



Wildwood Farm CLIPS & CLOPS Oak Harbor

June 2020

YOUR NEIGH-BORHOOD HULLABALOO

Lessons from a Year of Riding –The Dragon of Fear by Ingrid Soren

Judith and I rode together once or twice a month during the autumn as the year passed through Halloween into winter. Taking a carrot with me to the paddock, I would offer it on the flat of my palm (nervously at first) to Dulcie, who took it eagerly, curling back her floppy lips to pick it up, then munching methodically as she eyed me. Tentatively, I stroked the flesh-colored muzzle between her silk-soft nostrils and felt her warm breath on my hand. I rubbed the front of her head down the wide white blaze. Then she would stretch her long neck down and return to nibbling grass, her tail blowing gently in the breeze. Wild apples lay windfallen under the hedgerow bordering the field, and old man's beard scrambled across the berried dogwood.

Each time we went out, I had to encounter the dragon of fear that lurked behind the looking glass. Sometimes that fear was mingled with exhilaration, as one time when Dulcie cantered flat out up a grassy lane to the top of the slope. I felt the turbo of her horsepower charge up under by body as she took off. Somehow I stayed on, more by

surrendering to the inevitable than by conscious skill. In spite of terrifying thoughts of imminent death, I felt the thrill of the movement, the joy of the speed, the pleasure of the horse as she let rein to her energy. She slowed into a trot as we reached the crest of the hill, blowing noisily through her nostrils. I reined her into a walk and patted her neck to thank her for stopping. My niece, Kristy, a bright 16-year old who was riding behind me on Tandy (whom she had ridden since she was 8), trotted up alongside and giggled when she saw my face.

"You look so frightened", she laughed as she slowed down. I could swear that Tandy drew back her upper lip in a sneer, one of her many versatile facial expressions (she had a wonderful one for "sulk" where the lower lip jutted forward.)

I mustered as much poise as I could in response to her mirth and said, "Well, so I was...it's only the second time I've cantered properly." I swallowed my feelings of inadequacy, wondering whether I would ever be any good at this riding game, which seemed so difficult to me and yet came so naturally to Kristy, and wishing that I had started in my childhood like she had. As we rode on, a fine mist began to rise off the dark furrows, obscuring the bare wood on the

hill. On another occasion the saddle slipped, mercifully just as Dulcie was slowing down out of a trot. I slid slowly round her flank and bumped to the ground. She stopped, turned to look at me out of a placid eye, her thoughts impenetrable under long lashes. Lowering her head to eat some grass, she swished her tail in what I took for irritation. I sat for a moment to recover, aware of a late afternoon sun casting shadows across the path. I got up unscathed, my dignity more damaged than my body.

Childhood memories haunted me: As long as I could remember, I had been terrified of horses – their size, their strength, flying iron hooves kicking out, huge teeth biting me. I was a dreamer brought up with 3 sisters among the clanging bells of a university city. I absorbed the magic of medieval streets and stone spires and loved to read about great poets and scholars who had lived within the walls of the rambling colleges. I escaped the severities of family life by finding consolation in nature, lying in long grass under gnarled apple trees or climbing into a crooked old quince tree at the edge of the woods that surrounded our house. My twin sister was more of an extrovert than I was and less into nature and books. In a nearby paddock, she kept a horse whom she

Continued on back page...

EQUINE STRESS CONTROL THERAPY (ESCT)

Equine Stress Control Therapy (ESCT) was invented by Barbara Wright in 2002 to help calm a spooky Arabian horse named Victoor (aka Vic) whom she purchased at a livestock auction in Colorado for \$825. Previously, he had been listed as breeding stallion on the Internet for \$35,000. Because of his seemingly intractable nature, he ended up at auction on the equine trash heap like so many other anxious, nervous and spooky horses. Barbara had just undergone EMDR therapy and instinctually knew it would work on Vic. Using all the steps in the human protocol except languaging, it did work! She named the revised process for horses ESCT and has been using it on horses like Vic for 17 years. Her work at her horse sanctuary in Colorado the past 16 years has given her many chances to heal troubled horses with ESCT, horses that had come from backgrounds of mistreatment, starvation, cruelty or abandonment. She now continues as a therapist as her main focus, both for horses and humans.

The ESCT pulser is an automatic gently vibrating attachment to the horse's halter that allows hands-free administering of the gentle bilateral tapping. Two small pads attach symmetrically to the vertical, nose or head strap of the halter, or to the nose band of an English headstall. Manual controls allow the user to set the speed and intensity of the tapping. A guidewire runs from the small control box to the pads. The small control box is attached to the underside of the cheek the horse's mandibles with some electrical tape. The two small pulsing pads are also attached to the vertical straps with a bit of electrical tape.



