



Wildwood Farm CLIPS & CLOPS Oak Harbor

May 2022

YOUR NEIGH-BORHOOD HULLABALOO

CREATED & EDITED BY HEATHER CARDER

The Only Real Story

By Barbara Kingsolver

"The Only Real Story" is excerpted from the essay "Knowing our place" in the collection Small Wonder by Barbara Kingsolver. Copyright © 2002 by Barbara Kingsolver.

One day not long ago I had to pull myself out of my writerly trance, having become aware of a presence over my left shoulder. I turned my head slowly to meet the gaze of an adolescent bobcat at my window. Whether he meant to be the first to read the story on my computer screen or was lured in by his own reflection in the quirky afternoon light, I can't say. I can tell you, though, that I looked straight into bronze-colored bobcat eyes and held my breath for longer than I knew I could. After two moments (his and mine) that were surely not equal – for a predator must often pass hours without an eyeblink, while a human grow restless inside ten seconds – we broke eye contact. He turned and minced away languidly, tail end flicking, for all the world a *cat*. I presume that he returned to the

routine conjectures and risks and remembered scents that make up his bobcat life, and I returned to mine, mostly. But some part of my brain drifted after him for the rest of the day, stalking the taste of dove, examining a predator's patience from the inside.

It's a grand distraction, this window of mine. "Beauty and grace are performed", writes Annie Dillard "whether or not we will or sense them. The least we can do is try to be there." I agree, and tend to work where the light is good. This window is *the world* opening onto *me*. I find I don't look out so much as *it* pours in.

What I mean to say is, I have come to depend on these places where I live and work. I've grown accustomed to looking up from the page and letting my eyes relax on a landscape upon which no human artifact intrudes. No steel, pavement, or streetlights, no architecture lovely or otherwise, no works of public art of private enterprise- no hominid agenda. I consider myself lucky beyond words to be able to go to work every

morning with something like a wilderness at my elbow. In the way of so-called worldly things, I can't seem to muster a desire for the latest in digital or automotive technology. My tastes are much more extreme: I want wood-thrush poetry. I want mountains.

It would not be quite right to say I *have* these things. The places where I write aren't actually mine. In some file drawer we do have mortgages and deeds, pieces of paper (made of dead trees- mostly pine, I should think), which satisfy me in the same way that the wren yammering his territorial song from my rain gutter has satisfied himself that all is right in *his* world. I have my ostensible claim, but the truth is, these places own *me*: They hold my history, my passions, and my capacity for honest work. I find I do my best thinking when I am looking out over a clean plank of planet Earth. Evidently I need this starting point – the plans – from which to begin dreaming up my own myriad imaginary hominid agendas.

Continued on page 11

UNIQUE EQUINE INVENTIONS

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Features

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- Eye cup is waterproof so horses can be kept outdoors reducing costs, significantly saving on bedding and labour
- Blue light is delivered at a specific wavelength automatically each day, no drugs, no hormones, just gentle light therapy
- Outdoor living has proven that field-kept mares are happier, and happy mares have greater success with all aspects of fertility and pregnancy.

