



Wildwood Farm CLIPS & CLOPS Oak Harbor

December 2019

YOUR NEIGH-BORHOOD HULLABALOO

A Special Morgan Horse

Edited by Heather Carder

I first heard of Julie Williams when I read a poem she wrote that was published in Morgan Horse Magazine in late 2007 called Requiem. I soon tuned into her storytelling through her blog The View from My Saddle and though she has not posted in a few years I have kept my favorite stories. This is one I am particularly fond of and wanted to share with you this holiday season, titled A Special Morgan Horse from 2015

"There's a funny thing about endings--they set the stage for something new. Just when I thought I had nothing, I discovered the powerful magic of beginnings from a Morgan colt named Blackwatch Jubilee. The not-so-funny thing was that my marriage died.

The death of a marriage can be sudden, like when there's a car accident and your spouse is killed. Sometimes it comes on slowly, much as a long illness that eats away at life day by day until it fades away. The abrupt end of mine was shocking. My teenage sons and I were suddenly and utterly alone. No warning. No money. Nothing.

The only thing I knew to do was hope that God was in control of what I wasn't, let extended family know what was happening, and try to pay attention to whatever opportunity presented itself each day. There were a lot of good people in our lives. They made us their family and they made all the difference. But when I woke up in the middle of the night alone with my own thoughts, it wasn't so easy. I was scared and didn't think I had a lot to offer anyone. I'd apprenticed under a horse trainer, and I was a Mom. I wasn't afraid of hard work, but what had I proven so far--in a man's world?

Sometimes I lay in bed at night, listening to hooves thumping on the wooden floor in the weathered red barn. Blackwatch was such a happy horse, he made everything easy. He liked to be with me. He was confident, whereas worry came naturally to me. I wondered--if I borrowed his courage and can-do attitude, what might we accomplish?

As the seasons passed, the Morgan colt grew into his long legs. I often took him with me when I rode the roan mare. Blackwatch learned about manners, cattle, crossing water, a variety of terrain, and traffic. By three, his hardened muscles rippled under a glossy coat. His thick forelock tumbled over

soft eyes that were always calm. When I left him in the corral and rode alone, I'd often return to find him staring at me as if to say *I'm ready, when are you going to ride me?*

Summertime brought longer days. By July, after work, I saddled Blackwatch and often lunged him in the field near the sale barn. One evening their manager slowed his truck, rolled down the window and asked with a grin, "When are you going to get on that horse?"

"I'm not sure. I don't have a fenced arena."

"Bring him on Wednesday. We'll start you in the pens. Sale days are once a week", he replied. Was that a job offer, I wondered? I led my horse over on Tuesday and we put him in a pen of young steers to see how he reacted. Blackwatch leaped into the middle, ears forward and quivering with delight.

The following morning was sale day. Talk about a man's world--there were only two gals in the yards--pen riders on young colts. Several of the cattlemen came by to check out the new horse and rider. They'd heard about a stallion on the lot and they weren't coming to welcome me. "What are you doing with a stud?"

Continued on back page...

Motion Sensors Detect Horse Lameness

Horse lameness is the most common ailment to affect a horse, and now a University of Missouri equine veterinarian has developed a way to detect this problem using a motion detection system called the “Lameness Locator.”

The Lameness Locator places small sensors on the horse’s head, right front limb and croup, near the tail. The sensors monitor and record the horse’s torso movement while the horse is trotting. The recorded information is then transferred to a computer or mobile device and compared against databases recorded from the movement of healthy horses and other lame horses. The program is then able to diagnose whether or not the horse is actually lame.

In a study published in the Equine Veterinary Journal, Kevin Keegan- a professor of equine surgery in the University of Missouri College of Veterinary Medicine – and co-author Meghan McCracken, an equine surgery



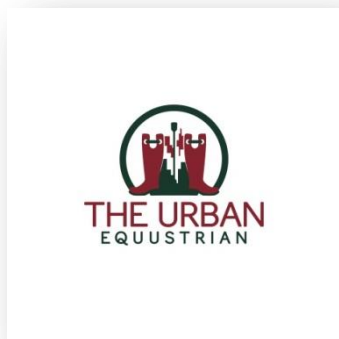
Resident at the university, tested the Lameness Locator with a number of veterinarians using any lameness testing methods they wished; they found that the Lameness Locator can detect lameness earlier than veterinarians using the traditional method of a subjective eye test more than 58% of the time and more than 67% of the time when the lameness occurred in the hind legs.

