

My name is Ronnie Dixon and I am a Nevada buckaroo. From as long ago as I can remember, I've been riding. Once I rode for 17 hours straight, moving cattle in the Battle Mountains. I've broken some bones while riding, broke my arm, back, collar bone, pelvis and most of my ribs. These injuries were no big deals. But finding out I had diabetes, now that caught my attention.

I knew I couldn't heal diabetes by myself. Diabetes is not like a sprained ankle. I went to the clinic and told myself, whatever the medical people told me to do, I was going to do it. Keep my appointments. Knock off sugar. Take my pills. Test my blood sugar three times a day. Tough as I thought I was, it took me awhile to get strong again.

But the blessing came. The health care staff educated me. I listened to them, followed their directions. I started getting healthy with diabetes.

I didn't start jogging or going to a gym. I got back in the saddle. I started riding more and doing more horse chores. That's my life. That's my lifestyle.

I've lost weight. My A1c is 5.3. I feel good. I learned I can control diabetes. I can do it by sticking with my buckaroo lifestyle.