

MY DAD

His playmates and kin of long ago,
A time while at his mothers knee,
Revealed to me for all to know,
That as a lad they all called him "Katy".

As packer he climbed the mountains high,
Each footstep placed firmly like a Sailor,
Up, up the steep trail to meet the sky,
His burro in tow, this boy is now "Taylor."

High amid the peaks his father dug for gold,
A mill complete ~~there~~ there was none finer.
But the rich vein broke which made him fold.
His last words, "My boy, don't be a miner."

He took his mounts and trained them well.
His way with horses have caused a stir,
From each hame he hung a bell,
And to all he is called, "The Teamster."

In Idaho he found an adventurous life
And a bachelor he resolved to be,
Until at twenty eight he found a wife,
Who most always called him "honey."

In Montana, ranch hands he directed
And made things go without a loss.
Each mans labors he inspected,
And to all was known as the "Boss."
With depression, things got pretty tough,
The days were long and hard,
There were even those that gave him guff,
But Angus said, that is my "pard."

He became a leader in the church,
And to him the members all looked up
To lead the way without a lurch,
And they all called him "The Bishop."

Though other men could crack the whip,
None other could hold a lamp,
With the long line he could rip,
They all said he was "The Champ."

Do you think that you can high kick?
If so, set your mark with all the rest.
He could soar nine feet three to hit a stick,
This, I say, you must agree 'That is the best."

At cowboy musical chairs he never bet,
For a musician he was not,
But on the last keg he always set,
And so was judged "the winner of the pot."

With rod and reel he had the touch,
He could best most any feller,
Though others may cast just as much,
None could match his tales-"The Story-Teller."

When hunting season rolled around,
And the first snow of the winter,
With gear and pack the hills would bound,
He was known as "The Mighty Hunter."

MY DAD

Many years have come and gone,
A thinner man he has come to be,
He still gets up with the crack of dawn,
Younger men would never do, but "K.T."

He taught his sons the way to go,
From the time I was a lad,
There isn't much that he didn't know,
About the job of being "DAD."

by Dwain Butler

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