

# Gillespie Creek Journal

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**North Platt Rest Stop,  
Nebraska June 6, 2023**

Quoting **Aldo Leopold** from his epic **A Sand County Almanac**, "During every week from April to September there are, on the average, ten wild plants coming into their first bloom. In **June** as many as a dozen species burst on a single day."

These past few days I have been traveling North and Eastward to my summer home at The Farm beside Gillespie Creek. Today's journal features three of my *June 2023* firsts.

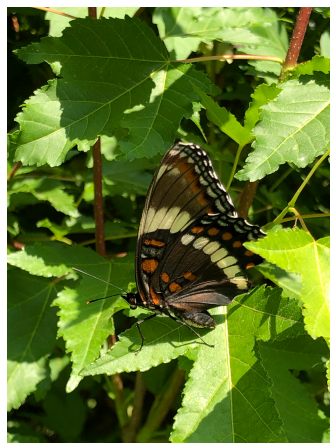


**Meadow Lark**  
Photo by Audubon Society

My son labeled our adventure "A Sentimental Journey" as Doris Day's first hit performed in 1945 led us on our nearly 2,000 mile journey through desert, mountains and passes, past rolling meadows, finally ending in the forests of Wisconsin. We traveled through seven states. The Northern Arizona desert was unusually green, although we were disappointed to see the trees in the Joshua forest North of Wickenburg, withered and dying. The marina on Lake Mead is still in operation at Boulder City; the water level is probably adequate for boating. The mountains of Utah were still slightly snow capped and draining their melt in delicate pearl string waterfalls. Yellow and purple wildflowers bloomed along emerald colored hillsides.

Meadow Larks are birds of the open fields and prairies. They breed and eat in natural grasslands, meadows and weedy pastures. Distinguishing feature is their chest's black "V."

"Gonna take a sentimental journey  
Gonna set my heart at ease  
Gonna make a sentimental journal  
To renew old memories..."  
Lyrics from the the song written by George T. Simon and made famous in 1945 by **Les Brown and His Band of Renown with Doris Day** singing.



**White Admiral Butterfly**  
Stillwater, Minnesota  
June 8, 2023

The most captivating memory stirred during the trip was that of the Meadow Lark chorus echoing within the North Platt, Nebraska meadow pictured above. A chorus of Meadow Larks sang their greetings in celebration of first blooms in their meadows. As with my son and me they had just journeyed Northward from their southern U.S. home.

This recently emerged bright and active White Admiral Butterfly settled on the Amur Maple hedge beside me at mile 1,855 of our trip, my daughter's home North of Stillwater, Minnesota  
**My heart was at ease with many memories renewed.**