

## **Thanks, Dad**

(written on way to CFC Nat'l Conv. 06/18/1997)

In the shadow of the Bell,  
Raised next to the XIT,  
With Schoolin' from the matador,  
Those voices still call me.

"Take your hat off for a lady"  
"Don't fool with another man's horse!"  
"A chappin's not a pretty thing,  
Better to learn by words than force."

I'z raised around the James boys,  
Coy reg'lar made me cry.  
James Rinstine taught me how to rope  
And often took me aside

To keep me out of trouble.  
Roy Slagle saved my neck,  
Charlie Chacon and Pablo  
Taught me lots about respect.

Handlebars Melvin got me to ridin' colts.  
Tried to flank like that Jim Keith.  
List'nin' to ol' Claude Smithers talk,  
We'd laugh then grit our teeth.

I sure did like Mr. Johnny fields,  
I learn'd a lot from Mr. Jack Wright.  
David Whatley always meant a lot,  
George Nixon steer'd me right.

If ever' neighbor was like Willy Bill,  
This world would be a better place.  
With help like Elmer, Shotgun, Bill Cone,  
We'd handle most any race.

Now I get to ride with R.W.,  
J.B., Duward, Donnie, and Frank,  
Mark, James Judd, Ted and Dan  
And the likes of Charles and Buck.

My Master-teacher thru' lots of years,  
I learn'd a heap from Clyde;  
But the man I owe it all to  
And thank the most is Dad.

He put up with me when I chomped the bit,  
He'd patch me when I'z hurt.  
He loved me, even when I'z bad  
Or treated him like dirt.

I know I'm late with this poem  
To tell you how I feel.  
Thank God You're alive, we've still got time  
To work, make mem'ries and heal.

Please let me make you proud, Dad  
As you're handin' me the reins.  
With Josh, 'n' Jeremy, Jen and Chuck-  
The torch still burns on this here range.