The reasons for this is that the Lameness Locator samples motion at a higher frequency beyond the capability of the human eye and removes the bias that frequently accompanies human subjective evaluation.

For more information visit www.equineosis.com



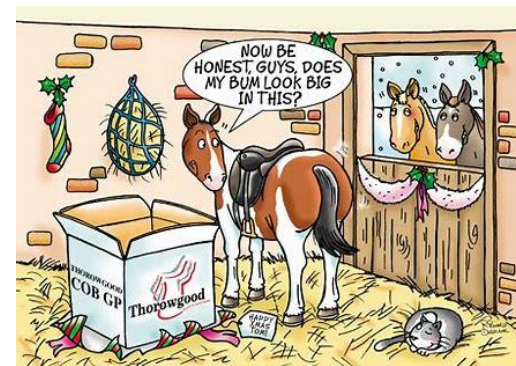
Our store is open 11:00am – 6:00pm Monday, Wednesday, Friday & Saturday



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New Items for Winter

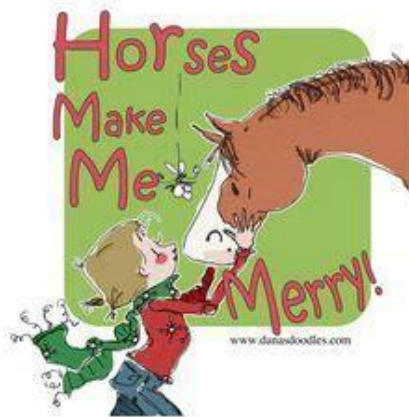




DID YOU KNOW?
Germany mad the first artificial Christmas trees. They were made of goose feathers and dyed green.

“Rudolph” was actually created by Montgomery Ward in the late 1930s for a Holiday promotion. The rest is history.

Electric lights for trees were first used in 1895...



Did you know there is a North Pole, New York and a Santa Clause, Indiana?

On Christmas eve, Nathan thought it would be nice to buy his wife a little gift for the next day. Always short of money, he thought long and hard about what the present might be. Unable to decide, Nathan entered Macy's and at the cosmetic counter he asked the sales girl, "Can you show me some perfume?". She showed him a bottle costing \$150.00 .."Too expensive" muttered Nathan. The sales girl returned with a smaller bottle costing \$100.00.."Oh dear", Nathan groaned, " Still too much". Growing rather annoyed at her customer's thriftiness the sales girl brought out a tiny \$20.00 bottle of perfume and showed it to him. Nathan became really agitated..."What I mean", he whined, " Is I'd like to see something really cheap!"

So the sales girl handed him a mirror....



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WWW.PNWRiding.com

Test your Holiday Smarts!

Please turn in your entries by 1/31/2020

1. In the song "Frosty the Snowman what made Frosty come to life? _____
2. What Christmas beverage is also known as "milk punch"? _____
3. According to legend, what holiday goodies were shaped to resemble a shepherd's staff, as a way to remind children of the shepherds who visited baby Jesus? _____
4. In the 1964 classic "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer" What was the name of Rudolph's faithful elf companion? _____
5. What well-known Christmas carol became the first song ever broadcast from space in 1965? _____
6. How long does it take the typical Christmas tree to grow before it is sold? _____
7. What Christian group banned Christmas in Boston from 1659-1681? _____
8. The French word "Noel" is often used around Christmas time, but what was its original meaning in Latin? _____
9. In what decade did Coca-Cola start using Santa Clause in advertisements? _____
10. In the song "Twelve Days of Christmas, what is given on the seventh day? _____
11. What popular holiday song was written during the Cuban Missile Crisis and was a plea for peace? _____
12. What northeastern US State holds the Guinness record for the largest snowman? _____

Holiday Smarts Contest is open to all

Name: _____ Age: _____

Phone: _____

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

Congratulations to Jessica Lindsey for her winning Halloween-Q entry from the October Newsletter

Nutrition Corner

The Wonderful World of Whorls

Have you ever wondered why your horse acts the way he does? Besides what your horse has been trained, why do they decide to do certain things? The answer lays in their whorl, or cowlick. Humans have cowlicks, too, but a horse's means something a little different.

