



## Wildwood Farm CLIPS & CLOPS Oak Harbor

May 2020

YOUR NEIGH-BORHOOD HULLABALOO

### Lessons from a Year of Riding

by Ingrid Soren

"To become a good horseman, one needs to be bold, agile, and relaxed" wrote Udo Burger, the renowned equine veterinarian. Horse lovers will tell you that this is because these keen and magnificent animals respond powerfully to the subtlest body language. How you approach the horse is a reflection of how you approach the world. Think bold, agile and relaxed.

Starting this month we will be sharing chapters from **Zen and Horses**, authored by Ingrid Soren as a testament to the wealth of true-life lessons she learned as a beginning student of both horse-back riding and Zen Buddhism. It is a story about a woman looking to make a fresh start following the demise of a long-term relationship. She discovers a well of inner strength by overcoming her terror of horses, progressing slowly from inexperience in the saddle through frustration and humility to, eventually, exhilaration. "One great thing about riding," she writes, "is that it is a potent ego reducer."

Weaving her own vivid images of the English countryside with lines from

Henry Miller, T.S. Elliot, Dōgen, Buddha and other writers and thinkers, the author captures the essence of what captivates people so about horses – physically, mentally, and spiritually. At the same time, she draws meaningful parallels between such concepts as being versus doing, the self versus the other, and endings and beginnings. The reader also gets to know the personalities of her various mounts – Dulcie, PG, Rocky, Jade, Leo, and the others – as each in turn becomes her Zen master. Chapter one:

**FIRST RIDE....** Henry Miller once said that a hero is a man who has conquered his fears. So watch me, wherever you are now. Perhaps I began to be a heroine when I sat on the back of a horse for the first time in my adult life. She was aptly named Dulcie, having the sweetest of temperaments and reputedly never a bad moon in her 19 years on the planet. Built like a table and standing 14.2 hands high, this sturdy Welsh cob tolerated my uneasy presence with the nobility of a gentle giant. Fearfully, I took in her wide chest, powerful shoulders, and the huge muscles of her chocolate rump. Sitting astride her, I hung on with tense legs and tight hips, my shoulders and hands rigid, jaw locked, and embarked on my first

hack ever across the English countryside.

We set off in the sleepy stillness of early afternoon in late August, under a windy sky. My sister rode alongside me on her pony, Tandy, a dainty creature of iron will and uncertain temper who eyed me with disdain as she picked her way along the tracks, conscious of her elegance but also of her strength. Of the two horses, she was the boss even though she was sylphlike in comparison to the bulk of Dulcie. My sister was evidently concerned about the responsibility of taking a novice out into the lanes and tracks, but gave soothing replies to my anxious questions. She showed me how to hold the reins through my fourth and fifth fingers and instructed me to push my heels down and toes up. She had removed my sunglasses gently before we set out.

"But I always wear sunglasses," I protested.

"Not a very good idea," she suggested. She didn't say why, and only later did I realize that she didn't want to mention the subject of accidents. I acquiesced. She was the expert. I was in her hands, on her horse, and she had ridden for most of her life. It's funny: We are twins, but our interests and personalities have diverged at an early age.

**Continued on back page...**

# Ponyhenge Lincoln, Massachusetts

No one really knows how these old hobby horses got here, but the herd keeps growing

**ON A SMALL SLICE OF** wide-open pasture in the town of Lincoln, Massachusetts, broken-down rocking horses, plastic ponies and other assorted horse toys have been holding court. As if by magic, ponies have been proliferating along this winding country road, resulting in the peculiar "Ponyhenge".

The plastic and metal horses started arriving anonymously sometime in 2010, with the placement of a lone hobby horse along picturesque Old Sudbury Road, about 15 miles west of Boston. How and why the rusty little fellow appeared is a mystery, even to Lincolnites who've been around a while. One story has the first horse hanging around after a kids' short-lived lemonade stand, another that he was left over from a Christmas display.

Whatever the real story might be, after the first one appeared things started to get strange. More horses – hobby horses, rocking horses, and horse figurines – began appearing at the site.



They are periodically rearranged, sometimes in a circle, sometimes in rows like race horses. Other times they are simply scattered and knocked around, as if they've come back from a long night of carousing.

The herd has been growing faster of late, with twice as many horses put out to pasture as there were a couple of years ago. Oddly, no one takes them away – the arrangement only morphs and grows, much to the delight of the family that owns the land. As the owner told the Boston Globe in 2015, "There was something lovely about it being anonymous, and now every time we go away, another one appears."

