

PARTAKE IN YES!FEST THIS SEPTEMBER!



High Plains Library District

CommUNITY

APRIL 2026

Genuine Fun

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Lisa Zimmerman

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What do **YOU** have to **SAY** about our **newsletter?**

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A Celebration of Science & Engineering that is **Genuine Fun!**



by David Sharp

Welcome to YES!fest (Youth Engineering & Science Festival). And now it's easier to get involved than ever before. You no longer have to be a non-profit or a financial sponsor to share your love of science with the next generation. And trust me, the next generation is more than willing to geek out over any kind of science you might bring to the table.

Once upon a time, I thought the best strategy for drawing an audience to an educational event involved disguising the parts that are "good for you" by wrapping them in something more fun. This process is not unlike how I trick my dog into swallowing his pills. I try to fool him by shoving his medicine into a piece of lunch meat or a specialized dog treat manufactured with a little pocket.



The trouble with this method is my dog sees right through it. Louis, the corgi/border collie mix, is a master of eating treats around the pill, then spitting his medicine defiantly at my feet.

He usually makes full eye contact with me after rejecting his pill and twitches an ear as though to say, "Want to try again? I can do this all day."

My dog is perceptive, all right. People can be even more so. They have a knack for seeing through thinly veiled attempts to capture their interest. Especially kids. And the moment they feel you are attempting a bait-and-switch, they've already decided they don't want anything to do with your event. If you had to trick them into it, you've

already suggested they're probably going to hate it. And they will take your unspoken advice by heading for the nearest exit.

But that's not how YES!fest works.

Our most recent YES!fest took place in September of 2025. We saw nearly 2000 people come from all around to enjoy our brief 5-hour celebration of science on a Saturday morning/early afternoon. We invited science and engineering experts from every field from aeronautics to earth science, chemistry to physics, biology to robotics—you get the idea. Professionals from every corner of science converged on the LINC library to share their expertise with hands-on activities for participants of all ages. The science was front and center, no disguises, and we held our breath to see how it would go. We were SWARMED.

We didn't hide the science.

We didn't try to convince people we were offering mindless fun and games so we could then jump out from behind the furniture and shout, "Surprise! It's educational!" We didn't present it as anything but what it was: a chance to explore the amazing world around us through a lens of science. It turns out, that's all people really needed. Science is already exciting for anyone with a healthy curiosity, and curiosity is one thing our young participants have in droves. If you're reading this, you know a thing or two about curiosity, too! That's why you got into science in the first place! That is also why labelling big red buttons with signs saying "Do Not Press" is a terrible idea unless you want every passerby to press that button. Curiosity is a human paradigm.

Now it's your turn to share that curiosity with others. Do you have a passion in your soul for science and/or engineering you would love to pass along? Can you present a hands-on activity to inspire the next generation of budding young discoverers? Then we need you for YES!fest. We cannot host this event alone. Community is at the core of YES!fest. It's what makes this festival special, and that means YOU. And if you've never joined a bunch of community experts at a cutting-edge library for a full-on, intergenerational, science & engineering blowout, you don't know what you're missing.

The time to step aboard is now. Ready to say YES?

Here are a few ways you can get involved:

[Yes! I want to host an exhibition at the 2026 Youth Engineering & Science Festival.](#)

[I don't have an activity to share, but I would still like to sponsor YES!fest with a donation.](#)

Science is back! It never really left. Come celebrate your passion for science and engineering with us. Just don't wrap it in deli meat.

READ All Year Long

Challenge yourself to read 20 books in 12 months with the Adults Read On program and earn prizes along the way! Adults (16+) can participate by picking up a paper log at any branch, by downloading the Beanstack Tracker App and following the instructions, or by visiting highplains.beanstack.org/reader365.

Redeem prizes at your local HPLD location, after you've read 5, 10, and 20 books! For more details, check out www.MyLibrary.us/aro.

Adults Read On

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“Thanks for Remembering Us”

A ReadCon Interview with Lisa Zimmerman



Poetry is everywhere. It's all around us.

Okay, I know, that sounds exactly like the sort of thing a library newsletter would say, especially if a library newsletter was interviewing a poet who's coming for [ReadCon \(APRIL 24TH!\)](#).

But when I interviewed Lisa Zimmerman, poetry was all around us, even though we couldn't always see it. It's not complicated, it's not hard to find. Poetry is everywhere.

This is our third and final ReadCon interview for 2026, and we're only a couple weeks out from the event, so it needs to be a special one.

And it is. Because it's with Lisa Zimmerman, a writer, poet, and an educator at UNC in Greeley. Which I know because she taught me.

