



Wildwood Farm CLIPS & CLOPS Oak Harbor

June 2023

YOUR NEIGH-BORHOOD HULLABALOO

CREATED & EDITED BY HEATHER CARDER

MERCY

By Madeline Smith

Brian had died six months earlier of a massive coronary. There was nothing Pam could have done even if she had been there, and she hadn't; she had been inside cooking dinner. When he didn't come in on time, she had stomped out to the barn, fired up with her habitual annoyance (he dallied over everything), and found him lying face down in the frozen mud of the paddock. He had been thawing the horses' water. They weren't even his concern, the horses. He was a lawyer, not a farmer; he didn't even like to ride. Yet he would do such a thing — to help her out, to mark his pleasure in the crazy, animal-filled circus that was his home life. He had loved all of that: the chickens sneaking into the sunroom; the mice making nests in the horse blankets; the rich, crowing absurdity of having three children and six horses and four dogs and two cats and God only knew how many chickens and goats and ducks. He would come home from work and stretch out on the couch, sated, an only child surrounded by fecundity.

The farm had been Brian's idea. If he had to be married to a horse person, he said, why not move to where the horses

were? That way he'd at least get to catch a glimpse of her galloping by. It was the kind of quip he used at cocktail parties and barbecues, places where he was likely to meet other beleaguered horse husbands, but the truth was he had been generous about her need to ride, even after the twins were born. "Go ahead," he'd say, and she would put on her riding boots and go, her body light with relief.

What was it she loved so much? Riding was hard, hot work, repetitive and often frustrating, and yet she always felt better afterwards. It was a language her body understood: the pressure of the legs; the live wire of the reins inside her hands; and beneath — listening, responding — the wild, unknowable horse.

They were down to only six horses now: three boarders, two ponies for the kids, and Ace, Pam's four-year-old Thoroughbred. Ace was the best she'd ever had, the first with even a prayer of competing at the advanced level, but she had stopped training him when Brian died. He had become just another low priority, like getting a haircut or cleaning the car. When she went to his stall he stretched his head over the door to sniff her face with his soft, whiskery nostrils. He was a beauty, a real mover. Even when he was hacking around in the

pasture you could see it — the springing stride, that natural ease. And he had heart. Meaning that he was willing; he would give you everything he had, not because you forced him, but because that was how he was.

People had begun to suggest that she sell him. Her mother-in-law, her sister; They thought it was too much, caring for all those horses — too much time, too much money, too risky leaving the kids alone every morning. Those were all reasons Pam could dismiss, but there was another, better one: she had no right to keep him if she was going to let him go to waste. She ran her hand along the crest of his neck. Already he had lost muscle. *I should sell him*, she told herself. One morning, after dropping her kids off for the weekend with friends, she came home from the grocery store and found Ace with his nose in the grain bin. Fear shot through her: she had forgotten to shut the paddock door.

That terrible night, when Pam had spotted Brian lying so strangely on the frozen ground, her mind had refused. *No* was what she had thought. Not a plea or a prayer but a command: *No*. Even as she ran to call the ambulance; even when the EMT turned away in defeat; even the next day, when

Continued on page 11

WHAT'S TRENDING NOW

Magnetic Bridle Holder

The Barnery magnetic bridle holder is good for your horse

If you care about the safety of your horse and haven't found a suitable bridle holder that protects your horse from injuries on the stable aisle, then we have the perfect solution for you.

- **Safety:** This bridle holder is horse-friendly due to its rounded design and minimizes the risk of your horse getting injured on sharp edges or pointed hooks of traditional hangers or screws.
- **Use and attachment:** The magnetic bridle holder is mobile and can be used anywhere you need it. The strong magnet holds the holder on any magnetic surface such as metal. The magnetic bridle holder allows you to attach it without drilling or screwing. While you can easily remove the mobile bridle holder with one simple hand movement, your horse can only do so with strong force.

