

## A Love Letter To Lincoln Hills

I sit on the porch of the lodge as the early morning dew slowly begins to dry on the beautiful grasses. A rainbow in the sky denotes the early rain. The air is fresh and the breeze is light.

I hear the ancestors whispering. The chess games, horseshoes clicking as they are tossed. Fish frying and the laughter of children playing at Camp Nizhoni. The rush of the creek tumbling with fish. The train will come through soon honking its horn as it heads west. The engineer waving and nodding his head in greeting. Boy, how we loved playing and then retrieving flattened pennies on the track.

An eagle circles overhead preparing to dive for the fish that lurks beneath the surface of the lake. Peaceful and so beautiful. Wild flowers swaying from the breeze.

The possibilities were realized. Visitors that personified excellence, resilience, brilliance and determination.

Came to rest. The shared intelligence,  
conversation, literary circles.

I am so thankful that I was  
able to reflect and get a taste  
of this Black excellence far above  
the earthen plains in the  
beautiful Rocky Mountains,  
touching the sky while creating  
memories of the brilliance of  
twilight.

Lincoln Hills - a paradise  
of Black excellence.

Love,  
Tamera Rhone