

How we heard our first

"VOICES OF NATURE"

Recollections from Trustees of the Geauga Park District Foundation

Richard Frenchie, President

I recall my first experience hearing peepers in a nearby marsh after a spring rain and seeing a triple rainbow once after a thunderstorm.

Tim Nichols, Treasurer

Growing up in rural Pennsylvania, I walked to grade school through woods and an orchard, and I began to appreciate the beauty of nature's changing seasons.

Mary Beth O'Neill, Secretary

I have always loved the stars in the night sky. I find it awe-inspiring to marvel at the vastness of the universe!

Dave Ford, Jr.

I heard the wind in the pines and the call of the loons in the Canadian North Woods.

Bill Franz

The distinctive smell of catnip growing near the barn, playing tag with my cousins, and being outdoors all of the time.

Glenn Frohring

I slept in a tent by our lake all summer and a pack rat with a lucky stone in its mouth came into my tent one evening and eyed my watch hanging on the tent pole. I think he wanted to make a trade!

John Janoch

Planting tender pine tree saplings in Russell Township with my grandfather when I was seven years old.

Todd Ray

Each summer as we drove out to the short-grass prairie lands of South Dakota where my parents grew up, I would marvel at that fascinating world of jack rabbits, burrowing owls and badgers. The skyline was so uncluttered by trees and at night I could see the northern lights.

Pat Leech

I was fascinated with the "wild canaries" (American Goldfinch) and the darting dragonflies that always mean good luck when they light on you.

Kathy Leavenworth, Vice President

My first grade teacher, Mrs. Haley, showed us monarch caterpillars, the milkweed they fed on, and we watched the transformation of the caterpillar to the miracle of a monarch butterfly.

Carol Donaldson

I learned more about life out hiking in the woods than in any classroom I sat in.

Bob Page

I found my first salamander and caught thousands of frogs in the woods of The West Woods property when it was owned by my Uncle Bill Eisenman in the 1930's.

Betsy Rader

I thought our old apple tree was where fairies lived, and when they came to cut it down I cried so hard that they left it alone.

John Steigerwald

I was coaxed into the forest near my house by a mysterious sound I later learned was the call of an owl.

Dave Simko

I heard the sound of an Allegheny Mountain stream in early spring when snow was melting on the banks and the woods were silent, and it hooked me forever.

Jeff Suszynski

The call of the chickadee took me from the home birdfeeder to the snow-covered pines miles away from my house.

Keith Tompkins

As I helped my dad plow and disk the farm in western New York, I marveled at how the Killdeers would feign injury and squawk "kill deer" to lure me away from their ground nests.

Brian Valentine

Since I was a kid I have enjoyed hearing the spring peepers as nature reawakens from a long winter's nap.

**GEAUGA PARK
DISTRICT
FOUNDATION**

