

IN HONOR OF NATIONAL POETRY MONTH APRIL 2010

A Tribute to Dr. Ronald D. Holzschuh 1937-2009



Dr. Holzschuh was born in Plymouth, Wisconsin, a place he always loved. He graduated from PHS in 1959 and was an award-winning member of the basketball team. He was well-known for his personal column in the Plymouth Highlights school newsletter under the pen name of Katrina Yabash. He graduated from the UW-Madison, received his Master's degree from Bowling Green State University, his Ph.D. from Florida State followed by a Fellowship at the University of Kansas Medical Center. In 1965 he started and was Executive Director of KC Big Brothers and Big Sisters for ten years. Later, he worked as a clinical psychologist until shortly before his death. His personal joy was writing poetry, often celebrating the loved ones in his life. His poems can be found at www.Ronholzschuh.com. Dr. Holzschuh passed away in Overland Park, Kansas. Monday, August 17, 2009. He is survived by his wife Ruth and three adult children.

Ron was a dedicated and generous sponsor of the Plymouth Arts Center. He was passionate about his poetry and encouraged others to pursue writing and reading poetry. It is fitting that we recognize Ron during National Poetry Month by sharing with you one of his poems that will be read by Ron's lifelong friend and PHS classmate, Peter Ullrich, at the PAC's Poetry and Short Fiction Open Mic.

“SPECULATIONS ON TRYING TO RETURN TO THE PLACE YOU STARTED”

By Ronald Holzschuh

YESTERDAY I lived there

Maybe you did too, remember???

Horse pulling giant ice cube blocks ripped from river
Slowing surely smoothly ascending descending crashing
Disappearing into ice house, smothered with sawdust,
Patiently waiting to cool summer.

Crisp crunchy skate blades cut grooves in rink
Carved from plow made snow mountains growing taller.
Smell steaming wet wool too close to hot pot bellied stove.
Cold pot bellied caretaker thought he owned the place.

Tiny ski jumper growing larger leaping higher
Leaning flying forward....THWACKK!!!!
Maybe head arms legs tumble smash into snow burst.

Maybe stand straight proud exhilarated coasting closer.
White snow face or red wind face,
Either way, carefully climb trudge stumble up
Try again.

Huge snow steps across to island playground
Climb crow's nest tree
North view high school, wooden black bridge to mink ranch
Evergreen cedars beyond,
Always only a wet skate foot away
If you went too swift, too far.

Who said, “you can't go home again”? Did you?

TODAY, maybe I-you-we fooled us
For just one miraculous moment multiplied by imaginations

If not, let's try again

Maybe
TOMORROW



Ron H. seated in the middle
Peter U. seated, second from right