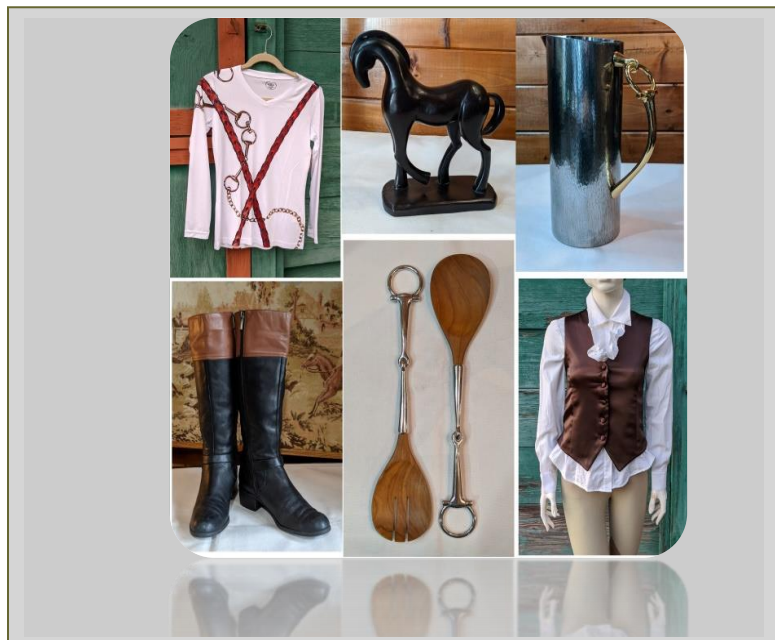


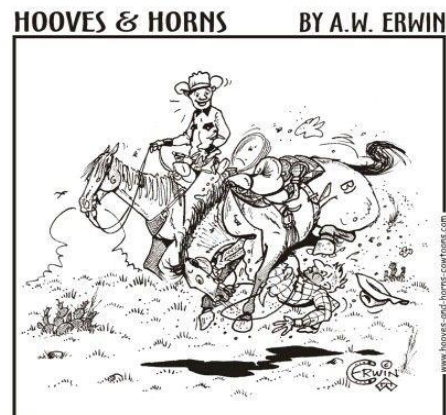
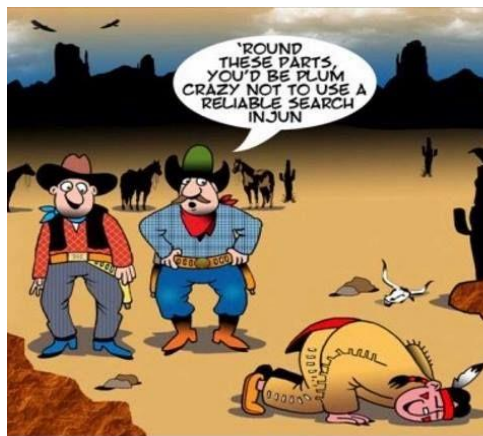
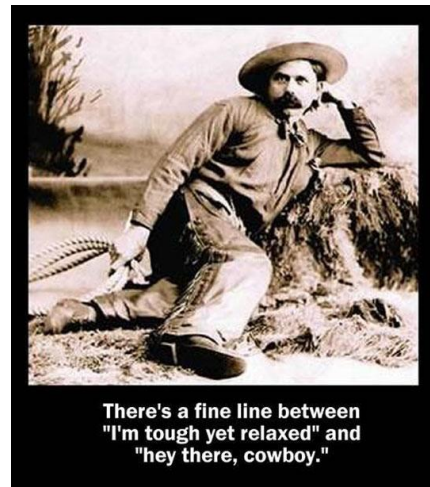
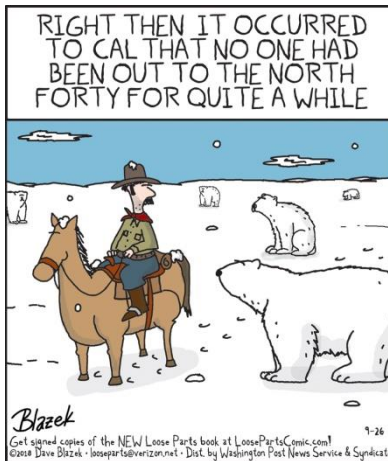
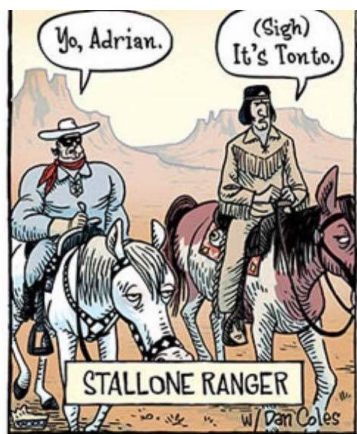
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New Items for May



