



Dreams

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Listen to the wind

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They came from the east, two young lovers on their journey. First by train, then by steamboat. Standing on the bank of the Mighty Mo with the sun to their backs, they set off. In his left pocket, a letter and deed for 50 acres in Kansas.

First generation to conquer the prairie. Much work and trials lay ahead. Build a home out of rolling prairie grass. A place of theirs, a place to put down roots.

As the years rolled by, 50 acres became 100. The family outgrew the original house. Where once there was two, now eight bowed their heads in prayer. A short walk to the hill where three small crosses bathed in the afternoon sun. Life is tough. Life is hard. Life goes on. Dreams of a better future for those who shall come after.

Two young lovers on their journey. Did they know what they started? Did they realize how deep their roots would grow? If you stand on that hill today and listen to the wind you can hear children laughing. Close your eyes and let their Dream take you.