

Family Rodeo

I was blessed this weekend to watch children between the ages of 2 and 18 do what they do at family rodeos.

My grandchildren were raised in this lifestyle and I see the impact on their growth. My daughter and son-in-law have been very intentional to keep their children grounded in dirt, in the Word and in serving others.

I watched my children play baseball, golf, do gymnastics, cheer and play other sports of young people.

But rodeos are different. I watched my grandchildren face plant, ride to the buzzer, rope calves, circle barrels and flip goats. Then the cowboys and girls would dust off and head behind the corral to help other competitors.

My granddaughter's barrel horse hurt his shoulder, so she borrowed a horse from another rider. I cannot imagine a ball player borrowing a bat from another dugout. I watched little ones help others to post better scores. So godly.

These kids work hard to improve their skills, relationships and maybe win a buckle or a saddle. They pray before rides and salute the flag at every rodeo. They don't behave with entitled rants. They don't fuss at umpires or blame officials for a bad ride. They just get ready for their next event and help someone else with theirs.

Family rodeos are the heart of the heartland.

God, country and earn everything.