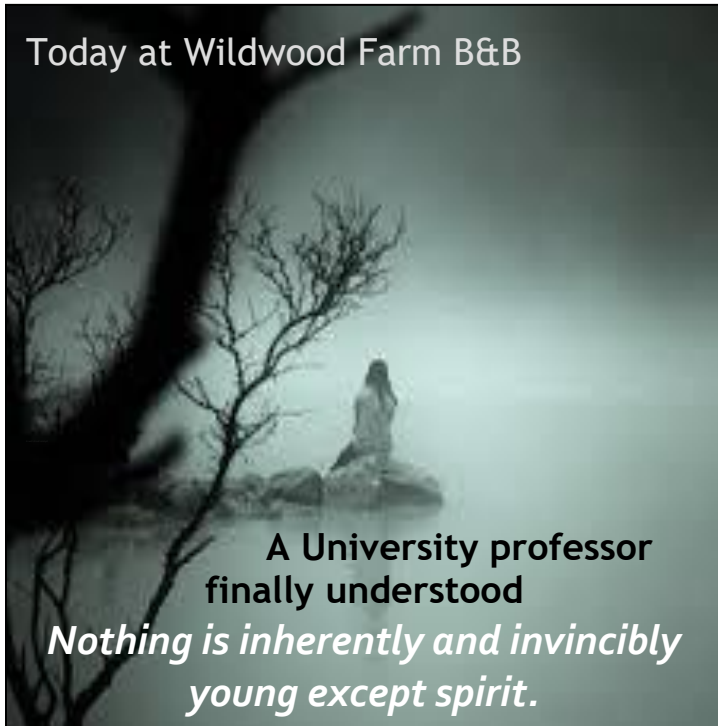


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“We will never have to tell our horse that we are sad, happy, confident, angry or relaxed. He already knows—long before we do.”

-Marijke de Jong



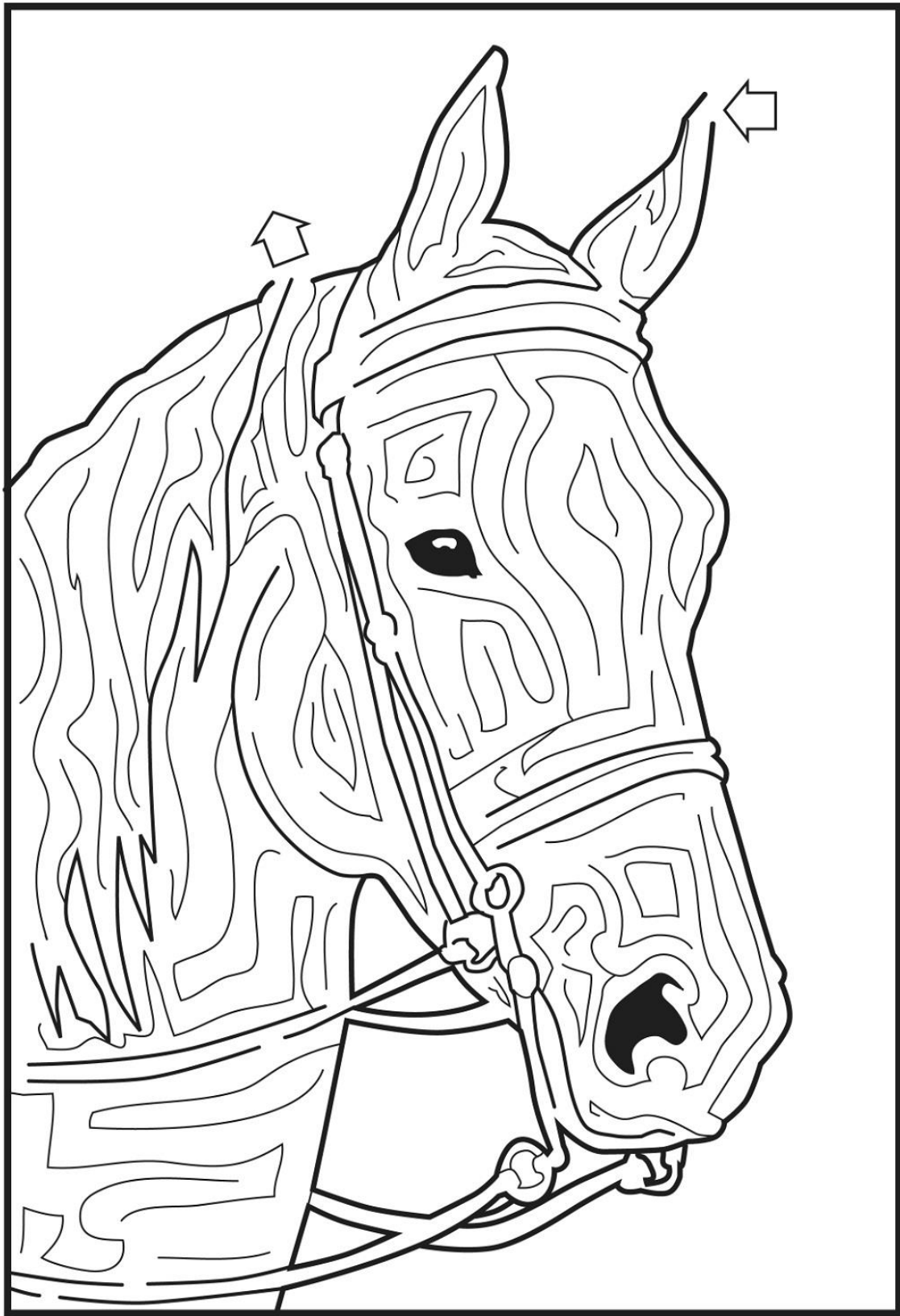
“It is the horse’s gift to connect us with heaven and our own footsteps.”