Here is why ESCT works:

- ESCT works on the horse's brain, not just the body tissues like equine bodywork, and changes his behavior by laying down new neural networks in the brain.
- ESCT is easy to learn and use, hands or a Harmony ESCT pulser being the only tools needed.
- ESCT removes the old memory and replaces it with a new one (neural reprocessing).
- ESCT most often works in three 15 to 30 minute sessions or less.
- ESCT integrates with all training and treatment methods.
- ESCT is based on proven Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD) treatments for humans, modified for the horse.
- ESCT's effective cure rate for any given spooky situation is over 90 percent.
- ESCT centers the horse into his body, creating responses instead of reactions by calming the Automatic Startle Response (ASR).
- ESCT engages the horse's volitional brain where learning takes place instead of the reactive brain.
- ESCT can be used working on the ground with the horse or with the rider up.

For more information please visit www.harmonyhorseworks.com

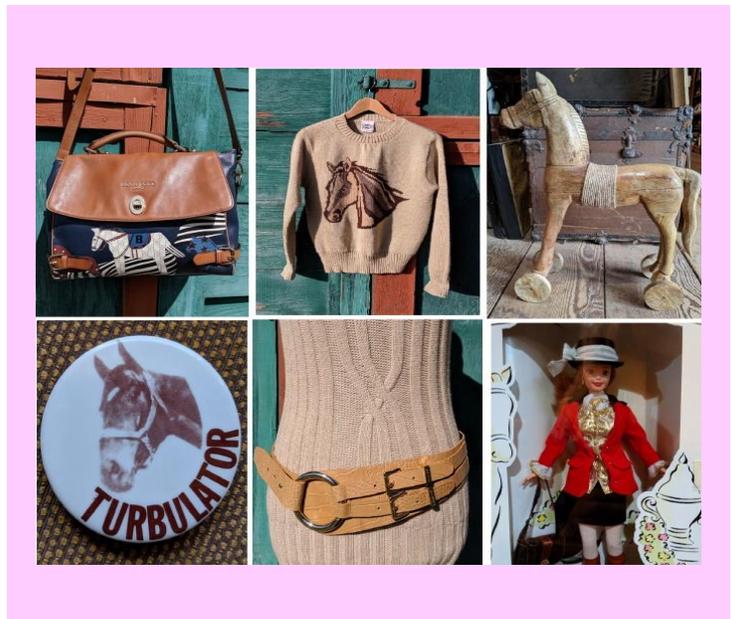


Our store is open 11:00am – 6:00pm Monday, Wednesday, Friday & Saturday



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

New Items for June

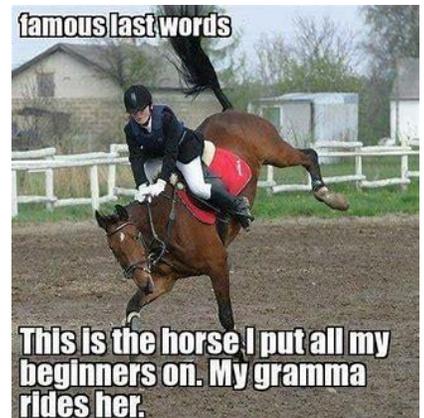




When you hear some gossip from a horse you are basically listening to a neigh-sayer!



No one liked the new horse at the farm because he was always trying to STIRRUP trouble!



A farmer was sitting by a tree with his horse....As his wife approached she is irritated and nagging about something and just as she reaches him the horse kicks her and kills her on the spot.

A funeral is held and afterwards everyone comes up to the widower one by one shaking his hand and saying a few words. The priest notices how the widower shakes his head to all the men and nods to all the women.

When they're all done the priest goes up to him and asks him what that was about. The widower says. "Well the women said they're sorry and offered their condolences. The men asked if the horse was for sale..."



Most horses will only eat their sandwiches on thorough-bread



The bronco was asked to leave the bar because he only had one buck...



The man had to close his riding academy because his business kept falling off...

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.

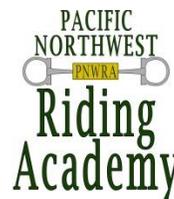
Our ranch has a long history of igniting the spark between horses and humans, whether you want a small introduction or total immersion.

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?

