



Photos of Pioneer Days event at Nance Farm, DeSoto, Texas, 2012



## Pioneer Days

By Glenn Currier

Waiting for the green light  
to my left the new median plantings in sight  
I recalled the two lane, bumpy Pleasant Run  
back when our new house was done.

Still waiting for the light to turn  
my mind began to churn  
I imagined those early scouts slowing their horses,  
scanning the terrain picturing a farm with rows of green,  
the most beautiful home and family ever seen.

Then the light turned and I had to go.  
On Hampton bridge I saw the flow  
of Ten Mile Creek meandered east.  
I wondered how they forged this gorge  
with wagons loaded with nails and boards  
and dreams of kids, and crops, and hopes restored.

In my reverie I saw the ghost of a farmer  
and was turned on Mantlebrook by the young charmer.  
Winding my way west,  
a lovely white farm house blessed  
with crape myrtle, oak and elm.  
on the porch, overseeing his realm  
the farmer rocked a small child  
his love pouring out in his smile.

I pulled up below the ancient, rusting windmill.  
The ghost called to me, still in my trance,  
"Hi neighbor, I'm Otway Nance."  
A blue jay squawked and I awakened

I stood at the fence and in my scan  
a red barn, brick homes, and the street,  
dirt roads now gray with concrete.  
Ten thousand drives through this town  
to work and back, up and down,  
from spring's sweet green to autumn brown,  
but unaware of the women and men  
who planned and fought about where and when  
to build and how this city would begin.

couldn't see the man, "I must be mistaken."  
How many unseen farmers in this ground  
their souls in this soil but unbound  
fruit of their pain and sweat all around?

I asked myself who were all the pioneers  
into this unknown, making frontiers,  
clearing land, making a stand,  
finding the grit to brave storms and cold  
and drought, to make something to behold.

How are **you** a pioneer, my friend,  
what doubts and fears do **you** transcend?  
What discoveries do **you** make  
in your day and your night what risk do **you** take?  
And who do you touch when life's too much?

Is our frontier the trails we blaze  
or how we'll make **these** our pioneer days?

*Author's Note: Dedicated to Marikay Dewberry whose tireless efforts have helped to make the Nance Farm Restoration happen and whose dedication to the DeSoto Historical Foundation and to our community have made DeSoto a better, more interesting place to live.*



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