

GENE'S Favorite Poem

The Cremation of Sam McGee by Robert Service

There are strange things done in the midnight sun By the men who
moil for gold; The Arctic trails have their secret tales That would
make your blood run cold; The Northern Lights have seen queer
sights, But the queerest they ever did see Was that night on the
marge of Lake Lebarge I cremated Sam McGee.

On a Christmas Day we were mushing our way over the Dawson
trail. Talk of your cold! through the parka's fold it stabbed like a
driven nail. And that very night, as we lay packed tight in our robes
beneath the snow, And the dogs were fed, and the stars o'erhead
were dancing heel and toe, He turned to me, and "Cap," says
he, "I'll cash in this trip, I guess; And if I do, I'm asking that you
won't refuse my last request." "It's the cursed cold, and it's got right
hold till I'm chilled clean through to the bone. Yet 'tain't being dead
-- it's my awful dread of the icy grave that pains; So I want you to
swear that, foul or fair, you'll cremate my last remains."

He crouched on the sleigh, and he raved all day of his home in
Tennessee; And before nightfall a corpse was all that was left of
Sam McGee. Now a promise made is a debt unpaid, and the trail
has its own stern code. In the days to come, though my lips were
dumb, in my heart how I cursed that load. And every day that quiet
clay seemed to heavy and heavier grow; And on I went, though the
dogs were spent and the grub was getting low; The trail was bad,
and I felt half mad, but I swore I would not give in; And I'd often sing
to the hateful thing, and it hearkened with a grin.

Till I came to the marge of Lake Lebarge, and a derelict there lay;
It was jammed in the ice, but I saw in a trice it was called the "Alice
May". And I looked at it, and I thought a bit, and I looked at my
frozen chum; Then "Here," said I, with a sudden cry, "is my cre-mator-
eum." Some planks I tore from the cabin floor, and I lit the boiler
fire; Some coal I found that was lying around, and I heaped the fuel
higher; The flames just soared, and the furnace roared -- such a
blaze you seldom see; And I burrowed a hole in the glowing coal,
and I stuffed in Sam McGee.

Then I made a hike, for I didn't like to hear him sizzle so;
And the heavens scowled, and the huskies howled, and the wind
began to blow; I do not know how long in the snow I wrestled with
grisly fear; But the stars came out and they danced about ere again
I ventured near; I was sick with dread, but I bravely said: "I'll just
take a peep inside. I guess he's cooked, and it's time I looked"; . . .
then the door I opened wide.

And there sat Sam, looking cool and calm, in the heart of the
furnace roar; And he wore a smile you could see a mile, and he
said: "Please close that door. It's fine in here, but I greatly fear
you'll let in the cold and storm -- Since I left Plumtree, down in
Tennessee, it's the first time I've been warm."

There are strange things done in the midnight sun by men who moil
for gold; the arctic trails have their secret tales that would make
your blood run cold; The northern lights have seen queer sights,
but he queerest they ever did see was that night on the marge of
Lake Lebarge I cremated Sam McGee

Gene Rexroat



January 5, 1926 - September 5, 2014

Twenty-Third Psalm

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil:
for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:
thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:
and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

In Loving Memory of
Dale Eugene Rexroat



Dale Eugene (Gene) Rexroat, 88, of Sheridan, passed away on Friday, September 5, 2014 at his home.

Gene was born on January 5, 1926 to Dale and Alta (Shores) Rexroat in Ogden, UT. The family moved to Sheridan, WY when Gene was 12 years old. Gene went to school in Sheridan. In 1944 he was drafted into the Army and served in Italy in WWII. He was discharged from the service in 1946. After returning to Sheridan from the war, he was married to Patricia Ruth Bertie in 1950. Following Patricia's death in 2002, Gene married Sondra Badgett in 2005. In 1953 he went to work at the Ash Creek Oil Field where he worked until his retirement. Gene served the youth of the Sheridan community as a Boy Scout Master and as an instructor at the Big Horn Mountain Jr. Gun Club. Gene enjoyed hunting, fishing, woodworking and traveling.

Gene was a member of the Holy Trinity Catholic Anglican Church and was a life time member of the NRA. He was also a member of the Elks, Masonic Lodge Big Horn Mtn. Lodge 43, Sheridan York Rite Body, and the Kalif Shrine.

Gene was preceded in death by his parents, his first wife, Patricia, and two sisters. He is survived by his wife, Sondra Rexroat of Sheridan, his sons; Mark Rexroat of Sheridan, WY, Bruce (Dori) Rexroat of WYarno, WY, Scott (Linda) Rexroat of Gillette, WY, Kirk (Holly) Rexroat of Banner, WY, and his brother Richard (Effie) Rexroat of Sheridan, WY. Also by his grandchildren; Samantha (Nick) Knesebeck of Sheridan, WY, Toni Rexroat of Cheyenne, WY, Josie (Scott) Jordan of Gillette, WY, Kalob Rexroat of Sheridan, WY and four great grandchildren; Miranda, Nadine, Hallie and Ramiee.

DATE OF BIRTH	DATE OF DEATH
January 5, 1926 Ogden, Utah	September 5, 2014 Sheridan, Wyoming

CELEBRATION OF LIFE

Friday, September 12, 2014, at 10:00 am
Masonic Lodge
With Military Honors

OFFICIATING

Father Lewis Sheperd

MASONIC FUNERAL SERVICE

Al Badgett, Larry McFarland

A reception immediately following the service.

Memorials to honor Gene can be made to the
Kalif Shriner's Hospital Travel Fund
PO Box K
Sheridan, WY 82801
or to the Hospice of the Big Horns
PO Box 391
Sheridan, WY 82801

Kane
Funeral Home
www.kanefuneral.com