That's right, if you love this newsletter, send a Thank You to Lisa.

If you hate it, you're probably reacting to the parts that ignore Lisa's teachings. Don't blame her for those.

I'm not so much practiced in poetry these days. It's been...a minute since I've written a poem, even though it's something I used to do a lot. I guess now I get that energy out by writing these newsletters, articles about movies like *The Stuff* in which an ice cream alternative that bubbles up through the earth turns out to be alive.

Before I took my first class with Lisa, I don't know that I'd ever written a poem, not really. I mean, I'm sure that in elementary school I'd started a line with "Roses are red..." and then continued into something being blue, followed up by something that, knowing me, alluded to farts.

Lisa made poetry easy. Maybe the poems didn't always come easy, or maybe you'd find yourself writing about something that you would never talk about out loud, and that can be hard in its own way. But there's something about Lisa, she enters the room, and she makes you feel like you can do it. It's hard to describe, it's not an obnoxious, rah-rah kind of energy. She brings poetry into the room with her, and then it settles over the class, it's infectious.

I still remember the first assignment I got from Lisa more than 20 years ago.

We were supposed to look at *Poetry 180*, pick out a poem title from the table of contents, and write our own poem based on the title, JUST the title, no fair reading the original poem first.

It's a great exercise. I'm telling you right now, if I was ever

tasked with teaching someone to write poetry, that's where I'd start. When you have a start, when you don't have to just come up with the big words at the very beginning, it's a lot easier.

There are a few *Poetry 180* titles I'd use to title this interview. Maybe "Do You Have Any Advice For Those of Us Just Starting Out?" by Ron Koertge. "Advice From the Experts" by Bill Knott fits along those same lines.

But I think "Thanks For Remembering Us" by Dana Gioia is a good way to kick this off, especially in regards to [Lisa's most recent published book, *Sainted*](#), which is filled with poems about lesser-known Catholic Saints.

HPLD: Let's start off with a question about your book, *Sainted*. Can you give me some insight into how the poems started coming together?

LZ: Years ago, before I was a tenure track professor, I said to Mark Berrettini, film professor at UNC, that if I ever got a sabbatical, I would want to write poems about lesser-known Catholic saints.

I'm no longer Catholic. My dad was Catholic. My mother wasn't, but when my dad went to Vietnam, my mother had to take us to mass. By the time I was 13, I was done with Catholicism. But I loved the saints. I just thought, oh, my gosh, they were like fairy tales or something to me. They were so magical.

And I love the notion that human beings had this direct line to something divine and that out of love and faith, they could perform miracles.

APRIL 2026

READ CON

**April 24th
5:30-8:30pm**

**LINC Library Innovation Center
501 8th Ave, Greeley**

**Get tickets at
www.mylibrary.us/readcon**

Leigha Huggins **Lisa Zimmerman** **Kristin Koval**

high plains Library District HPLD Friends & Foundation

So, anyway, let me backtrack and say when I was 13, we were living in Belgium, and when we traveled in Belgium we would go to ALL these cathedrals. We went to Lourdes, we went to Assisi, and I loved the cathedrals, I loved the paintings, I loved the iconography. That people had the kind of love and belief that they made art, I just thought that was so frickin' cool. I was so impressed with the stories of how these people became saints and the miracles they performed.

I got confirmed and I had to pick a saint, and I picked Joan of Arc, not knowing then I would need Joan of Arc to help me in a lot of battles in my life—that was well chosen. And then I found out from other friends that they chose male saints, and I thought, “I didn't know you could choose anyone because I would have picked somebody like Saint Francis.”

And then at some point I said to my dad, “I don't want to go to church anymore.” He was kind of like, “You'll go to church as long as you're in my house.”

That didn't last very long, but I never forgot about the saints.

When I got tenure, one day I saw that my name was on a list as eligible for sabbatical, and I got immediately frightened. And I waited a whole year before I wrote the proposal for what I wanted to do because I didn't even know how to propose it.

I was talking to John Calderazzo, who taught for a long time at CSU, and I said, “I haven't written a sabbatical proposal, and I really need to do this because I want to go.”

He said, “Well, what do you want to do for your sabbatical?”

I said, “I want to do this and that and this and this...”

And he said, “Just write that.”

I said, “...I can just write that?”

So I wrote my proposal, that I had been to Assisi as a teenager, and I was so amazed going to San Damiano and that these nuns were sworn to silence. And I asked one of the nuns a question in my broken Italian, and she just shook her head and handed me a brochure... It was so cool.

