



Wildwood Farm CLIPS & CLOPS Oak Harbor

July 2020

YOUR NEIGH-BORHOOD HULLABALOO

Lessons from a Year of Riding –Endings and Beginnings

Nothing happens next. "This is it," said the Zen monk to the novice as they sat in zazen. Maybe there is no destination, unless it is a new way of looking at things. My first hack across the English countryside at harvest time under the sign of Virgo nearly 2 years before, when horses had seemed to be aliens from another universe, had opened up new perspectives for me, coinciding (by what synchronicity I cannot know) with my introduction to Zen. My starting point had been unfocused fear, but now I know that there is only one fear and that all fears are the same. So although in all honesty there was no end to the ultimate fear of death or terrible injury, I was no longer frightened by the horses themselves as I grew to understand them; indeed, it now seems inconceivable that I had been so scared of such sensitive and gentle creatures. How could I have been so terrified? The answer may be that since a horse's main instinct is fear, it mirrored my own instinctive fears, but because these were now based on a clearer understanding of the unpredictable and high-strung equine nature they had lost some of

their grip. Certainly now, weighed on the scales against the joy, the freedom, the activity, the understanding, the love, that horseback riding had brought to me, there was no doubt which side came down heavier.

A choice always remained, after all: A choice to continue riding or not, to dice with death or not. I tended to come down on the side of Miller: "The more fully we embrace our lives, *live* our lives, the easier it is to accept the notion of death. The main thing is not to fear." In the last analysis, who knows anything about death? Nobody. After millennia of thinking about it, not even the greatest minds have come any closer to answering the perennial question of "what happens next?" that so chills the soul. So why bother about it? Why not use our consciousness of the awesome and sometimes dreadful mystery of mortality to drink every drop from the goblets of life while it is still in our hands?

Almost fearless now, I could celebrate the love and respect I had found in myself for the animal more closely involved in the process of human civilization than any other. Often, passing horses grazing in a field, I would stop and gaze, commune and talk with them as I stroked an offered muzzle. Even though I had not become the hero

of my hero and conquered my fears completely, I was not more alive to the "security of insecurity" and the wisdom of not knowing than I had been before I started riding. I could openly embrace risk in more than one area of my life. My higher self wholeheartedly agreed with Miller: "The worst is not death, but being blind, blind to the fact that everything about life is in the nature of the miraculous."

One morning in high summer, I took Dulce out on my own. A rooster was crowing in the far field as I walked across the paddock, and she gave a whinny of recognition as she looked up from her grazing, ears pricked forward. A soft blow through her nostril and she took the offered carrot as I slung a halter over her neck. She walked languidly behind me as I led her to the gate to be tacked up, lifting her hooves rhythmically over the long grass, her blaze nodding at my shoulder. She dropped her head to tear at some luscious new grass and I smelled her sweet smell in the freshness of the new day.

We rode along grassy lanes beside mature hedgerows lush with flowering yarrow, white wild sweet pear, mist blue scabious, and the gall of the dog-rose. Viburnum in flower was attracting clouds of butterflies. Wheat was ripe

Continued on back page...

HONEY FOR HEALING WOUNDS

More than 4,000 years after Egyptians began applying honey to wounds, it is now being sold for regular wound care all over the world.

Called Medihoney, it is made from a highly absorbent seaweed-based material, saturated with Manuka honey, a particularly potent type that experts say kills germs and speeds healing. Also called Leptospermum honey, Manuka honey comes from hives of bees that collect nectar from Manuka and Jelly bushes in Australia and New Zealand. Regular honey can have mild medicinal benefits, but Manuka honey is far more potent.

“It’s been used on wounds where nothing else will work”, said biochemist Peter Molan, PHD, a professor at the University of Waikato in New Zealand who has researched honey and other natural antibiotics for 25 years. He’s found Manuka honey can kill the toughest bacteria even when diluted 10 times and recommends it especially for people and animals with weakened immune systems.



Honey has been used for healing wounds on horses with great results and it heals quickly. It is easy to apply (sticks well) and doesn’t sting so horses tolerate treatment better. It can be plastered in an open wound or bandaged on more severe cuts and burns. It has proven to be especially helpful at reducing the proud flesh that grows out of control as the flesh over-populates and stops the skin from covering properly.

