's Proto Cathedral in Bardstown. He is a former professional musician who also performs for residents at Windsor Gardens, an assisted-living facility, every evening before dinner.

PHOTO BY JULIA CUMES



At G and G Sheep Farm in Boston, Ky., laundry is dried the natural way. Gaines Greene, a former school teacher who took up full-time farming after retirement, has a herd of 150 to 200 sheep and raises them for meat.

PHOTO BY RICHARD BROOKS



Frankie Dickerson, 5, (kicking) and neighborhood friends Deion Tonge (left), 7, and Austin Mason, 7, play near their homes in Bardstown. The kids get together after school every day and play until they're called in for dinner.

PHOTO BY JACKIE RICCIARDI



The Handy sisters create their own version of fun on their eight acres of land.

PHOTO BY GENEVIEVE ROSS



Eleven-year old Derek Bryan waits for his big sister to finish posing for her high school senior portrait inside "My Old Kentucky Home," a Bardstown landmark.

PHOTO BY DIANE MATTINGLY



A mower waits for its owner, local handyman Walter Frazier, in downtown Bardstown.

PHOTO BY JONATHAN COHEN



Ernesto Chavallo struggles to lead a 2-year-old Morgan horse into a barn at Whitney Stables for the first time. The battle continued for two minutes, then the young horse, who had lived entirely outdoors until this moment, quieted and followed his trainer's lead.

PHOTO BY KELLY O'BRYAN



Six-year-old Jordan Schreiber spins through a trampoline-launched backflip while Lea Hardy (left), Kayla Boone and Kori Ford watch. "Every time someone knocks on the door, I know it's a kid, so I send them to the back to play on the trampoline," said Kori's mom, Karen Ford.

PHOTO BY JEROME POLLOS



Chasity Clark, 4, listens for the heartbeat of her baby brother after her mother, Sara Hardin, had a final checkup.

PHOTO BY CRAIG CLAPPER



Father Roman Ginn lives in "The Ark," a one-room shack at the Abbey of Gethsemani in Trappist, Ky. Ginn, a hermit, lives off rainwater and the squash, tomatoes and okra he grows.

PHOTO BY JASON HUNT



Jerry the horse, who earns his oats by pulling tourists around Bardstown in a carriage, has a shower. He works for Everett Jones, who runs a company called Around the Town Carriage.

PHOTO BY ERIC GRAF



Sister Frances Krumpelman cleans a statue on the tomb of Father James P. McGee at the cemetery of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth. "Most of us believe him to be a saint," said Krumpelman, a nun since 1947.

PHOTO BY GREG BARNETTE



The early-morning sky is clear over the Our Lady of Lourdes Grotto at St. Catharine College on Bardstown Road in St. Catharine, Ky.

PHOTO BY THERESA LAURENCE



Framers from J.L. Hutchins Designers and Builders attach spacers to roof trusses at the First Christian Church in Bardstown.

PHOTO BY WILLIAM ADAMS



Three-year-old Willy Brammer lets out a holler in his grandfather's New Haven taxidermy shop. Willy often watches hunting programs instead of cartoons.

PHOTO BY TIMOTHY SOFRANKO



Peggy Bradley takes Pearl the mannequin in for the evening at the Tulip Moon, a thrift shop in downtown Bardstown. "She'll be out there tomorrow wearing something different," Bradley said.

PHOTO BY EDWARD LINSMIER



A monk crosses the entrance to the Abbey of Gethsemani, a 2,800-acre monastery in Trappist, Ky.

PHOTO BY JASON HUNT



Morning mist rises off a pond near Boston, Ky.

PHOTO BY WILLIAM DESHAZER

THE MOUNTAIN WORKSHOPS

The Mountain Workshops are a 28-year labor of love on the part of the WKU faculty and an all-volunteer army of professional visual journalists with a passion for pictures

and a willingness to give back to their profession. More than 200 of the world's best visual journalists, editors and managers have offered their expertise to more than 1,000 members of the visual journalism community.

The workshops began in 1976 with a field trip by the faculty and students of the newly formed photojournalism program at Western Kentucky University in Bowling Green.

David Sutherland and I led the students' efforts to document the last 11 one-room schoolhouses in Kentucky and Tennessee. It was a chance to do live photojournalism with people from an unfamiliar, vanishing culture.

Jack Corn joined Western's faculty in 1977 and conducted the Main Street Project, in which a group of Western photojournalism students documented a low-income area of Bowling Green and produced an audio-visual show. The next year, the workshop became more formal, with photo editors from Kentucky newspapers volunteering their time and expertise to coach participants at a workshop at Land Between the Lakes.

As the workshop evolved, working professionals were invited to participate, shooting side by side with students.

The workshop grew steadily. More students resulted in a need for more faculty, equipment and industry support. In 1997, the John S. and James L. Knight Foundation gave the photojournalism program a grant to buy equipment so a picture editing division could be added.

The workshops' faculty and staff include the top visual journalists in the world. This year, 50 shooters and 8 picture editors participated in the workshop. They were guided by 15 picture editing, writing and shooting coaches; a professional support staff of 20 multimedia, sound and writing professionals; several manufacturers' representatives; and a student assistant crew of more than 25. In all, more than 100 students and professionals came together to share experiences, ideas, skills and understanding of what the profession can be at its best.

The workshop concept is simple. We go to a rural town in south-central Kentucky or north-central Tennessee, set up a network of digital equipment, and document the lives and culture of a cross-section of residents.

The purpose of the five-day visit is educational. Participants get to know the county's residents, and with the help of shooting, picture editing and writing coaches expand their visual storytelling abilities while producing a book, an exhibit, a multimedia show and a web site about them.

Technological change is transforming our industry, but this workshop remains committed to the documentary photojournalism tradition as the best way of bringing the stories and lives of our subjects to light, whether it be through the printed page or new media.

• **Michael L. Morse**
Workshops Director



ABOVE •

Nightly sessions of The Mountain Workshops include presentations by its professional faculty.

PHOTO BY
ROBIN BUCKSTON



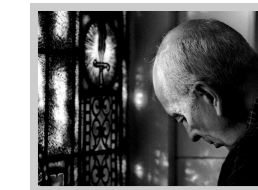
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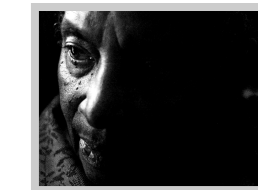
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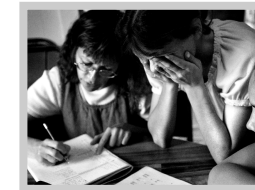
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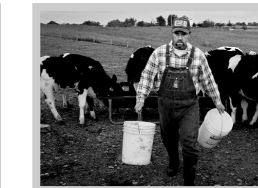
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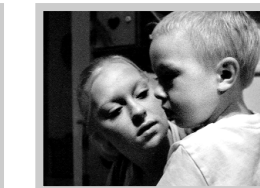
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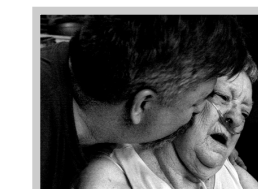
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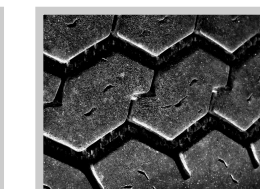
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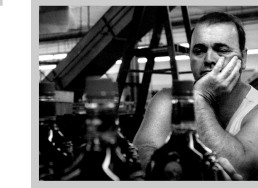
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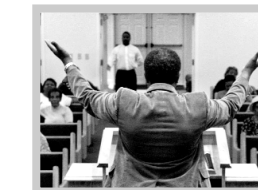
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Head Start to Happiness

'If I could help just one...'

Photography by JAMES BRANAMAN
Editing by KYLENE LLOYD

Knee-high hugs greet Pascha Riney every morning. A teacher at Bardstown Head Start, she helps prepare 3- to 4-year-olds from low-income families for school.

"Some of the kids that we have here at the center don't have the family life that I was raised in, so I thought that if I could just help one, that would be great," Riney said.

"It's not just kids. It's the family."

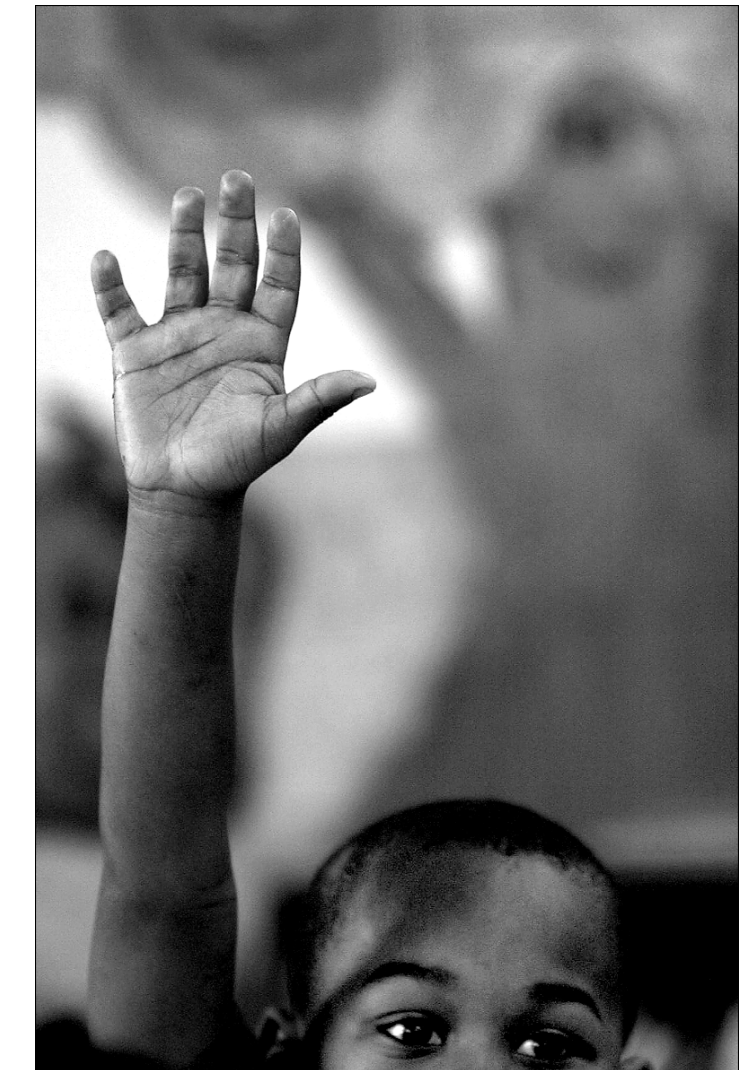
The non-profit program works with families in a six-county area and also helps students' parents further their education and computer skills. Many of the program's all-female staff have children who are former Head Start students.

