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June's Grace in the Hills

Rolla Clymer

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June's Grace in the Hills

1969

The Month of Many Rains has ministered bounteously to the Kansas Flint Hills as they awakened from their long sleep; the dainty Month of Many Flowers has adorned them with her magic. Now comes June—the Month of Rare Delight—and crowns them with her mature and stately beauty.

In all the cantos of time, there is none which vouchsafes to mankind more of perfection than this peak period of June. “Then, if ever, come perfect days,” sings the poet. Then all Nature flowers to her zenith. The grass and the winds and the sky blend in harmonious accord and the bright colors of the Hills reach the stage of utter fulfillment.

The precious, fleeting days of June follow one upon the other—warm and mellow and gracious to every living thing. Contentment rules everywhere—in the sheltered range valleys or in the softly-rounded eminences which surround them. It is then that the spirit of ancient people and hoary legends comes forth out of the misty deeps of the past—and envelopes the Hills’ domain.

This spirit is a wondrous tie with the long past. It breathes of the essence of primordial times when man struggled against odds for his livelihood; of those days when the deer, the antelope, and the buffalo made the lush slopes and glens of the Hills their abiding place. It partakes of the simple faith and trust that the first dwellers in this lovely land placed in the pattern of Nature’s laws. Its abiding stillness is an inheritance from the days when gentle peace ruled over the entire known world—and before man was gripped by the evils of lust and greed and envy.



That silence prevails today, though broken at times by the harsh sounds of workaday intrusion. But the marvelous magnificence which June has etched upon the Hills is attuned only to the ripple of birdsong, the music of murmuring waters in the gullies, and the soft sighings of the wandering winds. This is a solitude to which those who are weary and world-worn can repair—and be healed.

The young beebes stand knee-deep in the gorgeous bluestem. The sun beams down with mothering warmth. Here is peace beyond compare. The Hills in June are as near to the lost Garden of Eden as one will ever find upon the deeply-scarred face of Earth.

Rolla Clymer (1888-1977) loved the Flint Hills. They were for him a special place of serenity, repose, and renewal. During his fifty-eight years as editor of the El Dorado Times, he wrote many editorials about the Flint Hills. These beautifully descriptive editorials, essentially prose poems, extolled the beauty of the Hills, satisfying the knowing and educating the uninitiated. Reprinted courtesy Butler County History Center.