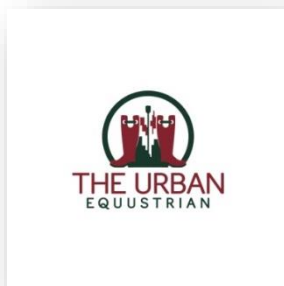


- **Durability and sustainability:** The magnetic bridle holder is made of bio-plastic (PLA) that is produced without oil and is biodegradable. Due to its nature, the halter holder is robust, durable and wear-resistant and does not offer your horse the opportunity to damage the magnetic bridle holder.
- **Design:** You can choose from many different colors for your magnetic holder and have the logo elegantly printed in gold, rose gold, or silver on your product. Your mobile bridle holder is customizable and personalizable upon request.

www.barnery.de

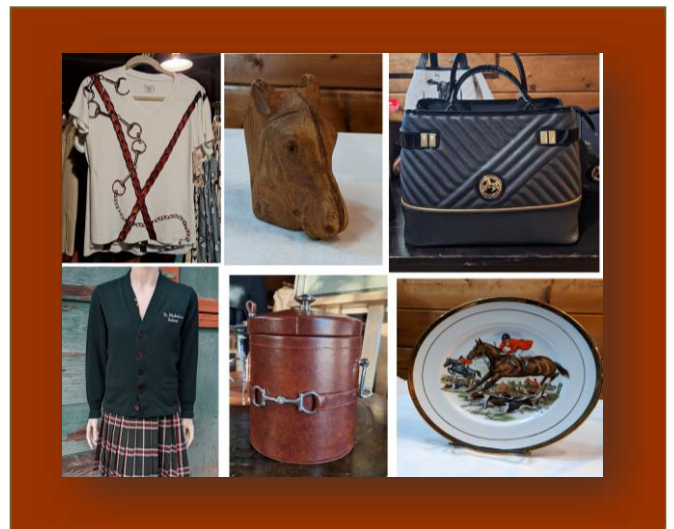


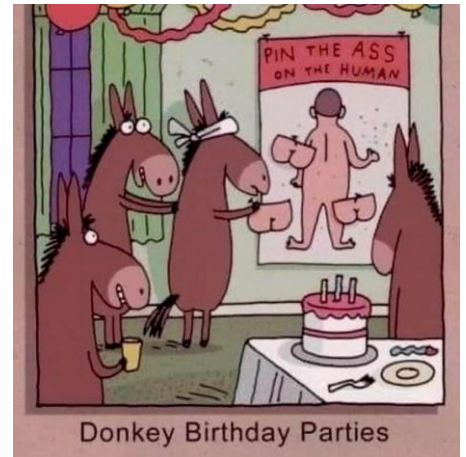
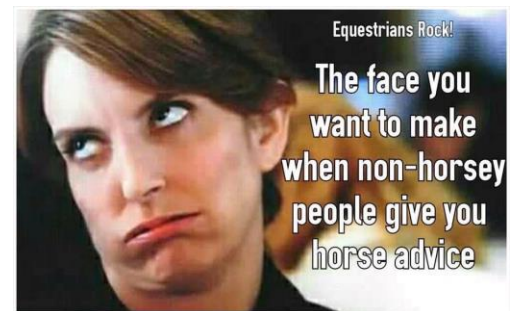
Our Store is currently open by Appointment



Shop Online!
www.thenoblehorsevintage.com

New Items for June





Equestrians literally PAY people to judge them. If that isn't confidence i dont know what is

Husband: do NOT take the trailer to the sale you are not bringing anything home!

Me :



WILDWOOD FARM B&B



This is your moment.

Today at Wildwood Farm B&B



A Database Administrator learned
*There are far better things ahead
than we leave behind.*

Immerse yourself in the equestrian world at Wildwood Farm B&B located on beautiful Whidbey Island.

Our ranch has a long history of igniting the spark between horses and humans, whether you want a small introduction or total immersion.

