Dust flies in the hot summer breeze
I can hear their quiet whispers
And I feel the exhilarating thrills
They lay on the top of the steep hills
Near the old apple orchard farms
No one had listened to the whispers for the last 90 years
Until this mid summer day in August (2005).

The lost trace, forgotten history
Even the folks don’t remember their family story (trace)
Where they were from, where they were buried
But they have not forgotten the people from Porter Gap road.

Here is their story, listen to their voices, and find the truth

Porter Gap people tell rumors to their children as stories,
So the children keep the tales in their hearts,
“Somewhere on top of the hills, is where the dark skin people of old grave yard there.”
Their existence has almost forgotten.
Their souls float wandering around the place and waiting
Until the group of the Folknographers ready to listen.

In the middle of the hot scorching summer day,
The folknographers listen and follow,
Giving voice to the folk of Porter Gap.

The road stretches 4 miles long, winding through Wayne National Forest. Called, “the microcosm of Appalachia” by the topic,
They (folknographers) applied their new learned method of research, many hours of studious works:
Go to the Lawrence County Library; study the archives, local history, family history…and more listening to the voices.

After hours of triangulation of the research method works,
They found the history of the La Grange Furnace workers during 1916.
The Spanish Flu hit the area after the soldiers came back from World War I.
The poor black laborers at La Grange hollow
And their families got attacked by influenza and died.
There was no time to mourn, just wrap and bury the cold bodies. Carried by horse drawn wagons up to the top of hill. Without tears or sorrow, just lonely wheel sounds could be heard. They hurried to bury them in the shallow cold frozen land. It was late and chilly November (1918).

For the following 90 years silence and forgotten memories covered lands. The fern grew tall, taken over by the weeds… Faded rumors and tales spread among the neighborhood No one knew exactly where they were laid to rest Until this day (2005).

Now, work of the folknographers, The people’s voices have once again come alive and can be heard, No more rumors for the children this summer, only truth… With new gravestones erected, A forgotten history has been discovered We named it “Sacred Hills.”

The folknographers wrote memoirs, And had a special ceremony for resting souls. They understood the voices of the people The truth of the rumors, revealed a once story, A history has new resurfaced for all to see.

Dust flies in the hot summer air The orchard has no longer apple smells on the top of the hill. Sighs of relief can be heard in the wind now. Spirits dance on the top of the mountain Thanking the folknographers and the village people. For listening to their voices and helping to uncover a once lost past

I quietly pray for the souls who can now rest peacefully. Because listen to the folks, your story can now heard by all. Sleep well…