

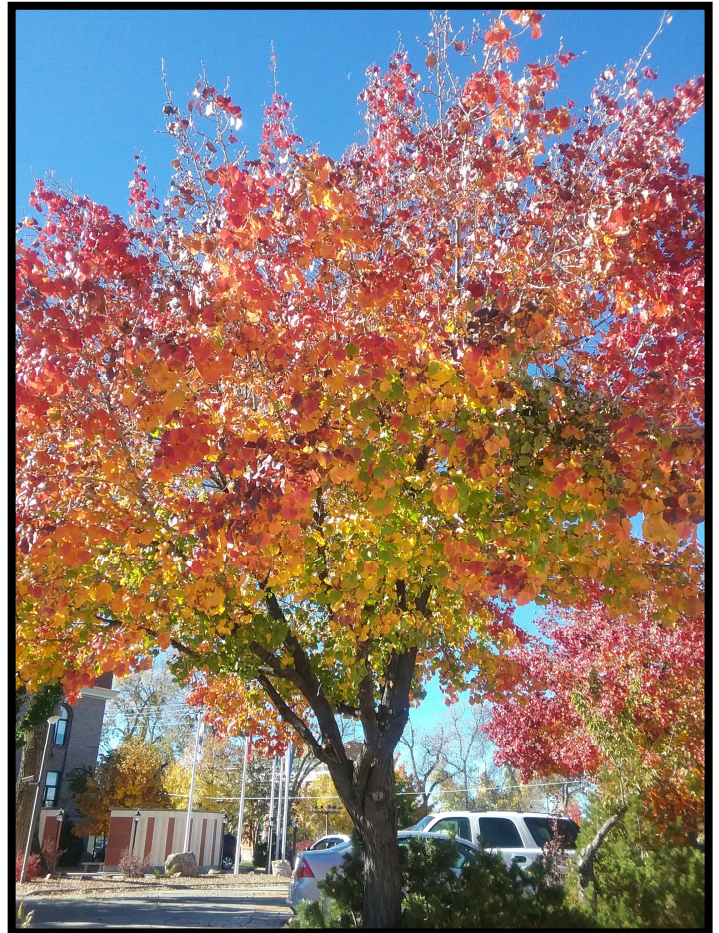


## Face of Fillmore

*By Sherry Shepard*  
November 7, 2018

As I drove around the streets of Fillmore today, looking for inspiration for the Face of Fillmore, I was reminded of how blessed we are to live in an area where the seasons change.

Autumn has to be my favorite. I love the fall leaves and the chill in the air. While we have enjoyed the fruits and vegetables our garden has provided through the summer months, life is more relaxing as Indian Summer arrives after that first frost and life slows down as far as yard work goes. Now the main task is raking (actually mowing) up the ever-deepening piles of maple leaves.



Bright multi-colored tree near the courthouse

I like to imagine how the early residents must have seen this season. I think there were probably few trees as they arrived, mostly along Chalk Creek, but cottonwoods are beautifully gold in the fall. Just east of town, the settlers would also have enjoyed the maple and oak as we do today.





Scarecrows on Main Street

The fluorescent shades we took endless pictures of during the peak of the fall season have faded now and many leaves have dropped, but there are still enough yellows, oranges and reds to brighten our city streets. Cloudy, blustery days come and go and we enjoy the brilliant blue skies in contrast to the fall colors more so because we know it will all soon disappear to another season of frozen white.



Red bushes at the Veterans' Monument