



YOUR NEIGH-BORHOOD HULLABALOO

## Keep your Heels Grounded and your Intention Clear

Heather Carder, Wildwood Farm

I came across a story I had clipped out of Vogue magazine from 2015, written by a woman named Mary Gaitskill who was a writer; her marriage had just fallen apart and seeking inspiration for her next book she decided to sign up for a few horseback-riding lessons. I kept this story because it reminded me to be grateful for the horses in my life, and how they help keep my intentions clear. Here is an excerpt from the story about her life-changing connection with a horse named Midnight:

"I learned how to ride horses when I was 56 although I never felt any attraction for horses. On the contrary I felt their faces and body language completely unreadable, which made their size, power, and beauty flat-out unnerving. At 56 I was relatively fit and strong – but that did not seem to matter as soon as I got on a horse, where I had to coordinate my legs and hands (and therefore my brain) in a way that was completely unfamiliar to me.

Every time I went to the stable for a lesson I felt weak, scared and hopelessly inept. Nancy, my instructor, would try and coach me by saying things like "treat your horses like you treat your

students – don't put up with any shit!"

This was of no help: I was not an authority that impressed the horse one bit. I had a particularly discouraging experience with a gelding named Midnight, a lovely Tennessee Walker. Because of his even disposition, my instructor wanted me to ride him but I had been riding a pony named Queen, and in comparison, Midnight was very tall and narrow bodied, which felt precarious to me. His stride was longer and his gait much stronger; the first time he went into a running walk, I was startled and pulled on his mouth too hard, which made him toss his head and jog restrictively, which scared me. I couldn't get him to do much of anything for the entire lesson and I never wanted to ride him again.

The feeling, it seemed, was mutual. Sometime after this lesson, I was leading Midnight out to the paddock to graze and he shoved me with his head, not hard enough to knock me down but hard enough to make me stumble. Later, on a different day, as I was leading him back into his stall, he bolted in past me so fast that he knocked me into the wall. Damn it, I thought, even the nice horse here is pushing me around.

One day a few months later I arrived at the barn to find out that Nancy's brother had died and that they arranged for

someone to feed and water the horses; I was to just take care of the animals I was responsible for. I did my job while the horses all looked at me anxiously, wondering, I suppose, where their main ladies were. Queen's was the last stall I cleaned. Right next to her was Midnight. Normally he would ignore me while I cleaned, but that day he stood stock still, staring at me fixedly, sometimes even turning his head so he could look at me with one eye and then the other. Clearly, he was trying to tell me something, so I went around to the other side of the barn to look into his stall. It was absolutely filthy. His mute face said "help me" so plainly it was as if he had spoken the words. I didn't speak out loud. But I thought at him: I would like to help, but I am afraid of you. You shoved me with your head and then you knocked me against the wall. He continued to stare at me, and again I understood as plainly as if he'd spoken: I'm not going to hurt you. I need help. Please help.

And so I went into his stall and cleaned it. As soon as I entered, I realized I was safe. I cleaned one side of the stall, then gently pushed him to the other side and cleaned that. When I was done I stood with him and stroked his neck. His lips trembled with pleasure; I felt a flood of  
*Continued on back page...*

Wildwood Farm  
CLIPS & CLOPS  
Oak Harbor

November 2019

## Did the Pilgrims have horses?

The pilgrims did not bring any large livestock animals with them on the Mayflower. In fact, the only animals known for certainty to have come on the mayflower were two dogs: An English Mastiff and an English Spaniel. Although not specifically mentioned it was most-likely that they had chickens and pigs too. The first cattle arrived on the ship Anne in 1623 and more on the ship Jacob in 1624.



Horses WERE in America, brought to what is now Mexico by the Spanish explorers, but had not yet migrated to the east coast. The first oxen and horses did not start arriving for the pilgrims until the 1630s, most being brought to the Massachusetts Bay colony to the north by ship from England. It is purported that these horses were more draft-type horses to help work the land, although eventually the lighter riding horses found their way to the new America and, as you know, the mustangs were also spreading eastward.