Teaching assistant Saretha Litsey attended Head Start as a child and also sent her three children there.

"It makes parents feel comfortable," she said. "It helps (children) with social abilities and teaches them independence."

LEFT • After recess, Bardstown Head Start students make their way back to the gymnasium at the historic St. Thomas Parish.

RIGHT • Keshan Marshall, 4, signals for a second helping of peaches. Parents and students can receive free breakfast, lunch, and a snack during the school day.



RIGHT • After breakfast at the Bardstown Head Start, students Brandon Wells, 4, Riley Pineiroa, 5, and William Malone, 4, share a sink.

FAR RIGHT • The house area of Cyndi Alonzo's Head Start classroom attracts 3 year-old Kia Keene, cradling a doll while Destiny Denise, 4, plays with a telephone.

BELOW • Parent and volunteer teaching assistant Leslie Bishop rubs the back of 4-year-old Kendall Watson to calm him for nap time while watching over 3-year-old Gabriel Westerfield.



A Tender Song

Photography by JULIA CUMES
Editing by JIM WINN



Every day at 4:30 p.m., Windsor Gardens resounds with the smooth sound of a baby grand piano, played by Frank Zavaglia, whose hands flow deftly over the keys. Zavaglia lives at the assisted-living facility in Bardstown with his wife, Ruth, who has Alzheimer's disease, as do many of Windsor's residents. His musical performances are a highlight for many people, who gather in the community dining room to listen.

Ish Corothers wheels her 87-year-old husband, James, close to the piano and sits beside him. Mabel Lethe wheels herself into the room, and Kathleen Walke shuffles in with her walker. As the music starts, James Corothers, a retired Bardstown judge, begins to sing. Others join him, some humming because they've forgotten the words.

Zavaglia, 85, was trained at New York's Juilliard School. He has been playing the piano since age 10 and the pipe organ since 12. He spent his adult life as a professional musician, and during his 20s scored music for an orchestra that accompanied New York ice-skating performances. There, he fell in love with one of the show's stars, Ruth Davis, who later became his wife.

"The first time I asked her out, she kicked ice in my face," Zavaglia said, laughing. The couple have seven children, 15 grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

While Ruth retreats deeper and deeper into a fog of confusion, Frank continues playing with passion. Every morning he practices the organ at St. Joseph's Proto Cathedral near downtown Bardstown and he plays the white, baby grand in the tiny two-room apartment he shares with Ruth.

"God will decide when it's time for me to stop playing," Zavaglia said. "And then I'll play in heaven. I hear the pianos are even better up there."

Turning to his wife, sitting nearby, he says: "And Ruth will skate, won't you Ruth?"

She looks at him with a puzzled expression and then, in a rare moment of clarity, nods.



ABOVE • Frank Zavaglia combs Ruth's hair before dinner at Windsor Gardens, an assisted-living facility in Bardstown.

FAR LEFT • Ish and James Corothers, reflected in the piano, listen to Zavaglia play before dinner at Windsor Gardens. The couple have been married for 58 years.



LEFT • Zavaglia helps Ruth after playing the piano. At left is fellow resident, Mabel Lethe and center is Kathleen Walter.

The Mowing Man

Photography by JONATHAN COHEN
Editing by JIM WINN

As October's brisk winds tug the red, orange and yellow leaves from Bardstown's trees, Walter Frazier is walking downtown among the mosaic of color when a woman driving by yells at him.

"Hey Walter," the woman says, raising her voice. "When are you going to cut my grass?"

Frazier pauses, scrolling through his mental calendar.

"Maybe today, maybe tomorrow," he replies.

Frazier is one of Bardstown's best-known residents, a 63-year-old who pushes his Murray lawnmower around town, cutting grass to earn a living. He's dependable, people say, and courageous – and doesn't let the fact that he has only one arm deter him.

Frazier's right arm was amputated when he was 18 years old, following a farming accident. A bale of hay that Frazier was gripping fell off a wagon, knocking him to the ground. The wagon ran over his right side and arm.

"I was angry when it happened," he admits. He spent a year in therapy, learning how to live a normal life. Now, "everybody says I do real good with one hand."

In his spare time, he enjoys hanging

out with friends at Hurst Discount Drug store and shopping at St. Vincent Depaul Mission thrift store. He walks or bikes up to 30 miles a day and usually can be spotted around downtown.

"Yeah, I'm pretty well-known 'round here" Frazier said, eating a hot ham-and-cheese sandwich and drinking a Coke at Hurst.



ABOVE • After a day of mowing, Walter Frazier puts on a fresh sweatshirt.



ABOVE • Keith Taylor teases Frazier, about how many layers of clothes he's wearing during a warm fall afternoon.



ABOVE • Frazier, 63, cuts one of his 25 clients' yards in Bardstown.

Ride to romance

Bardstown's two-rail time machine

Photography by MEGAN RESCH
Editing by SHANNON GUTHRIE



ABOVE • Perched on a step outside the engine room, Gary Spalding watches his brother Ed guide the dinner train to a smooth stop.



ABOVE • Dining car preparations aboard the My Old Kentucky Dinner Train begin at 2:30 each afternoon and finish just moments before guests arrive at 4:30.

Memories of working the land, the laughter and heartache of raising seven children and sharing 53 short years with his wife Geneva, are just a few things Walter "Buck" Durbin thinks about as the My Old Kentucky Dinner Train passes through his backyard.

"Yeah, we've always loved trains. We'd both wave at it, if, you know, we were around," Durbin said. Durbin's family decided that on Geneva's tombstone they'd have a carving of the train passing their house.

The train sounds its horn one extra

time in front of Durbin's house — just a friendly gesture to one of its oldest friends. "When this train started its run 16 years ago there'd be 30 people at every intersection waving, every night," said Gary Spalding, the conductor and general manager.

Now, it's a couple of kids on bikes and a farmer and his family.

The train is a reminder of a nostalgic yesterday with its white table cloths, a single red rose on every table and oil lanterns illuminating the car as the evening unfolds. Sounds of wine glasses tinkle and Southern accents fill the air.

Donna Howe, a bartender and waitress, has worked for the train for

three years.

"We all work well together — we have to, we work in very close quarters," Howe said. "Now, there are times that we get stressed but we for sure have a lot of fun."

There are rumors that the train is haunted and they jokingly tease each other enough that some employees are afraid to be on the train alone.

Tourists come from as far as Santa Fe or as close as Bullitt County to ride on this unique Dinner Train. What they'll find is a playful environment with "please" and "thank you," plenty of Kentucky bourbon and even more smiling faces.



ABOVE • My Old Kentucky Dinner Train passes through Walter "Buck" Durbin's back yard.



ABOVE • Waitresses Mary Catherine McGirk, left, and Donna Howe have mastered the art of bump-free passing in close quarters.

RIGHT • Teasing and laughing, Jackie and Larry Sumrall of Laurel, Miss., share a red-rose romance moment aboard the My Old Kentucky Dinner Train.

“It’s sorta like us in the morning before we get through curlin’ and fixin’ our hair – she’ll look real pretty when we’re done.”

Waitress Donna Howe



Special delivery

Photography by CRAIG CLAPPER
Editing by DINARA SAGATOVA



ABOVE AND RIGHT • Dr. James T. Dodge scrubs up before work. Soon he welcomes John Edwards Lowery into the world. Mother Christy Hodge says that her fourth child is "definitely the last."

Doctor James T. Dodge works hard, sleeps little and does it all with a smile. During a recent 24-hour period, he treated more than 30 patients, delivered two babies (one was an emergency Caesarean section), and performed a two-hour surgery to remove an enlarged ovary. When he found time to catch some sleep, Dodge made his bed in an empty hospital room next door to one of his patients. "I'm tired," he said, eyes weary, "but I need to be here for these women."

Dodge loves babies. He's delivered more than 2,000 in the past nine years. His patients say Dodge is one of the most trusting, caring men they have ever met.

He is also dedicated. A true test was on his wife's most recent birthday. The gift was ready, the flowers were bought, but one thing was left before the good doctor signed out for the day. "I have to see my patients one last time," he said. "Nothing is worse than having surgery and not seeing the person who actually performed the surgery."



ABOVE • A bulletin board in Dodge's office features his recent patients.



LEFT • After three hours of sleep, Dodge delivered two babies and performed a two-hour surgery.

"I'm tired, but I need to be here for these women."

Dr. James T. Dodge

Making His Mark

A master distiller preserves classic Kentucky flavor

Photography by JEROME POLLOS
Editing by HELENA HAU



ABOVE • Steve Nally and Doug Wade shoot the breeze on the porch of Maker's Mark distillery in Loretto. Following in his family footsteps, Nally has worked for the company for 32 years.

RIGHT • Scarlet wax rolls down the necks of Maker's Mark bottles before they're packed for shipment. Each bottle is hand dipped. Four line-workers can put the signature wax seal on as many as 130 bottles a minute.



Steve Nally's job is to make sure nothing changes. For 15 years, the master distiller has stood guard over the distinctive flavor of Maker's Mark bourbon, a wax-sealed, upmarket icon of Kentucky's whiskey-making tradition. The 90-proof amber potion has been produced in small batches — using a single, invariable recipe — since 1951.

And Steve Nally has played a part in the process for much of that time. He's held more than 18 different jobs at the Loretto plant, beginning with tending the original yeast culture used to ferment the company's distinctive corn, wheat and barley mash. This same strain of yeast has been used, recovered, reused and kept alive since the first batch of Maker's Mark was produced, Nally said. The closely guarded, highly-aromatic sludge is a big part of what keeps the product flavor consistent.

Today Nally's responsibilities go beyond babysitting yeast to quality control of every step from raw material to ready-to-bottle bourbon. As he makes his regular rounds of 41 fermentation vats, Nally dips a finger into each roiling 9,600-gallon mixture and slurps. "When it's brand new, it'll have a sweet taste," he explained. "When it gets to its final stage, it gets bitter."

Nally grew up across the road from the distillery and credits his 32-year career at the small, family-owned company with bringing him financial security and a sense of connection to a proud heritage.

"My uncle worked here before I started back in '72," Nally said. "My mother worked here even before the Maker's Mark brand was created."