I finished the proposal, which was actually a pretty good creative nonfiction essay, if I say so myself, and my entire faculty said Yes. And faculty made comments like, “This sounds like a really great idea.”

HPLD: So it's an idea you've had a long time, but you were kind of nervous about proposing it?

LZ: In an academic setting, yes. Because I thought, “Is this academic enough?” Because it was an emotional idea. It was an idea that was springing from being delighted by Catholic paintings and by Caravaggio and by, you know, little relics and, you know...

HPLD: But it sounds like they ended up being receptive to it.

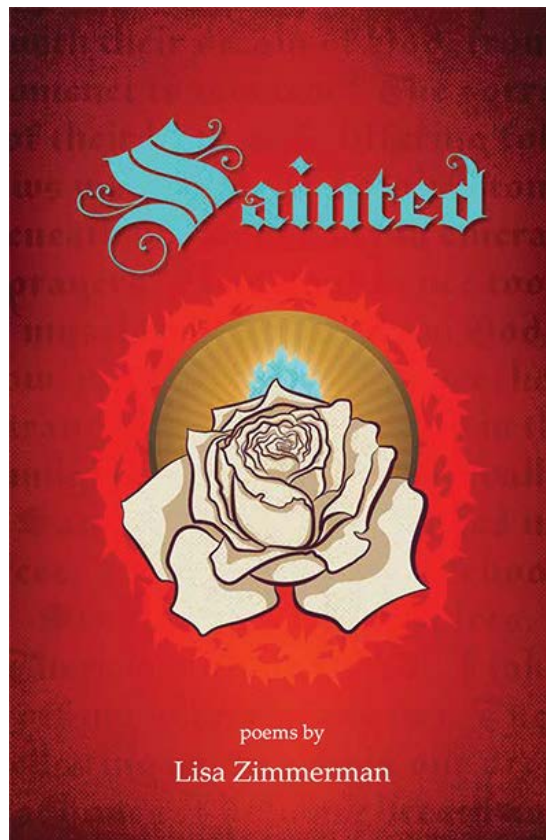
LZ: Well, they saw it as genuine research. I said I wanted to write historical and persona poems, and that's what I did.

I compared different hagiographical accounts and trying to find a through line, and that's how I would know that these things are true and I can put them in the poems. I didn't want to just make things up. I wanted to be able to really honor what had gone on through the centuries.

HPLD: The book is really unique that way. There's a lot of emotion in the book, but there are also elements of non-fiction, a lot of details, which maybe I'm just now learning are all true?

LZ: For me to feel good about the work going out into the world there had to be those little tiny glinting pieces of truth in all of the poems. I didn't want anyone to say, “That's not really what happened.”

HPLD: Yeah, I don't always feel like I'm learning factual things when I'm reading poetry. But this book, I felt like I was learning a little bit about how sainthood works and how things were in the past.



Changing gears a bit, I feel like a lot of your other poems are based in the local landscape and local things, things very much connected to this northern Colorado environment. What was the challenge or reward of kind of moving away from that?

LZ: You know, I had to open a lot of apertures inside myself to write these things, and I still wanted to have real, natural things in the poems. Like “Ode to Mother Teresa,” who I didn't think I was going to write about, I wanted to make it true for, for India.

Or “Poem For Saint John Of The Cross”:

I see you wandering happily as a boy,
the sun a crown on your small head,
your bare feet scuffing at the dust.
God chirped like a wood lark
in the throat of the afternoon...

When I wrote that, I thought, "What were the birds there?"

I heard that Saint Clare put flowers on St. Francis' stigmata after he died. And I thought, "St. Francis died in October in Italy. What kind of flowers could there have been?"

It's funny, I wanted to be true as often as I could be, but then I wanted to be able to open it into the humanness of these people and that they were...sometimes afraid. Do you know what I mean?

HPLD: Yeah, I think I do. It's like you were saying, the stories about saints can be really fantastical and like fairy tales sometimes, but your book felt very humanizing of these people that we don't always think about that way. Maybe because we think about that narrow slice of their life where they were saints or performing miracles, but not necessarily looking at the other parts.

LZ: That's what I wanted. I wanted people to say, "Oh, I would've liked this person. If I was at the market and they started talking to me, I'd be like, 'How've you been? How's your mom?'"

I wanted that desperately.

In my heart was the fact that these were human beings. I was amazed that these people had these rapturous things happen to them, and they're human beings.