-Ronnie Sweet



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PACIFIC NORTHWEST
RIDING ACADEMY



Nutrition Corner

LAMINITIS

The second biggest killer of horses after colic, laminitis is the most serious disease of the equine foot and causes pathological changes in anatomy that may lead to long-lasting, crippling changes in function. Laminitis is an inflammatory issue involving the sensitive structures in the hoof called the lamina, which suspend and hold the coffin bone tight within the hoof capsule. When the lamina becomes severely inflamed, it can lose connection to the bone and hoof wall and rotating or sinking of the coffin bone can occur. Acute laminitis is extremely painful and often presents itself as a sound horse one day and severely lame the next day. Clinical signs of laminitis include the classic “saw horse stance,” where the horse is leaning back on the hind limbs trying to alleviate the weight load from painful front limbs. Increased digital pulses can be observed in the vessels going to the foot as well as sensitivity over the toe when hoof testers are applied.

There are multiple causes of acute laminitis: (A) sepsis-related cases can be triggered by an initial disease state

that can include severe colic, retained placenta or toxic exposure to something like black walnut shavings, as an example. (B) support-limb (or contralateral-limb) laminitis, is due to compensation for an injury in the opposite leg. (C) endocrinopathic (or metabolically-related) laminitis, which is the most common cause and can be triggered by horses who are overweight and/or have Equine Metabolic Syndrome (EMS). Additional risk factors for endocrinopathic laminitis include horses consuming an elevated amount of non-structural carbohydrates from sugar, starch or fructans, or horses that experience grain overload or overconsumption of rich, lush pasture grass, particularly when unaccustomed to it. Acute laminitis is definitely always a concern, but what is seen more commonly is low-grade chronic laminitis related to Equine Metabolic Syndrome or Equine Cushing’s disease. The onset of these two diseases can be subtle and sometimes owners don’t even know that their horse is affected until they start becoming mildly lame. This is where appropriate nutrition plays a huge role in prevention and early detection.

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 Romantic Spy (Spyder)

Spyder was born at Wildwood Farm in the spring of 2005, one of the first foals born into our breeding program in partnership with Gerd Reuter, a German trainer who had imported and was standing four Hanoverian stallions new to the United States.