LEFT • Nally checks formulas in a recipe book that's been used at the Maker's Mark distillery since the brand was created. In his 15 years as master distiller, Nally has memorized much of the book.

BELOW • Nally inspects every batch of bourbon at every stage of the production process, including the fermentation of grain, yeast and limestone-spring water. Each vat can hold 9,600 gallons of the world-renowned whiskey.



Furry companions

A woman's abundant love of animals

Photography by KENNEITHA LONDON
Editing by NINA GREIPEL

Betty Veneklase's husband died two years ago. She says she misses him, but she isn't lonely. She shares her house in Boston with 10 dogs, 27 cats, two parakeets, a dove, 10 fish and a pot-bellied pig. Thirty goats, two horses, two turkeys, a dozen chickens, a duck, a goose, one "stubborn" mule and another pot-bellied pig live outside.

"I love to just sit and watch, indoor or outside," she said.

"Some people call my house a zoo. You just can't get overwhelmed."

Veneklase has loved animals all of her life.

"I can remember as a kid always wanting more animals," she said. "And I am still that way."

At the Nelson County Humane Society, with so many cats already at home, she considers other candidates for adoption.

"I think one more cat is enough," she said.

"She said that at number 20 and 21 and 22 and 23 and..." said Leah Riggs, a worker at the Humane Society.

Veneklase said the number of animals at her home has tripled since her husband died.

"Can't help myself," she said. "I just enjoy them."



ABOVE • "When I lay on my couch to watch TV, I always have company," Betty Veneklase said.



"Some people call my house a zoo."

Betty Veneklase

LEFT • Veneklase spends a lot of time talking with other Humane Society volunteers to arrange care for animals. She often ends up adopting them herself. "I'll stop after this one," she said.

BELOW • Veneklase said she has loved animals all her life. "This was where it first began, with my cat Tinker."



Little Women

Girl power keeps farm running

Photography by GENEVIEVE ROSS
Editing by SHAUN SARTIN



“I’m known around Bardstown as the lady with five girls,” Karen Handy said. “Whenever I go somewhere without all of them, someone always asks, ‘Where are the girls?’”

The girls – Kayla, 14, Hanah, 12, Sarah, 10, Ruth, 8, and Joelle, 5, – are usually home on the farm. The Handy family bought the abandoned farmhouse on Samuels Road in Nelson County, eight years ago and have given it life. A lot of life.

For the Handys, the farm is home, school and playground. Karen, a former school teacher, homeschools her girls. “A lot of people say they miss out, but you hear what’s going on at school and you don’t want them to have that kind of socialization,” she said. “I can give them one-on-one attention...they couldn’t get that in public schools.”

The education of the Handy girls isn’t just academic; it’s also practical. Their father, David, drives a semi for a living and is seldom home, so the girls work the farm. They feed the animals and clean their “yuck.”

“We have three cows and one bull,” Hanah said. “Soon one will be in the freezer,” she said, dragging her index finger across her throat. “That’s why we don’t have them as pets – because I like steaks.”

They earn extra money by selling eggs and the Great Dane puppies they raise. When their eight acres need mowing, or a pipe bursts, it’s up to the gals to fix it.

“My dad taught me how to use a saw, hammer, drive the lawnmower and do plumbing,” Hanah said. “I’m the one who’s like the boy around here.”

But the girls don’t dress like boys. They wear only dresses and occasionally culottes.

“The Bible says women should not wear that pertaining to a man,” Kayla said. “But we don’t criticize people who wear pants. We believe what we believe and you might believe something else.”

Infused with deep Christian faith, Karen thinks their home environment instills character, diligence, honesty and teamwork. “I want them to become good, productive citizens,” she said.

Each night before they go to sleep, they pray.

“Dear Lord,” says Hanah, “please let Dad get home safe.”



FAR LEFT • Left to right, sisters Hanah, Sarah, Joelle, Ruth, and mother Karen take an afternoon stroll. Big sister Kayla stayed at the house to fix dinner.

LEFT • Karen Handy, left, leads her daughters in prayer before lunch. The family’s Christian faith is central to their lives.

BELOW • Ruth Handy starts her day feeding chickens. Each of the five Handy sisters has her own duties around the farm.



Little Women

continued...

"I'm known around Bardstown as the lady with five girls. Whenever I go somewhere without all of them someone always asks, 'Where are the girls?'"

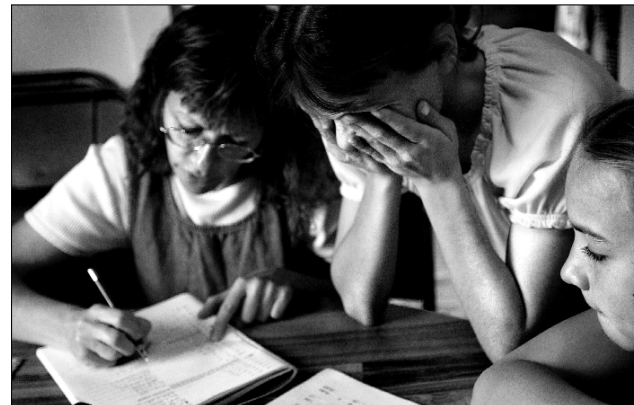
Karen Handy



ABOVE • Hanah, right, and Joelle Handy celebrate the end of a day's chores and lessons.

RIGHT • Kayla Handy, center, struggles with algebra equations as sister Sarah waits for her mother's attention. Karen Handy, left, works one-on-one with each of her five daughters, ages from five to fourteen.

FAR RIGHT • Twelve-year-old Hanah Handy says a prayer with her nightly bedtime companion "Teddy." "He prays too," Hanah said. "I treat him as a kid so he HAS to pray, even though he can't talk."





ABOVE • Bill Sheckles laughs as he discovers his family and friends watching "The Young and the Restless" in his restaurant, Still Bills.

Chances are that if you live in Bardstown, you know Bill Sheckles. He sometimes refers to himself as "The Godfather... people always seem to come to me if they need something." Bardstown is the bourbon capital of the world, but it's more than just a production center for whiskey. Sheckles says it is a community.

In keeping with this philosophy, Sheckles shares his time with family, his work, and his position on the Bardstown City Council, which he has held for the past six years. He is the father of a daughter and a son. He and his wife own a restaurant in town and he works for a car dealership. He devotes time every day to both businesses.

Sheckles gets up early and starts his day at "Still Bills." The philosophy of this family restaurant is summed up on a sign that says, "Still Bills – the Place to Chill."

It is here that he starts the day's "to do list." After making sure that the restaurant is in order and ready for customers, he heads to his job at the Conway-Heaton automotive center.

After 20 years in the business, Sheckles says the key to selling cars in a small town is to understand that you are selling family cars to families. Even so, he laughingly adds, "There's a ass for every seat."

After the dealership closes he heads back to the restaurant, relieving his wife for the day and handling business until closing time. He also is dedicated to his position on the City Council and takes care of council business as needed.

Sheckles was born and raised in Bardstown, and many towns people remember him from his days as a high school baseball player. He graduated from Western Kentucky University, where he lettered for four years as a pitcher.

Friends said he is also known as someone who can always be counted on, a hard-working, caring person who is an integral part of Bardstown.

His wife sums it up this way: "He's a good man."



ABOVE • Sheckles checks out the haircut that 29-year-old Kevin Keene gave him in Keene's sister kitchen. Keene has been cutting hair since he was a teenager and cutting Sheckle's hair for five years. Sheckles said he does good work and someday he'll make him famous.



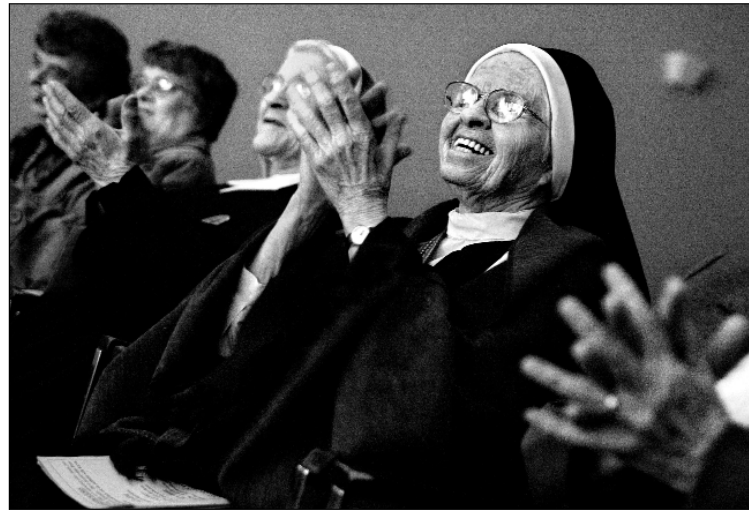
LEFT • Sheckles hugs his wife, Linda, at their restaurant after coming in from work at the car dealership.

A Nun's Tough Love

From Kentucky to India...and back again

Photography by MICHEL FORTIER
Editing by SHAUN SARTIN

RIGHT • A murder mystery brings a burst of applause from Sister Eugenia Meuthing, foreground, and other members of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth at a rehearsal in the Bardstown/Nelson County Civic Center.



In 1952 Sister Eugenia Meuthing left the world she knew in Kentucky – and never found it again.

God called her to teach in India. There, she could roam as she pleased, hop on the back of a motorcycle, learn about Hindu practices and customs, or ride ox carts at whim. India soaked into her bones. “I like to live,” Sister Eugenia said.

She made many friends, their names and addresses methodically maintained in a book organized by regions of the world. After 14 trips across the Atlantic, its pages are full.

Forty-seven years after leaving Kentucky, she returned to the Bardstown home of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth and found a very different world.

Sister Eugenia didn't realize how much Catholic practice had changed. There were masses on Saturdays, and priests faced their congregations during communion. She felt out of

place and, for the first time, in conflict with her faith. The America she remembered had vanished. “I still don't feel as at home here as in India,” she said.

In the twilight of her life, Sister Eugenia's calling to the church remains as steadfast as her commitment to wearing her habit.

She spends most of her days researching the campus' history and praying. She attends Sunday Mass 16 miles away from the convent because she's uneasy with the modern mass held there.

She fears death as much as she fears never seeing her beloved India again, but knows she'll never go back. Indian churches don't offer traditional masses and a visit would mean missing services for weeks.

Her life is in America now. Her goal is clear.