HPLD: *[I can't help myself, I want to use more poem titles for the different parts of this interview.*

[This section, let's title it "Rabbits and Fire" after the poem by Alberto Rios. It kind of fits Lisa's style somehow. It's hard to explain, exactly, but let's get into it, maybe you'll see what I mean.]

I wanted to ask you, a lot of animals appear in your poems, especially horses and dogs. What is it about writing about animals that feels really different, or, does it feel different, from writing about people or objects?

LZ: I don't know, birds and dogs and cats and animals move through all of my poetry. They kind of insist on it and

say, "Write about me!"

They just appear so often, I remember my son asking about it, he said, "Do you ever write about *me*?"

I feel like that's my life. I am centered and grounded by animals.

I have this little prayer in the morning where I say to the universe, god, the power of love, whatever, I say, "Please, surprise and delight me today." And usually the surprise and delight is an animal, a bird. Hawk on a wire, eagle by the side of the road, a pheasant.

Even as a child, I was saved by the natural world. It was speaking to me in a non-verbal way, saying, "You're okay, it's okay. Come and walk out here, you'll feel better."

It's a way that I express a kind of cloaked gratitude for being here.

Saint Catherine of Siena said "All the way to heaven is heaven," and that's what my poetry is about. THIS is The Garden of Eden. That's why my first book is called *How The Garden Looks From Here*. We were expelled from the garden in the Judeo-Christian idea of things, but no, this is it, this little tiny blue planet, and we're wrecking it, which is really intense for me, and I have new poems about it in a book I'm working to get published.

HPLD: I read something you wrote in April 2020, which was during early lockdown times, and it said, "Poetry often makes sense when nothing else makes sense. And because poetry acknowledges everything under the sun — both in celebration and lament — reading poems during this isolation is a way to stay connected to the great human song of poetry and of

the astonishments of life." Do you feel like there's been a shift in poetry or fiction, in your work or your students', from pre-2020 to post-2020?

LZ: I feel like my students are more willing to be political or to have a political slant in their work.

I feel like I've been able to widen my arms, figuratively, in the class, creating enough of a safe space that they're writing about traumas. And they're writing about things that they might not have had the courage to say out loud. I tell them, "You share a sorrow, you cut it in half. You write this down, you get some of it out of your body."

Ross Gay has this notion of lyric research. You start



writing about baseball, but all of a sudden you remember Lou Gehrig and that your uncle had Lou Gehrig's Disease, and you go down a little path and start to pick those flowers. I want my students to know that can happen, and it's okay if that happens, it's okay to do that.

HPLD: [*"To Help the Monkey Cross the River" by Thomas Lux is another great section title, and I hope you're not insulted, but I think it fits this next bit. Teaching me to write a poem was probably like trying to help a monkey cross a river.*]

Before I took your class, I don't think I'd ever written a poem before, or nothing that I thought of as a poem. It seemed like writing a poem was this nebulous, wide open thing, and it was hard to get started. Do you have advice for anyone who hasn't really tried before or can't seem to get started?

LZ: I tell students, "You have a story. I don't care if you're 18 or 19, you've lived a lot of life already. You went to school, you survived high school, you might have survived your crazy-ass family, and you have things to say."

I tell people to just start somewhere. "My father was a truck driver. My mother drank when he was away." You just start.

Everybody can do that. Everybody can start with "I'm getting divorced" or "I just got dumped." That's your first line, "I just got dumped." What else do you want to say?

Sometimes it can start with a metaphor. A metaphor exists where there's not one word for something, so you have to compare it. Children are always making comparisons for things. "I hate my brother! I hate my brother like Luke hates Darth Vader!" They'll immediately go to a simile to try to get me to get it, to understand how much they hate their brother.

Sometimes I'll have a group of people who've never written a poem, a group of seven teachers. I'll say, "Everyone close your eyes. Now think about that color you loved when you were a kid. You wanted a hoodie in that color, you wanted a beanie in that color, you wanted to paint your room that color, you wanted your cake frosting that color. Now, open your eyes, and write that color at the top of the page. Now, describe that color using the five senses, for a blind person." And they can always do it.

One teacher who'd never written a poem wrote, "Orange is the sound a phone makes when you want it to ring."

And people will say, "Oh, I know what she means. Maybe not for me, but I know what that means for her."

Anaphora is another good one everyone can do.

Anaphora is repeating the same word or phrase in successive lines, so let's try this: After I fall asleep...what?

After I fall asleep, I start thinking of...

After I fall asleep, I dream myself into a spaceship.

After I fall asleep, I can hear the cat da-dump da-dump down the stairs.

Every time you have that as the entry, something will follow like a string of pearls. Because you've got the ramp, and you can't help but write something after that.