Whorls are patches of hair growing in opposite directions of the other hair. They are found in areas including the face, stifle, belly, neckline and chest. Whorls are very similar to a fingerprint and in days long ago whorls were used to identify horses, especially ones with no other markings on them. This is one of the oldest ways to identify a horse.

Whorls can determine a horse's disposition. Flighty, spooky horses tend to have multiple

Whorls all over the body. Quite, more relaxed horses have very few. Whorls on the head are said to be the most significant because the forehead hair is the first to grow on the embryonic fetus and it is thought that a the development of swirls is linked directly to development of the brain. Also, the nervous system and the skin come from the same embryonic layer, further pointing to a connection between swirls and the brain. The theory states that as energy flows through the body it is redirected or disrupted by unusual swirls, causing the reactive or explosive nature of horses with the undesirable swirl pattern.

A single whorl on the face in between the eyes calls for a quiet horse and usually the easiest to work with. A whirl in the middle below the eye signifies a lazy horse. A whorl that is higher above the eye signifies a hot-tempered horse. A horse with a double whirl on the face calls for a trouble maker. Each whorl gives your horse their own unique personality.

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.

A Tribute To Apaladin

1994- 2019

REQUIEM

**Oh sweet Stallion, with coat of silver silk
That shines like moonlight and gives back the light;**

You've left me---gone as swiftly as you came.

**Our ride across the prairie's green,
O'er hills and meadow trails
Was all we had before you said good-bye.**

**Run free and wild through heaven's stars and
Join the herds that run in verdant valleys
'Neath Heaven's craggy snow topped peaks.**

**Plunge your nostrils deep in ice-cold streams
That chuckle down the mountain slopes and
Nip the azure blooms that nod and dance
'Neath heaven's golden sun.**

**I've still much to learn while I am here
So I'll wipe away my tears and let you go,
But keep one ear cocked my way.**

**One day I'll cross that rainbow bridge myself
And I'd like it so, if you'd meet me there.**

Julie Williams ©2007



It is with sadness in our hearts that we said goodbye to Apaladin in December, the beautiful Arabian Stallion owned by Rebecca & Susan Durr.

Apaladin came to our farm in 2010 with his trainers, Danielle & Quinton DesFountain and he was quite a horse to keep up with! From the moment he arrived he was a bundle of energy and grace and goofiness. As the years passed and he settled into his forever home he offered his energy to our entire farm as he took on the role of the farm's protector. No visiting horse trailer was without a stunning display as he trotted along the fence line to assure the visitors knew who was in charge!

He was brave and sensitive, allowing the young fawns to graze in his field in the spring, but stood eye to eye with the bucks in the fall; he tolerated the geese and the neighbor's errant cattle, but did not want any mares in the 3 fields across the road - they belonged behind him so he could assure he was the gate keeper.

Wildwood Farm is not the same without his watchful eye and his physical presence is surely missed; but be assured that we have a new horse angel watching over us.

THE INTERVIEW

With Amanda Fabrizi, employee Wildwood Farm

What is your idea of perfect Happiness?

My family and animals are happy and healthy.

What is your greatest Fear?

Losing my horses

What historical figure do you most identify with?

Katharine Hepburn.

What is your favorite journey?

Training Sangria

What living person do you most admire?

My mom

On what occasion do you lie?

I've been trained not to lie

What do you most dislike about your appearance?

My mid-section and frizzy hair.

Which living person do you most despise?

People who ask if I am stressed

What words or phrase do you most over-use?

Like and Ummm

What is your greatest regret?

I don't regret my life, just learned from my past

What or who is the greatest love of your life?

My love Brenden

When and where were you happiest?

When I rescued my dogs and horses

Which talent would you most like to have?

To be multilingual

What is your current state of mind?

Focused on getting my nursing degree

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

To have a more positive outlook on life.

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

Nothing

What is your most treasured possession?