**Know Before You Go**

For GPS directions, set the address to "39 Old Sudbury Rd. Lincoln MA"  
There is a pull-off directly in front of Ponyhenge.



Our store is open 11:00am – 6:00pm Monday, Wednesday, Friday & Saturday

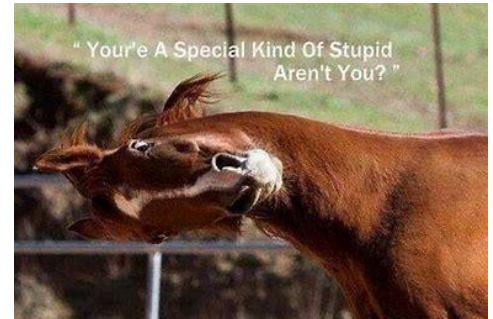
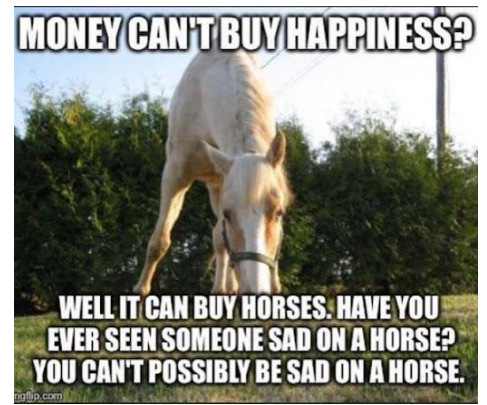
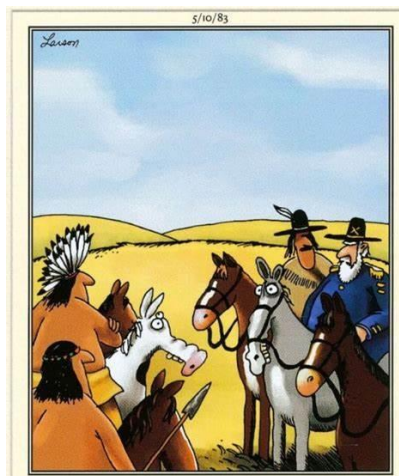


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[www.thenoblehorsevintage.com](http://www.thenoblehorsevintage.com)  
[www.theurbanequustrian.com](http://www.theurbanequustrian.com)

## New Items for May







**How do you hire a horse?**  
You put a brick under each hoof...

**Did you hear about the man who received a tip on a horse called Cigarette?**  
He didn't have enough money tobacco...



There were two church-going women gossiping in front of a store when a dusty old cowboy rode up. He tied up in front of the saloon, walked around behind the horse, lifted its tail and kissed the horse full on its rectum. Repulsed, one of the women asked "That's disgusting, why did you do THAT?" To which the cowboy replied "I've got chapped lips". Confused, the women continued "Does that make them feel better?" "No", said the cowboy, "But it keeps me from licking them!"



**Did you hear about the horse with the negative attitude?**  
She always said Neigh...  
**Why are clouds like Jockeys?**  
Because they hold the reins...

## WILDWOOD FARM B&B



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# At the Races

## Word Search

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F	Q	X	S	R	X	R	S	T	F	C	E	S	E	K	A	T	S	Y
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| Bet         | Harness   | Sire         |
| Blinders    | Jockey    | Sprint       |
| Colt        | Long shot | Stakes       |
| Derby       | Mare      | Stallion     |
| Exacta      | Odds      | Thoroughbred |
| Favorite    | Owner     | Tip          |
| Filly       | Paddock   | Track        |
| Furlong     | Place     | Trainer      |
| Gallop      | Post      | Triple Crown |
| Gate        | Purse     | Turf         |
| Grandstands | Saddle    | Upset        |
| Handicap    |           | Win          |

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Finish this puzzle and turn it in to Wildwood Farm by June 1  
for your chance to win a cool prize!

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_ PHONE/EMAIL: \_\_\_\_\_

Congratulations to Arnold Rivera for his winning entry in our Spring Time Quiz  
from the April Newsletter!

# Nutrition Corner

## KemTRACE Chromium

KemTRACE chromium is a highly bioavailable, organic source of chromium that helps improve glucose utilization and reduce the negative impacts of stress leading to increased cellular energy and function. Earlier this year the FDA approved the use of chromium propionate for horses, and KemTRACE is the only current source available; they are starting to be introduced into horse feeds and supplements, including Stride Animal Health who Wildwood Farm already uses for targeted supplements with our Triple Crown Feeds.

