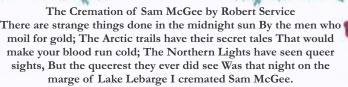
GENE'S Favorite Poem



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-matoreum." 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







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.

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 Badget 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.

In Loving Memory of

Dale Eugene Rexroat

DATE OF BIRTH

January 5, 1926 Ogden, Utah

DATE OF DEATH

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