Come experience the power of possibility with these magnificent creatures and explore the abundance of silent repose.

www.wildwoodfarmbandb.com

WILDWOOD FARM HAS IT ALL!

PACIFIC NORTHWEST
PNWA
Riding Academy



“We will never have to tell our horse that we are sad, happy, confident, angry or relaxed. He already knows—long before we do.”

-Marijke de Jong



“It is the horse’s gift to connect us with heaven and our own footsteps.”

-Ronnie Sweet



WWW.PNWRiding.com

PACIFIC NORTHWEST
RIDING ACADEMY

SELECTED POEMS

Donna Steiner

DONNA STEINER's writing has been published in *Fourth Genre*, *Shenandoah*, and *Stone Canoe*, and she is a contributing writer for *Hippocampus Magazine*. She teaches at the State University of New York at Oswego and recently completed a manuscript of linked essays.

Selected Poems was printed in THE SUN magazine in July of 2000

WHAT HORSES DREAM

Horses' dreams are strenuous and brief, like a well-run quarter mile. Or sensuous — the dream of forelimbs and haunches kneaded by hands. They dream of swimming and wake startled, ashamed. They dream of racing without obstacle, as though in the sky. But upon waking, horses believe unreservedly that being earthbound is a blessing.

WHAT DOGS DREAM

Dogs dream of water but more often of men. Men's feet and shins and crotches, men's broad hands. Dogs dream that their men will leave them, or dream that they are coming home. They dream in color but with the clarity of black and white. When they wake from a dream, dogs are confused, briefly, but shake it off, as though emerging from a bath. In less than a minute, even the most lovely dream is forgotten, leaving open the very question as to what dogs dream.

WHAT CATS DREAM

Cats dream of flying, and of each other. Though they are light sleepers, their dreams have a complexity, and may have recurrent themes. Cats' dreams are like collages, but are not surreal. They have special effects, like slow motion, sophisticated nuances in lighting, and reverberant sound. Cats' dreams can be multilingual, poetic, unclassifiable. Cats dream with their whole bodies and have a hundred words for "dream." A hundred words, and counting.

WHAT COWS DREAM

Cows dream of grasses and speed. Though perceived as lazy, they have active interior lives, as evidenced by the sadness in their eyes. Grazing can become burdensome, less a pleasure than an obligation, yet they dream of the perfect field. Overgrown sweet grass, canopies of shade trees, bird song from a distance. The faint, faint smell of a clear stream. Bees but no flies, and a breeze that cools the flanks. Cows dream of a mild wind that sends pangs through the high grass, like pangs of regret in the heart of the cow who dreams of a horse, a horse at a gallop in an adjacent field.

Nutrition Corner

Anhidrosis in Horses

The condition known as anhidrosis – the complete absence of sweating – can pose serious problems for your horse in the hot weather. If it isn't recognized and treated quickly, potentially fatal heat stroke can result.

Anhidrosis is an inability to sweat properly. In horses it's a big problem with performance ability, because a lot of the thermo-regulation, or the ability to regulate body temperature during exercise, is through sweating. Not being able to sweat leads to overheating and therefore an inability to perform. It's a disease that happens primarily in very hot and humid climates. How it works, as far as we know, is basically the sweat glands get over-stimulated and at some point they shut down entirely.

Fortunately, by observing a horse's physical and physiological signs, anhidrosis can be spotted, especially during limited periods of activity. Visual signs include a slow gait, parched skin that flakes, and visible bald patches. Clinical signs of anhidrosis may present as a faster pulse, higher body temperature, and a higher respiratory rate.

There are a lot of anecdotal treatments used to treat equine anhidrosis, including vitamin E, iodine, and sodium chloride.

Everything from beer (containing yeast extracts and B-vitamins that are helpful in sweat gland function) to clenbuterol (which must be administered by a vet) have had some success.