**WHY IS CHROMIUM ESSENTIAL?** Every cell in the horse relies on glucose to fuel its function and growth. Chromium mobilizes more blood glucose into tissues allowing for improved performance based on each animal's hierarchy of needs – upkeep and body condition, health and immunity, growth and performance.

**STRESS.** Stress has a tremendous impact on the health and performance of the horse. Stressors include extreme weather, diet changes, travel, exercise, disease exposure and more. When under stress, horses release cortisol (a stress hormone), which may result in aggressive behavior, suppression of the immune system and increased risk of gastric ulcers, colic or diarrhea. Chromium has been shown to reduce the levels of cortisol, thereby reducing the impact of stress.

**Stride Animal Health** uses KemTRACE chromium in two products: The Difference and TurboMag.

TurboMag is a metabolic PH balancer with electrolytes, anti-oxidants and branch chain amino acids that aides in overall hydration and muscle function.

The Difference is a supplement that improves nutrient utilization thru nitric oxide technology. It supports muscle development, helps improve energy levels in lazy or lethargic horses, and supports normal libido in breeding stallions. For more information on these products visit [strideanimalhealth.com](http://strideanimalhealth.com)

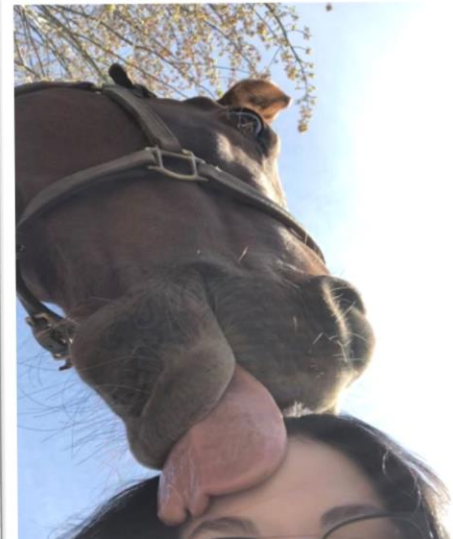
### WILDWOOD FARM AND TRIPLE CROWN FEEDS.

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 PHOENIX

Phoenix is a 20 year old bright chestnut Swedish Warmblood gelding that has been owned by Elaine Marlow since he was 3 years old. Elaine purchased him from her trainer, Lisa Boyer, who had bred and raised him and owned his father, Flaminko, who was imported from Sweden. At the time Elaine was looking for a smaller warmblood and Phoenix was small for his age with a stocky build, so she purchased him thinking he would probably mature at 15.3 – 16 hands. Boy...did he surprise her when he kept growing to finally mature at 17 hands! Regardless, Elaine was smitten- especially by his eyes – and Lisa continued to train him to compete at training level. Unfortunately Phoenix suffered from numerous health problems over the next several years so his competition days were cut short; but that did not stop this handsome horse from endearing himself to all that knew him. Lisa did a lot of ground work with Phoenix and he is very respectful and likes to interact with people; he loves to be groomed and scratched and reminds those who know him of a big ol' dog – eager and sometimes gets excited but will mind his manners with just a little firm direction. Phoenix is friendly with other horses and gentle with his little horse friends next to him – particularly Giant and Dancer who he is very fond of and will often just hang out with them, gossiping about the other horses no doubt.

Phoenix came to Wildwood Farm in August of 2015 and has definitely settled in to his life here. He is in excellent health with almost non-existent issues from his past health problems. Be sure and give him a little "Hello" next time you see him, you can't miss the big red chestnut horse hanging out next to the miniature ponies!



**The Swedish Warmblood** originated from the importing of horses into Sweden around the 17<sup>th</sup> century. Spanish and Friesian imports were crossed with smaller local mares to produce active, strong horses; in the 19<sup>th</sup> and 20<sup>th</sup> centuries Thoroughbred, Arabian, Hanoverian and Trakehner blood was introduced to produce large and powerful horses. Bred to be used as riding horses, they are handsome and versatile and commonly used in dressage, jumping and 3-day eventing. Most common colors are chestnut, bay or seal brown with black being quite rare. They generally stand 16-17 hands and have a reputation as strong, athletic animals with flowing gaits.

## THE INTERVIEW

*With Cindy Palmer, Riding student at Pacific NW Riding Academy @ Wildwood Farm.*

### What is your idea of perfect Happiness?

Traveling and experiencing something new with no time constraints. Eating amazing food. Spending time with people who are enjoying life.

### What is your greatest Fear?

As I've gotten older, I'm not sure that there's anything that I actually fear. Things I don't like, for sure, but not actually fear.

### What historical figure do you most identify with?

Oh, I'm not sure. I don't think there's anyone I can think of.

