

FAIRFIELD'S HILLS

In Fairfield's hills
Arbutus grow,
Beneath the leaves,
Neath the snow.

In Fairfield's hills
The goldenrod
Lifts its burnished
Face to God.

In Fairfield's hills
Wild violets bring
The first glad message
Of the spring.

To Fairfield's hills
My Forebears came,
Carved on the winderness
A name.

In Fairfield's hills
My sires sleep,
Where birds and flowers
A vigil Keep.

By Etta Allen Rosson

Note: My Forebears in Fairfield's hills, and those of my sisters and brothers, 8 of us in all, were named JONES, DURHAM, MEREDITH, ROSS, and possibly CANTY and HARRISON.

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I love this poem, and wish I knew something about the author!
VA