

WinkWorld February 2009

Prairie Pedagogy

The prairies are always filled with the unexpected-like a flood in February, something I have never seen. While Wink is off in Pierre working on education bills, women's reproductive health bills, smoking bills, and gun bills, I'm here on the ranch trying to figure out how to get the horses to high ground. I was sitting at the kitchen table, looking south through our beautiful big windows and writing about behaviorism*, when I noticed the water rising on the dam just a little ways south of the house.

There was a lot of dirt here in the morning, and by 3 p.m. it was all water.

Pix: South of the House



This is looking south of the house, where I was sitting and writing. One hour earlier, this was all ground, except for a little frozen creek.

The horses were in the corral, which was rapidly filling with water. The three pictures below show where the horses normally cross to high ground - that will never work.

South of Corral Pix:





The following picture is the spillway on the dam south of the house. The culvert took all the water it could take, eventually, the water had to escape from the spillway, looking to the southeast towards Howes.

Pix: Spillway south of house



Now, the water has a thin sheet of ice on it, and the horses will not enter it, as when their hooves go through the ice, it scares them.

Pix: Surrounded



*No, this is not the first time in my life when I felt like I was drowning in behaviorism.