

*In loving memory of my dear parents,
Rozella & Elmer*

Mom and Daddy,

Roze-El Stables is named and dedicated in memory of you and
the wonderful carefree years of my Montana childhood.
You provided me with a life that to some is only a storybook fantasy.
My prayer is that this farm will allow my family to experience
the same happiness I knew as your child . . .

Lying in the clover on warm summer days watching the
hummingbirds float about the hollyhocks;
Wading in the little creek that trickled through the pasture;
Imagining the thrill of horse racing as I rocked wildly on the
rocking horse Daddy made for me;
Picnics by the creek with Mom –
savoring sandwiches made from her freshly baked bread;
Mom teaching me to love the wildflowers, and gently gathering
small bouquets of buttercups & shootingstars from the nearby woods;
Happily nestling in the specially built box attached next to Daddy's seat
on the old Farmall, often falling asleep to the red tractor's noisy drone;
Waiting anxiously to get a glimpse of the bluebirds
when it was time for them to return to their house perched atop the fencepost;
Welcoming all those new spring babies lying snuggled in their fresh straw beds –
lambs, piglets, kittens, chicks, and my favorite, the calves;
Sitting on the feed box, watching Daddy milk "Yudy" (Swedish for "Judy"☺)
and squealing with delight when he pointed the "milk supply" at the
barn kitties, who were experts at catching the airborne milk stream . . .
And the pleasantries of my youth go on and on, but perhaps my most treasured
moments are those I spent riding, grooming, and just loving ol' Queen,
the only babysitter I ever knew.

Mom and Daddy, I love you and I miss you.



May 2004