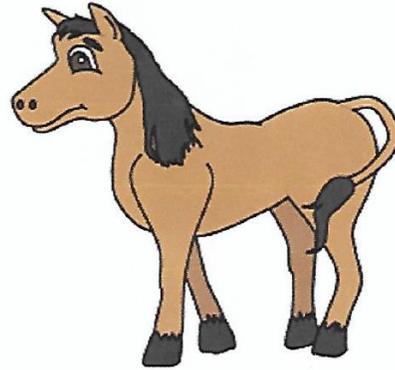
Allow me to tell you who you really are so you can move forward and paint your own portrait?



WWW.PNWRiding.com

Unscramble the letters to find the words in our

Horses Anagram



Hidden word (circled letters)

--	--	--	--	--	--

h e r s o

o t t r

d w a o o b l r m

e a c n l b

l i t a

a e l r f

e i n o s p

l f o a

a t g i

s o o e h v

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

NAME: _____ PHONE/EMAIL: _____

Congratulations to Grace Eli for her winning entry in our At The Races word
search from the May Newsletter!

Nutrition Corner

Why are trace minerals important in Equine Feed?

Although trace minerals are one of the smallest components of the diet, they are one of the most important. Trace minerals like copper, zinc and manganese are vital to your horse's health due to their involvement in immunity, fertility, metabolism, strong hooves and healthy hair coat.

Mineral source matters because it can affect mineral availability, palatability and stability of other feed ingredients in the diet. Found in nature as the naturally occurring crystals atacamite (copper), simonkolleite (zinc), and kempite (manganese), Intellibond Hydroxy trace minerals (used by Triple Crown) have strong covalent bonds and a unique crystalline structure which prevents free metal ions from being released at the pH of common feed mixes. Instead, these crystals release the minerals gradually after reaching the normal acidic environment of your

Horse's stomach, making the mineral available at the right time for absorption in the small intestine.

HOW MINERALS AFFECT YOUR HORSE

These important solubility characteristics of Intellibond Hydroxy trace minerals can affect your horse in three major ways:

1. **Palatability.** Studies show that horses prefer to consume Intellibond rather than sulfate or organic sources of trace minerals.
2. **Feed Stability.** Intellibond trace minerals produce less dust and take on less moisture than sulfate trace minerals. And, Intellibond protects the vitamins, lipids, enzymes and probiotics in your feed from interacting with reactive free metal ions assuring best quality.
3. **Bioavailability.** Dietary antagonists like fiber and sulfur can tie up trace minerals and prevent them from being absorbed. The targeted release of minerals with Intellibond assures minerals are available when your horse needs them.

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 DICKENS

As the oldest (and tallest!) horse in our Riding Academy, Dickens is the gentle giant of the bunch. He is loved by his students for his eager attitude and great work ethic, and he has a lifetime of skill that he shares with his students and riders.

Dickens's registered name is Franchir, and he is a Selle Francais warmblood gelding who was born in 1993 and was bred by his original owner, Judy Hansen, who lived in Sand Point, Idaho. Judy was an avid jumper rider and wanted a horse that could keep up with her, and she definitely found that in Dickens! Growing to over 17 hands tall Dickens did not disappoint with his enthusiasm and scope over the jumps, and soon the pair became a force to be reckoned with in the competition ring.

Throughout the years Judy rode Dickens in Northwest events and shows and he was always in the ribbons, and never took a lame step his whole career. Dickens had (and has) a very laid back attitude and never stressed about anything, just happily did his work and was never a hot horse or one who went off of his feed. He was raised and trained with love and the care Judy gave him is evident as he is now 27 years old and looks fantastic!

Dickens was adopted by Wildwood Farm in 2018 for the lesson program at Pacific NW Riding Academy; Judy approached us explaining that he was too good to actually retire but she could not ride him very often and he had a lot yet to give his riders. Dickens settled into our program wonderfully and he will continue to be a part of Wildwood Farm for the rest of his life.



The Selle Francais is a breed of sport horse from France. It is renowned primarily for its success in show jumping, but many have also been successful in Dressage and Eventing. An athletic horse with good gaits, they are usually bay or chestnut in color. The Selle Francais was developed in 1958 when several French riding horse breeds were merged into one studbook. The new breed was meant to serve as a unified sport horse during a period when horses were being replaced by machines and were transforming into an animal used mainly for sports and leisure. Bred throughout France the breed has been exported world- wide with additional studbooks in The United Kingdom and The United States.