HPLD: Something I took away from your class is that poetry is really different when you hear it out loud versus reading it on your own. It's a really different experience and a great reason to come out to ReadCon and hear you read. What is it about poetry especially out loud that feels so different?

LZ: I feel like poetry is meant to be heard with the ear.

There's something about the language, it moves like music in us. You hear the sonics, the alliterative parts, or that it has a rhyme going through it, or, oh, listen to how those O's roll over each other.

It's just one of the great pleasures.

And it's why I like to memorize poems. I love being able to tell someone a poem. When we talk about something, and I can say, "Oh, I have a poem that talks about that, would you like to hear it?"

Then I'll say the poem, and it moves in them, the language moves in them because it landed on them like rain. Does that make sense?

HPLD: Yeah. Maybe it's like...out loud, it's more of a shared experience. When you're reading it to somebody, you're having an experience together.

LZ: I always ask my creative writing students whether they were read to when they were kids, and most of them still say they were, and I'm glad. It opens something in a human being, a way of listening and bringing language in through the ear and letting it move around a little bit and chewing on it.

And what I love is that my students, in my poetry class, when they read a poem, they just read it. And they might emphasize a word here and there, but they just read it with a frankness that I love, I'm just delighted by it.

HPLD: It does add a layer, right? Because you're hearing the words and how the poem was put together, and you're also hearing how that reader hears it in their head at the same time.

I know a lot of folks might finish school and never see another poem for the rest of their lives. What might you say to someone who's been out of the game to encourage them to read poetry?

LZ: Well, poetry is all over Instagram, Facebook, it's all over the internet. There are lots of [great listservs that send you a poem a day](#).

Poetry is everywhere. My husband said this years ago, it's like *The Matrix*. If you're not finding poetry, your eyes

aren't open enough.

If you know someone who likes poetry, get together with them and say, "This is a poem I really liked in Lisa Zimmerman's class," or "I just read this one on Instagram."

You want to put a poem in a card for your mom's birthday? [Go online to the Academy of American Poets](#). You can scroll birthday poems, you can do a search. And you'll find contemporary poets, poets from the last century, maybe even back to Alexander Pope.

You do not have to look far. It's kind of like, "Water water everywhere and not a drop to drink." That's how people sound. Poetry IS everywhere. And it's inside you.

"Gratitude to Old Teachers" by Robert Bly seems like kind of the right section title to close with, but it feels a little too easy.

"Doing Without" by David Ray? Maybe. It does feel like I've been doing without poetry for some time now.

"After Years" by Ted Kooser?

Ah. Here we go. "A New Poet" by Linda Pastan.

I walked back to my car, and tossed around all the things Lisa said. I tried to sort of put it together into a coherent interview, something that you all could read, something

that would convince you all to come and see Lisa and everyone else at ReadCon.

And while I did all this brainy work, I pulled my car keys out of my pocket, and, of course, I hit the wrong button on the key fob. And, of course, whenever you hit the wrong button, it's not LOCK or UNLOCK, it's PANIC.

The car is new (to me), and I make these bad button presses a lot, even though nothing happening warrants panic. Me arriving home is not a reason to panic, unless you're my wife and were appreciating a little bit of quiet without someone relating to you, word for word, a "really interesting" podcast they heard earlier.

I quelled the panic, calmed everyone down, and got into the car. And then I took out a pen and some paper and wrote a poem about it, right there in the driver's seat.

Just a few lines, nothing finished, nothing that's worth sharing here. Just a little something about PANIC and how PANIC works, how a small mispressed button sets off this whole system that's meant to keep me safe, but most of the time it's an overreaction.

It's the first poem I've written in years. Long enough that I think I qualify as "A New Poet" again.

But that poem, I had to write it down because it was right there. Because Lisa was right, poetry is all around me. There's even a button for it on my car keys.



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Wide Rivers, High Plains: The Library's Place Within the Landscape

