

To the GREATEST bunch of Gentlemen I know,

Jimmie Thompson, My Daddy, was an amazing, caring, loving, compassionate man who would give anything to anyone if they needed it, at any time no matter what the consequence to him. He loved his friends with an unconditional heart and you could ever tell which were new and which were old, because he never met a stranger. I have never met anyone who didn't LOVE him, whether for his tender heart, affectionate nature or his oversized obnoxious wit. He was the biggest pain in the butt that you “never” wanted to go away, “missed” him when he did and “couldn't wait” for him to return to see what he would do next.

As always, he was looking forward to Rodeo 2010, but he wasn't able to make it, physically at least. As I sat through the Scramble meetings with you, I would catch a glimpse of him sitting there with us smiling and laughing as the kid's got “warmed up” with HPD, as they learned the fine art of haltering their calf properly, always “making sure that the smooth part of the **LARGE TWISTED LOOP** faced down towards the end of their calf's nose” and cheering as they left to go over to the arena. When we got over to “115”, I would see him there standing in the middle of you “BS”ing, telling stories that seem to get more extravagant as the years go by. I would catch a glimpse of him standing in the funnel clapping and cheering “his kids” on as they came out of the section to go on to the biggest thrill of their lives, and even after 47 years, the biggest thrill of his too. As you guys took the arena, he was there, the camera would pan around and I would see him on the big screen in the background and as quickly as it flashed to another shot, he was gone.

I wanted you guys to know that Dad LOVED you so very much! The day he met each and every one of you, you became “Family” to him. He always talked of ya'll with a smile on his face and a sparkle in his eyes. He cherished every moment he spent with you whether at Scramble, Cowboy Lodge, or D.A.'s. You were and always will be “Family” and I wanted to thank you for loving Dad as much as I do.

Jimmie's Daughter,

Becky

Think of him as living,  
in the hearts of those he touched;  
For nothing loved is ever lost,  
and he was loved so much!

