

## Against the Roaring River

*Standing Firm When It Matters Most*



*Something wasn't right.*

They called it the Mighty Mo.

Most days the Missouri River did not roar. It rolled past the little town of Maple Grove like a wide brown ribbon. In the soft light of the afternoon sun, the water shone like polished copper. On those quiet days, the river seemed like a sleepy friend. Children skipped flat stones across its surface, and fishermen cast their lines into the slow, steady current.

But Grandpa Eli often told them that rivers like the Mighty Mo have two faces. Beneath that calm surface lived a strength that could awaken without warning. That was why the levee was built.