

To our Dear Mother (her siblings all called her Sister) and Father LeRoy Rosebud Kewley (Roy). Something ironic about having a father with the name Rosebud and growing up on what was once part of the Rosebud Indian Reservation and will hopefully at some point in time be once again the Rez. These two wonderful people sacrificed all they could for ALL family and the next generations to come and they did the absolute best they could raising five children, four boys and the toughest girl on the planet!

I'm not sure if there's a tougher life than the farm and ranch career because it never stops, and your time is consumed by always being available for the land and animals along with being isolated from society except for some real interesting people that stopped by. FYI, I personally loved it and would have stayed if I knew then what I know now about Indian land and the opportunities. So, Spring comes and it's planting time for the fields and a big damn garden, and whole F@#king potato field, I'm guessing 3 acres. At the same time livestock

must be cared for (every day) so now that we have started the food source for us and the community, we can have breakfast and get back to work. **For all younger people that never experienced any of the sun rise to sun set hard labor seven days a week or not being able to leave for a vacation because of the livestock, that is what it took for you and us to live the lives you're blessed with. And if it was that hard for them, try to imagine what their parents and grandparents went through and after all the horrible things that occurred between the Indians and whites, our dear parents managed to fall in love and raise the best mixed-race family we could have ever hoped for, we're probably the best ones don't you think! My dear niece Lisa knows all about ranch life and how hard it can be and can also make you so sad sometimes, talk to her. So anyways (that's for you Jana), back to the farm and finished with spring and on to summer which is hot and beautiful and hopefully without hail for those tremendous summer storms with lighting shows that you'll likely never see any**

other place with a night sky that will make you a believer and lots of fun raising hell. Late summer early fall and into the winter it feels like all hell breaks loose and there's not going to be enough time to get everything harvested, stored or sold if you're lucky, and then back to that garden to clear it out and can all the vegetables and that rhubarb stuff, it was unbelievable because we also butchered a pig and steer all to feed us and anybody that needed it for the winter. I must say looking back Mom did one hell of a job being in charge of the food supply for those long cold winters, and she was one hell of a cook. And Dad, he had what I call a horrific childhood and still he managed to be a good husband and provider for us by working for neighbors for \$8.00 dollars a day and coming home to take care of the farm after a full day of work, incredible!!! Thank you our dear parents; we love you forever! mk