“I'm getting ready to go to heaven,” she says. “Hopefully.”



ABOVE • Most mornings start around 6 a.m. with prayers in a small chapel attached to Russell Hall where Sister Eugenia Muething lives but doesn't call home.



ABOVE • Sister Eugenia finds solitude during morning prayers in Russell Hall Chapel, where a single light provides enough illumination for reading a weathered hymnal.



LEFT • "I usually carry my rosary beads when I walk outside" said Sister Eugenia while on her way to the Heritage house. An acid wash denim backpack picked up in Nepal is stuffed with the morning's essentials. "I just love bags," she said. "When I was in India I had dozens."



BELOW • Teaching 10-year-old Madeline Dant on the piano is a far cry from her days in Gaya, India, where as a teacher she pursued a bachelor's degree in classical Hindustani music. Stern teachings are softened with an outstretched arm to keep the budding musician in line.

Real men do cheer

Male student gives Bardstown High cheerleaders a lift

Photography by JACKIE RICCIARDI
Editing by SUSAN FRANQUES



ABOVE • Bardstown cheerleader Kevin Neel shows off on a trampoline for teammate Janice Hill as the two take a break from practice. The squad gets gymnastics instruction twice weekly as part of their training.

LEFT • Neel helps hoist Angela Osbourne at cheering practice.

RIGHT • The team consoles Amanda Osbourne, who was disappointed with her practice performance.

Teenage girls in short shorts and ponytails drape their arms around Kevin Neel's broad shoulders. He's not the typical athlete in a leather varsity jacket.

He's part of their team – the Bardstown High School cheerleading squad.

What began as a dubious tactic to escape class soon turned into an everyday commitment. "I wanted to get out of class one afternoon, so after hearing the announcement that cheerleading tryouts were taking place in the gym, I decided to go," Neel said, adding that he never intended to join.

But he quickly changed his mind. "I like lifting girls," he said, responding to his teammates' affection with a playful grin. "As soon as I lifted Danielle into the air, I decided I would be a cheerleader."

Neel's participation is rare for cheerleading in Kentucky. His school is one of only a few in the state that has male participants. And this is the first year since the 1970s that the Tigers have had a guy on the squad. He's one of two.

Most of his classmates support his decision. "Kevin marches to the beat of a different drum, anyway," his coach Rita Koontz said. "People expect it because that's just Kevin."



Not all hard work

Photography by DAVID KORCHIN
Editing by KYLENE LLOYD & TAHRA MAKINSON-SANDERS



The stench of raw flesh saturates the air, and the screaming grind of saws against wet bone assaults the ear. The crew is solemn while the butchering is done. But the mood quickly lightens as the men move from the cutting room, where carcasses hang from meat hooks, to the cashier counter out front.

The tightly-knit group of 23 employees at Boone's Butcher Shop are a mix of family and friends. Some have been around the store for more than 25 years.

"If you can't have fun, what's the point of working?" said Donna Boone, who runs the butcher shop with her husband, Jerry. "We all have nicknames for one another around here. Some of them are nice. Some you can't say in public."

Boone's has been a Bardstown institution since 1946. Area hunters bring their game to be dressed and prepared. Cattle farmers take their livestock for slaughter. And locals stop in for fresh meats.

The shop handles more than 1 million pounds of beef a year. During deer season, the butchers sometimes process more than 50,000 pounds of venison.

"Killing don't make me sad, but animals do have feelings," said Jimmy House, a cutter who's been with Boone's for 10 years. "I used to have a pet cow. She was like a dog. ... I called her 'Moo-Moo.'"



FAR LEFT • Derrik Scott Chesser, left, and Billy Coulter trim a carcass. Billy, whose daughter Jami works at Boone's front counter, has been a butcher for 17 years. "I don't know what else I could do," he said.

LEFT • A giant steer has hovered over Boone's storefront since the 1960s. High school students carried off the faux bovine two years ago and hid it in the bushes behind the shop, owner Jerry Boone said. "But they bragged about it at a party, not knowing it was my daughter that was listening."



ABOVE • Jimmy House carries a deer carcass to his cutting table. The butcher shop usually handles more than 50,000 pounds of venison during the deer hunting season.

Life lessons

Dedicated educator motivates big and small

Photography by DENNIS HENRY
Editing by SUSAN FRANQUES

Football is life marked off in 100 yards. It's an analogy that Coach Joey Downs uses to teach the 40 or so players on his Bardstown High School football team in practice and at game time. And it's the same mantra in his head as he walks through the doors of Bardstown Primary School where he greets the 400-plus children who know him as their principal.

"A football field is just like a classroom," the 46-year-old said. "If you're a good teacher, then you're a

good coach because all coaching is, is teaching."

Downs has served as the varsity coach since 1980, ending the 2001 season with a state football championship. And he has been in education for more than two decades. His message has remained constant in both arenas: Teach kids to take responsibility for all that they do.

"Everything we do as a team," he said. "Working as individuals, getting back up after getting knocked down – all these things can translate over to everyday life."



ABOVE • As Bardstown Primary School empties for the day, principal Joey Downs helps out with shoelaces.



ABOVE • As Bardstown High School's varsity football coach, Downs jumps in to play quarterback during a team practice.

Sharing their love and faith

Photography by KRISTIN GOODE
Editing by TAHRA MAKINSON-SANDERS

For Dick and Judy Walsh, worship doesn't end at the church door. They live their faith every day – through their marriage, their work, their children and their community. The couple of 38 years shares more than a love between a man and a woman. They share a love of God.

"I consider my faith to be, well, my life," Dick Walsh said, "because faith to me equates life, certainly eternal life."

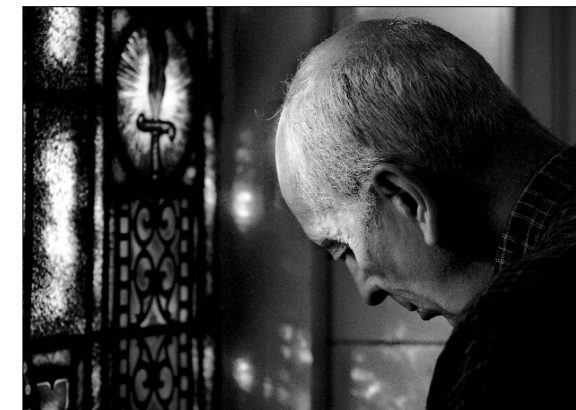
He starts his days around 5 a.m., spending hours in prayer at the Abbey of Gethsemani just south of Bardstown in Trappist, Ky. After his first year of college, he lived at the monastery for more than five years. While he decided the simple existence of the abbey was not for him, he said the teachings of the monks still bring peace to his life.

Judy Walsh, as the assistant principal at St. Joseph's School, uses her career as a ministry.

Her faith lacks ornamentation. It is found in the subtle moments when she cares for the children of the parish or encourages her teachers.

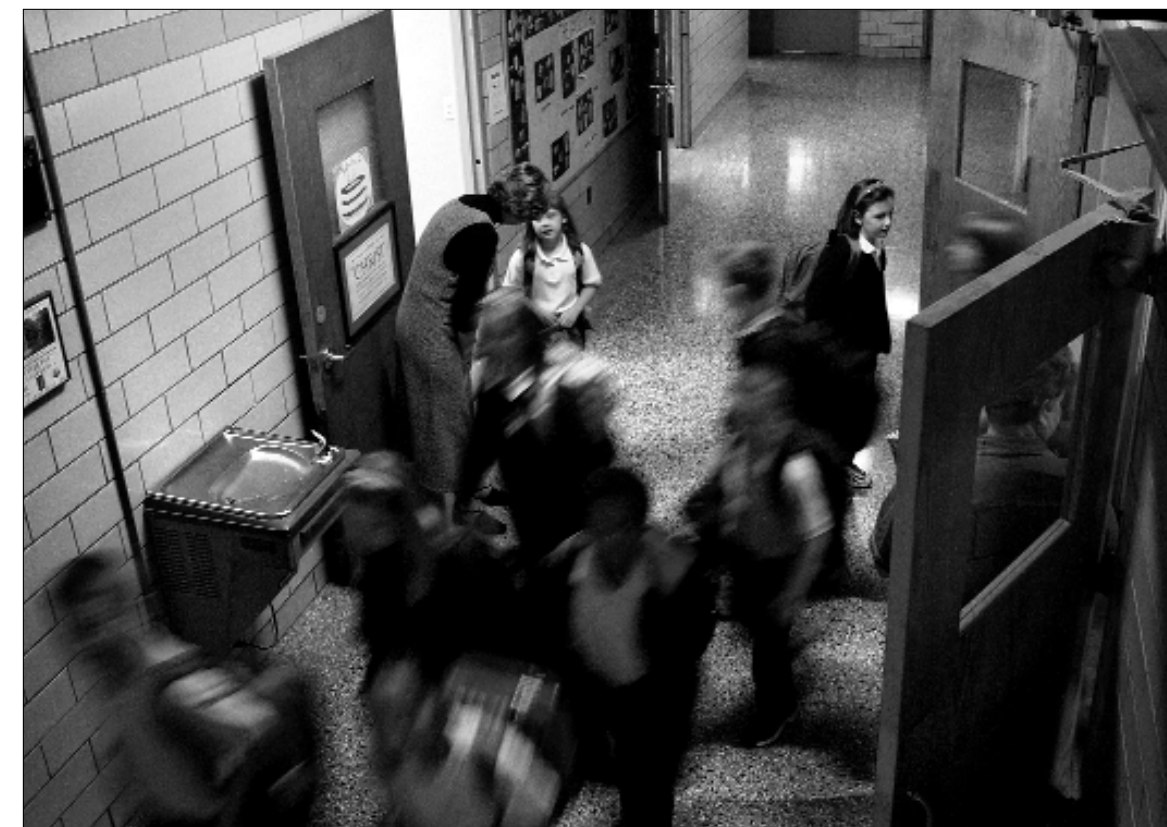
Members of St. Joseph's Proto-Cathedral, the Walshes have also instilled their faith in their five children and 11 grandchildren.

"It's just that important piece of your life that enables you to encounter difficult times and the joyful times," Judy said.



LEFT • Dick Walsh, a deacon at St. Joseph's Proto-Cathedral, spends an hour with the Blessed Sacrament every Wednesday. "It's like sitting at the feet of Christ and talking to Him," he said.

BELOW • As assistant principal at St. Joseph's School, Judy Walsh cares for hundreds of children every day. She's in the hallways at the start of the day, at the tike-size tables in the cafeteria for lunch, and on the playground during recess.



