



The Beaver Meadow Quest

Norwich, Vermont

Moderate

Architectural, Historical

Pavement

:30

To Get There: Take I-89 to Exit 13. Go west into Norwich. Pass Dan & Whit's store and then turn left onto Beaver Meadow Rd. Follow this winding road 5 miles until you come down into "the meadow." Park next to the chapel, for this is where the Quest begins.

Clues:

Down a hill, to a white steeple,
Long ago, it gathered people;
In this chapel—what is it they do?
Pray, play cards, and sell stuff not new.

Up the steps, feet on porch floor,
Look for the star to the left of the door.
Walk south-east away from the chapel,
Where once a house stood, now grow trees of apple,

A mill stood here where cider was pressed,
Walk up to the corner, then take a rest,
Turn left; third house on the north-west side,
Here the first school house once did reside.

After chores likes milking the cow,
Kids walked to school, unlike now.
On your right is the school where you might have learned,
Built in 1922, when the first one burned.

After chores likes milking the cow,

Kids walked to school, unlike now.
On your right is the school where you might have learned,
Built in 1922, when the first one burned.

Writing with white chalk on a gray slate,
Grades one through eight thought school was just great.
A bird watching kids play while perched on the bell,
Would see the old Methodist Church site quite well.

When you walk back towards the road that is paved,
You will pass a house with everything saved.
Cross, look north to the village view so ample,
Once painted by the artist Paul Sample!

The old brown house behind pine and fir,
Once Elmer Benjamin's, now it's the Kerr's.
Long before that, 'twas a blacksmith's shop.
So walk to the right-hand tree and stop.

This was a well a long time ago
Now it's just stones and a water flow.
50 steps north-west, an empty gate
Marks a house that perished in a long past date.

The 1869 map here shows,
Three houses where now popple grows.
Keep on north-west, the village's other side
Will reveal a secret the forest hides.

Just before the crossroads meet,
Look left but do not cross the street
The white trees you see sprouting are birch,
They grow where once stood a Baptist church.

That church was moved to Sharon town,
It did not burn, but was carried down,
Turn right around to see without fail,
The place where they used to send the mail.

White, with a gable-end entrance and more,
Sidelights and designs 'round the offset door.
In an even earlier age,
This was the Baptist parsonage,

Follow the steps—do not roam—

That the preacher took when he walked home.
Beyond the parsonage, across the street,
There once stood a store where friends would meet;

Now travel south-east, back over the stream,
You'll find a place where at night you might scream!
On Memorial Day, here flags do fly,
It's where you might dwell after you die.

Walk up the steps, across the green grass,
Keep on 'til Benjamin Smith you pass,
Then turn left to find Charles Avery,
And Silas White who fought slavery,

Turn 'round to read a big tall grave,
For Parkhurst who was also brave,
Proceed to the very top of the mound,
Find the Sawyer family burying ground.

Deborah was the first of Conant's wives,
Find four others who lost their lives.
Walk on past a stone for Sally Fay,
And you will know you are on your way!

At the edge, a flat white stone is laid to rest,
Atop your goal—our treasure chest!

