

The Cowgirl's Ride: A Tribute to Phyllis

The sun sets slow upon the western ground, Where silent now is the old, familiar sound. Of boots on the porch, or a saddle's soft creak, And the laughter and wisdom we'll long for and seek.

She learned this wide land the best way she knew, Not born with the knowledge, but always pulled through. She faced every challenge with courage and grace, And did the very best she could in this place.

Now Ginger stands waiting, but the ride is complete, For Phyllis, our Cowgirl, with dust on her feet, She rode every morning, beneath the wide sky, Herding the cattle as the swift hours flew by.

When the work was done, the fun had to start, She'd sit down to cards, playing straight from the heart. With her brothers she'd wager, with challenge and cheer, On baseball, or Pinochle, removing all fear.

Her stakes were the sweetest, her victory call, A simple, refreshing, brown bubbly sprawl. She loved every soul, gave her compliments free, More generous in spirit than she'd ever agree.

Her wit was so quick, her lessons were deep, A precious remembrance we faithfully keep. And though grief holds us tightly, our hearts start to mend, She knew all the answers right up 'til the end.

She'd sigh, shake her head, when the world got too wide, And exclaim that phrase as she took it in stride: "Oh my."

So let us remember the secret she knew, That kept her bright spirit resilient and true: An apple each morning, a daily sweet sip, A Pepsi for life, right upon her proud lip.

We raise up our glasses, though tears may still fall, We'll honor her memory, and answer her call. To Phyllis, our hero, the Cowgirl so fine— Raise your Pepsi high, and we'll toast her design.

In Loving Memory



Phyllis Parkin Thomas

1933 ~ 2025