More recently, hoof care professionals have discovered honey is excellent for treating thrush. Injecting the honey deep into the sulcus of the hoof for as little as 20 minutes will get the job done as it is absorbed quickly and doesn’t remain sticky. Final tip: Buy Manuka honey from a store – not a medical supply chain – this will save you money.



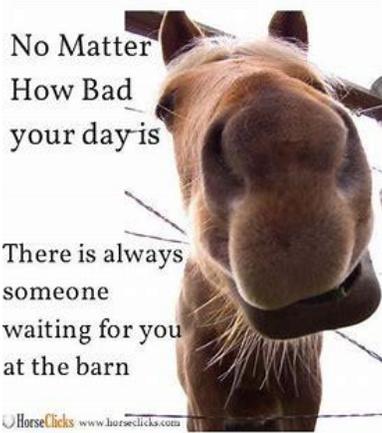
Our store is open 11:00am – 6:00pm Monday, Wednesday, Friday & Saturday



Shop online!
www.thenoblehorsevintage.com
www.theurbanequustrian.com

New Items for July





Why did the horse play his music so loud?

He wanted to be a Herd animal!



I put a bet on a horse to come in 10 to 1 – and it did!

Unfortunately all the others came in at 12:30



What looks like half a horse?

The other half!



Once upon a time there was a rich man that was driving past a farm, he looked over and saw a beautiful stallion standing in the field. The rich man thought, 'Wow, I gotta have him!' so he pulled into the farm's entrance. He found the owner and said, "I want that horse out yonder in that field, how much do you want for him?" The farmer said, "He don't look too good". 'Nonsense', said the rich man, "I'll pay you \$1000 for him." "But he don't look too good", said the farmer. The rich man sighed and said, "\$2000 is my final offer." The farmer sold the beautiful horse to the rich man. One week later the rich man came back angry as ever and said, "Darn you! You sold me a blind horse!" Then the farmer smiled and said, "I TOLD YOU HE DIDN'T LOOK TOO GOOD!"



When does a horse go to sleep at night?

Whinny he wants to

WILDWOOD FARM B&B



This is your moment.

Today at Wildwood Farm B&B

*A family of four
Discovered new colors in a sunset,
learned that horses speak without
words – and in the dancing light of a
campfire retold their family's dreams*

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

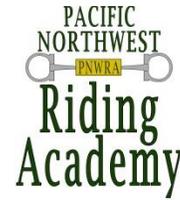
Our ranch has a long history of igniting the spark between horses and humans, whether you want a small introduction or total immersion.

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 RIDING ACADEMY



WILL YOU?

Learn from me and take my wisdom with you as a safe secret tucked into your pocket?



WILL YOU?

Allow me to tell you who you really are so you can move forward and paint your own portrait?



WWW.PNWRiding.com

Tongue Twister Alliteration With the Letter H



Alliteration is when words start with the same sound.

Fill in the blanks with the words below. Use nouns in the blanks that have an "N" under them. Use adjectives in the blanks with "A" under them. Be careful, it can get pretty silly!

Adjectives

healthy handy happy harsh
heavy helpful hideous homely
hot horrible huge hurt husky

Nouns

hamster hyena hound hat
honeybee hippo hair home
house hand hill hole hen

The _____ horse harrassed the _____
A A

_____. He happily hugged the _____
N A

_____ and hovered near the _____
N A

_____. The horse halted at the _____
N A

_____ and hid under the _____!
N N

Now read your story out loud. (And try not to laugh!)

**Finish this story and turn it in to Wildwood Farm by August 1
for your chance to win a cool prize!**

NAME: _____ PHONE/EMAIL: _____

**Congratulations to Maria Sanger for her winning entry in our Horses Anagram
Puzzle from the June Newsletter!**

Nutrition Corner

CHOKER 101 – Caring for a horse that has choked.

What is Choke and what does it look like?

Choke is when food or foreign materials cause a blockage in the esophagus. You may see a horse with feed and discharge coming from his nose, displaying discomfort and attempting to swallow. They might be coughing and you may even see a lump on the side of the neck where the material has gotten stuck in the esophagus. Watch your horse and try and keep him/her as comfortable as possible. However, don't allow him/her to eat or drink and don't administer any medication – call a vet right away.