While there is no proven cure for anhidrosis, most horses can live normal lives with sensible management. And occasionally the condition is transient and these more fortunate horses resume sweating normally once the weather cools. Here are some signs of Anhidrosis:

- Coat remains totally dry and hot to the touch after exercise in very warm weather; can also be slightly damp, mainly under the saddle and between the hind legs;
- Laboured breathing during and long after exercise;
- Lethargy, exhaustion, loss of appetite
- Reduction of water intake;
- Thinning, patchy hair coat, facial hair loss;
- If you suspect anhidrosis, your vet can do an intradermal terbutaline sweat test, injecting a small amount of the drug under the skin of the horse's neck to encourage local sweating, which will not occur in an anhidrotic horse.

WILDWOOD FARM AND TRIPLE CROWN FEEDS.

Our partnership with Triple Crown began in 2014 through a promotion with the USEF encouraging farm members to compare their current feeding programs with Triple Crown products. We have found the TC products to be superior over other products primarily because of the EquiMix technology and the research support of a leading edge team including independent representatives of Equine Universities, Medical clinics and top level riders and trainers

Meet ZIPPENWITCHU

Last Summer we had placed an ad looking for retired horses that might be a good fit for our riding program, as a few of our old friends had passed and we were hoping to bring new partners into our academy.

The search for the ideal school horse can take months, and to truly be able to count on their participation can take over a year. It is the routine and the understanding of their job that makes a school horse invaluable to any program. Once we find a good candidate it can be 6 months or longer until we really trust them with our students.

When the Harris family contacted us about their quarter horse gelding, affectionately known as "LJ" we thought we hit the jackpot. LJ had been a Western Pleasure show horse throughout his career, and it was only because his owner- Emma – was heading away to college that they were willing to find him a new home where he would be useful and loved.



When we met LJ in person we were not disappointed, he was everything they said he was. Well-trained with a lovely mind and work ethic, kind and gentle but with enough education to give our riders a challenge when they were ready. Our instructors agreed that LJ was a keeper and would be an integral part of our riding program, particularly for our more experienced riders. We brought LJ to Wildwood Farm in October of 2022.

Zippenwitchu was born in Nebraska in March of 2003, and has an impressive pedigree on both sides, with his sire and dam line going back to Zippo Pat Bars. With an amazing show career behind him, his new job at Pacific NW Riding Academy brings him just enough work to keep him fit and happy. We are so fortunate to have found this amazing gelding and give him a forever home.



- BAREBACK
- EQUINE
- FARM
- FEED
- FOAL
- FODDER
- GAIT
- GALLOP
- GROOM
- HALTER
- HARNESS
- HOOF
- MANE
- MARE
- NECK
- NEIGH
- NOSE
- PACER
- PASTURE
- RACE
- RIDER
- ROPES
- SADDLE

HORSES

WORD SEARCH PUZZLE

P	M	P	G	Q	O	E	E	K	M	U	R	C	R
I	H	A	O	E	R	E	D	I	R	R	M	L	G
M	I	E	R	U	K	N	F	N	A	O	A	E	N
T	R	J	T	E	E	H	E	F	O	B	C	F	S
S	T	S	P	N	D	Q	G	R	E	A	P	S	L
E	A	V	O	A	U	W	G	I	R	E	E	B	K
P	R	S	P	I	C	S	N	X	E	N	D	C	B
O	E	Z	N	O	G	E	Q	E	R	N	A	H	H
R	D	E	F	L	L	R	R	A	C	B	O	N	A
H	D	O	N	O	U	L	H	O	E	K	E	P	L
O	O	R	H	A	A	E	A	R	Z	S	I	R	T
N	F	O	A	B	M	L	A	G	T	T	P	B	E
W	V	V	F	Y	E	B	S	A	D	D	L	E	R

The words appear UP, DOWN, BACKWARDS, and DIAGONALLY.
Find and circle each word.



