

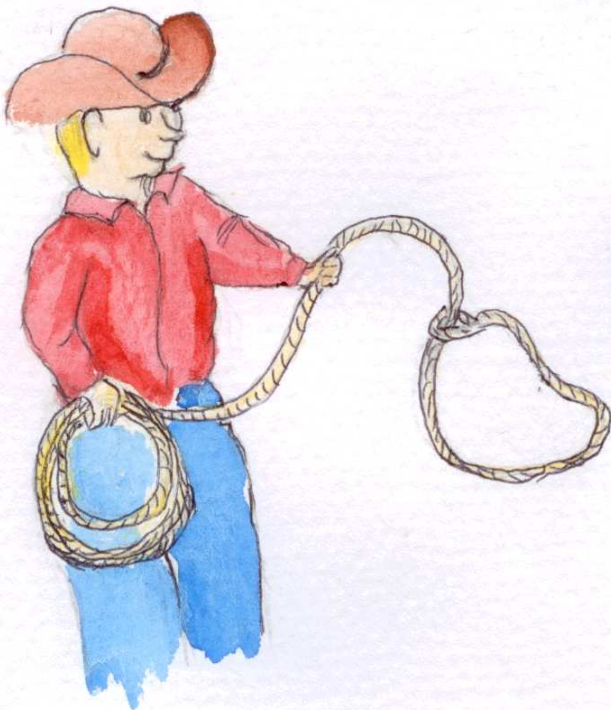


## THE LASSO

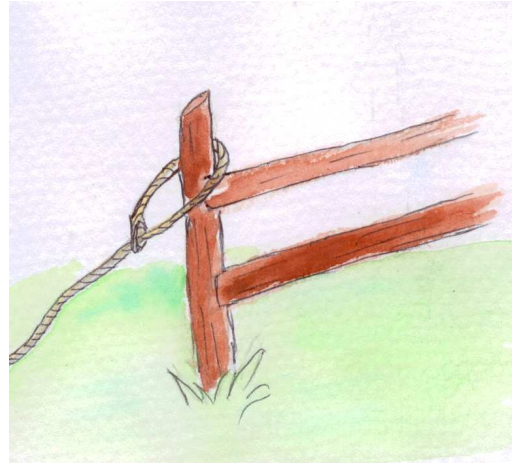
When I was about 10 years old, I told everyone that what I wanted for Christmas was a lasso rope. In due course, Santa came and left an appropriate length of special lariat rope for me. I learned that lariat is another word meaning lasso. My Pop braided an “eye” into one end of it

and then I had a proper lasso.

I had a good time learning how to handle that rope. Free-



range farm kids have a lot of time to do whatever they want. I became quite good at lassoing fence posts and tree stumps.



One afternoon, down behind the barn, I decided it was time to try my new skill on a live animal. A hapless sheep walked by and, on my very first try, I lassoed that sheep. That was a poor choice.



IT WAS NOT A GOOD IDEA. The sheep was both much heavier and much stronger than I.



The sheep took off down the hill dragging this 10-year-old boy. I would NOT let go and allow the sheep to run away with my wonderful lasso rope!

After 30 yards or so I managed to slide to the side of a tree opposite to the side taken by the sheep. That stopped

the procession. I tied the rope to the tree then released the sheep.



The sheep was happy to be free and I was bruised, muddy and wiser. I did not lasso any more animals heavier and stronger than I was.