Spyder’s dam was Decolores, a 16.1 hand dapple grey thoroughbred mare that was the full sister to our French Dancer. Decolores was more beefy than her sister, and the cross with a Hanoverian resulted in a huge colt that stood 13.3 hands when he was born – and was all muscle! We named him Spyder because his legs were so incredibly long he looked like a spider!

Spyder’s sire was the Hanoverian Romantic Star, a stunning 16.3 hand dark bay stallion imported by Mr. Reuter to not only show at the Grand Prix level, but was the foundation of his breeding program in Virginia.

As Spyder grew he did encounter some issues with his swift growth and large muscle mass, such as stiffness in his atlas and extra thick bone developing on his fore arms. He was 16 hands as a yearling and at age 7 he topped out just over 17 hands and weighed in at 1300 lbs.

Spyder had sleek, round conformation thanks to his



thoroughbred bloodlines and though he could definitely be a hot-headed red head his movement was 100% hunter and he showed great potential for jumping with early evaluations.

Spyder was started by Quinton & Danielle DesFountain, and later sent to Lee Dennie for his jumping education which, as we saw early on, he excelled at. With his handsome looks he thrived in the hunter/jumper scene and in 2010 was purchased by an amateur rider through a partnership with Eremon Farm in Issaquah. Spyder competed at Thermal in California and several other shows along the west coast for many years. He was retired from the ring 2018 and is living in Sacramento with a young rider who spoils him endlessly.



CELEBRITY EDITION

JAMIE FOXX

Jamie Foxx was given his horse, Cheetah, for his birthday several years ago. When he accepted a role in the award-winning 2012 movie *Django Unchained*, he insisted Quentin Tarantino find a role for Cheetah. Though Foxx is a skilled rider, he admits to being terrified while galloping bareback at 28-miles-per-hour while hanging off Cheetah and brandishing a gun.

VIGGO MORTENSEN

Viggo Mortensen is a huge horse lover who has bought 3 of the horses he worked with on set. He purchased Eurayus after filming *The Lord of the Rings* and had this to say for an article in *HorseNation*: "I just developed a real good friendship with him...He kind of came into the movie similar to the way I did. You know, didn't have much preparation and was just thrown in and had to swim basically. And it was rough on him and it took a while for us to kind of get in sync and for him to be comfortable around the set. So we got to be close and I wanted to stay in touch with him." Mortensen also bought a gelding he rode in the beginning of *The Two Towers* and the stallion he rode in *Hidalgo*.

MADONNA

Madonna started riding when she was in her 40s while married to British film director Guy Ritchie. On her 47th birthday in 2005, she was thrown off her horse and broke 8 bones in her body. It took 6 months for her to recover well enough to get back in the saddle. She has 2 horses and can be spotted riding in the Hamptons. She even rode down the streets of Manhattan once with David Letterman.

JOHNNY DEPP

Johnny Depp's riding talents have been displayed in *The Man Who Cried*, *The Lone Ranger*, *Dead Man*, and *Sleepy Hollow*. Depp was almost trampled when his saddle slipped during the filming of *The Lone Ranger*. He adopted the one-eyed horse he rode in *Sleepy Hollow* to save him from being put down.

RICHARD GERE

Richard Gere owns a ranch in upstate New York where he rides with his family. He's especially fond of Appaloosas and is highly involved in the Chief Joseph Foundation, which promotes the preservation of Nez Perce culture through community activities involving Appaloosas. Gere has ridden horses in several films including *Sommersby*, *First Knight*, and *I'm Not There*.

JULIA ROBERTS

Like her *Runaway Bride* costar, Richard Gere, Julia Roberts is a huge fan of horses. She's been barrel racing since childhood and she has a ranch in New Mexico. She also traveled to Mongolia to host and film a documentary called *Wild Horses of Mongolia*, during which she lived with nomadic people to study their relationship with the wild horses.