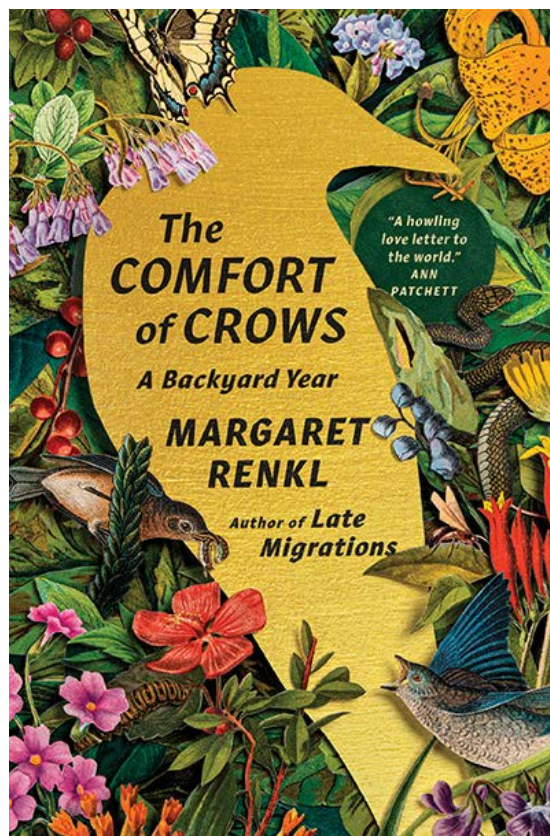
by Case Rasek
Library Associate
& Library Page
Farr Regional Library

Five hundred paces north of Farr Regional Library, cattails sway to an unseen wind. A redwing blackbird trills a raspy melody.

This is marshland. A colorful symphony of water and reed, fur and feather. And all you have to do is take a left at our driveway and follow the sidewalk.

I find it fascinating the way wild nature weaves itself into our human realities. As we type away at our keyboards and complain about the latest traffic jam, there are other worlds, with their own intricacies, folding and unfolding all around us, apparent only to those who know how to look—or listen.

Lately, I've been making my way through [Margaret Renkl's *The Comfort of Crows: A Backyard Year*](#), which reflects on the cycles of nature and how these processes intersect with humanity, acting sometimes as mirrors or magnifiers, other times as nickelodeons, little keyholes you can peer through and witness strange and marvelous things. Renkl's brother, Billy Renkl, deftly illuminates the text



with a brilliant series of artworks all printed in color. The book feels like a holy text, a grimoire, a gilded medieval manuscript making use of the quaint curves of bird beaks and seed heads. In short, I've been enraptured. And it's got me thinking closely about what's all around us—specifically, here at Farr.

Last year, we had a bit of a refresh. You might have heard. New paint, new carpet, new color scheme. It was time for Farr to have a new face—one that fit better with the times, our community, and, notably, our surroundings.

When discussing the color changes we'd be making, many of us expressed a desire for natural, more neutral tones, as opposed to the bright orange, red, purple, and acid green accents we'd had previously. These tones were certainly exciting, and they had worked for so many years, but it was time for a change.

The design team ultimately came back with a palette that expressed a new approach to the library's environment: cool blues, soft greens, and grays. And I couldn't help but see how closely this scheme aligns with nature. It is

a palette of water, cottonwood leaves, and storm clouds. Broad skies, pine needles, and willow bark. And the tan of sunbaked prairies is here, too. We still have the warm tones of wood on many of our columns and bookshelves, which have remained the same.

Altogether, the change brought forth a softening—and something else—a recentering.

Now, between juniper-berry-blue walls that turn pale green at sunset, and in the midst of carpet like teal moss, our beloved stained-glass windows can truly shine. There's a stag, geese, a coyote. Spruce trees and yucca. A bear, like a bright amber jewel, crowns a crystalline river foaming with columbines.

Each piece highlights plants and animals specifically native to our area. And as we sit here, poised on the edge of a vibrant watershed, framed by mountain peaks and endless skies, I am struck by how much our library resembles a kaleidoscope of these natural, local features, how an inside space like this can draw in so much of the outside that our perceived line of separation between these two realms blurs. But maybe it was blurry to begin with. We too are creatures of the earth after all, aren't we?

More and more, I've been noticing. I have known this land for so long, and still, there are surprises in every season. Even in winter. Even amidst concrete and asphalt.

As a teen, I would walk to Farr every day after school, and often I'd find little treasures along the way. A ponderosa cone, a blooming purple mustard sprig, yodic viburnum buds poised for spring's return. Sometimes, my friends and I would take our treasures with us into the library, where we'd draw or dissect them instead of working on homework. And when the weather was fair, we'd stay outside between the cropped currant hedges and laugh at the way we could make blades of grass whistle rudely between our thumbs. Sometimes, this shared outside space *was* the destination.

In *The Comfort of Crows*, the brief chapters, more akin to journal entries, are grouped together into the four seasons of the natural cycle and punctuated by what Renkl terms praise songs. *Praise Song for the Red Fox*, *Screaming in the Driveway*. *Praise Song for the Maple Tree's First Green*. *Praise Song for the Praise Song of a Song Sparrow in Winter*. Each of these passages is an ode, told with the tenderness of a prayer, to some little image of the natural world.

