

First Year on the Cherokee Strip

My father, a taciturn Mennonite,
once told me this:

“The first year on the Cherokee Strip
when I hitched Flossie and Ted to the
one-bottom walking plow and cut
the thick, tough roots of the prairie sod
I held the reins and the handle in one hand
and with the other wiped tears.”

—Elmer F. Suderman