

In Wyoming, they despise politicians at the circle P

Dawn was breaking over the Circle P in Western Wyoming. The Sun had just barely broken above the East horizon and the growing light cast an eerie pinkish glow on the Grand Tetons. A few puffy clouds lingered at the top of the peaks but would soon disappear from the Sun's rising heat. The sky was not yet blue. The deciduous trees on the hillside had already turned to several shades of yellow and orange but appeared in dark tones because of the early morning light. Winter was just around the corner.

The valley below the ranch house was still shrouded in a low ground fog. A horse's rump and head without any legs and a hundred fence-post tops in a row appeared above the fog, like a pastel picture only half painted.

John Pantrell stretched his arms into the air as he drank in the morning scene from the picture window of their ranch house. As he slowly lowered his arms, Jenny, John's wife, still in her robe, snuggled under one of his arms in a sideways hug and shared the beauty of the new day that was just now presenting itself to the Pantrell's of Wyoming. John and Jenny could but linger for a short while in the rapture of the moment. There was much work to be done before the Sun would set again on the Circle P. Jenny broke away from their hug to wake up their two children and then headed for the kitchen. John started towards the bathroom to shave and get dressed.

John was a fifth generation Wyoming rancher. He had inherited their eleven hundred-acre cattle ranch from a long-line of independent, self-reliant, tough pioneer stock Pantrells, born and bred from the days of the old West. John and Jenny met in high school and a loving bond between them was forged almost

instantly. Jenny was the daughter of another long-time Wyoming rancher. Both were the product of the American free spirit, who daily stared adversity in the face and pressed forward, no matter what was in their way.

White smoke was already billowing from the stack on the bunkhouse. The cowboys of the Circle P were getting ready for a long day in the saddle. A good portion of the herd was in the upper pastures and had to be brought down to the lower valley. The upper pastures would soon be covered in several feet of snow and they could lose part of the herd should they delay the drive much longer. And there were still some calves that needed branding.

Not one person on the Circle P was giving any thought to what was going on in the Capitol of Wyoming, much less Washington DC. There was a job to be done, a nation to be fed and no one in either Capitol would or could help John and Jenny with that job. If anything, the people in those capitols, with their "finger" on the legislative and regulation trigger, could only make John and Jenny's job that much harder because of the draconian laws and regulations they have or would pass, laws that only affected rural landowners and the food producers of America. Each law and regulation these arrogant "suits" passed, only drove the cost of food higher and made it more difficult for the independent farmers and ranchers to stay in business.

If the truth was known, most of the farmers and ranchers of America despise politicians and government. They don't want or need government help. They just want to be left alone, like millions of other Americans.

John and Jenny have to rely on their skill, accumulated experience, knowledge and inherited wisdom and they can only hope that will be enough to save them from the ravages of what Mother Nature can throw at them, without warning, at any time. Hot dry spells, gully washers, wind storms, long snowy

winters, pest infections and low crop yields were and are, an annual reality anyone of which could wipe out the meager profits they hoped to achieve each year anyone of which could make it difficult to pay the bank loans they take out between crop and herd payoffs.

The characteristics bred into the John's and Jenny's of Wyoming, living free, along with all the other men and women in all the states who feed this nation, are the backbone of her soul. They are the front line against the raw fury of the weather and the land that try to thwart these brave Americans from completing the vital work they do. When they lose, they endure. When they win, they share.

These people don't have to be plucked off of rooftops after a blizzard, a windstorm, or a tornado by government. If in trouble they help each other. If one is down, the others come to their rescue. When times are good, they celebrate. When times are bad, they get to work. That stark contrast between good times and bad times forges a kind of American that is strong, resilient, self-reliant and fiercely independent, like the Americans of yesteryear.

All other Americans, along with millions of men, women and children around the world, owe their very lives to the inherited strength and perseverance of American men and women, like John and Jenny, who choose to challenge nature and extract from it the sustenance, without which none of us could live.

True Americans live in all of the Western States, not just Wyoming. But it is the hard, tough, independent countenance of those who choose to live out their lives on the high plateau or valleys of a wild land that put food on our tables. They carry the scars of battle with nature and proudly wear the badge of liberty at any cost. This stalwart character is the backbone of those brave Americans who choose to challenge the land, the weather and the government to grow the food and the

livestock that feed us all. This being Thanksgiving week, each of us owes a debt of gratitude and thanks to the farmers and ranchers of America for the plentiful bounty on our tables.

