

May

At

The Andes General Store

May on the farm, was the most beautiful time of the year, not too hot or too cold. Leaves were coming out, and flowers were starting to bloom. Night still had just enough bite for Grandpa to start a fire. The farmhouse on Bussey Hollow was warm and cozy.

“A Boy’s Song”

*Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and over the lea,
That’s the way for Billy and me.
Where the blackbird sings the latest
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That’s the way for Billy and me.
Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to trace the homeward bee,
That’s the way for Billy and me.*

*Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That’s the way for Billy and me.
Why the boys shall drive away,
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to barter and fight so well,
That’s the thing I never could tell.
But this I know I love to play,
Through the meadows, among the hay,
Up the water and over the lea,
That’s the way for Billy and me.*

by James Hogg

It’s been a year now since I started to write my memories in the *Andes Gazette*, memories of my life as a child on the farm, and as an adult in Andes.

Andes will have many changes: a new water system, a sewer system, and the best of all, a new and better school for our children. All of this brings together a better community, a town as a whole, and a place of which we can be proud.

“Thinking of Our Future”

Debbie, Alex and Cory

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