Choke needs to be resolved and many horses can have secondary issues including pneumonia if saliva and food get into the lungs. When your vet arrives a sedative will most-likely be administered to help relax the muscles of the esophagus and hopefully the lodged material will pass on its own. The horse will need to be monitored carefully and

Antibiotics will generally be prescribed due to the concern of pneumonia and feed will need to be re-introduced slowly.

The choking process causes inflammation and can cause scarring in the esophagus and this can predispose a horse to choking again. Feeding softer feeds, wetting the feed, and feeding at ground level are important practices for horses who have choked.

What causes a horse to choke?

Horses can choke on many different types of feedstuff – from grain to hay and treats. Sometimes choke can happen when a horse eats too fast (Bolt their feed) and does not chew his/her food properly, and horses with dentition issues and those unable to chew feed can be at risk. For all horses – and particularly those with risk of choke – feeding on the ground is the best practice. When horses eat with their heads down they produce more saliva while chewing. Feeding smaller meals more often and assuring your horse does not compete for food will help the odds of your horse not choking. Helping relieve any nervousness around eating will be a huge help with preventing choke.

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

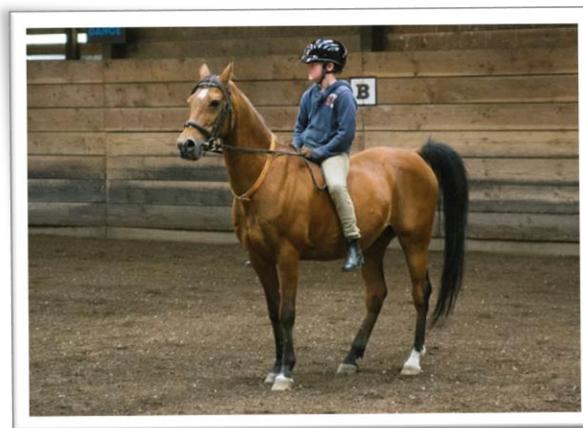
MEET VIZON!

Vizon is one of our best-known and loved school horses that many of our students learned to ride on. He is a wonderful and kind teacher, careful with his young and inexperienced riders yet has a lot of energy for those more experienced riders that want more of a challenge.

Vizon (Polish pronunciation is V-eye-ZON) is a purebred Polish Arabian gelding that was born in Pomeroy, WA on June 1, 1994 which makes him 26 years young! From 1998 thru 2005 Vizon was an exceptional English Pleasure horse and won a tremendous amount of awards and recognition, and was nominated for the Arabian Horse Association Horse Legion of Honor Award.

Sadly, in 2006 Vizon had surgery in hopes of helping the arthritis in his hock and something went wrong that put an end to his show career. With hopes that he could find a useful life outside of the show ring, his owner and trainer rehabilitated him to be sound with light work, and in 2008 Wildwood Farm was given the opportunity to re-home him for our school and lesson program.

Since that time Vizon has far exceeded his original diagnosis of simple trail horse use and has become the cornerstone of our riding program (PNWRA). He is still going strong after all of these years -be sure and give him a pat next time you pass his stall and tell him how fabulous he is!



THE POLISH ARABIAN lineage officially started in 1921 although the Poles had an interest in this breed starting in the 16th century. A breeding program was established at the Janów Podlaski Stud and the Arabian Horse Breeding society and stud book was formed in the 1920s. Barely surviving WWII, the line was improved with native Arabian and Russian strains and today the Polish Arabian is alive and well. Some of the characteristics of the Polish Arabian are: Strong Muscular bodies • Highly dynamic movements • Small Hooves • Long withers • arched necks • Great racing ability. Some of the most famous Polish Arabians are **Bask, Witraz, Aladdin, Negatiw and Muscat**

INTERVIEW WITH THOROUGHBRED TRAINER H. JAMES BOND

*Bond Racing Stables & Song Hill Thoroughbreds, Mechanicville
New York.*

Are you the luckiest guy in the world or is it a lot harder than people can appreciate from the outside?

