Granny’s Little Girl

by Jackie Wesson

Darkness hung like a velvet cloak
On the shoulders of the day
As she sat on her front porch
And rocked her troubles away.
The summer breeze left kisses on her cheek
And gently mussed her hair.
God, how I long for the peace
That I found there;
There at Granny’s feet
Drinkin’ stories from her past;
Just restin’ and relaxin’ for
Our work was done at last
And we could have a little time
To sit and talk a spell—
Learning things at Granny’s feet.
She taught life’s lesson’s well.
Though I was just a child,
I walked barefooted through her mind.
I learned from Granny how to be
Forgiving, good and kind.
Now, I am still that little girl
Who listened with her heart;
But yet I am a teacher who
Must try to do my part
To teach the other little ones
Those things my Granny said
For all her words of wisdom live
And thrive within my head.

Untitled

by Jeanette Hopkins

Voice is everything . . . when I see the return of the geese and the continued warmth of the eagles . . . I know I am in heaven . . . voice, the voice of these hills is everything . . . it gives me the knowledge—the courage—to be a teacher . . . it is humbling, you know . . . when you have come from a place like the sandhills . . . when you listen to the stories and the poems of those who lived in dugouts and sodhouses . . . who endured the years of wind and of drought . . . how can you not know voice . . . When I was a child, I listened to the stories . . . my grandfather planted trees to withstand the wind . . . he leveled the plains, he terraced and he simply loved all that was here.

Voice . . . every story I read to my children is about the strength of this place . . . I love the plains . . . I love the sounds, the hills, every story I’ve ever heard of the rivers . . . does it impact . . . you bet it does . . . I want the children to know of the courage and the strength of pioneers . . . of the native peoples who loved this place, and who held it sacred . . .

I read the journals of those writers who know this place . . . I read the journals of my family who believed this was the place of milk and honey.

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