

# When Grandma Gatewood Took a Hike



A large, bold, green letter 'M' is centered within a tan-colored square background.

any years ago in a not-so-fancy, rather crowded log house in the woods not far from the Ohio River, Emma Rowena Caldwell Gatewood grew up with fourteen brothers and sisters. Eventually, she got married and raised eleven children of her own.

Emma had the greenest thumb and the most bountiful garden north of the Ohio River. She relished life's simple joys, like finding Dutchman's-breeches in bloom on a spring morning and visiting with neighbors near and far.



When other folks started to buy cars, Emma chose to walk. She walked over a hill to care for an ailing neighbor. She walked to town to clean houses for others. Five minutes or five miles, Emma didn't mind the walk.

The roads of Appalachia twisted and turned, but Emma's route always took the most direct path—as the crow flies. No matter that it took a body over hills, through thickets, or across streams, Emma always got where she was going on foot.