The pressure is immense because they are living, breathing animals. They can get into trouble in the blink of an eye. It's my job to keep them safe, number one, and number two I'm a teacher. We start at Kindergarten and hopefully take them all the way to college. If they have the God-given ability all I can do is screw it up. I try to keep my horses happy, feed them well, take care of them well, get them fit and strong. The rest is up to them.

You have a motto, "Take care of the horse, the horse will take care of you." But you're in an industry that has taken hits because of unsavory people who have done terrible things to their horses. What is that like for you?

It's the world. My father always said, keep yourself with the best of company, your horses with the worst and you'll make lots of money. I stay in my own little world, I'm very lucky, I'm very family oriented; I have a great wife and two sons who work with me and we just love horses. This is not a job for me, this is a passion. I wake up every morning and my wife says, "Why are you always in such a good mood in the morning?" I can't wait to go see the horses. I've been lucky enough in my lifetime to work with people who could own anything, but I've watched them jump six feet off the ground watching their horses run. It's the greatest feeling in the world.

How do you deal with the horses that aren't high performers?

The game is so expensive. We are at Harvard – Saratoga is Harvard – and it's very expensive. You need to know when to cut your losses. You can love them, but it's a lot cheaper to have them on a farm in a paddock instead with me here. At the farm we reprogram them, take them to the farm, quiet them down. Most of them go on to be riding horses, jumping horses. Every horse we breed, it says on their foal papers that if they ever need a home just pick up the phone and we'll come up and get them.

What do you feel is the secret to a successful business or stable? In racing, it is all too easy to be caught in the trap of short-term thinking, focusing only on the next day or the next race. But a successful business is built upon a well-considered strategy to attain goals and earn money. In short, a successful stable will

have a short-term focus while keeping in mind the long-term goals.

Tell us about your family. The bond family is very close. The world of Thoroughbred race horses is our world and it is "our Lifestyle." I learned about horses from my father before I went out on my own as a trainer. I'm now passing my knowledge about horses down to my sons, Ryan and Kevin. We have always lived on a horse farm. Both boys were raised around horses. They worked every summer and weekends with the horses. We live and breathe horses. We carry our family values of honesty, trust, dedication, respect and loyalty to our stable every day. I often tell my family, "Hard work makes good luck. There is no easy road to success. Pay attention to detail and do what is right for each individual horse."

You mentioned that your help many horses go on to lead second careers. What horses come immediate to mind that demonstrates this?

We had a thoroughbred named Orino in 2016 who had a successful career but was ready to retire. Orino began his new career as our stable pony in 2018. He was born and raised at Song Hill and raced with Bond Racing Stable with career earnings just under \$400,000 until he was claimed by David Jacobson. We reached out to David to see if we could retire him when his racing career was over and David was very kind to give him back to us. The other I think about is Rivetto, who raced for Bond Racing Stables in 2016 but was claimed away from us. The following year we were notified that he sustained a career-ending injury, so we brought him home to our farm – Song Hill. Under our care he recovered from his injury and was ready for a second career. We found him a new home at Verticle Farm where he is a successful show jumper and always in the ribbons.

Tell us about Song Hill Farm. Our farm is located on 100 acres of rolling land close to Saratoga. We have a main barn with 25 stalls and 4 foaling stalls with cameras; we have 9 small barns with 27 stalls, some of which are used for quarantine. Our farm is home to our breeding and training program along with lay-ups and sales prep.

What do you feel is your greatest accomplishment? Retaining my long-time employees and long-time clientele. I am very appreciative to my clients to the great horses they have entrusted me to. And...getting Tina Marie to marry me, that is probably the best accomplishment of all!

www.jamesbondracing.com

Oakham Castle Horseshoes

Oakham, England

Hundreds of huge, centuries-old horseshoes adorn the walls of this nontraditional 12th-century castle.



OAKHAM CASTLE CERTAINLY DOESN'T LOOK like your typical castle. Nonetheless, the squat stone building, which was originally the Great Hall to a larger complex, still holds intriguing treasures within its 12th-century walls.

More than 230 ornate, oversized horseshoes adorn the castle's interior. They're the result of a unique custom associated with the castle that still exists today.