DAVID LETTERMAN

Since retiring from late night television, David Letterman has become an active rancher and conservationist in Montana. He's appeared several times riding down the streets of New York City with stars like Madonna and Harrison Ford and joked with the *Hollywood Reporter* about doing a show set in Montana called "Comedians on Horses Getting Coffee."

KALEY CUOCO

Best known as Penny in "The Big Bang Theory," Kaley Cuoco competes in the jumper circuit, often using a pseudonym to hide from the crowds. She plasters Instagram with photos of her horses and it's rumored that she met her current boyfriend, professional Grand Prix rider Karl Cook, bonding over their shared love of horses.

MILEY CYRUS

Miley Cyrus fell in love with horses growing up on her father's Nashville estate and brought that passion to Los Angeles. She purchased the \$5 million Hidden Hills Equestrian Estate outside of LA in May 2015. Her property includes a 6,500 square foot home, a one-acre riding arena, two paddocks, and a ten-stall barn.

PATRICK SWAYZE

OK, so Patrick Swayze has been gone for a while, but his passion for horses was too great not to include him. He loved Arabians and regularly showed them near his New Mexico home, but even that wasn't enough for him, so he earned his pilot's license so he could fly to shows. He married a horse-crazed wife and ran his own breeding program started by his stallion Tammen.

The Most Fantastic Horse Spurs



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Visit these gentle, bell-bottomed, exquisite equines at the home of North America's first Gypsy Vanner horses.

[Add to list](#)



THE SIGHT OF WATCHING GYPSY Vanner horses race through a field, their luxurious manes and tails whipping in the wind, is enough to stop anyone in their tracks. Tufts of silky hair cover the animals' hooves, which pound the ground with a poetic blend of power and grace.

Gypsy Gold Horse Farm, located in Ocala, Florida—also known as the “horse capital of the world”—lets you get up close and personal with the beautiful, friendly horses. The farm was home to the first Gypsy Vanner horses to ever enter the United States, imported in 1996.

Gypsy Vanners are a relatively new breed, but their story doesn't begin in Florida. It begins soon after World War II, with two stallions, Sonny Mays and the Coal Horse, which were ideal caravan horses. Vanner, in fact, means “a horse suitable to pull a caravan.” The sturdy Vanner Horse is a combination of Clydesdale, Shire, and Dales Pony.

There was no formal recognition of the Gypsy breed until Dennis and Cindy Thompson saw one unusual-looking horse in a distant field as they drove through the English countryside. Inquiring about the beautiful animal, they soon learned that the horse belonged to a traveler and that the man had a hidden band of mares that looked just like the stallion.

After Dennis and Cindy Thompson discovered the beautiful stallion, they became enamored with the horse's look and began a journey to understand how it developed and where it came from as they traced the original horse's genetic heritage through three countries.

On November 24, 1996, the Thompsons imported Bat and Dolly, the first two Vanners to step hooves on American soil, and established the first registry for the breed, the Gypsy Vanner Horse Society. There are now recognized societies in New Zealand, Argentina, Columbia, Canada, and over 5,000 Vanners registered in the United States. Similar societies exist in Europe, the United Kingdom, and Ireland, though the breed is referred to as an Irish Cob.

The Vanner is a small draft horse with a more refined head than most drafts, but with the same gentle personality of the horses often referred to as "gentle giants." Feather (hair) that starts at the knee and hock and covers the front of the hooves like a pair of fluffy bell-bottom pants is a signature feature of the breed's look.

A tour of Gypsy Gold Horse Farm lets you meet the farm's exquisite equines and learn about the history of the fascinating breed. You will view stallions, mares, and foals, and even have the chance to feed treats to some of the gentle creatures.

Know Before You Go

GPS is tricky here. Study the map on www.GypsyGold.com to ensure an uncomplicated arrival.



