

PATRICK LEE MOSES

1951-2015

Patrick Lee Moses, the second child and second son, of Millard (Scotty) Moses and his wife Phyllis Pierson, was born July 31, 1951 in Buffalo, WY. He joined the first son Michael Albert Moses. His brother Charles David Moses and two sisters—Jacque and Faye Irene, followed him. He was schooled mainly in the Ten Sleep elementary and high schools and graduated from Ten Sleep H.S. in 1969. He was happy as an FFA student and spent 25 years serving as a ranch hand, five years as a truck driver and 6 years as a construction hand and mechanic. He concluded with a 10-15 years cowboying in Colorado and Wyoming.

For pastime and extra activities he followed the mushroom circuit and bought and sold mushrooms in Oregon, Washington, California and Idaho. He was an Honor Graduate of the Advanced Individual training at Ft. Leonard Wood, MO 1973 and served in the National Guard for a time. He loved to write poetry and he has been published by the Western Poetry Association, the National Library of Poetry and the International Society of Poetry and had one book of poetry compiled by Faye V. Moses Bell. He is the third male Moses poet following William Tewes (800 in Wales) and William Moses (1899 in Wales).

He married Rosemary Clegg in August 1975; Tina Sinclair in June 1985 and Christine Irrigari in October 1988. He has one daughter Jacque Sue Ernest Deen born in 1986 and two grandsons—all three of the last mentioned live in Worland, WY.

Patrick died July 26, 2015 while working on a ranch near Manderson-Hyattville area. A memorial service was held August 29, 2015 in Ten Sleep, WY and his cremains scattered over the Bighorns and where the cowboys trail their cattle.

MEMORIES: Pat was a lovable fellow with an optimistic attitude and took his troubles along with his triumphs without a stumble. He was super kind and caring to me as his Aunt and I miss his good humor and frequent calls. Faye V. Bell

Blue Eyes, Blue P.J.'s and Blue Rendezvous

By Faye Virginia Bell, 2015

He was wearing blue p.j.s with the feet that was the style.
He hung over his father's shoulder and showed a smile
Big and toothy—that was Pat—never Paddy--
As he got someone to carry him, much preferring Daddy.¹

Then at the house on the hill, summer was always rich--.
Climb the trees, tell funny stories, wade in the ditch!²
And be spoiled along with the cousins and laugh all day!
Go to sleep, breathing deep, sleeping on the lawn;
Outside from quiet night, through starlight until dawn.

¹ As I watched them leave our house, I got the impression that this little person was wide awake as he saw his own retreat, but that 'dad' (Scotty) might have thought he had been asleep!

² Pat Moses spent a couple of weeks one summer with me and my family; he seemed to love it.

Always restless, as a cowboy, his horse he kneed over
Cactus and soap weed, blooming sage and clover;
Didn't wait for weather to change to the good--
But ride that horse, love that colt, bale that hay,
Never give up and never just ride away!

Then an angel came and wakened him from death
He'd laid there for a week and hardly drew a breath—
A phone call awakened him and he came back to start again!³
Rode the horse, stacked the bales, laughed with every whim--
This time he knew of Heav'n and would recognize it when
It cut the lines to Earth and one last time beckoned him.

³ Pat ended up in the hospital around Ft Bragg. Phyllis and Scotty told me how sick he was and I took a phone No. of the hospital in California from them and called. He told me later that he had seen nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing until he heard my voice that day. I feel blessed I was the caller when he was ready to stay.



Jacque, Pat, Mike, Faye Irene and Charles (left to r