LEFT • "Happiness is being married to your best friend," reads a magnet on Dick and Judy Walsh's refrigerator, a gift he gave her after a trip many years ago. The couple's relationship is grounded in their Catholic faith.

Robby's world

Nine-year-old thrives despite autism

Photography by BRIAN WAGNER
Editing by BETH LAUNDON



Resting at the end of the bright yellow cafeteria table, Robby Ballard eats his lunch surrounded by elementary school chatter. He doesn't seem to notice the girls playing patty-cake one table over.

"What's five plus five?" classmate Kelsey Dile asks him. He doesn't answer.

"He just knows," said Kelly Cecil, a special education aide at Bardstown Elementary School.

Nine-year-old Robby is one of 15 autistic children in Nelson County, including his sister Mariah. The disorder interferes with the development of communications skills and other behaviors.

"Um, excuse me, I want to talk to you," Robby says to Christy Culver, his fourth-grade teacher. It's the same phrase he repeats every time he has something to say.

"Every day is new with him, and that's a fact," said Kathy Rippy, his current special education aide.

With Rippy's help, Robby joins in school work with other fourth-graders. He didn't talk until he was 4, but the boy who once relied exclusively on sign language has come a long way.

Most kids probably don't realize that Robby is much different from them, Culver said. His speech tends to be repetitive, and his candor can be startling, but Robby enjoys recess like the rest of his class.

"I wouldn't give up," said Robby's mom, Beth, who works as a special education aide with another autistic student at her son's school. "My father said it best to me: 'God gives us all the wonderful gift of children. With Robby, he just went an extra inch or so.'"



ABOVE • Robby Ballard's mother, Beth, swoops him towards his *Sponge Bob* sheets at the end of the day.



LEFT • Robby needed intensive nurturing as a small child. He is very affectionate with his parents, tending sometimes to cling.

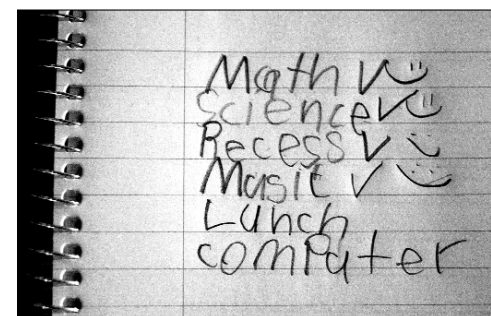
FAR LEFT • After finishing his homework, Robby wanders off to play video games, often until dinnertime.



ABOVE • Robby uses his nose and fingers to count during math period. Although he struggles with reading, Robby speeds through math.

RIGHT • Like many 9-year-olds, Robby favors recess and computer time. Routine – and a daily activity list – help maintain his attention.

FAR RIGHT • Mrs. Culver's fourth graders don't have assigned seats in the cafeteria, but Robby can always be found at the end of the table.



Our daily bread

Photography by TYRA DECKARD
Editing by TAHRA MAKINSON-SANDERS & DINARA SAGATOVA

RIGHT • Hadorn's bakery is a favorite early-morning stop for Bardstown residents as well as tourists.



ABOVE • Greg Hadorn, a third-generation baker, left the Army after 15 years to return to Kentucky and run Hadorn's Bakery in Bardstown, with help from his wife and four daughters.

As soon as they get out of their cars, customers of Hadorn's bakery can smell the fresh doughnuts and pastries Greg Hadorn has been baking while the rest of Bardstown was asleep.

Inside, while the customers choose from glazed, custard-filled, cinnamon rolls, pretzels, and the local favorite, yum-yums, they can hear blues music playing from the kitchen, accompanied by the playful banter of Hadorn and his wife, Jamie, and often one of his four daughters.

Regular customer Mike Bradford brings his grandchildren to the bakery, nestled on the corner of Fourth Street and West Flaget Avenue, when they are visiting. "Hadorn's is one of our unique treasures," he said. "You don't find this much anymore, the corner bakery."

Hadorn's has many regular customers who show up before work or school throughout the week, but business really booms on weekends. Those mornings, Hadorn needs help from his father and often his wife to get the baked goods out in time for the rush of people seeking to satisfy their sweet tooth.

Greg Hadorn never expected to take over the family business. He and his four brothers grew up helping run the business. Hadorn joined the Army at 17, but quit after 15 years so his family could settle down.

The Hadorns took over the bakery in Bardstown, one of several bakeries in Kentucky run by his family members, and moved into the two-bedroom apartment next door. The Hadorns and their four daughters, ages 11 to 17, work together to keep the business running.

"I'm very grateful for everything I have," he said. "I worked hard for it. It's good to wake up in the morning and be grateful. It's because of that gratefulness that motivates me to do a good job for my customers."



ABOVE • Mya Emmons, 2, eyes gingerbread cookies in the display case. Mya and her parents, Charlie and Rebecca Emmons of Brooklyn, Mich., stopped at the bakery before Charlie's job interview in nearby Lebanon.

Helping hands

A lifelong giver learns to receive

Photography by LAYNE GREENE
Editing by BETH LAUNDON

“I want them to look at me and say ‘kind,’ ‘friendly,’ and ‘willing to help any time.’”

Jo Catherine Spalding

Jo Catherine Spalding hates asking anyone to take care of her. But since the 78-year-old broke her collarbone she has had to accept aid from others instead of helping them. Since the Bardstown native returned from decades of living on the west coast, she’s become known throughout the community as a caregiver.

“After she got hurt, I tried to help her ... we just help each other,” said neighbor Ann Gerton, 74. Gerton lives in an apartment across the street from Spalding and was one of the senior citizens whom Spalding visited regularly before her accident.

“If I were my sister,” Spalding joked, “I’d have everyone here waiting on me.”

Despite the broken bone – and the pain-filled hours she has endured in a chair in front of her television – she believes that God still has work for her to do.

Spalding’s parents, and one of her children, have died in the past three years. Neither of Spalding’s two surviving children, or her two grandchildren, seven great-grandchildren and five great-great grandchildren live near enough to visit her regularly.

And she’s eager to get back to volunteering at the Senior Companion Program of Bardstown. She said driving other seniors to the grocery store and spending time with them in their homes gives her a sense of purpose and welcome companionship.



ABOVE • Jo Catherine Spalding says goodbye for the afternoon to Barbara Hughes, who comes on Mondays and Fridays to help her bathe.

LEFT • Spalding has suffered severely since breaking her right collarbone. The 78-year-old dislikes taking pills, but sometimes the pain leaves her no choice.

RIGHT • A Bardstown native, Spalding lived in California for 34 years before returning to her birthplace to care for her daughter and her parents. All of them have died in the past three years.

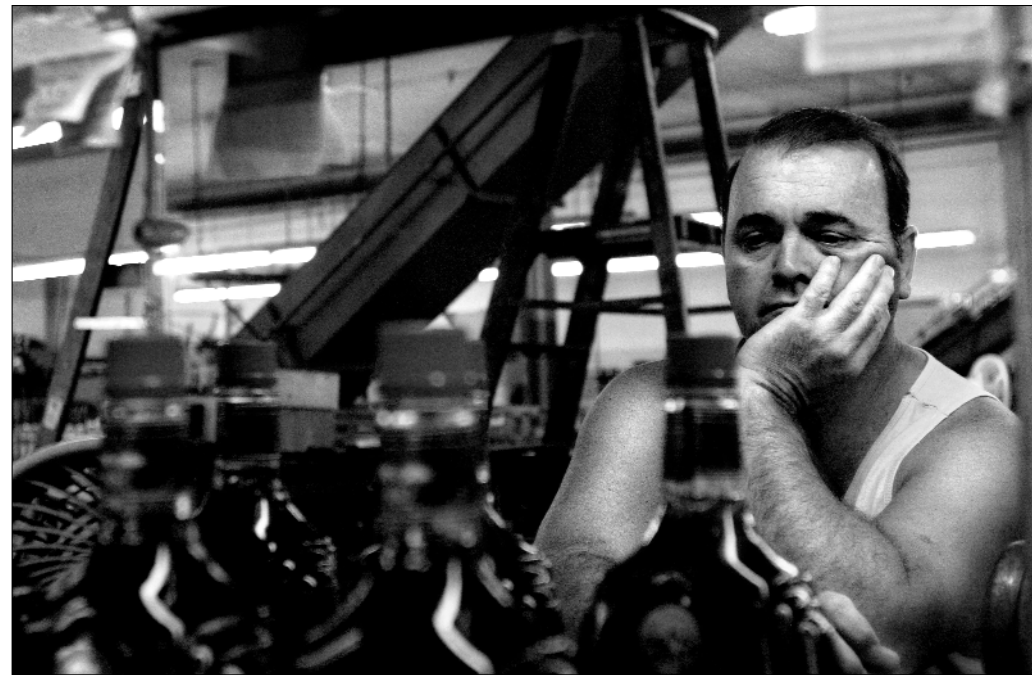


Heaven's Scent

Distillery goes global, remains local

Photography by AMBER SIGMAN
Editing by SHAUN SARTIN

RIGHT • Dawn light warms a warehouse at Heaven Hill Distillery. Eighty percent of the world's bourbon is produced in Nelson County.



ABOVE • Eddie Hood sits...and sits... and sits. All day long he stares at a conveyor belt, waiting to pull off a torn or crooked bourbon label before bottles are distributed worldwide. "Staring at these bottles makes you sleepy," Hood said. "You gotta get up and move awhile."



ABOVE • Barrels of aged bourbon are "dumped" and then bottled. The empty barrels are shipped to Canada and Scotland where they are used to enhance the flavors of other kinds of whiskey.

Behind a musky-smelling building and a collection of trucks, the grave of William Heavenhill occupies a lonesome spot in a small patch of trees. Although he had nothing to do with Kentucky's native elixir, Heavenhill's name inspired a small still operation that has become the largest family-owned bourbon distillery in the United States.

Today, the business produces about 20 percent of the world's bourbon, reaching glasses as far as Japan, the Czech Republic, Germany and India. Building on the success of their bourbon, Heaven Hill diversified its product line. Now rum, tequila, vodka, gin, brandy and cordials come out of Kentucky, too.

A walk through the distillery overwhelms the senses. New charred white-oak barrels emit the smell of apples. Bourbon aging in older barrels has a nutty, woody aroma. On a break, employee Greg Bowman said, "When you work here long enough, you can smell the differences between the proofs."