THE INTERVIEW

With Sharon Nichols, client of Lisa Boyer and Wildwood Farm, and owner of Kudos

What is your idea of perfect Happiness?

Knowing that I did the right thing.

What is your greatest Fear?

Not communicating well.

What historical figure do you most identify with?

Greta Garbo (At least for this moment)

What is your favorite journey?

Getting through life well.

What living person do you most admire?

The soul of my father, he is still alive in us.

On what occasion do you lie?

This is a secret.

What do you most dislike about your appearance?

This is also a secret...

Which living person do you most despise?

I don't despise anyone. It's a journey to look for the best in people, even though it's difficult sometimes.

What words or phrase do you most over-use?

Maybe "Love"? Best to keep overusing it.

What is your greatest regret?

That I cannot live longer. I love to live.

What or who is the greatest love of your life?

God.

When and where were you happiest?

Impossible to say. So many happy moments.

Which talent would you most like to have?

To be more gracious.

What is your current state of mind?

Confused about COVID-19 and politics, but pretty peaceful anyway.

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

To be more thoughtful before speaking.

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

I love them exactly as they are. Not perfect but always moving forward.

What is your most treasured possession?

My faith.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?

Losing a child. I have not lost one, but I can only imagine.

Where would you like to live?

Exactly where I live on Puget Sound in a great house with a beautiful garden and Bob. I am close in distance to my family and my horse.

What is your most marked characteristic?

I don't know, maybe that I am honest and spontaneous? A good friend to a few. Am I missing something ☺

What is the quality you most like in a person?

Trust.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?

Sometimes I talk too much. Don't deplore it, just don't like it.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?

Dishonesty.

What do you consider the most over-rated virtue?

That is a crazy question!

What is your greatest extravagance?

Hmmm...my horse, clothes, gardening, cooking utensils...everything. I love to be extravagant.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?

I don't give up. I'm trying to conquer fears that hold me back.

What is your favorite occupation?

Brand design and loving Kudos, honoring my family and being a good friend.

How would you like to die?

With Leonard Cohen music and my family. Maybe with Kudos.

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?

I don't think about this.

What is your Motto?

Always be the best I can be, be patient with others and forgive.

Horse at Water

Bensalem, Pennsylvania

This giant disembodied horse head seems to balance impossibly on its nose.

The owners of Parx Casino and Racing in Bensalem, Pennsylvania, loved the giant horse head sculpture at London's Marble Arch so much they just had to have it.



The 34-foot tall, 25-ton bronze equine, formally titled *Horse at Water*, was created by renowned British equestrian sculptor Nic Fiddian-Green. It was on display in London for several years as a temporary installment before attracting the attention of the U.S. racetrack operators and making the long and logistically arduous journey across the Atlantic to Parx.

Now, the massive head performs its balancing act on a patch of Pennsylvania land, its ears cocked back, its eyes cast downward. Some passersby appreciate the work of art. Others find it creepy. Some can't help but have flashbacks to the infamous horse head scene in the *Godfather*.

Fiddian-Green's monumental horse head sculptures have been installed at horse tracks before. One was displayed at the equestrian park in London during the 2012 Summer Olympics. But the bronze behemoth on display at the Pennsylvania racetrack is the first of Fiddian-Green's works in the U.S. After *Horse at Water* found its way to the States, the artist created an almost identical sculpture called *Still Water* to replace the much-loved original at Marble Arch.

Know Before You Go

You're not really able to visit *Horse at Water*, as it's located in the middle of a huge field in front of the casino with no access roads or paths. But feel free to wave to the giant horse head balancing precariously on the tip of its nose as you drive by.

Wildwood Farm CLIPS & CLOPS Oak Harbor

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Oak Harbor WA 98277

LESSONS FROM A YEAR OF RIDING - the Dragon of Fear (Continued from first page)

Lived for and rode almost daily, but whom I avoided it at all feasible, always staying on the right side of the fence and as far away as possible.

There were memories of a family friend being kicked in the back, a story- probably apocryphal –of somebody's aunt who was saved by wearing a brooch in the nape of her neck she likewise was kicked. Memories – or were they nightmares? – of being chased by a horse across the fen at Cambridge. All of these kept their power over me, infecting me with a recurrent virus of insecurity. Yet at the same time, another part of my psyche was saying, "Risk nothing, gain nothing." Wordsworth calls it the fear that kills: This was a double paradox, since doing so could easily kill me every time I went riding.

