

"I've always been a hard worker – still am – but while I was working on August 19, 2002, my life changed forever."



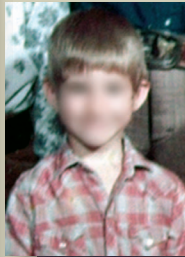
My Name Is...

MARTIN ADAMSEN

“We all helped on the farm. I fed the calves and did the sheep chores and hog chores. By the time I was 11, I had learned to drive tractors and pickups and to take care of the vehicles on our ranch.”

My Early Years

I was born on July 27, 1971, on a ranch just north of Seal, Nebraska. It was a farm-ranch, I guess you'd call it – 960 acres. We had corn and alfalfa. We raised watermelons. And then we had dairy cows, hogs and cattle. I had three older brothers and a sister. My dad was in the process of buying the ranch when I was young. Like all Nebraska ranch families we each had work to do every day – chores of our own that had to be done. We started our chores in the morning before 6 a.m. and we went to school about 8 a.m. and that was 24 miles away – about an hour and a half each way, by the time the bus dropped off all the other kids. In the summers we worked for the neighbors, too, if they needed help. I raked hay for a neighbor one summer. We helped them pick up bales. One summer mom and dad went on vacation



and my brother Allen and I stayed home. We were working three different herds of cows. Depending on the time of year, it was often dark when we started the work day and dark again in the evening when we got back to the house.



My mom, at left, and dad, on the right, worked hard like the rest of us. I'm the little guy in the front row in this picture. My sister Ann and oldest brothers Matt and Ryan are in the back row. The boy next to me is my brother, Zack.



"I owe a lot to my mother, Amy, who died in 2006 and my dad, Dennis, who thankfully is still living. It was hard on them in 1987 when we lost the ranch and had to move into town."



My parents are Amy (top left) and Dennis Adamsen (above). My grandparents (left) established our family in Nebraska.