According to the tradition, when a peer of the realm visits the town of Oakham, he or she must give a horseshoe to the Lord of the Manor.

It's unclear why or when the tradition began. It's believed to be connected with Walchelin de Ferriers, for whom the castle was built. The Ferrers came from a part of Normandy known for its ironwork, and the family name derives from the French word for "farrier." The family's symbol is even a horseshoe.

Early on, the horseshoes were nailed to the castle gate and door, rendering many corroded and difficult to read. The oldest surviving horseshoe on display was presented by Edward IV in 1470 after his victory at the nearby Battle of Losecoat Field. Over time, the horseshoes became more ornate, with their tops adorned with a coronet denoting the rank of their donor. The tradition continues to this day, with the most recent being presented by the Duchess of [Cornwall](#) in 2014.

Know Before You Go.

Entry to the castle is free. It's closed on Tuesdays.

Wildwood Farm CLIPS & CLOPS Oak Harbor

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LESSONS FROM A YEAR OF RIDING - Endings and Beginnings (Continued from first page)

In the fields under the sweltering July sky. Dulcie Cantered hell-for-leather across a vast acreage of fallow ground, her spirits high. She was full of the josty of summer that day, fit, eager, and forward going. We tore across open fields, the hot wind pouring past my face under my riding hat, her heavy iron hooves thudding over the cracking ground, crunching the cut straw. Taking a grassy track down the hill into the village, we stood outside my cottage to rest, perspiring and panting in the torrid heat, before returning at a gallop up the hill and across the open field again, retracing our steps in less than half the time. I slowed her into a steady trot, bouncing gently in the saddle in sitting trot as we slowed to a walk and caught our breath again.

The feeling of that ride was of confidence, a comfortable confidence that I could not have dreamed of in those first fearful days of awkwardness and ignorance. Breathless, I felt fully alive and aware, ready to cope with anything unexpected. We walked to the crest of the hill where we could see open countryside in all directions: East Anglia in the dog days of midsummer with its rolling wheat fields and circling birds. Pausing to look around, I inhaled pure happiness. My great teacher's words echoed in my mind: "Let each one turn his gaze inward and regard himself with awe and wonder, with mystery and reverence; let each one promulgate his own laws, his own theories; let each one work his own influence, his own havoc, his own miracles."

But something did happen next. I became ill and for nearly a year was unable to ride at all. At first I refused to admit defeat and forced my body into things it was unable to cope with. Gradually it became clear that the illness would triumph over my will to continue and that any riding I could do in the future would be severely limited due to the permanent disability that was the legacy of the disease. The privilege of regular practice, of those special relationships I had had with "my" horses, these were now denied to me, and as I watched people ride past my cottage on their beloved horses I felt achingly sad. It seemed that the door that had opened for me into the secret places where horses live was closing inexorably.

The illness hit me in winter, and through that summer I was pushing myself against currents of fatigue and an undertow of low energy. I decided to take myself to a remote Greek island to rest and recharge a while. Flying into the mainland airport, I experienced the horrors of its overcrowded chaos before driving through the streets of the city to the harbor where the ferry was waiting. I stood for most of the journey leaning over the rail staring at the sea, hypnotized by the waves breaking rhythmically away from the boat as it plowed through the water. They danced and reveled under my gaze, that playful fal dissolving endlessly, frothing and disappearing into the blue water, only to reappear and dance again. Insubstantial white bubbles vanishing back into the waves after their dance was done. Just like us. Like dreamers, we look into mirrors and we dream, and dreams arise and die like waves breaking over each other, returning to the element from which they come.

In the light of such understanding, the regrets and disillusionments of my illness began to disperse. One dream might have died, but another would be reborn. My life, after all, could never be the same again now that it had been touched so deeply by Equus. I had learned that endings are beginnings, and all the steps forward I would take in my life would contain the magic of the experience that had translated for myself as the Zen of horseback riding. Most of all, I took with me the treasure of experiencing the richness of the present moment, that container of past and future, and knowing that that is all there is. Yet it was unwillingly and with a sad heart that I left the wonderland where I had experienced so many joys and fears and closed the looking glass door behind me.