

# **Antelope Creek**

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## ***NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION - 2010***

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Today is the beginning of a new decade and I am spending New Year's Day watching the Rose Bowl Parade from Pasadena, California and writing this article on my laptop computer at the ranch. The feed run this morning was a little brutal for a warm weather boy from West Texas with ice everywhere and the temperature at 22 degrees. I discovered the first kids of the year in my east pasture this morning. One of my best does gave birth to triplets, two boys and a girl. These kids are the first ones out of a new buck and my older established genetics. I am so excited about the future and the potential of these new kids. I have been eagerly awaiting kids from this buck and now they are here! This article is about some philosophy that I received in a Christmas card this year. I hope that you enjoy it.

I am sure that my Boer goat friends in Minnesota will chuckle when they read this article and see that I am talking about cold weather being 22 degrees as I noticed on the Weather Channel a while ago they Minneapolis is minus 7 degrees this morning with an expected high of 8 above zero. I have discovered that the folks that live in the Midwest are a tough lot and can tolerate extremely cold weather. It is interesting to me that the Boer goats can adjust to this cold weather extremely well. The South African Boer goat is really something special and very adaptable from hot desert climates in Africa to snow at 12,000 feet in the mountains of Europe.

I remember the first seminar that I gave was held at the farm of a Boer goat friend named Susan Schrupp in Galien, Michigan. It was early October and I managed to be there on the day of their first winter snow. The main part of the seminar was "hands-on" demonstration with live goats in an open part of the barn. I was under the cover of a roof but the audience was standing outside in the weather with short sleeved t-shirts and the temperature was 31 degrees. Talk about tough! They stood out in the elements for several hours while I talked about goats. Of course, there was hot apple cider and cookies for refreshments and everyone seem to keep a little warmer getting a cup of apple cider from time to time.

I have written many articles over the past 15 years about the many boundless blessings that my Boer goats have given to me but perhaps the richest blessings are in the many people that I have

met and the many friends that I have made due to Boer goats. Literally hundreds and perhaps thousands of people have visited my ranch to look at Boer goats and share the experiences with me. I learn something from everyone that drives through my front gate.

I look forward to Christmas time when I get Christmas cards from around the world from my "goat friends." One Christmas card this year was a very special one that contained a wonderful poem that has meant a lot to me. This card came from a friend in Oklahoma whom I have talked to on the telephone from time to time for almost 15 years. His name is Harold Griffith. Harold and I finally met this year when he made a visit to the ranch. It was great to meet him after all these years and have the chance to put a face with a name. Harold and I have discussed many topics relating to goats and goat raising and I have learned a lot from him.

The Christmas card that he sent me this year is perhaps one of the best cards I have ever received because of the poem that appeared inside the card. The verses in this poem really caught my eye and the poem said a lot to me. In fact, this poem may change my life and the way I live from day to day. The title of the poem is "Take Time To See" and was written by Ray F. Zaner.

I would like to share this poem with you now.

TAKE TIME TO SEE

It seems so hard to understand  
As I look out across the land  
That all I view belongs to me.  
I ought to take more time to see!  
The distant hills and mountains high,  
The rolling clouds and bright blue sky,  
No one can take these views from me  
As long as I have eyes to see.  
A timid deer with haunting look  
Who stands refreshed by yonder brook  
Knows not that he belongs to me.  
Oh, what a thrilling sight to see!  
The song of birds so gay and clear  
That fill the morning air with cheer,  
And fragrant flowers of every hue,  
That stand erect bedecked with dew.  
All these and more belong to me,  
If I but use my eyes to see.  
When evening shadows gather nigh  
And twinkling stars light up the sky  
I hear My Master say to me  
"I made it all for you to see."  
My heart grows warm with faith and pride  
To know that He is by my side.  
Ray F. Zaner

May Peace be your Gift at Christmas and your Treasure through  
all the year!  
Until next time.....

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