



RESURRECTION UNIVERSITY PARISH

Land Stewardship Committee

TWO MILKY WAYS

Here at *Wi-coti-wa-ste*, the tiny home site nestled at the foot of the Hyalite foothills, there are two Milky Ways. The first, most impressive, spreads out across the Fall and Winter evening sky in shimmering, glimmering beauty and stands in juxtaposition to Orion the Hunter and Sirius his faithful hunting dog in search of Taurus the bull. Pleiades, the Seven Sisters, watch and Cassiopeia the reclining virgin waits with her Big Dipper of water to slacken Orion's thirst. It is a winter story often told around campfires for as long as mankind has gazed into the sky. It is a story older than Genesis and one that, like a fine wine, never grows stale though it be drunk nightly.



The second Milky Way is a bit more plebian—it is the name of the milk truck that comes each evening to the Bos Dairy farm with the same regularity that the 200 Guernsey cows produce several hundred gallons of raw milk each day. The milk process center is now in the heart of Bozeman. Twenty years ago it was "out in the country" giving mute testimony that the times and the geography are changing. The Bozeman Chronicle laments the loss of farm land to subdivision development and queries "What Will Become of Bozeman Farms?" Indeed. Those that are transplants from distance lands know the answer. The farms will pass away

and their memories will become forgotten. It will be as if they never were.

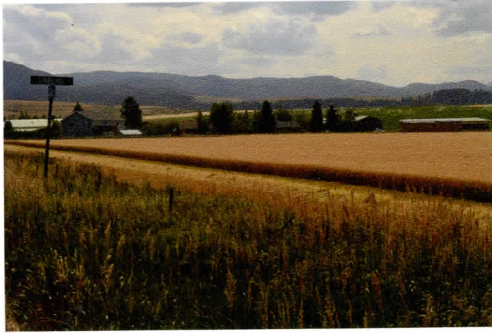
Robert Frost immortalized the transitory nature of life in the poem *Nothing Gold Can Stay* (1923):

**"Nature's first green is gold,
Her hardest hue to hold.
Her early leafs a flower;
But only so an hour.
Then leaf subsides to leaf.
So Eden sank to grief,
So dawn goes down to day.
Nothing gold can stay."**

The poet caught both the moment of transitory perfection and the sense that the Edenic ideal must give way to earthly death and dying. Green is generally acknowledged as the first mark of spring, the assurance of life. But in new leaves there is not yet the manufacturing process of photosynthesis by the magic of the green colored chlorophyll. Thus the first flush of vegetation for the Bozeman aspen and the willow is not green but the haze of delicate gold. Green is a theory or sign of spring; gold is the fact. Gold, the hue not the metal, is described by Frost as hard to hold, as evanescent as wealth itself. In truth,

DEATH IS BUT A PASSING, THE TRAGEDY LIES IN WASTE

GREEN



BEAUTY OF SUMMER

A fleck of wheat along the bay
A quiver in the grass,
While daybreak shifts and ripples while
It mirrors clouds that pass.

Warm breezes drift among the trees,
So calming to my ear
And only wistful eyes can seize
This dreamy atmosphere.

Then stars lend glitter to the night
To beam upon the dew,
Which reaches every tree with charm
As beauty thrills anew.

A time to dream, a time to grasp
The heart of summertime
And nothing else to break the flow
Of moments so sublime.

Nayda Ivette Negron's Contest
Summer Sights 5/14/2016

Simply put, "*you just gotta love summer!*" Late frost, heavy afternoon rain, slight breeze, bees buzzing around the honey suckle-vine, students returning to Montana State University, schools back in session, harvest moon coming up, blue moon just past, birds massing for the fall migration, late nestlings emerging wondering where earlier ones have gone, red and gold sunsets — what's not to like?

Each in its own way manifests the beauty of the Lord and for some, as Robert Frost says, "So Eden sank to grief, So dawn goes down to day. Nothing gold can stay."

* * * * *

Overheard on a Delta flight to Atlanta as it left Salt Lake, the excited utterances of a young girl, one of fourteen children of a Mormon family, looking out of the plane window at the ground 5000 feet below; "Oh father look at the snow below." The father stretches over to see this July phenomenon and quietly corrects and educates his daughter, "No Rebecca, that is the Great Salt Lake."

Rebecca silently processes this fact and education and comes quickly to the truth of all things. "Nevertheless, let us enjoy the beauty of the Lord."