

THE PIONEERS
BY
CLARA HONOR PORTER HOFF SMITH

I'D LIKE TO SPEAK FOR THE PIONEERS
THAT LIVED HERE FIRST IN OUR LAND SO DEAR.
THEY CAME A HUNDRED YEARS AGO
IN THE GOLDEN MONTH OF SEPTEMBER GLOW.
THOSE FAMOUS PIONEER WAGONS OF 1863
SLOWLY ROLLING ONWARD TO A LAND THAT WE
KNOW AS BEAR LAKE VALLEY, BEAUTIFUL AND BLESSED.
THE LAKE, THE SAND, THE WOODED HILLS,
A PLACE OF PEACE AND REST.

ONWARD WAS THEIR MOTTO
AS THEY FACED THE VAST UNKNOWN.
WITH TRUST IN GOD THEY JOURNEYED ON
TO FIND A PLACE FOR HOME.
THEY GAZED AT THE FAR HORIZON
BUILDING DREAMS FOR THE FUTURE AHEAD.
THEY WORSHIPPED, THEY LAUGHED,
THEY WORKED AND PLAYED.
IN TEARS THEY BURIED THEIR DEAD.

THE PIONEER CABINS WERE BUILT SO STRONG.
SOME STANDS TODAY THOUGH THE TIMES BEEN LONG.
CORRALS AND BARNs, THEIR SPRING HOUSES TOO,
WHERE FLOWED COOL WATER LIKE MORNING DEW.
THERE THE MILK CROCKS SIT IN THE COOL DEEP SPRING,
STORES OF HOMEMADE BUTTER, CHEESE, AND MOST ANYTHING.
IT WAS THEIR FRIDGE IN THOSE DAYS OF OLD.
IT WAS THE ONLY WAY THEN TO KEEP THINGS COLD.

THE TRAILS THAT THEY LEFT ARE STILL FAINTLY THERE,
IN PLACES NOW UNUSED BUT ONCE PICKED OUT WITH CARE
WINDING UP SOME HILL THROUGH THE SOD AND THE SAND,
TO THEIR FARM THAT WAS ONCE A FRONTIER LAND.
NOW THE LANDSCAPE HAS CHANGED WITH OUR MODERN SKILL
WHERE BROAD HIGHWAYS ROLL WITHOUT THE HILLS.
WHERE WE DASH WITH SPEED IN OUR MIGHTY RUSH
SO WE MISS THE SIGNS THEY HAVE LEFT FOR US.



THOSE WINDING DUSY ROADS OF
WAGON WHEELS ARE SYMBOLS OF
AN ERA THAT THE MARCH OF
TIME CONCEALS. SO WE PAUSE
AND PAY OUR TRIBUTE TO THOSE
NO LONGER HERE. WE LIFT OUR
HEARTS IN GREATFUL PRAISE
TO OUR NOBLE PIONEERS.

By Clara S