AMAZING DRIFTWOOD HORSES



Irish National Stud and Gardens

Kildare, Ireland

See some of the world's greatest racing horses at this idyllic thoroughbred breeding facility and garden complex



HORSE RACING CAN BE A very polarizing sport, but the extraordinary specimens living at the Irish National Stud are the best of the breed.

In the year 1900, Colonel William Hall Walker purchased a modest farm and the abutting land, and began breeding quality horses. The farm achieved outstanding early success in 1909, when the stallion Minoru achieved notoriety as the victor of the Epsom Derby. Singled out by Hall Walker as his favorite colt bred on the farm, Minoru had been leased for his racing career to King Edward VII, making him the first reigning British monarch to win the prestigious race. In 1915, Hall Walker gave the farm, and everything in it, over to the government, and the National Stud was born.

Today, in addition to producing top-notch champion racers, the farm offers a rare opportunity to view some of the strongest and most graceful stallions, heroes of the track, enjoying a grand retirement. The magnificent legends, with names like Dragon Pulse and Invincible Spirit, live lives of luxury here and may be witnessed at close range while simply grazing in a paddock and swatting flies with their tails.

In addition to the beauty of the animals, natural enchantment is also provided by two separate gardens on site. The Japanese Gardens sits quietly in a corner on the grounds of the National Stud. Its beauty was handcrafted by forty Irish gardeners under the insightful eye of Tassa Eida, a master horticulturist who relocated his family from Japan to craft the enchanted oasis. Hall Walker had a ship of indigenous Japanese flora and adornments imported to Ireland for the task. It took four years to complete, between 1906 and 1910, and centers on a winding path representing the journey of life, inviting a visitor to seek meaning or at least peace within their own.

The Suffolk Punch



The Suffolk Punch is the oldest of Great Britain's heavy breeds, dating back to at least the 16th century. The early breeding may have been influenced by the Norfolk Roadster, Norfolk Trotter or Norfolk Cob, and the breed's size may have come from Belgian draft blood.

All modern Suffolks can trace their male line back to Thomas Crisp's Horse of Ufford, born in 1768. Many farmers bred their mares so many times that the stallion's influence on the breed was permanent. The Suffolk Punch was imported to America in the 1800s to fill the huge demands of the agriculture industry.

The first official exports of Suffolks to Canada took place in 1865. In 1880, the first Suffolks were imported into the United States, with more following in 1888 and 1903 to begin the breeding of Suffolk Punches in the US. The American Suffolk Horse Association was established and published its first stud book in 1907. By 1908, the Suffolk had also been exported from England to Spain, France, Germany, Austria, Russia, Sweden, various parts of Africa, New Zealand, Australia, Argentina and other countries.

Suffolk Punch Characteristics:

The Suffolk Punch breed exhibits seven different shades of "chesnut" (the preferred old-style spelling). Mares are 16.1 to 16.2 hands high and stallions are 17 to 17.1 hands high. The Suffolk is a small draught horse, around three-fourths of a ton, and is without feathered legs. The word punch was an old slang term to describe a jolly, solid, hearty character, which describes the Suffolk perfectly.

Due to all these traits, the Suffolk Punch horse was largely drafted into the military in World War II. After the war, they were replaced by machines, and their breeding fell to the wayside. There are only about 600 of them in the U.S. and 200 in the U.K., putting them into the critically endangered state.

Cont'd from page 1)

she was making the funeral plans and relatives were arriving, she was secretly refusing. The blows that came after, these were nothing somehow, or rather they were more of the same, water poured into a torrent of water. She stood there and took it. But now her resistance deserted her. She had done this. If Ace died, if he foundered, it would be her fault alone.

