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*If Veterans don't help Veterans, who will?*

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## INDIAN SUMMER

By Lois Homer

Indian summer has finally come  
Birds still chirp and insects hum  
I walk through prairies lush with green grass  
Through wooded paths I love to pass  
The green of summer is fading fast  
To red and yellow of autumn at last  
I see wildflowers still in bloom  
Stubbornly resisting their withering doom  
Blue chicory, evening lychnis, daisy fleabanes,  
Dandelions grown along prairie lanes  
Saw yellow primrose and red clover  
Soon their time will be about over  
The woods are all aflame in red  
Yellow and brown, what lies ahead?  
Today I feel the heat of the sun  
I walk in its warmth until it's done  
But the leaves are all falling  
And winter will come calling  
And snowflakes will fall so powdery white  
Till all is a fairyland, what a sight!  
The trees will sparkle with snow and ice  
If our electricity doesn't go out, that would be nice  
The toughest plant I've ever seen  
Is purple ground ivy that can stay green  
All through the winter if the snow is deep  
Which I discovered while shoveling, one peep,  
Surprised me so that I bent down to see  
Perky green plants growing, how could that be  
Ground Ivy leaves growing under deep snow  
Sheltered from the weather, it really was so  
While up above it was windy and chill  
The temperature was enough to kill  
The icicles hung down from tree branches  
Walking under them would mean taking chances  
In the dead of winter there is promise of spring  
In unopened buds of the plants that will bring  
A new season but spring, don't make us wait  
Meanwhile the blustery weather we hate  
Indian summer is really a break  
From earlier cold which makes our bones ache  
Then the sun is warm and plants still grow  
If not for falling leaves, who would know  
That winter can come sith an icy blast  
And make you wish that spring would come fast