### What is your favorite journey?

Life tends to intertwine within itself and things, people, situations tend to come back into play out of nowhere, so I would have to say this one. Life.

### What living person do you most admire?

Not any particular person, but those who are kind with no intent of expecting appreciation, one who doesn't judge others...wait. I suppose that's Gandhi.

### On what occasion do you lie?

If the outcome is supposed to be beneficial for the other person. I've made fool-proof stories to trick my kids so I could surprise them with something I know they'll love.

### What do you most dislike about your appearance?

Aging.

### Which living person do you most despise?

I don't think I really dislike anyone. People that are extremely negative or hateful I will sometimes try and avoid on occasion (but usually those people are this way because they need the most attention), but I feel like even those who don't have the same beliefs as me aren't wrong...they just experienced different situations to be where they are.

### What words or phrase do you most over-use?

"LOL" if I am typing, and "Wait, What?" if I'm talking.

### What is your greatest regret?

Not picking something to focus on when I was younger. I just kind of let things happen as they did. I enjoyed my life, but now I'm feeling like maybe I could have done so much more.

### What or who is the greatest love of your life?

My first dog. I would say my husband, but he's definitely more annoying.

### When and where were you happiest?

Almost my entire life. There are so many things to appreciate. Even in the darkest moments the outcome brought happiness. It was just sometimes difficult to see at the time.

### What is your current state of mind?

Just going with the flow. You can't change what you don't have control over.

### Which talent would you most like to have?

Oh...there are so many. My garage is FULL of talents that I wish I had. LOL! I'm always buying crafting things, musical instruments, and things I never get around to using. Although I also wish I could fly. Like be a pilot. My dad is a pilot and has been since I was young. ...but just for fun.

### If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?

My brain. I feel like maybe I've wasted a good portion of it. Now there's very little time in my day to work on it. But I'm still happy.

### If you could change one thing about your family, what would it be?

My dog wouldn't want to eat every person and animal she comes across.

### What is your most treasured possession?

I'm not sure but my husband says my green chaise lounge that he hates so much. I don't really think that's true, but I can see why he would say that. I won't let him get rid of it. I think it's more because I like to aggravate him though.

### What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?

When there is no purpose.

### Where would you like to live?

I'm not sure. I haven't found the perfect place yet. I may be more of a wanderer. I've never lived in a house more than 3 years in my entire life.

### What is your most marked characteristic?

My husband says helpful and caring. Maybe helpful.

### What is the quality you most like in a person?

Kindness. It was a tossup between that, honesty, caring and non-judgmental. But I think if someone is kind, the rest of that is a given.

### What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?

As I've gotten older, sometimes I get impatient. That's not the trait that I had growing up. I'm not liking it. Thankfully it doesn't happen often.

### What is the trait you most deplore in others?

Hate. Hate causes all sorts of negative traits.

### What do you consider the most over-rated virtue?

Maybe obedience. Not saying I'm a rule breaker, but...

### What is your greatest extravagance?

My husband says everything. LOL! Oh, wait. All of my artistic stuff. If I had to pick one, it'd probably be my studio equipment.

### How would you like to die?

Doesn't really matter as long as I don't feel panic. So maybe in my sleep.



# ‘Extinct’ Apple Varieties Are Actually Everywhere

10 were discovered over just the last few months.

BY MATTHEW TAUB APRIL 17, 2020

“I CAN SEE FAMILY RESEMBLANCE in apples the same way you can in people,” says Shaun Shepherd, a botanist at the Temperate Orchard Conservancy outside Portland, Oregon. It’s that kind of familiarity with all of the fruit’s varieties, earned over a lifetime of study, that’s endowed Shepherd with the ability to bring apples back from the dead.



Figuratively speaking, of course. This week, the Temperate Orchard Conservancy (TOC), in partnership with the nonprofit Lost Apple Project, announced that 10 apple varieties previously thought extinct are, in fact, alive and crisp as ever. It was the richest season ever for the Lost Apple Project, which “seeks to identify and preserve heritage apple trees and orchards in the inland Northwest,” according to the project’s Facebook page.

To do that, a small number of volunteer apple foragers – a retired FBI agent among them – consult historical maps, records from the 19<sup>th</sup>-century county fairs, newspapers, and sales ledgers to pinpoint former orchards dating back to the Homestead Act. If they’re



lucky, they'll arrive at these locations to find trees still producing fresh fruit – trees whose coordinates they carefully note before sending the apples off to TOC for analysis. Though the project's Facebook page specifies Southern California as the area of interest, the Associated Press reported that some of the findings from the most recent haul came from as far away as Idaho and Washington State.

