



Isaiah Heimann's game face would intimidate a mad bull.

# Both Teams Make Wins in Mule Movin'

Brute strength was the name of the game out on Tuesday's stretch of the trail. All hands saddled up in inner tubes and gave a great heave-ho to topple their tennis balls before their opponents could. There was quite the huffin' and puffin'. Don't go thinkin' that only the big dogs came out on top—there were some notable tiny but mighty efforts. In the end, the robust Rancher ladies plain out-tugged their opponents, earning 30 cows for the Red herd.

However it was the Cowboys that crushed it in the gentlemen's arena winning 30 cows for Blue.



How would our trailhands have the stamina to move them mules without our cookie crew? We tip our hats to the ladies and gentlemen in the chuckwagon who keep us well fed on the trail. They serve with sweet smiles, but

there's rumors flyin' about their former occupations; we know better than to get in their way whilst they's a slicin' and choppin'. Mrs. Moffitt, is that a knife or a katana?



Boy howdy, if Ariella Vincent ain't the spittin' image of her pa.



Deputy Andrew Carter reported that Wednesday morning's bunkhouse inspections turned up the usual bribery attempts. Them tenderhoofs oughter know by now that bribery won't get them any—wait, are those Oreos?

## Trail Meetin' Report

During Tuesday's chapel, our attentions were drawn to Christ's example as a model disciple. Trail meditations focused on how self-denial plays its part in Christlikeness. During the evening service, we learned from Daniel's example of self-denial as a young man in a pagan culture whose heart is totally devoted to his Lord, no matter the consequences. For the choices you make, do you have Scriptural confidence that your choices are pleasing to God?



After Mule Movin', trail bosses gathered their cowpokes for further reflection on their morning devotions.

