

Blizzard of 1928

I well remember another bad blizzard in 1928. It was the day before Christmas and Dad and we three boys had taken the lumber wagon over to the timber to get a load of wood. Now the timber was on the east side of our homestead. It was a strip of timber, probably averaging eight miles wide, that ran from the Yellow Hammer Brakes about seven miles south of our place, to up and around Gillette, into Montana to the Big Horn Mountains.

It was loaded with game; deer, bobcats, and coyotes, and occasionally, mountain lion. That's where we always got our fire wood and cedar posts. We were coming back home, the sun was shining, and the snow was melting. It was so warm we were in our shirtsleeves. Dad said, "Boys, I never saw weather like this at this time of year. You all had better remember it, because you will probably never see another day like today.

Well, by the time we got home, all the tell-tell signs of another storm was approaching. The blizzard struck in the night, and Christmas Day, we couldn't even get outside to do our chores. It continued all day, and into the night. The temperature had dipped from the 50s to below zero, in less than 12 hours. It continued the next day, and most of that night.

The next morning, the sun was bright and shining, and not a breath of wind could be felt. We all looked up to the Blowout Butte to see if there were any sheep on the bed grounds.

The sheep belonged to a large sheep rancher by the name of Space. Mister Space was one of Dad's closest friends. He had the school section that bordered our homestead. He had thousands of

acres both leased and owned. He had survived the sheep and cattle war.

The cattle barons had fought the sheep men trying to keep them from coming into their territory, and what it was, was a battle between the cowboys and shepherders.

But the big sheep people also had a bunch of cowboys working for them. And they were successful in establishing some kingdoms of their own. Well most of the homesteaders were also anti-sheep. The ones who owned land on the other three sides of the school section wouldn't let Space cross the land, so he had to get in through our place.

He would pasture it for about two weeks, in the dead of winter, when there was plenty of snow for his water supply for the sheep. In two weeks time they would have that section (a mile square), eaten off. He had two bands of sheep with 1300 to 1500 in each band. He had two herders, one which was a Mexican named Dale Servantes. Dale's herd was the one who always grazed on our school section. There never was a finer herder than Dale Servantes. He was well liked and all the women in the area would feel sorry for the little herder, and would let us kids, take him up lots of good things to eat.

Not only that, but they would let us kids stay all night with him. He kept his sheep wagon spotlessly clean. He was a good cook. In a sheep wagon there was only one bed, so we always slept with Dale. You would think you were sleeping with your daddy. He was so gentle and kind. Nobody ever thought of anything going on that was immoral. That shows you how degenerate and immoral our nation has sunk to now.

You wouldn't think of letting your kids get in such a situation today. Why? Because we as a nation, have sunk to a level of immorality that rivals that of Sodom and Gomorrah, which are buried beneath the ashes of God's judgment, because of the perverted and repulsive sin of homosexuality.

God created the home to be the foundation of a nation and as the home goes, so does the nation! Now, we can say, as television and movies, and pornography available over the internet goes, so does the home and the nation.

Down through the halls of eternity, echoes the cry of nations that once were towering heights of greatness, who now lie in the ashes of their own degradation. The boob tube has replaced the family altar of God, and most families in America don't even try to control it any more.

Psalms 9:17 says, "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all nations that forget God." History will repeat itself.

Meanwhile back at the ranch, and to the blizzard. My mom was looking to see if there was any sign of life on Blowout Butte. At one time a volcano had blown the top and innards of a large hill into the sky, and dumped it about 1/2 mile away. We called that, Old Peaky, because it was shaped just like a mountain peak.

Our hearts all sank. There was nothing but snow and the wagon stood alone, no smoke coming out of the chimney. Where were Dale and his herd of sheep? Blowout Butte was northwest of our homestead, and the sheep bed ground was up on the south east side. The best protection they could find. The sheep wagon was always parked below them, and they were all in plain sight of our

house. Well to make a long story, short, they were found 10 miles away, taking shelter in the same timber I told you about.

He and his sheep dog had been able to keep the sheep on bed grounds the first night. But couldn't hold them after that, and they started drifting with the storm. Dale stumbled along with them. When they would come to a ravine, or cut bank, they would huddle there for a while, until they couldn't stand it any longer. Dale would kill a ewe, and rip her stomach open and thrust his feet in the body, and huddle down over her, to get all the body heat he could get, and to keep his feet from freezing.

Finally the sheep would have to drift on, and it would be repeated again and again. When this story came out, Dale Servantes became a hero. He had risked his life to save his master's band of sheep. Mr. Space so appreciated such loyalty, and bravery, that he practically gave Dale his ranch when he retired. The little herder did not have the where-with-all to manage such an operation, so he sold out and went back to Mexico a millionaire, and lived a happy life, ever after—I hope!

As I write this story, I see a great message of hope for God's sheep. Psalms 103 says: "Knowing that the Lord is God, it is He that has made us, and not we our selves. We are His people, and the sheep of His pasture. So the Lord loved us so much, that He left the comforts of the sheep wagon, Heaven, and came down to earth and sacrificed His life for us, so that He would be with us through the blizzards of life, and the storms of hell that rage around this sin-sick world. He promised never to leave us nor forsake us! (Hebrews 13:5)

Dale refused to leave his sheep, Jesus refuses to leave us. It

has taken the life of many of God's sheep, in order to bring us to the safety we now enjoy today. Dale was rewarded for his faithfulness. Our Saviour has been rewarded by His faithfulness, by God the Father, and is presently seated at the right hand of God, interceding for us! He is still taking care of you and me. Praise His holy name, forever!