

Exile, banjo and the Carolina Chocolate Drops

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For most of my life now, I've been sucked ever deeper into various forms of Americana music. I love the simple forms and catchy tunes, the plainspoken emotion and humor, the fiddles and mandolins and banjos. In a worship context, I'm drawn as well to the music's accessibility and its cross-generational appeal.

Perhaps most importantly, the music speaks of rootedness and place. It's music of deep tradition, long played and heard communally at jam sessions, picnics, and dances. It's also distinctively American music, promoting a sense of belonging to a particular culture and land.

But a sense of belonging for whom? . . . [Read more at Holy Covenant UMC's blog](#)