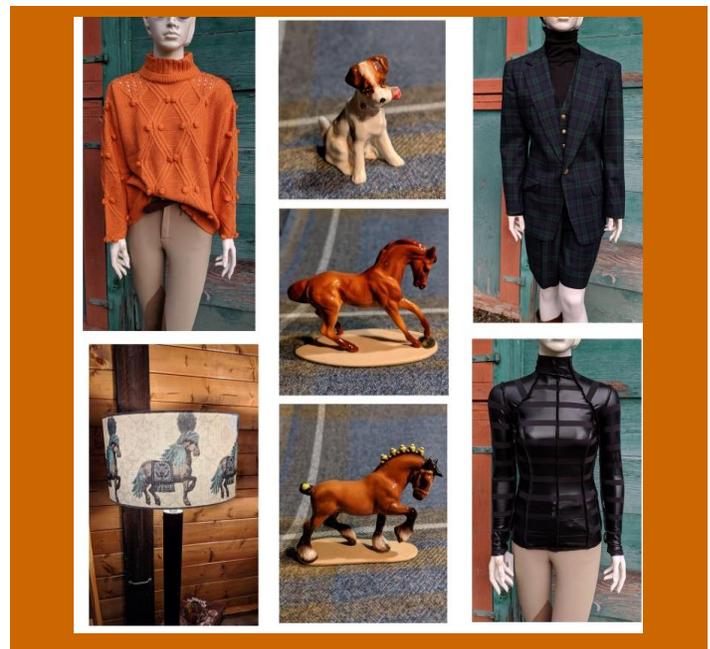
## New Items for Fall



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



Shop online!  
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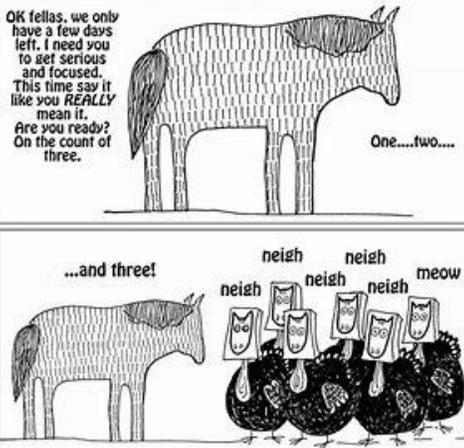


**DID YOU KNOW?**  
While president, Thomas Jefferson refused to declare Thanksgiving as a holiday

**Only male turkeys actually gobble**  
Only male turkeys- appropriately named gobblers – actually make the sound. Female turkeys cackle instead. So if you're trying to find out whether a turkey is male or female, just wait until they open their beaks!

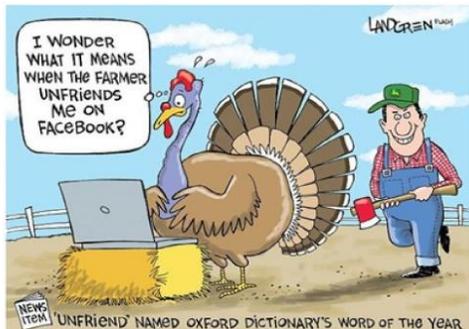
**In 1939, Thanksgiving was celebrated on the Third Thursday in November, not the fourth.**

**NickerDoodles™**



Fill your day with Laughter, Animals & the ones you Love! Happy Thanksgiving. :)

**There are four towns in the United States named Turkey – and four called Cranberry**



A grandmother was showing her grandchildren a painting of the Pilgrim Family on a Thanksgiving day card that she had received and she commented. "The Pilgrim children enjoyed going to church with their mothers and fathers and praying to God". Her grandson looked at her doubtfully and asked, "Then why is their father carrying that rifle?"

A young boy, after hearing the story of Thanksgiving and how the Indians and Pilgrims sat down together, climbed up into his father's lap and said. "Daddy, did you know that if we were Indians, you would be a brave and mom would be a squawk?" "That is the best description of your mother I have ever heard", replied his daddy as he ducked....

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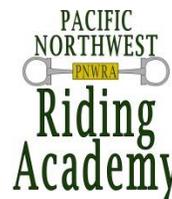


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We have put together a great line of sweatshirts and winter jackets complete with the Wildwood Farm and Pacific NW Riding Academy logos in a rich hunter green color. Youth and adult sizes available, please check with your instructor for an order form and more information.

**Great Horse Quotes:**  
*"Horses and children have a lot of the good sense there is in the world."*

-Josephine Dermot Robinson

*"It is the difficult horses that have the most to give you."*

-Lendon Gray



[WWW.PNWRiding.com](http://WWW.PNWRiding.com)

# Test your Thanksgiving Smarts!

Please turn in your entries by 12/30/2019

1. On Canadian Thanksgiving, what is the traditional dessert served? \_\_\_\_\_
2. What are the chicks of turkeys known as? \_\_\_\_\_
3. Which NFL team always played on Thanksgiving except during WWII? \_\_\_\_\_
4. What was the original name of Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade? \_\_\_\_\_
5. Turkeys cannot fly, true or false? \_\_\_\_\_
6. How much did the turkey weigh that was pardoned by President Trump in 2017? \_\_\_\_\_
7. Turkeys can drown if they look up when it is raining, true or false? \_\_\_\_\_
8. Name the amino acid found in Turkey \_\_\_\_\_
9. What's the running speed of wild turkeys if they are frightened? \_\_\_\_\_
10. Does England officially celebrate Thanksgiving? \_\_\_\_\_
11. Who was the captain of the Mayflower ship? \_\_\_\_\_
12. Name the only place in Australia that celebrates Thanksgiving \_\_\_\_\_
13. How many Pilgrims attended the first Thanksgiving \_\_\_\_\_ and how many Wampanoag Indians attended? \_\_\_\_\_
14. Turkey was part of the first Thanksgiving meal, True or False? \_\_\_\_\_ How about Mashed Potatoes? \_\_\_\_\_

## Thanksgiving Smarts Contest is open to all

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Age: \_\_\_\_\_

Phone: \_\_\_\_\_

The winner will be announced in our January Newsletter and will receive a Gift Certificate to Toppins in Oak Harbor. (Try to do this without GOOGLE!)

