

This is a poem written by Josie Ann Memmott Sorensen who grew up in Scipio, Utah.

THE NOON ROCK PEAK

By Josie Ann Memmott Sorensen of
Scipio, Utah

Near where the Sierra Nevada and the Wasatch meet,
At the center, you'll find the Noon Rock Peak
With its towering cliffs so rugged and steep
Reaching toward the sky in proud defeat.
For many years it has watched with care,
The settlement of Scipio and its people there.
Asking all blessings to equally flow
To those sturdy pioneers in its valley below.
In the days of yon, as the story goes,
Our pioneer parents protected from foes,
At the foot of the Noon Rock mountain crest,
They built their homes here in the West.
The time of day they told
When the shadow of the noon day sun,
Shone straight on the cliff at Noon Rock Peak.
The seeds they sowed with toil and care
Yielded them much wealth and food there.
Then for their comfortable homes, their families fair,
For health, for strength, and blessings rare,
They kneeled in reverence and humble prayer,
Giving thanks to God for His tender care.
And round the valley, the mountains rising high
Giving everlasting strength, and protection there.
Security girded round their hearts,
With joy, and sacred happiness.
Now at evening we find Scipio Valley a sea of stars,
With lights in all homes we know,
A golden web of friendship
Goes weaving to and fro.
And when the noon beams shine on Noon Rock Peak
You can plainly see her proudly speak
Of the worthy challenge made so complete
By our pioneer parents in their defeat.