Once the apples arrive at TOC, Shepherd and his colleagues compare them against watercolor paintings commissioned by the United States Department of Agriculture in the 19<sup>th</sup> and early 20<sup>th</sup> centuries; they also rely on the descriptions in some canonical texts, such as *The Apples of New York*, published in 1905. Generally speaking, Shepherd says, the botanists at TOC don't rely on DNA analysis because correctly identified samples are needed for comparison, and those are not available in most cases.

Shepherd, TOC's Vice President and pomologist, says some apples immediately stand out as different, while others are distinguished by far subtler features. They can range, on the one hand, from less than one inch to more than five inches across- a trait that can help the botanists quickly eliminate certain IDs and zero in on others. Other times, they're splitting hairs over the lengths of stems, the textures of the skins, or – hardest of all – the different tastes. Apple flavor varies, of course, but only so much: "We ran across one several years ago that was minty," says Shepherd, "Which blew our minds."

Shepherd is careful to concede that his conclusions may never be 100 percent certain, but he's operating off much more than a cursory glance: this season, out of roughly 160 samples sent by the Lost Apple Project, he identified and thus revived the Gold Ridge apple by isolating "The depression around the calyx." In fact, some of the 10 varieties recently rediscovered had been sent over by the Lost Apple Project several years earlier – it just took years of research to confidently identify them.

Though TOC will "look at the odd plum," Shepherd says he focuses on apples for their variety, and the discoveries they invite. "There are old apple trees everywhere, and there are literally thousands of varieties that aren't known to exist anymore," he says. He believes that many of them still exist, and are just waiting to be found.

*Note from WWF: I am certain that we have plenty of horses here who would be willing to help TOC with their taste-testing!*



# Wildwood Farm CLIPS & CLOPS Oak Harbor

2326 Happy Valley Rd  
Oak Harbor WA 98277

## LESSONS FROM A YEAR OF RIDING Continued from first page

We turned off the quiet lane from the paddock where she kept her horses into a tunnel of green that led through to the harvest fields. As Dulcie ambled along, I touched her strong neck with a sense of wonder and privilege that this massive animal would carry me on her back, bearing my weight with no protest. Her thick mane swung loosely to the rhythmic nod of her head as she walked, a fountain of coarse brown hair with auburn and straw-colored lights in it. I inhaled her horse scent, that delicious sweetness that I would come to love. She dropped her head to stretch her neck, and switched her ears sideways. I felt myself relax a little.

A pair of swallows swooped over the field as we emerged from the green lane. I remember a splash of scarlet pimpernel in the verge. As we walked alongside a hedge up a slope, the golden stubble exhaled the smell of harvest. A distant tractor rumbled around collecting bales of straw. The strong afternoon sun bleached the reaped fields, throwing shadows of hedgerow trees over the cut of wheat.

At the top of the hill, we stopped to look back. Judith asked me how I was doing. I said I thought I'd gone to heaven: Never having seen the countryside from the back of a horse before, and being an avid walker and botanist, I was in my element. All around us lay expanses of ripened crops and stubble, punctuated only by viridian trees and lines of hedges. Swaths of corn alternated with darkly plowed earth in a far field, in brushstrokes that converged at the crest of the hill. Orange-tip butterflies flickered among rust-colored spikes of dock as Dulcie feigned starvation and made for some juicy leaves hidden in the grasses.

We rode for 2 hours that day (it seemed a much shorter time), walking mostly but with a couple of trots for which Judith prepared me in advance, offering rudimentary advice about how to rise. "You're a natural." She said, at the end of the second one. Kind of her, I thought. Personally, I felt I had been bumping around in the saddle like a sack of potatoes with no control at all. Still, I appreciated her saying it.

My memories of that ride are paradoxically vague yet intense. What I do remember clearly, though, is that the next day, I thought I would never walk again. I was stiff, I was sore, I felt crippled. My sits bones seemed to have pierced my bottom so painfully that I could only sit with care- and on something soft. I had thought I was a fit woman – an energetic walker, a yoga teacher even. I should be supple if anyone was, but riding had gotten to parts that even the most advanced asana apparently had not. I felt as though someone had taken my legs, pulled them wide, and tried to split me up the middle.

But even this degree of discomfort did not put me off. That day in August proved to be the beginning of something that I could never have imagined for myself, because from childhood I had had a deep –seated fear of horses. Something woke up in me after that first ride, a dawning realization that she world is only a mirror of us, and like Alice, I decided to walk through the looking glass. *Continued Next month.....!*