For a few seconds, she stood there, too shocked to move. Ace raised his fine-boned head and looked at her; then he burrowed his nose back in the bin and began eating in a frenzy, tossing grain against the metal sides. She made herself step forward and grab his halter; then she jerked his head out and backed him into the aisle. She clipped him into the cross ties with shaking hands and went to get the thermometer and stethoscope. A strange weakness had come over her and she leaned against him to steady herself while she took his vital signs. She had seen a lot of colic over the years but only two cases from grain: one in her first pony, another in a dressage horse at the barn where she had trained. The horse had died when the swelling grain ruptured her intestine. The pony had survived, but afterward he had foundered: his hooves curled back on themselves like elf shoes, and he could never be ridden again. They had kept him anyway, as a pet. You could do that with a pony.

She put Ace in his stall and took the water bucket out. Then she went back to the house to call the vet.

"Oh boy," he said. It was Leland, the younger partner, the nice one. "Any idea how much he ate?"

"No," she said. "A lot, I think."

"Pulse and everything fine?"

"So far."

"Well, get him walking and let me know how things progress." He told her his cellphone number and she wrote it on her arm.

She walked Ace on the driveway: down to the mailbox, then back up to the house, then again. He was bright-eyed and frisky, and every time he caught sight of the other horses, he tossed his head up and whinnied. Pam looked away, sick with guilt. He didn't know what was coming. She had forgotten to change out of her riding boots and they were blistering her heels, but this seemed to her justified, so she did nothing about it.

Around two o'clock Ace started nipping his sides; by three he was trying to go down on the driveway. She put him in the paddock, where he wouldn't hurt himself if he thrashed, and went to call the vet.

She waited for Leland in the scant shade of the linden tree, watching Ace paw and turn and bite at himself. He went down and rolled, and she pulled him up by the halter — if he twisted a gut it would be all over. He stood for a while sweating, his eyes anxious; then he went down again. The dogs came by, sniffed the air, and slunk off. When the vet finally arrived an hour and a half later, Pam's relief bordered on elation. But Leland's face went still when he saw the horse, and he performed the examination in silence.

"Is there an impaction?" Pam asked.

"Yes, in the colon. I'm not sure if the cecum is involved or not." Leland rubbed his jaw. "Well, we can give him mineral oil, see what happens with that." Pam managed a nod. Mineral oil seemed to her a remedy from the nineteenth century, like cupping or leeches — well-intentioned but useless. She held the twitch on Ace's lip while Leland slipped the tube down his throat. When he was done, she trailed him out to his truck. He opened the door and put in his bag.

"Do you have insurance on him?" he said.

She nodded. What he meant was could she afford surgery, but she knew that if it got that far, Ace's chances would be slim.

"You might want to go ahead and hook the trailer up just in case we need to take him in," Leland said. "If he hasn't passed anything by nine or he gets noticeably worse; you know, pulse over fifty, an increase in distress —"

"Sitting like a dog," she added, grimly. That was what the dressage horse had done.

The hours dragged on. Dusk fell and she brought the other horses back to eat. Later she went to the house and called the children to say good night. She made a peanut-butter sandwich, but her throat felt closed, and she threw it out and went back out to the paddock. Ace stood by the fence, his head sunk. He had extended his legs in an effort to ease the pain, and it made him look swaybacked and broken, like an old nag. She went up and put a hand on his dirt-crust neck, but his eyes reflected no awareness of her or anything else in the outside world. The horse she knew had disappeared.

She turned away, sickened. A terrible pressure was building in her head. She walked around to the back of the tree and sat down where she wouldn't have to see him. She gripped her head. She had the feeling of something cracking, of a tremendous force bearing down. What good had she been? She hadn't even been there when Brian died. And when she had gotten there — her mind recoiled at the thought of her exaggerated gasping, her stupid fingers fumbling to get under his scarf. There was something monstrous, something treacherous and insincere about the ordinary way she had gone on functioning while Brian lay there cold. And the dumb show of running to call 911 — running, when she already knew it was too late.