The Only Real Story (continued from page 1)

I am breathless with gratitude for the collisions of choice and luck that have resulted in my being able to work under the full-on gaze of mountains and animate beauty. It's a privilege to live any part of one's life in proximity to nature. It is a privilege, apparently, even to know that nature is out there at all. In the summer of 1996 human habitation on earth made a subtle, uncelebrated passage from being mostly rural to being mostly urban. More than half of all humans now live in cities. The natural habitat of our species, then, officially, is steel, pavement, streetlights, architecture, and enterprise- the hominid agenda.

With all due respect to the ways people have invented to amuse themselves and one another on paved surfaces, I find that this exodus from the land makes me unspeakably sad. I think of the children who will never know, intuitively, that a flower is a plant's way of making love, or what *silence* sounds like, or that trees breathe out what we breathe in. I think of the astonished neighbor children who huddled around my husband in his tiny backyard garden, in the city where he lived years ago, clapping their hands to their mouths in pure dismay at seeing him pull *carrots* from the *ground*. (Ever the thoughtful teacher, he explained about fruits and roots and asked, "What other foods do you think might grow in the ground?" They knit their brows, conferred, and offered brightly, "Spaghetti?") I wonder what it will mean for people to forget that food, like rain, is not a product but a process. I wonder how they will imagine the infinite when they have never seen how the stars fill a dark night sky. I wonder how I can explain why a wood-thrush song makes my chest hurt to a populace for whom wood is a construction material and thrush is a tongue disease.

What we lose in our great human exodus from the land is a rooted sense, as deep and intangible as religious faith, of why we need to hold on to the wild and beautiful places that once surrounded us. We seem to succumb so easily to the prevailing human tendency to pave such places over, build subdivisions upon them, and name them The Willows, or Peregrine's Roost, or Elk Meadows, after whatever it was that got killed there. Apparently it's hard for us humans to doubt, even for a minute, that this program of plunking down our edifices at regular intervals over the entire landmass of planet Earth is overall a good idea. The attempt to slow or change the program is a tall order. Barry Lopez writes that if we hope to succeed in the endeavor of protecting natures other than our own, "it will require that we reimagine our lives...it will require of many of us a humanity we've not yet mustered, and a grace we were not aware we desired until we had tasted it."

And yet no endeavor could be more crucial at this moment. Protecting the land that once provided us with our genesis may turn out to be the only real story there is for us. The land *still* provides our genesis, however we might like to forget that our food comes from dank, muddy earth, that the oxygen in our lungs was recently inside a leaf, and that every newspaper or book we may pick up (including this one, ultimately, though recycled) is made from the hearts of trees that died for the sake of our imagined lives. What you hold in your hands right now, beneath these words, is consecrated air and time and sunlight and, first of all, a place. Whether we are leaving it or coming into it, it's *here* that matters, it is place. Whether we understand where we are or don't, that is the story: to be *here* or not to be. Storytelling is as old as our need to remember where the water is, where the best food grows, where we find our courage for the hunt. It is persistent as our desire to teach our children how to live in this place that we have known longer than they have. Our greatest and smallest explanations for ourselves grow

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from place, as surely as carrots grow in the dirt. I'm presuming to tell you something that I could not prove rationally but instead feel as a religious faith. I can't believe otherwise.

A world is looking over my shoulder as I write these words; my censors are bobcats and mountains. I have a place from which to tell my stories. So do you, I expect. We sing the song of our home because we are animals, and an animal is no better or wiser or safer than its habitat and its food chain. Among the greatest of all gifts is to know our place.

Oh, how can I say this: people *need* wild places. Whether or not we think we do, we *do*. We need to be able to taste grace and know once again that we desire it. We need to experience a landscape that is timeless, whose agenda moves at the pace of speciation and glaciers. To be surrounded by a singing, mating, howling commotion of other species, all of which love their lives as much as we do ours, and none of which could possibly care less about our economic status or our running day calendar. Wildness puts us in our place. It reminds us why, in those cases in which our plans might influence many future generations, we ought to choose carefully. Looking out on a clean plank of planet Earth, we can get shaken right down to the bone by the bronze-eyed possibility of lives that are not our own.

