



Text 1: On the hills by the river grew pale stalks of rice to feed the village and the spirits of the land. By the banks of the river grew tall, grassy reeds to weave into baskets to winnow the rice



Text 3: he told children tales of Br'er Rabbit and Br'er Fox, till their laughing eyes danced like sunlight on the water, stars above the creek.



Text 2: One day in the shadow of the Big House, your old-timey grandfather wed your old-timey grandmother.



Text 4: And the porch children watched as the bridges brought cars, and the cars brought people. And the basket children lay looking up at the sky, not knowing the old ways were leaving as fast as the cars passing by.