**HAPPY THANKSGIVING!**

## Nutrition Corner

### Commercial Horse Grain Mixes VS Plaid Grains

Although plain grains, such as oats and corn, have been fed to horses for thousands of years, we now know that plain grains do not provide a balanced diet for your horse and must be properly supplemented. Plain grains can be lacking in protein, amino acids, minerals, vitamins and/or essential fatty acids.

With the volume of supplements on the market today, surprisingly few will properly balance the vitamin and mineral levels of plain grain. But what can happen if plain grains are not properly balanced? The most common anomalies that occur are:

- Secondary Hyperparathyroidism
- Insulin Resistance
- Tying Up
- Low Immune response

- Poor stamina
- Poor hair, hoof and reproductive condition.

All grains have a calcium:phosphorus imbalance and given enough time this can cause issues such as hyperparathyroidism.

Plain grains also are deficient in many trace minerals such as zinc, copper, selenium or iodine as well as vitamins. Imbalances of these critical nutrients can result in temperament problems, hair & hoof quality problems, low immune response and bone and joint anomalies.

Plain grains are low in essential amino acids. This can lead to poor growth in young horses.

Plain grains do contain fat, but research has demonstrated that supplementing equine diets with omega-3 fatty acids can improve trainability, immune response and overall performance.

If you do feed your horse plain grains be sure and supplement with a balanced product like Triple Crown 30% and Golden flax for fat.

### 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 Equi-mix 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 Babe....

Babe came to our farm in the summer of 2017. We received a call from her owner who lived near the airstrip here in Oak Harbor asking if we would take her and her brother as she was no longer able to take care of them. The owner mentioned they were 17ish Appaloosas and had pretty much been pasture puffs all of their lives and neither of them were trained to be ridden. These two did not seem like the type of horses we wanted to take on, but I told her I would take a look and see if I could help her.

On the day I first saw Babe and her brother Chief I took Rachele, who worked at the farm at the time, with me. Both horses had escaped to the neighbor's house and we had to track them down, but we were both pleasantly surprised with the horses we saw. Though they were both pretty pudgy, they were in fantastic shape with slick and shiny coats, great-looking hooves and clear and bright eyes. They both looked at least half their age, almost like we stumbled into a time warp.

I agreed to help her find homes for them as both were very nicely colored; Chief was dark bay with a stunning blanket on his rump and built like a hunter. Babe was more war-horse looking with roaning throughout and black legs, with a lovely blaze on her face. On the day we went to pick them up we were told that neither horse had a halter on for a few years; after about 3 hours of persistently following them around the 15 acre property Babe decided to go into the small barn on the property where we put her halter on; her brother followed shortly thereafter. I had a feeling Babe did this on purpose to end the game, which I really appreciated.

Then the trailer: Because Chief was a bit more laid back we thought to try and load him first; after about 30 minutes we heard Babe draw in a deep breath, let it out, and proceed to push past Chief and walk in the trailer. Chief followed obediently and they arrived at our farm with little issue.

Chief was sold within a week, and as the trailer left with him I was concerned that Babe would be upset – this was her sole companion for 16 or so years after all. Well, she never let out a whinny or nicker, just watched the trailer leave and then continued to eat her hay. I was starting to really like this mare!

Babe was sold twice but each deal fell thru, apparently it was not her time to leave our farm!



So, we decided to see if she might make a good horse for our school program; she was quiet, steady and non-excitable. Nola started her and within 3 months she was walking, trotting and cantering under saddle and never offered to buck, bolt or misbehave; really a shame that she was not 10 years younger! In the spring of 2018 we decided to see if she might be breedable, and she ended up bred to a lovely thoroughbred stallion that the farm owns a share of. She was confirmed pregnant at 30 days and as the winter and early spring continued, she continued to grow. Unfortunately we discovered she was not growing with foal, but with food! Somehow she slipped her pregnancy and kept all of us guessing! This summer Nola continued her training and she has really become a rock-solid horse.

We made the decision last month to try one more time to sell Babe; she is a solid trail horse but gets a bit too herd bound for our needs; we realized she would be best at a single-horse home or in a program a little different from ours.