Other rooms, redolent of beer, schnapps and black cherry liquor, confuse the nose. Earplugs shield workers from the clanging of thousands of bottles riding on the conveyor belt. Activity fills every corner. Almost 400 employees perform like clockwork. Buckets fill with caps, boxes shut, labels move by, hour by hour, day and night.

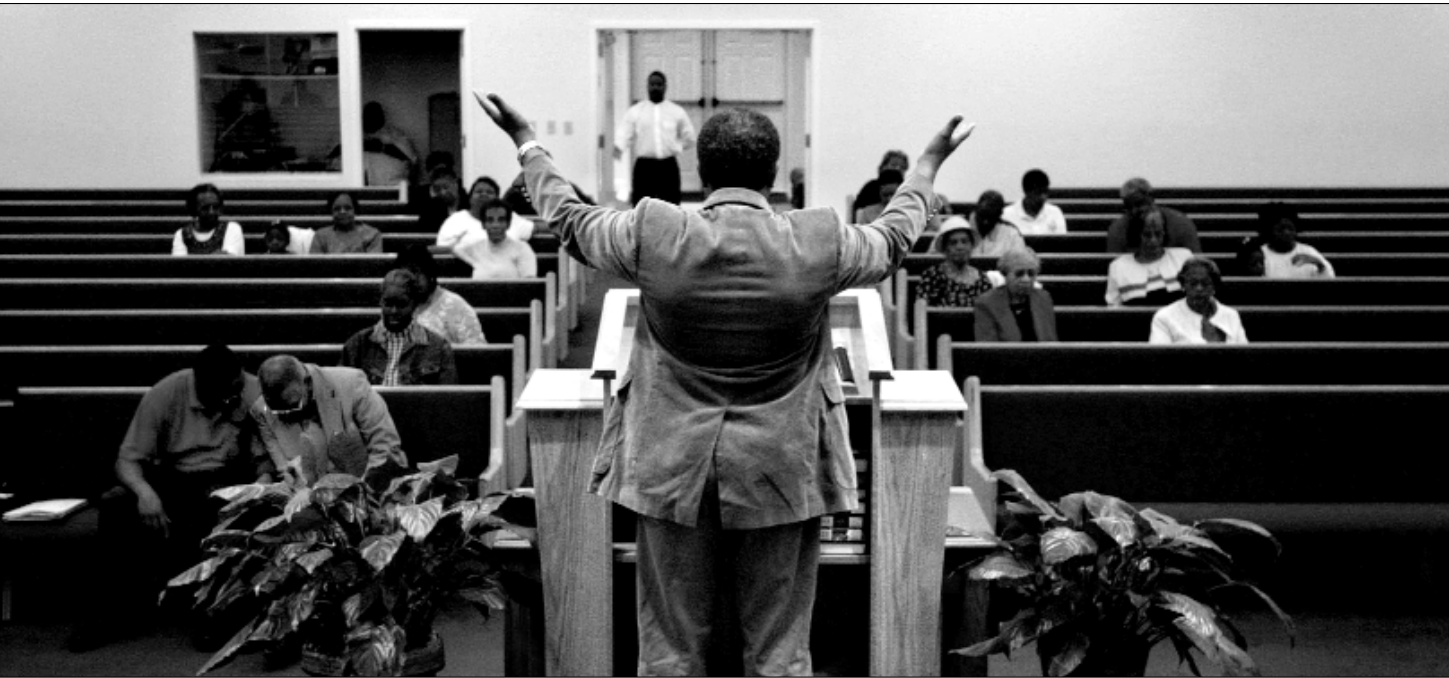
And for those who work here, Heaven Hill is home. Workers sit with legs propped up on ledges and hands behind their heads, watching the bottles go by. "The people are probably the best part about coming in," Bowman said. Then he finishes his cigarette and goes back to work.



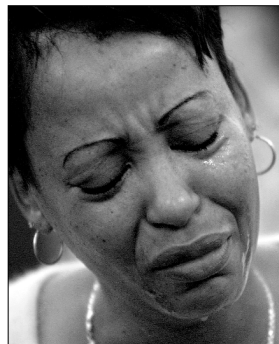
LEFT • After they're filled with bourbon, the bottles are labeled, packaged, and shipped.

Reviving the Faith

Photography by DOUG KEESE
Editing by KYLENE LLOYD



ABOVE • First Baptist Church Associate Pastor Michael Caldwell addresses worshippers during a weeklong revival.



ABOVE • The sermon's message touches church member Robin Brock.

The sermon filled the sanctuary with the cadence and soul of a James Brown anthem. Worshippers lifted their hands and voices to the heavens as the fervor of their voices echoed against stained glass windows. And churchgoers said their prayers were answered.

"I prayed earlier today, and God answered my prayers through the preacher's words. It just amazes me, and I had tears of joy," Robin Brock said during a weeklong revival at First Baptist Church on North Second Street.

Associate Pastor Michael Caldwell said he hopes the nightly worship meetings reach lost souls who need God's help.

"We all need some reviving every now and then," he told his congregation. "We need the Lord to send a revival – tonight."

RIGHT • Hoping to revive the spirit of people who aren't members of First Baptist Church in Bardstown, Mary Frances Douglas, Hattie Fisher and Clara Cosby pray during a revival Monday night.



Bluegrass 101

A musical farmer

Photography by AARON PENNOCK
Editing by NINA GREIPEL

When Terry Waldrige isn't milking cows, he's making music. Waldrige runs a 131-acre dairy farm near Bloomfield, and he's the driving force behind Bluegrass 101, a five-man band with a strong local following. "We're just a bunch of old boys that get together and pick," Waldrige said. He's been involved in farming all his life, but got into music nine years ago when his wife and children bought him a guitar.

His original interest was country music, but that changed when he began taking lessons from Mike Lyvers at Wendel's Music Store in Bardstown. He was fascinated by the old men playing bluegrass in the store.

The band, which includes a tool-and-die maker, a mechanic, a truck dispatcher and a state EPA worker, plays about 50 shows a year. They travel up



to 600 miles to perform and have played in Indiana, Tennessee and Ohio.

Bluegrass 101 has recorded four CDs, but Waldrige said the musicians aren't giving up their day jobs.

"As long as we can go to work on Monday, that's fine," he said.

Waldrige grew up in a farming family, began working on a dairy farm and bought his own land in 1989. His farm is home to about 80 cows, and he milks about 35 of them twice a day, at 8 a.m. and 5:30 p.m. Each milking takes about two hours.

Waldrige's band is often away from Friday through Sunday, so a neighbor takes over the milking.

"I like working with the cows and working the land," Waldrige said.

Waldrige has two children from his first marriage. Terry Jr., 22, and Amanda, 20. Both attend Western Kentucky University.

ABOVE • Minutes after milking his cows, Terry Waldrige prepares to feed his youngest calves. He weans them from the bottle after a week and allows them to drink from a bucket.

RIGHT • Waldrige feeds his heifers a mix of corn and corn-pellets while they are young.



ABOVE • Waldrige helps a cow with a difficult delivery. The technology is crude but effective, and the calf was soon stumbling shakily to her feet.



ABOVE • A leaky water line led to an impromptu picking session after plumber Andy Hagan and dairy farmer Terry Waldrige discovered they shared a love of country classics by Johnny Cash and Merle Haggard. Hagan had come to Waldrige's home to repair a leak in the garage.

RIGHT • Waldrige rounds up a cow and her calf and heads them toward the barn for an afternoon feeding.



No promise of tomorrow

Photography by BRETT MARSHALL
Editing by SHANNON GUTHRIE



ABOVE • “My family was never one to kiss and hug, but lately I’ve been kissing my mom on the cheek every day,” Maurice Porter said.

Edna Goodwin lives each day with no promise of tomorrow. “The last time I was in the hospital I almost left this world,” Goodwin said. “But I come back around. I guess the good Lord wasn’t ready to take me because I had some more work to be done here on earth.”

Goodwin has Chronic Obstructive Pulmonary Disease, or COPD. Emphysema, chronic bronchitis and in Goodwin’s case, asthma, are all associated with COPD. The disease attacks the respiratory system and causes breathing difficulties.

She needs supplemental oxygen just to make breathing possible. Goodwin also suffers from Type-I diabetes, the same disease that took her father.

“I wake up in the night sometimes thinking, ‘Am I dreaming? Am I really this sick?’” Goodwin said.

“I guess I am.”

The 75-year-old Goodwin is under care from a hospice to ease her final days. Her primary caregiver is her eldest son, Maurice Porter. Porter moved in with his mother shortly after his father’s death seven years ago.

“I only planned on visiting for a month, and I’ve been here ever since taking care of her,” Porter said. “I do everything except bathe her.”

Her slight cough, strained and tiresome breathing, are signs of 55 years of smoking a pack a day.

“Doctors and all them they claim that smokin’ is what put me in this shape,” Goodwin said. “I’m not proud to say in this interview, but I enjoyed smoking.”

RIGHT • After 55 years of smoking, Edna Goodwin must take daily breathing treatments to expand her lungs so she can cope with the ailments of a debilitating respiratory disease.



No ordinary volunteer

Helping children is her life

Photography by MARI GREEN
Editing by NINA GREIPEL



ABOVE • Bonnie Cecil helps care for 2-year-old Tyran Maddox at the New Life Center in Bardstown. Cecil, the executive director of the center, was named Nelson County Volunteer of the Year in 2002 after she gave a year's pay back to the center.



LEFT • Cecil, right, chats with Myra Baker at a hot dog lunch at Old Kentucky Home Middle School. Cecil went to help celebrate the school's improvement on state test scores.

Bonnie Cecil will tell you she is just an ordinary woman. She has been married to Sam Cecil for 24 years and they have an 18-year-old daughter, Emma. She taught preschool in Nelson County for 29 years and retired in 1998.

But retirement doesn't mean a rocking chair on the porch to Bonnie Cecil.

She holds a seat on the Nelson County school board, is the vice president of the local Women's Club, a board member on the Teen Pregnancy Coalition and she leads a monthly mission group at Bardstown Baptist Church.

"I've always worked real hard," she said. "The common thread throughout my life has been helping children."

In 2002 she was named Nelson County

Volunteer of the Year.

"I've always been involved in something," she said. "I've gotten so much more back than I've ever given".

In addition to volunteering, she has been executive director of the New Life Center in Bardstown since 1999. The center helps teen parents finish high school by providing day care and a support system. Since then the New Life Center has helped more than 46 teens.