Like many Americans who make their living from the land, the Pantells thought they could live their lives without interference from their government as the Constitution promises, but they were wrong. John and Jenny and every landowner in America must face that intractable enemy government, "who erect a multitude of new offices and send hither swarms of officers to harass us and eat out our substance." (See "I Must Keep Running")

Unfortunately, the government and the environmentalists will not leave them alone. But then, could a bunch of educated idiots, dressed in dark suits, in a far off city, inhabited by a crowd of dependent free loaders, be any tougher to tackle than what Mother Nature has been throwing at them for their entire lives?

Should American ranchers and farmers collectively turn their attention away from the weather and the land for awhile, and towards the government that now haunts them, the government would be wise to put their ears to the ground and listen for the hoof beats of an angry four horsemen. (See "Session or War – American West Against the East")

Like most of the seventeen Western States, strong individuals inhabit the state of Wyoming, individuals that are imbued with an indomitable spirit, a spirit forged from adversity. Over 70% of the people in all but one county in Wyoming, voted for Trump. Only 22% voted for Hillary Clinton and those 22% came from the government workers that manage Yellowstone National Park in Teton County.

In fact, most of the Western States, all the way up to the Pacific coast mountain range, voted for Trump. There are exceptions of course in those states with a large illegal

alien and Latino population in the big cities of New Mexico and Colorado, or those who smoke pot.

But cross over that mountain range to the coastal cities of Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland and Seattle and you will find a cesspool of government dependency and an ingrained Progressive-Liberal-Democrat half-stoned mentality. They are the ones that want legalized marijuana, government handouts, \$15.00 minimum wages, free health care, free college tuition and sanctuary cities. They don't care who has to pay for those handouts or the illegal aliens and in their minds they believe the handouts are their "unalienable" right. These big-city coastal inhabitants in the West are the ones who voted for socialists Bernie Sanders and Hillary Clinton. (See: "Big Cities Spawn Corrupt Socialists Like Hillary Clinton")

Sadly, there are more people who live in dependent big cities than those that live on the land. If they all voted, and one day they will, American will become a third-world socialist nation and there isn't one thing that rural America can do to stop it except stop producing the food the big cities consume. Farmers and ranchers literally hold the power of life and death in their callused hands. One day they may have to use that power. If collectively, the agricultural and livestock producers of America withheld production for just one week, they could bring America to its knees.

America's "fly-over country" gives this warning to all politicians and bureaucrats who mistakenly believe that they are the aristocrats that have the divine, royal right and full legal authority to rule us. Whether it be the ranchers and farmers of the Western states, or the patriots who live urban or rural, millions of people, like the Wyoming Pantells, came for you on the night of November 8, 2016 to explain to you that you ARE NOT the law, nor are you ABOVE the law and your temporary authority comes from the states and the people.

We told you that your corruption, double-dealing and backroom

shenanigans would not stand. We told you that we would not accept a hopelessly corrupt, pathological liar to become president of the United States, even if she is a woman. We told you that a sovereign America comes first. We told you that we will seal America's borders and deport the illegal alien law breakers among us. We told you that this business-as-usual in a Progressive-socialist, one-world-order you have been trying to create can be broken up and sent to the scrap heap. And further, we told you that you are obligated to abide by the Constitution to which you swear on solemn oath to preserve, protect and defend, so help you God. We intend to hold you to that oath.

While we still are a free nation (sort of) American farmers and ranchers are in for a rough ride from local, state and federal bureaucracies and environmentalists. A President Trump may try to bring some relief but he can't fix all of what ails landowners overnight, or even in a four-year term. Nevertheless, it isn't time to throw in the towel yet.

There are tools landowners can use to make that ride a little smoother. They can hold government at bay, confuse them, or stop them in their tracks with the right tools. As advocates for all American rural landowners for over 10 years, from Florida to Alaska, we have developed some of those effective tools. They can be found on our two websites. For rural landowners click [HERE](#) and for rural and urban dwellers click [HERE](#). If you are a rural landowner, or even an urban dweller, you owe to it to yourself to check out these websites and gain the knowledge that can slow government down, hold them at bay, confuse them, or even stop them in their tracks, when they come calling. We know. We and other Americans have used these legal tools and have thwarted government actions with targeted resistance and without a high-paid lawyer.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Our story about the Pantells of Wyoming is fictional, however the strong message of self-reliance, independence and freedom it delivers, is not.

[EDITORS NOTE: The opinion in this article is the opinion of the author and is not necessarily the opinion of NewsWithViews.com, it's employees, representatives, or other contributing writers.]

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