We will see if Babe is ready to find her new home, if the sales start falling through I will know that Babe has something to do with it!

## THE INTERVIEW

*With Gregg Lanza, managing partner at Wildwood Farm*

### What is your idea of perfect Happiness?

Sitting in Piazza San Marco, wine in hand, plate of gnocci, with Heather

### What is your greatest Fear?

My stomach blowing up

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

John Basilone; he fought in WWII in the Pacific. He did what was necessary, wasn't happy when they put him somewhere he did not belong, and always charged in without regard to himself.

### What is your favorite journey?

It's not over until the fat lady sings...and I'm still journeying.

### What living person do you most admire?

Well, I'm gonna piss a lot of people off but – Trump. Anyone who would put himself through all this BS has to be in it for the American people. I look at achievements, not rhetoric.

### On what occasion do you lie?

When it is healthy for the well-being of the parties involved. I would never tell my mother she's fat.

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

The mole on my shoulder.

### Which living person do you most despise?

The few on the "You're dead to me" list.

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

Can I say it here?

### What is your greatest regret?

Being part of a nasty divorce that screwed up my kids.

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

Seeing people happy. At the farm I see a lot of happy people, doing what they love.

### When and where were you happiest?

See question 1

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

Play the drums...I still might try.

### What is your current state of mind?

Cloudy, with a chance of meatballs

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

My intolerance for certain things, I'm not going to be specific; everyone will figure it out.

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

I would try and help them be more caring about family.

### What is your most treasured possession?

Being a survivor. In the computer industry it was defined as...not matter what is thrown at you, you come out of it. Same could be said for our farm.

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

Being in hell.

### Where would you like to live?

Wherever I choose to be at the time.

### What is your most marked characteristic?

Being intuitive

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

Honesty/Trust

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

There are no over-rated virtues. They are all important for quality of life.

### What is your greatest extravagance?

Well, some would say it certainly is NOT my clothing options

### What do you consider your greatest achievement?

Having people in my life I care about.

### What is your favorite occupation?

Farming

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

It depends where you're at when this question is asked. Today a beautiful paperweight... relaxing.

### How would you like to die?

Peacefully

### What is your Motto?

Don't piss off old people. The older we get the less "life in prison" is a deterrent.

# Wildwood Farm CLIPS & CLOPS Oak Harbor

2326 Happy Valley Rd  
Oak Harbor WA 98277

## **Keep your Heels Down and intention clear** continued from page 1

happiness. I never felt more connected with an animal than at that moment.

I did not expect to ride Midnight after that. But I did start cleaning his stall and grooming him, and when I did those things, I felt a milder version of that same connection. Then one day Nancy said to me "I have a very special request for you. You don't have to accept it, but it is a request." She paused. I listened. She said, "Midnight really, really wants you to ride him." I looked at the horse. He looked at me, inclining his head, all but batting his eyelashes. It was unbelievably sweet and so was the ride. When I dismounted and came around to his front to say "Thank you", he pressed his nose against my cheek and held it there for a long moment. I rode only him after that and I had no fear of him. Because he was a gaited horse and did not trot under saddle, I stopped learning to ride at a trot. I didn't care, I didn't want to ride anyone but him.

After about a year I accepted another assignment and had to leave Midnight, and although I found a stable nearby and continued to take lessons I did not forget Midnight. Every month I would make the drive to go down and see him, take him on a trail ride, or just take him out to exercise or graze. At the end of the year I planned to move to New York City, which was close enough for me to come and visit Midnight regularly. I fantasized about buying him. At least I thought that things could be the same as they had been.

They weren't. When I went back I found out that Nancy had nearly gone out of business and that they'd relocated with very few horses; they had only two or three boarders left. I had one more reunion with Midnight before his owner decided she didn't want to board him with Nancy any more. In the years I had been coming to the stable, I had not seen this woman once. Nancy said she never came to see her horse, let alone ride him. But one day she came and took him away. And I never saw him again.

I never became a good rider. I just barely learned to canter and I never really jumped. If I'd been able to keep it up with Midnight I would have kept riding. But without him I lost interest. My time with him was lovely and invaluable; I miss him as I would miss a person. I believe I have kept some of the benefits of riding, in terms of confidence and leg-awareness – but I recall Midnight and the intensity of feeling of that time much more vividly than I do the skills required to ride. Even now, in New York City on my own, I might be sitting on the Subway or in a crowded restaurant and I will suddenly remember Nancy's barn early in the morning, the smells and sounds of the horses, their warmth; the feeling of Midnight's head on my shoulder, or his body under me. I remember how vulnerable and inadequate I felt to the task, and how I did it anyway. It is a melancholy feeling but it is strengthening too. I remember Nancy admonishing me to keep my heels grounded and my intention clear. And in a different way, wherever I am, I try to do exactly that. I just wish I still had Midnight to do it with'.