If I were to compose a *praise song* for the landscape of Farr, I'd sing of pine and spruce, of poplars framed against a dusk-tinted sky. I'd intone a remembrance for the Indian paintbrush (*Castilleja*) in the vacant lot to the north, swarming with bees, orange and fiery and prolific, mowed down to tattered green mush on a hot summer's day. Of finches twittering between gulps of berries, of rattlesnakes, of Cooper's hawks. I'd sing epics of red fox ghost towns and the invasive Bradford pear trees obscuring our building's address. Tardy aster blooming near the fall equinox. Catalpa leaves framing the statue of W. D. Farr himself.

And, yes, I'd sing of crows, too.

The library, like nature, is a place of convergence. Just as Greeley sports its winding arms of the Cache la Poudre and the South Platte, the library sits at a crossroads of information sharing and community. It's a place where you can go to spend an afternoon reading quietly, and a place for excitement, for [community programs like cooking classes, karaoke, and foam parties](#). The library is a marshland all its own.

And our role in providing everyone with the access to observe, learn about, and get involved with the natural world is no less relevant or necessary. Many of our locations have seed stashes, plant libraries, and natural spaces bursting with biodiversity. Sometimes it might even be as simple as offering a space to relax in a soft-backed chair next to one of our beautiful indoor plants. We also offer [Experience Passes to places like the Butterfly Pavilion and the Gardens on Spring Creek](#).

So, this Earth Day, take a trip to your local library. See if you can name a few of the birds that greet you on your way inside. Check out a book. Read about something in this wild, wonderful world that interests you. Start noticing. Marvel at the hand-like leaves of potted philodendrons. Peer carefully between stained-glass wildflowers and glimpse, just for a moment, the rosy sun setting the prairie aglow.

Listen. Far in the distance, the redwing blackbird is singing, *praise praise praise praise*.

Oh,
Appy
Day!

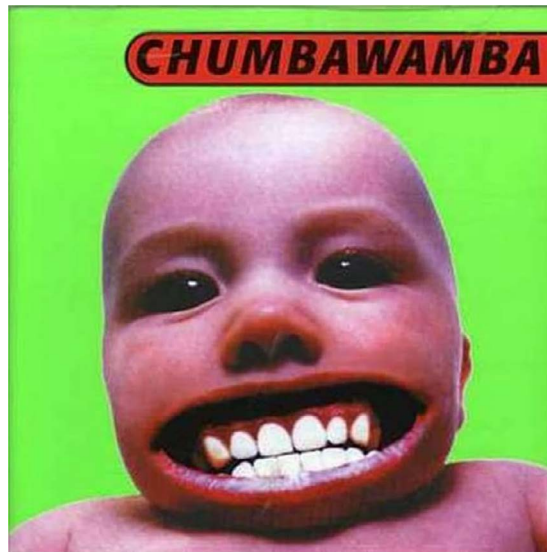
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An Imagined Conversation

in Which I Try to Book Chumbawamba to Remind the Public That HPLD's Catalog Will Be Down Sunday, April 12, 6 PM, Until 11 pm Monday, April 13th So That We Can Switch to the New Vega Catalog.



Pete: Boss, I have a great idea to remind everyone that the catalog will be down from 6 PM Sunday, April 12th, to 11 pm Monday, April 13th. A great idea in addition to repeating the information twice in a very short amount of space in the newsletter.

Boss: Alright, but I'll decide whether or not an idea is great, so, you know, watch it with the exaggeration.

Pete: Fair enough. I was thinking, the catalog will be down.

Boss: Right.

Pete: But it will then be back up again.

Boss: Right.

Pete: ...and what does that remind you of? What's a thing that goes down and gets back up again?

Boss: Rocky in the *Rocky* movies.

Pete: Hmm, yeah, that's true. Actually, I like that idea better: Can we try to book Sylvester Stallone to announce our catalog is down but will not STAY down?

Boss: No. I don't know how much he costs, but I'm confident in saying it's more than we can pay to announce 29 hours of catalog downtime. Which does sound like a lot when you put it in hours...

oh, but most of them are overnight. No problem!

Pete: Fair enough. Okay, what if we book Stallone to do a more *Demolition-Man*-themed announcement? "Our catalog is on ice, but it'll be thawed very soon!"?

Boss: I doubt Stallone charges differently depending on which movie you're referencing.

