

# **THE FLOOD OF '83**

Sarge Lintecum © 1992

One time when city livin'  
Became more than I could afford,  
I took my wife and children  
To a place with free room and board.

We moved out in the boonies  
And in case a ranger came,  
So we could be there legal,  
I decided to stake a claim.

We made our camp at the junction  
Of Temporal and Gringo Gulch.  
The scenery was breathtaking  
And the soil felt like mulch.

I stacked stones at each corner  
Till they were three feet high.  
I didn't have a measuring tape  
So I did it all by eye.

For two months we were happy;  
The kids had room to run.  
I made them bows and arrows;  
Our days were filled with fun.

Then the sky turned black with thunder  
And lightening crashed all around.  
We brought our two dobie guard dogs  
In the truck so they wouldn't drown.

Four days and nights the rain came down  
But we stayed dry inside,  
Till some town folks came sayin' we should come in  
Before the stream's too wide.

We got a rope across the water  
So we could all hang on,  
'Cause if you were to fall on a slippery rock  
In a second you would be gone.

Well we all made it out to safety  
And soon we were dry and warm,  
But you know when I think back on those days

**I don't hardly think of the storm.**

**I can see my wife smile by the campfire;**

**I can hear her sweet laugh in the sun.**

**She made us prickly pear jelly**

**To go on a freshly baked bun.**

**You could say back then we were homeless,**

**But I just remember the fun.**

**When the worst times leave you fond memories,**

**You know that you're with the right one.**