"It's not me," she said. "My staff is the best! There are so many people that make things happen here."

Cecil was born and raised in Bardstown and graduated from Western Kentucky University. Her husband has worked at the Barton distilleries for 24 years.

"Bardstown is a wonderful place to raise a family," she said.



ABOVE • Bonnie Cecil retired in 1998, but she works about 40 hours a week as a volunteer and is a member of the Nelson County School Board. "I'm proud of her but it's hard to adjust," said her husband, Sam.

Little house of beauty

Photography by MICHELLE LOHMANN
Editing by SHANNON GUTHRIE



ABOVE • Twala Litsey has her headful of rollers wrapped in a hairnet before going under the dryer at Darlene's Beauty Salon. Litsey has been getting a shampoo and set at Darlene's every other week for three years.

RIGHT • Darlene's Beauty Salon and Mudd's Barber Shop share a house, with the salon in the front and the barber shop in the back.



Darlene Woodson watches a naked altercation on the Jerry Springer Show while answering a phone call. She nods in agreement to the gossip her cousin has been sharing with the other customers in the shop while massaging conditioner into the hair of the woman sitting before her.

Joe Mudd sucks on a cigarette, relays some info to his customers, and glances at the basketball game on the television while completing a "fade" cut on the man in the barber chair.

The smell of the coffee brewing in one corner of Darlene's salon mixes with the chemical odor of relaxer. A Marcell oven heats Darlene's collection of curling irons and combs.

Cigarette smoke shifts in the fluorescent lights of Mudd's shop, while the steady purr of the clippers hum behind barking sportscasters on ESPN.

Despite small differences, both Darlene's Beauty Salon and Joe Mudd's Barber Shop have one major thing in common – faithful customers.

For more than 20 years clients have been coming to Darlene for a hair curl or cut. Customers have driven across state lines to get their hair cut by Joe Mudd. For many, he has been their barber since they were in grade school.

Betty Phillips, 48, a newcomer to Bardstown, prefers Darlene's salon to franchise salons.

"Darlene's is old school," Phillips said. "That newer way of doing things don't have what it takes.

"Atmosphere makes a whole lot of difference, and this is more like a family-orientated place."

RIGHT • Joe Mudd adds a customer to his appointment book before finishing a shave on Otis Mason, 42.

"People come for the atmosphere . . . Those (barber shops) in the malls, they ain't where it's at."

Lawson McNary, Mudd's Barber Shop customer



Sacred Simplicity

A monk's life at the Abbey of Gethsemani

Photography by JASON HUNT
Editing by SUSAN FRANQUES & BETH LAUNDON

A monk's day begins in the dark. Buckling simple black belts, each of the 70 men who make their home at the Abbey of Gethsemani leave their rooms in robes and sandals to begin a daily ritual that has remained virtually unchanged for 155 years. At 3:15 a.m., they walk single file down a narrow hallway to the sanctuary. The quiet, 2,800-acre monastic community in Trappist, Ky., offers a simple lifestyle: prayer, work, sacred reading.

The county landmark on Hwy. 247 is a place where devout men split their days between filling the demands for their famous fudge, cheese and

fruitcake, and hours of quiet prayer.

Brother Julian Wallace has practiced the discipline since Aug. 22, 1949. For the last 50 years he has labored to perfect the craftsmanship that produces more than 5,000 poplar boxes used to package Trappist cheese and fudge. A few other monks, like hermit Father Roman Ginn, spend their days alone in the woods.

"We believe that this type of activity in the church is very fruitful for the world and for our personal salvation," Brother Julian said.

"It is a very patient form of life . . . I'm happy to remain here until I move to a spot higher up – very much higher up."



RIGHT • Visitors Gail Hart, left, and Mary Arterburn, stroll to a hilltop crucifix overlooking the Abbey of Gethsemani in Trappist, Ky.

FAR RIGHT • After evening prayers, monks leave the sanctuary and walk to the dining room for supper and study.





ABOVE • Brother Camillus Epp reads “Fathers of the Church” in the scriptorium. Epp is the oldest monk at the monastery. Born in 1925, he entered the monastery in 1940, just after finishing eighth grade.

LEFT • Monks eat a quiet supper at the Abbey of Gethsemani. The 2,800-acre monastery supports itself by producing and selling fruitcake, fudge and cheese.

FAR LEFT • Trappist monk Dick Mahony rolls cheese racks into a smokehouse converted from a grain silo.

Chin up

Despite trials, a teenage mother makes her way

Photography by TIMOTHY D. SOFRANKO
Editing by SHAUN SARTIN

Casey Brammer's life has not been easy. Every morning the 17-year-old New Hope native rises an hour before her 3-year-old son, Willy. "He's a boy – he's not that hard to dress," says Casey, kissing him goodbye before leaving for school.

When Brammer was a child, her half-brother molested her for years. She had to appear in court to testify against him and he was convicted. A few years later, she was raped by an adult in her own home. The rapist remains in prison and has never seen the son, a result of his violent act. Brammer and Willy now live in the custody of her father, John Brammer. John's long-time companion, Janice Mattingly, also lives with them and often cares for Willy. John is happy he's part of Willy's life. "I would do anything for the little guy," he said.

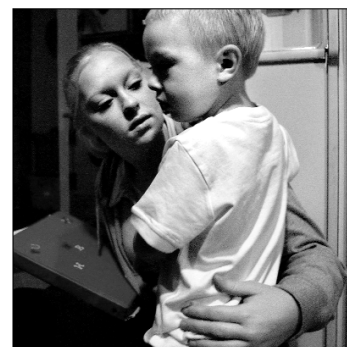
In June, Brammer will be the first in her family to graduate from high school. By then she will also have completed vocational training as a nurse's aide. In her free time, she loves driving the used car a former counselor gave her and enjoys time with her friends and fiancé, Rodney Back.

"She does better than most girls her age. She's smart and warm-hearted," said 24-year-old Back, who has two children of his own. "He's a good father," Brammer said. "He's understanding of my situation . . . I couldn't put up with a guy my age."



Brammer is proud of who she's become. "I feel like I've done something. I used to be angry, staying in trouble . . . but now I feel OK."

Still, she worries about how she will answer Willy's inevitable questions about his father. "It will be hard to explain."



ABOVE • "When I first started high school there were a lot of rumors," said 17-year-old Casey Brammer. "They'd make me cry every day. I just had to learn to keep my chin up."

LEFT • "Give mommy a kiss" Casey asks 3-year-old son Willy before she catches the school bus.



ABOVE • Willy waits for his mother to get home from school. Casey is a senior at Nelson County High School.



ABOVE • Brammer rarely spends an afternoon alone. Willy's great-grandmother and uncle took him out to dinner and gave her an unexpected chance to do nothing.

RIGHT • Brammer steals a few moments with her boyfriend, 24-year-old Rodney Back, in her family's yard. After two years of dating, the couple plans to marry – but there's no rush. Brammer wants to graduate and save some money first.



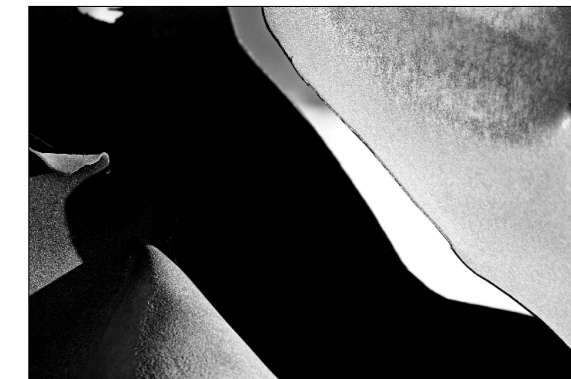
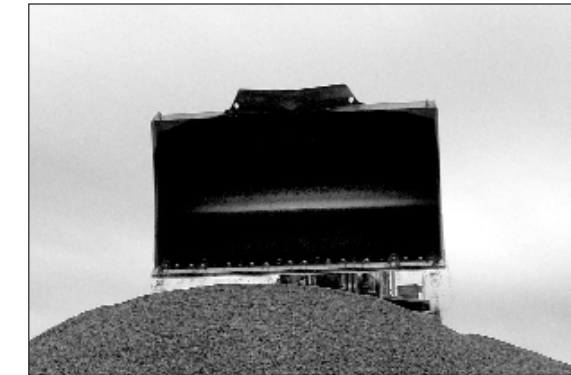
LEFT • Willy wants to stay up but mom says "NO!" shooting down his latest protest.

BELOW • Willy foregoes his racing car bed and charms mom into sleeping with her.



Moving mountains

Photography by BRIAN GLICK
Editing by DINARA SAGATOVA

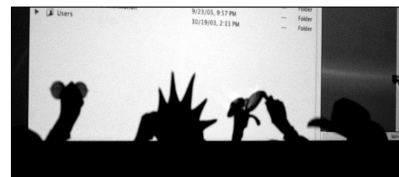


RIGHT • Stripped tires and pieces of worn-out machinery are part of the landscape at Bardstown Quarry, which can resemble a machine graveyard.

LEFT • Bulldozers and dump trucks move limestone, sand and recycled asphalt throughout the day at Bardstown Quarry. The quarry leases part of its land to the Mago Company, which purchases the limestone for use in blacktop production.



- 1976 ONE-ROOM SCHOOLS
- 1977 MAIN STREET
- 1978 LAND BETWEEN THE LAKES, KY.
- 1979 CLAIRFIELD, TN.
- 1980 BURKESVILLE, KY.
- 1981 BURKESVILLE, KY.
- 1982 TOMPKINSVILLE, KY.
- 1983 MORGANTOWN, KY.
- 1984 CELINA, TN.
- 1985 EDMONTON, KY.
- 1986 SCOTTSVILLE, KY.
- 1987 LIBERTY, KY.
- 1988 RUSSELL SPRINGS, KY.
- 1989 ALBANY, KY.
- 1990 MONTICELLO, KY.
- 1991 LAFAYETTE, TN.
- 1992 COLUMBIA, KY.
- 1993 JAMESTOWN, TN.
- 1994 GLASGOW, KY.
- 1995 SMITHVILLE, TN.
- 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.



