

ICF CONVERGE

OCTOBER 23-25, 2025 • SAN DIEGO

I Am From Poem

I am from _____ (specific ordinary item).

From _____ (product name) & _____ (product name).

I am from the _____ (home description)

_____ (adjective), _____ (adjective),

_____ (adjective), _____ (sensory detail).

I am from _____ (plant, flower, natural item),

_____ (description of above item).

I'm from _____ (family traditions)

and _____ (family traits).

From _____ (family name) & _____ family name).

I'm from the _____ & _____ (family tendencies).

From _____ & _____ (things you were told as a child).

I'm from _____, (representation of religion or lack of),

and _____ (further description).

I'm from _____ (place of birth) & _____ (family ancestry),

_____ & _____ (food items that represents your family).

From the _____
(specific family story about a specific person and detail).

The _____ (another detail of another family member).

_____ (location of family pictures, mementos, archives),

_____ (line explaining the importance of family items).

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Original Poem:

Where I'm From

By George Ella Lyon

I am from clothespins,
from Clorox and carbon-tetrachloride.
I am from the dirt under the back porch. (Black,
glistening,
it tasted like beets.)
I am from the forsythia bush the Dutch elm
whose long-gone limbs I remember as if they
were my own.
I'm from fudge and eyeglasses, from Imogene
and Alafair.
I'm from the know-it-alls and the pass-it-ons,
from Perk up! and Pipe down!
I'm from He restoreth my soul with a cottonball
lamb
and ten verses I can say myself. I'm from
Artemus and Billie's Branch, fried corn and
strong coffee.
From the finger my grandfather lost to the
auger,
the eye my father shut to keep his sight.
Under my bed was a dress box spilling old
pictures,
a sift of lost faces
to drift beneath my dreams. I am from those
moments-- snapped before I budded -- leaf-fall
from the family tree.

Model Poem:

Where I'm From

By Ms. Vaca

I am from bookshelves,
from vinegar and green detergent.
I am from the dog hair in every corner (Yellow,
abundant,
the vacuum could never get it all.)
I am from azaleas the magnolia tree
whose leaves crunched under my feet like
snow
every fall.
I'm from puzzles and sunburns,
from Dorothy Ann and Mary Christine
Catherine
I'm from reading and road trips
From "Please watch your brother" and "Don't
let your brother hit you!"
I'm from Easter sunrises and Iowa churches
at Christmas
I'm from Alexandria and the Rileys,
Sterzing's potato chips and sponge candy.
From my Air Force dad's refusal to go to
Vietnam,
from my mom's leaving home at 17.
On a low shelf in my new house is a stack of
photo albums,
carefully curated by my faraway father,
chronicling my childhood.
I am from these pages, yellowed but firm,
holding on to me across the country.