

A TRIBUTE TO JAMES PETER AHLSTROM

He came by covered wagon, to the hills of Idaho
To build canals and grub the sage,
And help subdue the elements
So golden grain could grow
Beside the winding river,
In the hills of Idaho.

He built a home and planted trees,
He saw progression reaching out
Across the valleys wide and wild,
And stalwart pioneers,
Breaking the trails to new frontiers,
In the hills of Idaho.

He saw the towns and cities grow,
The faithful horse and buggy go,
Beheld God's hand upon the land,
And a Temple by the river stand
And colonizers going to and fro,
Among the hills of Idaho.

Good morals he planted deep,
For future generations to harvest and keep,
A code of honor to pass along
Like the strength of the mighty Oak
And the rivers that run so deep,
Through the hills of Idaho.

When civilization started crowding him,
If he could have had his wish
He'd have spent the winter of his life,
In the mountains, away from toil and strife,
Contemplating God's plan of life,
A gun above the door, a bear rug on the floor,
He wouldn't have asked for more,
From the hills of Idaho.

by Beth Ahlstrom Hayes
a daughter