PHOTOS BY
ROBIN BUCKSON

Cast of Characters

All the folks who came to Nelson County

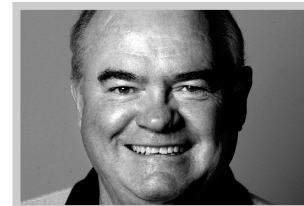
This year's workshop participants:

SHOOTING PARTICIPANTS

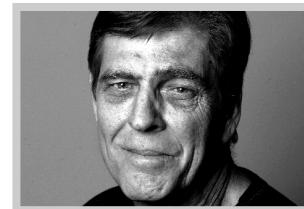
- **Julia Cumes**, *freelance* • **Richard Brooks**, *Watertown Daily Times*
- **L. Todd Spencer**, *The Virginian-Pilot* • **Rebecca Hazelwood**, *Western Kentucky University*
- **Jonathan Cohen**, *The Courier* • **Eric Graf**, *freelance*
- **Greg Barnette**, *Western Kentucky University* • **Jolic Coates**, *Western Kentucky University*
- **Aaron Tennock**, *Ball State University* • **Kenneitha London**, *Western Kentucky University*
- **William DeShazer**, *Western Kentucky University* • **Julie Busch**, *Western Kentucky University*
- **Mari Green**, *freelance* • **Carissa Dale Horner**, *Western Kentucky University*
- **Brian Wagner**, *Western Kentucky University* • **Layne Greene**, *Western Kentucky University*
- **Dennis J. Henry**, *United State Air Force* • **Jason Hunt**, *Coeur d'Alene Press*
- **Bill Adams**, *The Express-Times* • **Jackie Ricciardi**, *Seacoast Newspapers*
- **Kristin Goode**, *University of North Carolina* • **Doug Keese**, *Western Kentucky University*
- **Tyler Pelan**, *Western Kentucky University* • **James Branaman**, *Western Kentucky University*
- **Therese Laurence**, *The Tennesee Register* • **Diane Mattingly**, *Western Kentucky University*
- **David Korchin**, *World Picture News* • **Maggie Huber**, *Western Kentucky University*
- **Tyra Deckard**, *Western Kentucky University* • **Joseph L. Murphy**, *Iowa Farm Bureau*
- **Brian Glick**, *freelance* • **Craig Clapper**, *United States Air Force*
- **Erik M. Lunsford**, *freelance/St. Louis Post Dispatch* • **Michel Fortier**, *Naples Daily News*
- **Timothy D. Sofranko**, *Colgate University* • **Genevieve Ross**, *The Virginian-Pilot*
- **Edward Linsmier**, *Western Kentucky University* • **Amber Sigman**, *Western Kentucky University*
- **Jeffrey Austin**, *freelance* • **Brett Marshall**, *Western Kentucky University*
- **Jenica Miller**, *Western Kentucky University* • **Michelle Lohmann**, *University of Illinois, Urbana*
- **Joseph Wilkinson**, *Western Kentucky University* • **Megan Resch**, *Western Kentucky University*
- **Chet White**, *Western Kentucky University* • **Jamie Ray**, *Western Kentucky University*
- **Kelly O'Bryan**, *Western Kentucky University* • **Jerome Pollos**, *Coeur d'Alene Press*
- **Arturo Fernandez**, *The Morning Call* • **Marcia Ledford**, *University of Michigan Photo Services*

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- **Shannon Guthrie**, *Western Kentucky University* • **Helena Hau**, *University of Kentucky*
- **Beth Laundon**, *National Geographic* • **Kylene Lloyd**, *Western Kentucky University*
- **Tahra Makinson-Sanders**, *The Sacramento Bee* • **Dinara Sagatova**, *Western Kentucky University*
- **Shaun Sartin**, *Suburban Chicago Newspapers* • **Jim Winn**, *Western Kentucky University*



Mike Morse, Western Kentucky University



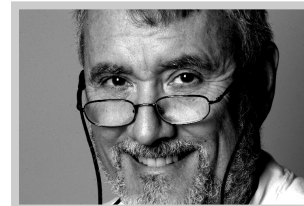
Larry Powell, Freelance



Tim Broekema, Western Kentucky University



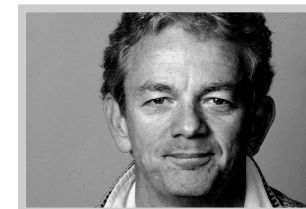
Brian Masck, Flint Journal



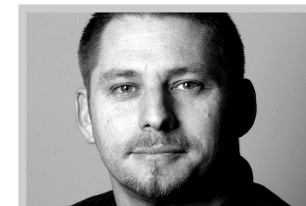
Harry Allen, Western Kentucky University



Ken Harper, Ironcladimages.com



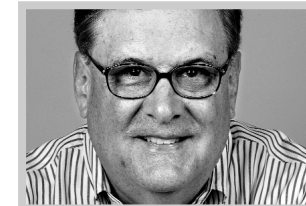
Mick Cochran, The Providence Journal



James Kenney, Western Kentucky University



Carisa McCain, The Mississippi Press



Tom Hardin, Senior staff

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Western Kentucky University
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THANKS TO THESE COMPANIES FOR ALLOWING THEIR STAFF MEMBERS TO CONTRIBUTE TO THE FUTURE OF VISUAL JOURNALISM:

- *Brooks Institute of Photography*
- *Centre College*
- *The Chicago Tribune*
- *The Cincinnati Enquirer*
- *The Columbus Dispatch*
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- *The Detroit Free Press*
- *The Detroit News*
- *The Flint Journal*
- *Handheld Magazine*
- *The Hartford Courant*
- *Kentucky New Era*
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- *St. Petersburg Times*
- *The Seattle Times*
- *The South Florida Sun-Sentinel*
- *The Spokesman-Review*
- *The Star Tribune*
- *Time*
- *The Washington Post*

WEB SITE: www.mountainworkshops.org



PHOTO BY JASON HUNT

David Korchin began his month shooting studio portraits for a singer in New York City.

A week later, he was knee-deep in blood with the charge of telling the story of the crew at the butcher shop in Bardstown, Ky. A daunting task, but one the

New York freelance photographer of eight years said changed his approach to his craft. Korchin was one of 61 photographers from around the country who descended on Bardstown for the October 2003 Mountain Workshops organized by Western Kentucky University's photojournalism program. A weeklong, rigorous dive into documentary photojournalism, the annual workshop goes far beyond the technical and aesthetic aspects of photography.

"It was more about the kind of tools you needed to get close to your subjects, and those weren't camera tools," Korchin said. "Those were journalistic tools, such as what questions to ask and how to get the story."

The Mountain Workshops – two workshops in one, with photography and picture-editing components – provide a hands-on learning experience for young photographers, who hone their shooting techniques and

storytelling skills as they develop picture stories under intense critique from some of the nation's top visual journalists.

"In-depth stories are really important to tell. It's different from shooting a daily assignment," said photo coach Gail Fisher, senior photo editor for the Los Angeles Times. "It's getting photographers to become photojournalists and think in terms of how to take this story to the next level."

For 28 years, the workshop has gone to rural towns in southcentral Kentucky and northern Tennessee, documenting the communities and the lives of the residents.

"I was just not expecting to have such a great learning experience," said participant Amber Sigman, a WKU senior from Los Angeles. "By working with the photo and writing coaches, it helped pull out my creative energies."

"The quality of work is mind blowing," said photo coach Angel Enrique Valentin, a photographer for the South Florida Sun-Sentinel. "I hope (the participants) got a more realistic picture of the work ahead. It's not that easy a profession. But it's very rewarding and fulfilling."

• **Lori Becker**
Palm Beach Post

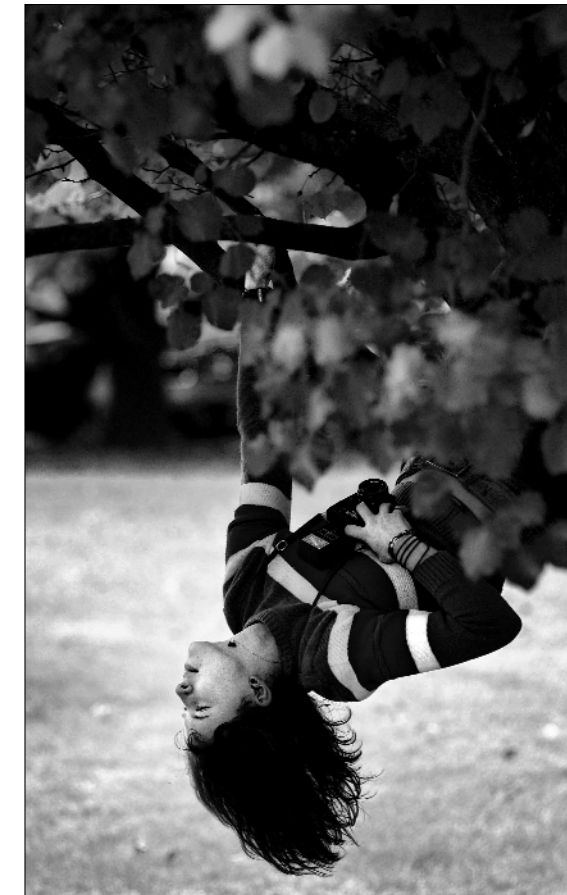


PHOTO BY ROBIN BUCKSON

PEOPLE

50 shooting participants
8 picture editor participants
45 workshop staffers

MILEAGE

Faculty and staff traveled 55,113.45 miles, round trip, to participate in the workshops, the equivalent of going twice around the world.

Source: MapQuest

FOOD CONSUMED

Almost 1,600 cans of soda
150 pounds of candy

PHOTOGRAPHS

23,574 digital photos shot

935 images were toned for slide shows, nightly critiques and this book;
Over 1200 photos published on the workshop's 2,000-page web site
(www.mountainworkshops.org)

Over 20 hours of audio interviews were recorded and 12 hours of video made.

More than 250 large digital high-quality color prints were produced; a gallery exhibit of 50 framed prints was completed.

HARDWARE

Approximately 85 Macintosh computers

1/4 mile of ethernet cable to connect computers

Over 750 yards of duct tape used to control cables

INTERNET/MULTIMEDIA

Published 50 stories (in two days) on the web site, plus eight major multimedia interactive stories (to include photos and audio interviews)

The web room had over 600 gigabytes of memory available. The final night of presentations required over 57 gigs of data, including students' work and an extensive multimedia presentation of several of the students' stories, audio interviews and video of the workshop week's activities.

“The town is known for its liquor with all the distilleries,
but those aren’t the only spirits here.”

Fanell Phillips, spiritual reader



THE MOUNTAIN WORKSHOPS • 2003 • THE 28TH YEAR