Pete: True, true. See, this is why you're the boss and I'm whatever it is I am, not the boss. Okay, back to the original idea: We book Chumbawamba to play "Tubthumping" live outside our libraries. And maybe we get them to alter the lyrics so that it's something like, "I get knocked down / at Sunday 6 pm / you're never gonna keep me down / past 11

pm Monday.”

Boss: [tents fingers, considers] I love this idea, and we should probably pay you more money for coming up with great ideas like this. Please don't write down that I said that, though, if people found out we weren't giving you huge cash bonuses for all these great ideas, surely some other company is going to poach you away and wildly overpay you for your ideas.

Pete: You got it.

Boss: That being said, I have inside knowledge that Chumbawamba has been broken up for over a decade now.

Pete: Really? I didn't know that. How did you know that?

Boss: [tears open button-up shirt to reveal a Chumbawamba tee underneath] Because I was IN Chumbawamba.

Pete: Really!?

Boss: Yes. I played...that hollowed-out fish thing with the ridges, the one you run a stick along. Chumbawamba had a hollowed-out fish player, and he was me. Don't bother looking it up.

Pete: Okay, I won't. Huh, I guess we'll have to figure out

some other way to let people know, eh?

Boss: Yeah, but I'm sure you'll come up with another million dollar idea in no time. It's what you do best. And again, I must reiterate, do not reveal how good you are at this and how valuable a skill it is.

Pete: No problem. [Pete observes Boss trying to rebutton his shirt, but it seems several buttons popped off when he tore it open] Geez, boss. That was a nice shirt.

Boss: I know. I'll have to get it fixed. I guess this shirt will be out of service, I'm guessing from 6 PM Sunday, April 12th, and it should be up and running again Monday, April 13th, 11 pm at the latest.

Pete: Weird that you just cited the exact window HPLD's catalog will be down, maybe even weirder that you somehow know that's when your shirt will get fixed, even though you JUST did the damage.

Boss: It's a weird world. You just came into my office to request a band be contracted to visit for a very temporary outage, only to discover that I was in that very band. That seems weirder than my having a standing appointment with a garment repair person.

Pete: Fair enough.



LOCATIONS

LIBRARIES Visit www.MyLibrary.us/locations-and-hours for library hours

Administration & Support Services

2650 West 29th Street
Greeley, CO 80631
1-888-861-READ(7323)

Carbon Valley Regional Library

7 Park Avenue
Firestone, CO 80504
1-888-861-READ(7323)

Centennial Park Library

2227 23rd Avenue
Greeley, CO 80634
1-888-861-READ(7323)

Eaton Public Library

132 Maple Avenue
Eaton, CO 80615
(970) 454-2189

Erie Community Library

400 Powers Street
Erie, CO 80516
1-888-861-READ(7323)

Farr Regional Library

1939 61st Avenue
Greeley, CO 80634
1-888-861-READ(7323)

Fort Lupton Public & School Library

370 S. Rollie Avenue
Fort Lupton, CO 80621
(303) 339-4089

Glenn A. Jones, M.D. Memorial Library

400 S. Parish Avenue
Johnstown, CO 80534
(970) 587-2459

Grover Library

402 Chatoga Avenue
Grover, CO 80729
1-888-861-READ(7323)

Milliken Location of Glenn A. Jones, M.D. Memorial Library

**NEW LOCATION
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1000 S. 10th Street
Milliken, CO 80132
(970) 660-5039

Hudson Public Library

100 S. Beech Street
Hudson, CO 80642
(303) 536-4550

Kersey Library

332 3rd Street
Kersey, CO 80644
1-888-861-READ(7323)

LINC Library Innovation Center

501 8th Avenue
Greeley, CO 80631
1-888-861-READ(7323)

Nantes Library

703 Birch Street
Gilcrest, CO 80623
(970) 737-1035

Northern Plains Public Library

216 2nd Street
Ault, CO 80610
(970) 834-1259

Outreach

2650 W. 29th Street
Greeley, CO 80631
1-888-861-READ(7323)

Platteville Public Library

504 Marion Avenue
Platteville, CO 80651
(970) 785-2231

Riverside Library & Cultural Center

3700 Golden Street
Evans, CO 80620
1-888-861-READ(7323)

AFFILIATED LOCATIONS

Hazel E. Johnson Research Center at the City of Greeley Museum

714 8th Street, Greeley, CO 80631
(970) 350-9220

Poudre Learning Center

8313 West F Street, Greeley, CO 80631
(970) 352-1267

PUBLIC COMPUTER CENTERS

Briggsdale Community Library

210 Main Street, Briggsdale, CO 80611

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