



Lincoln loved Mexico's mountains. He loved the oyamel forests with their hidden pockets of orange and black, and the high llanos flowing with rivers of butterflies. Lincoln also loved you, his friends and colleagues and occasional adversaries, who worked with him to protect the monarch butterflies and their forests. If I thanked you individually, you would be here long after sunset, because Lincoln turned every stranger into a friend. He treasured you: ejidatarios, residents of Angangueo, scientists, reserve guards and guides, hotel owners, teachers, and students. Together with Lincoln's children and grandchildren, I thank you for creating this monument in his honor. Thank you for celebrating Lincoln in a place that holds a piece of his soul.