My horses and dogs

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?

Losing my family

Where would you like to live?

Bora Bora

What is your most marked characteristic?

Open minded

What is the quality you most like in a person?

Honesty

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?

My anxiety

What is the trait you most deplore in others?

Dishonesty

What do you consider the most over-rated virtue?

Over-efficiency

What is your greatest extravagance?

My horse's tack

What do you consider your greatest achievement?

So far, earning my bachelor's degree in cell molecular biology

What is your favorite occupation?

Emergency room nurse

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

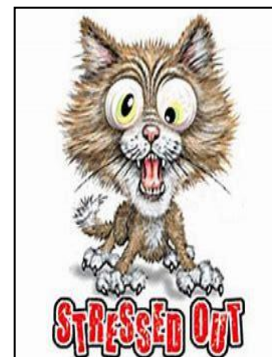
Snow leopard

How would you like to die?

Peacefully in my sleep at the age of 93

What is your Motto?

Get back on the horse



Wildwood Farm CLIPS & CLOPS Oak Harbor

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A Special Morgan Horse continued from page 1

You're gonna get yourself killed riding that horse," they groused at me before climbing the stairs to the catwalk, then departing inside the cool auction house. I had butterflies in my stomach but a wide grin on my face. The other pen riders coached us. Blackwatch was a quick learner. We worked the sale one day a week, and later two, spending hours doing little more than go, stop, turn right and left. After the third week, I thought *we can do this!*

The January Stock Show Sale was our biggest sale ever. It was a Colorado shirt sleeve weather day, clear and the ground was dry. Ever-larger lots of cattle streamed off the auction floor. There was no time for breaks. Noon came and went. The boss finally delivered sack lunches and we ate from horseback, never pausing in stride as we followed the next lot of bawling steers. By dusk, most of the other pen riders were aboard their third horse but I was still astride the little horse with the legendary heart of Justin Morgan. It was well after dark before I stood in my own barn, pulled the saddle and rubbed down my horse.

The following morning's forecast was winter storm: high winds and snow. By the time we arrived the wind was fierce. I looked around for the other pen riders. They were all on foot. Their horses wouldn't trailer load in the storm and so were left behind. The wind never bothered Blackwatch and he tackled his job with determination, doing the work of three.

From the very beginning with Blackwatch, it was a partnership. I could make the choices and goals. Every day had beginnings with results. Blackwatch had uncommon good sense and he fearlessly took life as an adventure. Some said he was an old soul, born broke. I'm amazed at the things I did with that horse—bold and daring things that helped me grow. I often rode at night, after work and family time. I'd ride down the gravel driveway and fade into deepening twilight. We trotted down field roads under the canopy of stars, our moon shadow rippling against tall corn. We listened to the night sounds: traffic on distant highways, the lowing of cattle, the song of coyotes and answering farm dogs that rang through the night. Twice a year we trailered into the Rockies to ride the trails, enjoying wildflowers and snowcapped vistas.

Blackwatch and I were so often on the same wavelength. I remember the first time I rode him on land without fences. More than 800 acres of harvested wheat fields spread before us. He raised his head and stared, ears pricked in eagerness. May I run across that? He seemed to ask. He quivered with enthusiasm. "Sure, go ahead," I said aloud, then squeezed my legs. His relaxed loping stride reached out, lengthened, and soon we raced the wind with ease.

Blackwatch became an approved stallion with the American Warmblood Society and, bred to outside mares, sired many athletic foals. He was part of the Parade of Stallions at an area horse expo. He performed as respectfully for other riders as he did for me. Miles of wet saddle blankets, plus Blackwatch's generous heart created in us what Tom Dorrance called "true unity". That horse carried me through all the ups and downs that life can bring. He was the perfect equine partner and took me where many men thought I shouldn't be.

It's been a lot of years since we worked the sale barn. Recently I was told a story. The old timers were heard saying, "You remember that little black stud horse? He sure could get down and work cattle. Sure do miss that horse. Wish he was still here."

Sometimes our most secret yearnings strain against our circumstances and then prevail. He was my once in a lifetime horse--a very special Morgan named Blackwatch Jubilee and he filled my life with a partnership, comfort, and endless possibilities."