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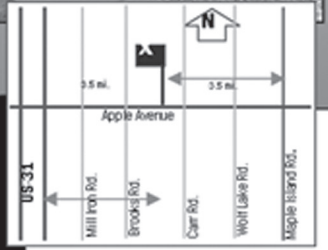
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When the Shettler Woods Was Wild

written and illustrated by Connie (Hansen) Cejmer-Burt, 2012

The poem that follows was inspired by the wonderful childhood that I had living on Shettler Road from 1946 to 1974. In the 50's I spent all my spare time in the woods that surrounded mine and cousin Danny's homes.

I dedicate this poem to my parents, Ed & Rachel Hansen and thank them so much, for letting me, from a very early age, have the freedom to explore all the wonders that were to be found in "The Wild Shettler Woods." Because of this, I continue to explore and discover my whole life and will until the day I die.

Thank God, Mom & Dad & Cousin Danny.

Way, way back, when I was just a child.
My very fondest memories, where when the
"Shettler Woods" was wild.
The road was just a two track, and exploring
was a pleasure.

Never knowing when we'd come across
another little treasure.
Danny was my cousin, a special friend indeed.
Daily we would set out, to see what we could
see.

We made secret trails, and tree forts a' plenty.
Made a raft for the pond,
Where now there isn't any.

We'd hide in the hollow tree,
when the rain would come.
That big old Beech tree, our own secret one.

Sometimes we'd search the sand pits,
To see what we could find.
Maybe an Indian Arrowhead,
A one-of-a-kind.
From dawn till dusk, we had so much fun.

But knew it was time to go home,
When Aunties cow bell rang.

Some woods seemed scary, dark and forbidden
But not our "Shettler Woods,"
'cause nothing there was hidden.

Now I'm all grown up and live far away,
Danny has moved on too,
A world traveler these days.
So when I come back,
And see the houses and streets
In my "Wild Shettler Woods,"
that was once so neat.

I think of my grandkids and wish they had
seen,
those "Wild Shettler Woods,"
that are now just a dream.