

Thanksgiving Poem Loess Hills Wild Ones

By Ruth M. Rose November 26, 2020

Loess Hills Wild Ones welcomed me into their Fold-
On a day filled with terrible news.
Soon I was out hiking—The prairie quite cold-
And my Mind was quite cleared of its 'blues'.

The news kept on coming-But a mission was found--
Grow some gardens in Siouxland to test.
Grow some Native Plant Species right inside of town-
To see how that might work out best.

The Community Gardens, and private ones, too—
Gave great Guidance, Experience, and Tours!
Loess Hills Wild Ones were there- and helped all of us view-
These examples of long standing 'Do-ers'!

The excitement and energy started to build-
Others joined in this 'Growing' Desire.
One site was cleaned up, and another was filled-
With Native Shrubs- to hide background fence wire.

The main thing was engaging our Minds and our Souls-
And to work with our Bodies and Hands.
Filled with Blossoming Energy, Sprouting Ideas and Goals-
Bonding Friends- while Restoring our Lands.

So those Loess Hills Wild Ones do so very much more-
Than spread seeds of the 'Native Plant' Kind.
They spread Harmony, causing our Spirits to Soar-
They spread Hope-- with each garden designed.

Planting Gardens and Prairies and Planters and Spaces-
Planting Bee Lawns and Pollinator Gardens and Pots.
Plant in gardens longstanding; Seed Unusual Places-
Plan for Nature-- in these once barren spots.

So never forget, my new Friends of the Wild-
That your Mission might be Planting Native.
But in reality you plant Cheer with each 'Wild-Flower Child'-
And for that-I am so appreciative!