

Rancho

By Aileen Miller

Where the tall eucalyptus stretch
their branches.....Where the gentle
sunrays reach to meet the soil....Where
flowers and fields grow free....Where
the eagle nests and the coyote roams,....
Where peace crosses every path.

This is a treasure box all its
own in which few have been
fortunate enough to open. This small
town of Rancho Santa Fe originated
fifty years ago, as a place to grow
eucalyptus trees for ties for the
Santa Fe Railroad.

When the handsome trees grew tall and
strong enough, they were cut for use.
Unfortunately, or fortunately, should
I say, they soon found out that this
type of tree did not make good tie. So
it was, that most of the trees that
were planted continued to grow strong
and steady and untouched. They
became a symbol for the town
which kept its last two words
"Santa Fe". It became a ranch that
could be used to supply citrus fruit
for the Railroad. The little town
was very peaceful and few knew
about it, but for those who did
it was a wonderful place.

Today, it is still that wonderful

place, yet growing with an increasing rate. All of us today must be careful how we preserve our special home, and its treasures. In my heart, I know that if I go from Maine to Mexico I will never find the unique quality that lives here. The eucalyptus still stretch their branches, and the soul of Rancho Santa Fe still thrives.

THE
End