WILDWOOD FARM Clips & Clops Newsletter

2326 Happy Valley Rd
Oak Harbor WA 98277

Ace's hooves scraped wearily against the dirt. She put her hands over her ears and shut her eyes. She didn't mean to fall asleep; she was just going to spell her eyes for a minute, but the relief of giving up was too strong. She let herself sink. Pam was floating in a green dream, in the sleepy, droning calm of a summer afternoon. A horse took shape and went galloping, galloping, bright as a penny. *Not lame*, she thought. She could hear the hooves in slow motion, rising up and coming down on the dry, solid ground. But the rhythm was off; the hoofbeats were too far apart.

She woke with a start. It wasn't galloping she'd heard; it was Ace, rolling. She jumped up and went to pull on his halter, but he lifted only his chin; when she let go, his head flopped back into the dirt. Her watch said 11:05. She should have called the vet two hours ago. She phoned the answering service and then she went back to the paddock and sat down in the dirt with Ace's head in her lap.

The on-call vet, Norton, was there in less than a half-hour. She stood unsteadily when she saw him walking up along the fence. He didn't bother with a greeting; he took a stethoscope out of his bag and went straight to the horse. "How did he get into the grain?" he said, crouching down to take the pulse. "I had him in the paddock — I was going to ride," she began, but it was too much effort. "I left the door open," she said. Norton took the stethoscope out of his ears. "And what time did you find him?" He went over everything: when the symptoms had begun, what Leland had given him, how he'd been since. She answered blindly, hardly knowing what she said. "What was his pulse when you called?" Pam flushed. In her panic she had forgotten to take it.

Suddenly Ace lurched up and sat on his haunches. Norton stiffened. The horse's ears were back and his eyes had suddenly focused, as though attending to something they couldn't see. For a long minute nothing happened. Then his back legs jerked. Please, God, Pam thought, but she was alone; she knew that. No one was going to help her. The horse's legs jerked again. With tremendous effort he dragged them under himself and scrambled up. He lifted his tail. "Here we go," Norton said. It was the sound of the manure falling that made her understand: he was past it; he was OK.

When Ace had passed the rest of the impaction, Norton folded his stethoscope into his bag and clicked the clasp shut. "He should be OK," he said. "Leland will be out in the morning to check his feet again, but they seem all right now." He pointed a finger at the horse. "Next time don't eat so much," he said. "Oh," Pam said, "there won't be a next time." Norton slung his bag over his shoulder. "Well, everyone has to eat."

"No," she said, "no, I mean I'm going to sell him." She could feel Norton watching her. "I can't, you know, I obviously can't take care of him properly anymore. So . . ." She kept her brimming eyes focused on her hand, which was stroking the wide, flat bone of Ace's head. "Everyone has to eat," Norton said again.

She did not understand his words; she couldn't even attach them to the conversation they were having. But, like an animal, she understood the tone. Not forgiveness, not liking, but a kind of permission. Something rushed loose in her. She stood very still, like someone holding an overfilled glass of water, while she listened to Norton's feet turn in the dirt, the slap of the fence boards as he ducked through. When she heard his truck door slam, she put her head against the horse's neck and cried in bewilderment and relief. Later she got a couple of horse blankets and lay down in the paddock, where she could hear Ace breathing. She gazed up at the dizzy, patternless sweep of the stars. Brian had died here, alone on this dirt. Her exhausted mind summoned up the shape of his body with startling clarity: the weight of his arms, the smell of his chest where her face had reached. He was gone; she would raise their children alone. She thought this; she felt the iron truth of it in her mouth, and at the same time she felt herself drifting away — into comfort and sleep, into the electric hum of her own pumping blood.

Pam woke before dawn to the silvery fluting of the wood thrushes. Ace was up, eating hay. The air was cold, but she could see that the light was coming; a bluish green band hung over the eastern hill. She threw back the blankets and stood gingerly on her blistered feet. She wanted coffee and a hot shower and an egg-and-sausage breakfast; she wanted the children back. She put her hand on Ace's neck, and he bent around to sniff her. Then she climbed stiffly through the fence and started for the house.