

My Bowesmont

In 1985, Winnie Bloomquist wrote a poem about her beloved hometown, Bowesmont, North Dakota. The occasion was that year's Bowesmont School Reunion, where schoolhouse chums would gather to renew old friendships and reminisce about their days of reading, writing and 'rithmetic.

Twelve years later, a devastating flood robbed the town of its last breath. The face of Bowesmont changed after a government buyout of flood-ravaged properties. But the heart of Bowesmont—and Winnie's poem—did not change. In fact, her poem has become the anthem for the town that lives on... in the hearts and minds of those who loved it.

Here then, is the story of Bowesmont and the lesson it teaches us all.

My Bowesmont

by Winifred Halcrow Bloomquist

The tall grass waves softly over foundations of old.
And the wind shares the memories of stories untold.
Little towns like people, become old, perhaps die,
Only memories remain brushed by the wind and the sky.

When the children come back, seeking, looking about,
They find yesterday's dreams died in yesterday's doubt.
But memory is kind, for it saves only the best,
With love and with laughter, thoughts can be blest.

So, my Bowesmont lives on in my heart and my mind,
It's peopled with family and friends who were kind.
It is filled with memories so bright and so clear,
That loved ones walk closely whether far or near.

My Bowesmont lives on in my heart and my mind,
There are sidewalks and store fronts with houses behind.
There are street lights, only three, that shine in the dark,
And gardens and back yards kept nice as a park.

There's a snowbank by the barbershop so white and so high,
And a drugstore with a dresser set I wanted to buy.
There's a hall where music still plays in my ears,
And a church with a window that calmed all my fears.

There's a depot and a train whistling far down the track,
And a big white school with a playground out back.
There's a windmill making power for ironing on Tuesday,
And ladies at coffee making society notes for news day.

My Bowesmont lives on in my heart and my mind,
There the sun warmed the green grass and the kittens I'd find.
The snow trimmed the evergreens and the sled by the door.
With chocolate cake and warm bread, one needed no more.

My Bowesmont lives on and will always be there,
There will be memories and happy thoughts even to share.
For the tall grass waves slowly when the soft winds blow,
And the eyes only see what the heart wants to know.

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