

Hi, I want to send you something and tell you about my husband John D. "Dan" Lengefeld (aka Capt. A.H. "Hamp" Cox, who used to be a member...donated lots of "stuff" for the range years ago, and felt like the Cabs were his home away from home. He had to give up shooting of all kinds...hunting, etc. due to advancing Alzheimer's Dementia...he couldn't keep up with the



stages and felt like he was not "gun safe" anymore. I shot with the Cabs a few times, and other organizations with my husband as Texana Trueheart. We attended and shot together on numerous posses in the state of Texas. His CAS days were among his fondest memories. Dan has been fighting a 10 year battle with Alzheimer's...his mother died with it, as did his grandfather. These past few years have been keeping a low profile and routine to keep him as comfortable as he could be without stressors. Very recently he was starting go downhill to the point he is now in an Alzheimer's facility...some days he doesn't know who I or his children and grandchildren are. He needs help with his activities of daily living.

What I want to share with you is a document I found going through some of his papers...I think he posted it or wanted to post it on the Cabs forum back when it was written in 2003 when he was active. It brought tears to my eyes when I read it. I am giving a copy to our son, and I wanted to send it to you....if you wish to share it with some of your club members, please feel free to do so. **Read his story on the next page.**

Sincerely,  
Cheryl Lengefeld (aka Texana Trueheart)

2003

***Halleluiah. A long dry spell is over (in more ways than one). Today, for the first time in nearly 18 months, I was able to shoot in a Cowboy match.***

Two eye surgeries and cervical spine surgery during the past year and a half were obviously necessary to my physical well being, but definitely put the quietus to my favorite recreational and social pastime – Cowboy Action Shooting. Today, I had so many pleasurable experiences in such a short time span it's a wonder I'm not back in the hospital suffering from an overdose of happy.

First off this morning, the storm clouds lifted (we'd had over two and a half inches of rain over two days) and the forecast called for sunshine and 70-degree temps. Being an optimist, the truck was already loaded with guns, ammo, etc. and my cowboy duds were laid out. Grabbed a bite of breakfast and headed east to a ranch near Driftwood, TX where the Tejas Caballeros hold their monthly CAS matches. There, I met my son, who was to shoot his first ever cowboy match. There, also, I was to meet our very own Big Hext Finnigan for the first time. Little did I know that I was about to see him voted in as the new president of the Tejas Caballeros. If you have the opportunity, I bet Old Hext wouldn't mind a congratulatory word or two.

After the election and other administrative activities were finished, we got started with what was one of my more enjoyable CAS matches. Our posse consisted of shooters with a wide range of shooting experience and age, from a pre-teen to a couple of "senior citizens" (me and another one). The stages were well thought out and sufficiently challenging to keep you on your toes. Anticipating having to coach my son through his first match, I was very pleasantly surprised when he turned in a performance (without my help) that was definitely not novice in nature. I didn't see the score sheets, but I think he had at least three and possibly four clean stages of the seven he shot. Was I proud? What do you think? On top of that, I surprised myself with my own performance. Three clean stages, and a much better showing than I had anticipated, considering my lack of recent practice, and my first competition with lens implants. The only thing that could have made it better would have been if Texana Truehaeart (my CAS shooting partner and wife) could have also shot with us.

For those of you who live in and around Central Texas, if you haven't ever shot with the Tejas Caballeros, I encourage you to if you have an opportunity. They are "good people" and I know they'll treat you right. They make good chili, too.

Hamp