I was only too aware of this. Everyone I told about my new passion (it was starting to take hold) told me their catastrophe stories: road accidents, jumping accidents, broken legs when the horses fell on them, accidents in the stables, crushed ribs, terrible hunting injuries to rider and horse alike, experiences with bolting horses. My doctor looked at me with resignation: "Dangerous business," he muttered and was deaf to my enthusiasm. I heard Christopher Reeve talk on the radio about the show-jumping accident that had left him paralyzed. What did I think I was doing? One thing was for sure, I was being forced to face up to fear – to the fear of death, to my vulnerability, to my mortality.

The ultimate fear. Every time I went riding, I was confronted with it in a very real way. I became familiar with the smell of fear, the constriction of the heart and the seizure of the bowels, the panic of the stomach, the tightening of the feet and the rigid toes, the stiffening of the shoulders. Many were the times after a long canter that I would feel my upper back stiff and aching the following day.

But "to fear is not to sow" goes and Asian proverb, and something was prompting me to take risks in order to reap the unknown in whatever resulted. I had come to know from the experience of the close relationship in which I was currently trapped that fear puts up walls and locks us into a private prison. But security is not our lot, it is not the lot of the human race. I decided to trust my destiny. (In any case, fate usually intervenes when you don't – it comes along and drags you by the tail.) "Leap and the net will appear": Better the impossible than the probable, I decided, and far more interesting. Henry Miller, great thinker and my favorite mentor, whose writing was influenced by Eastern teachings, said that if you have the vision and urge to undertake great tasks, then you will find in yourself the capabilities you require. Any wisdom we might acquire, he suggests, is a process of

continual enrichment by entering into the fullness of life. The mastery of great things comes with the doing of trifles; well, my little voyage of discovery about horseback riding felt just as formidable as the greatest voyage must have for the greatest explorer.

I decided to keep a diary to record my experiences with horses, to reflect on their meaning for me and how I felt about them. I had always admired the philosophy of living each day as if it were the last, but now this consciousness of the thin line between life and extinction was being put to the test; out of theory into practice. Perhaps, to get the best out of life, I should live as if I were going to die tomorrow. But like almost everyone, I live as if I were immortal (in spite of evidence to the contrary). Now I was being faced with the concrete reality of that truth. Like most human beings, my need for security was centered in the physical, material world. But actually, I reflected, this was perhaps more an issue of understanding, of inner than of outer circumstance, and maybe this was why I was learning to ride, to deepen my understanding of the symbiosis of life and death. After one ride with Dulcie I wrote in my diary:

This is my life and with it I experiment with the truth. There is no such thing as a separate "Spiritual" life (how I distrust that word now that its currency is so debased by overuse). My life is my spiritual life, every moment contains every dimension. "The notion that man has a body distinct from his soul is to be expunged," said the ultimate mystic, William Blake. The only way I can hope to understand a little about life is in the flesh, by entering into life fully.

Wittgenstein said that the mystical is not HOW the world is, but THAT it is. What a profound statement for a dreamer like myself. I cannot evade the world, I can only accept it, enter it, partake of it, to understand it. Why not extend myself, however uncomfortable that might be, in order to become fully alive? I have an innate longing not to feel stifled and secure.

A coward attempts to stop the flow of life, the flow of the river. He doesn't, of course: All he succeeds in arresting is himself. Whatever we run away from, whatever we deny or despise defeats us in the end. Maybe this painful fear, and the uncomfortable experience of being a beginner, would later become a source of joy, if I kept an open mind and accepted it honestly. It was a gamble, and there was no way to predict the odds. It was a risk I was compelled to take, springing from an imperative need for the consolation of relationship in the aftermath of several years' struggle and unhappiness within a partnership. I was embattled, stifled, and cornered; desperate to come up and breathe; and longing for a deeper understanding.

That same autumn, life offered me the tool I most needed for integrating into my life whatever it was that horseback riding was to give me, even though I didn't appreciate the connection for nearly a year. A friend introduced me to a Zen Buddhist practice of meditation. I saw no link and sought none, embarking on two separate journeys as I saw them, as a beginner, an innocent, unformed by experience and uncluttered by expectation. Since Zen is firmly grounded in the real world, and its true purpose is to see things as they are and to let everything go as it goes, there was beauty in this conjunction.

Here I was, with truly a beginner's mind both in the riding and in the practice. In the beginner's mind, there are many possibilities, but in the expert's mind, there are few – this is one of the teachings. Teaching is in every moment, teaches Zen, and I was a novice taking my first steps in zazen (in sitting), but also (although I didn't see it that way at the time) in Zen of horseback riding.

Continued next month.....