

Training a New Teamster

Each Fall we are asked to give wagon rides at local country churches.

Last Sunday we did that at the Snake River Church.

Yes, the church is downstream on our Snake River.

About five miles south by road.

Because the river honestly earns its name as the "Snake", it is a much greater distance if you follow the watercourse.

Son-in-law Timothy is a "teamster" in training.



He has been helping me for some time, but this was his first-time hauling guests.

He did splendidly.

That is Timothy at the reins.

Family friend, Russ is to the left in the photo.

Russ is an attorney.

We bring him along in case we need legal advice on the road.

Some old farmer that they picked up along the way is to the right.

The rest of the folks comprise one of the four wagon loads of parishioners that Timothy and the horses entertained.

The horses are Hombre, the palomino and Mocha the dark brown horse.

Both are mustangs.

It was one of many
gorgeous Fall days

This photo is of This is
beautiful, little Snake
River Church.
It is truly a country
church.
A hundred years old.
It is six miles or more
from a town.
There are no houses
near it.
Many decades ago, I
farmed the fields
around it.
A perfect setting.
Before the church
was established on its
site, over 120 years
ago, the Snake River
Church congregation
met in our own
Kragero School
House.



This photo shows the whole crew. Ella and Kaylee at the horse's heads. They rode Blue and Poco. Then Gail, Timothy, that old farmer again, and Russ.



Granddaughter Ella is riding her Paso Fino, Poco. She is an excellent horsewoman. The corn field in the background is typical for this summer of extreme drought. Nothing to harvest. Tom.

