

**Monroeton
Bradford County
Pennsylvania**

BY
ESTELLA M. MCGHEE-SIEHOFF

MY HOME TOWN FROM 1918 TO 1935

I HAVE BEEN GONE SIXTY-FIVE YEARS

I WOULD LOVE TO HEAR THE KATYDID
SING AGAIN, AND TO HEAR AGAIN THE SONGS
OF THE WHIPPOORWILL AND THE RED EYED VIREO
IN THE DEAD OF THE NIGHT.

I WOULD LOVE TO WATCH THE LIGHTNING
BUGS FLASH, AND HEAR AGAIN THE CRICKETS
ANNOUNCING FALL WAS ON ITS WAY.

I WOULD LOVE TO SIT AGAIN ON THAT
BIG ROCK IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CREEK, ON
A HOT SUNNY SUMMER DAY, AND TO KNOW
THAT THAT WHIRLPOOL WAS STILL THERE
ONLY A FEW FEET AWAY.

I WOULD LOVE TO STAND
AGAIN AT THE TOP OF THE GLEN AND
AND LOOK DOWN AT THE EVER-CHANGING
DANCING SHADOWS ON THE TREES AND
THE CLEAR DARK QUIETLY-FLOWING
MOUNTAIN STREAM BELOW.

I WOULD LOVE TO CLIMB TO THE
TOP OF GRAND DADDY'S HILL AGAIN, AND

TO CALL OUT MY NAME, "ESTELLA, I LOVE YOU", AND WAIT FOR THE SOFT ANSWERING ECHO, "LOVE YOU" RETURNING TO ME FROM THE HILLS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT NARROW VALLEY.

I WOULD LOVE TO PET
LASSIE'S HEAD AGAIN, AND
PULL THE BURDOCKS FROM
HER TAIL.

I WOULD LOVE TO LISTEN, ONCE AGAIN,
TO THE ONE AND ONLY TELEPHONE
POLE THAT CHATTERED, AND TO
WALK BY THE BARN AND THE
WELL WITH ITS IRON PUMP, AND
THEN TO WALK SLOWLY ON DOWN
TO THE POND TO BRING BACK
TO THE HOUSE, FROM THERE, A
SMALL SWEET BOUQUET OF LITTLE
TINY BLUE FORGET-ME-NOTS.

ESTELLA M. MCGHEE-SIEHOFF
MAY 2000

PSALM 23

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD; I SHALL NOT WANT.

2 HE MAKETH ME TO LIE DOWN IN GREEN PASTURES: HE LEADETH ME BESIDE THE STILL WATERS.

3 HE RESTORETH MY SOUL: HE LEADETH ME IN THE PATHS OF RIGHTEOUSNESS FOR HIS NAME'S SAKE.

4 YEA, THOUGH I WALK THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH, I WILL FEAR NO EVIL: FOR THOU ART WITH ME; THY ROD AND THY STAFF THEY COMFORT ME.

5 THOU PREPAREST A TABLE BEFORE ME IN THE PRESENCE OF MINE ENEMIES: THOU ANOINTEST MY HEAD WITH OIL; MY CUP RUNNETH OVER.

6 SURELY GOODNESS AND MERCY SHALL FOLLOW ME ALL THE DAYS OF MY LIFE: AND I WILL DWELL IN THE HOUSE OF THE LORD FOR EVER.

MONROETON
BRADFORD COUNTY
PENNSYLVANIA

I WANT TO GO HOME.
MY PEOPLE ARE GONE,
THE BUILDINGS ARE GONE.

I WANT TO GO HOME.
THE CHESTNUT TREE, THE LOCUST TREES,
THE CRAB APPLE TREE ARE GONE.

I WANT TO GO HOME.
THE SPLENDID ISOLATION
IS GONE.

I WANT TO GO HOME.
JUST LET ME WALK THROUGH
THE STREETS OF
THE NEW TOWN.

I WANT TO GO HOME.
AND SIT ONE MORE TIME
AT CHURCH.

I WANT TO GO HOME.
AND SAY, "GOOD-BYE".

ESTELLA M. MCGHEE-SIEHOFF
SEPTEMBER 2000
MONROETON
BRADFORD COUNTY
PENNSYLVANIA

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I GREW UP THERE.

THE FULL MOON WOULD FOLLOW ME HOME. I WOULD CROSS THE ROAD AND IT
WOULD FOLLOW ME, CROSS BACK AND IT WOULD FOLLOW ME, RUN ON HOME
AND IT STAYED IN THE SKY OVER THE HOUSE WATCHING OVER ME.

THE FRONT PART OF THE HOUSE WAS USUALLY CHILLY IN THE WINTER TIME
EVEN WITH RADIATORS AND A HOT WATER FURNACE, BUT THE KITCHEN WITH
ITS SEVEN DOORS WAS WARM AND INVITING. THE BREAKFAST NOOK HAD FOUR
SMALL WINDOWS THAT OVERLOOKED THE GRAPE ARBOR WHERE OUR
WOODLAND BIRDS AND THE MIGRATORY BIRDS COULD COME AND FEAST ON
THE CONCOCTION OF SEEDS, SUET, AND RAISINS THAT HAD BEEN MADE FOR
THEM AND HUNG IN THE GRAPE ARBOR. THE BIRD CHART ON THE WALL OF
THE NORTH AMERICAN BIRDS HELPED TO IDENTIFY THE FEATHERED VISITORS.

MY ROOM WAS UP THE BACK STAIRS, AND HAD TWO DORMER WINDOWS, A SLANTING CEILING, AND A TIN ROOF. EARLY ON, THERE WAS A GAS LIGHT. FROM THE WINDOWS COULD BE SEEN THE NORTH STAR, THE BIG DIPPER, AND THE LITTLE DIPPER. IN ITS SEASON, ORION'S BELT ROSE OVER BARKLEY MOUNTAIN. THIS COULD BE SEEN FROM THE FRONT BEDROOMS.

EACH SPRING, THE ROBINS WERE THE FIRST MIGRATORY BIRDS TO COME HOME TO THE BACKYARD, SOMETIMES EVEN BEFORE THE LAST SNOWFALL. THEN THE WRENS WOULD COME AND ANNOUNCE THEIR ARRIVAL WITH THEIR SUMMER-LONG SONG. THEY WERE SO HAPPY, THEIR LONG FLIGHT WAS ENDED, AND THAT THEIR LITTLE BIRD HOUSE WAS STILL THERE, AND THEIR NESTING SEASON WAS ABOUT TO BEGIN.

EVERY YEAR, MYSTERIOUSLY, THOUSANDS OF SMALL YELLOW FINCHES WOULD FLY IN AND STAY FOR DAYS RESTING AND FEEDING IN THE BIG OLD ELM TREE. SUDDENLY, JUST AS MYSTERIOUSLY, THEY WOULD ALL FLY AWAY TO THEIR GOD-GIVEN NESTING PLACE, KNOWN ONLY TO GOD AND THE WAY TO IT FROM HIM.

OUR SPARROWS NESTED ON THE FRONT PORCH. THE ROBINS AND WRENS NESTED IN THE BACKYARD.

HOME: THERE WAS ALWAYS SUNSHINE, PRETTY FLOWERS, THE SINGING OF THE BIRDS, BUTTERFLIES, BUMBLE BEES, TURTLES, FLYING SQUIRRELS, BULLFROGS, DEER, AND WILD, LITTLE BROWN BUNNY RABBITS.

ESTELLA M. MCGHEE-SIEHOFF
AUGUST 2000