

Always There Are the Horses

I ride because I rode as a child when life was simpler and somehow more complete. Only the whiff of a clean horse is needed to remind me of days gone by. For always there have been the horses.

I ride because of all the great horse souls who have shared their lives with me and taught me more than I can say. Their names and faces flash before me as old friends. I ride because of all the horses I shall never ride. Those I have watched and marveled at from afar for all their grace and beauty. This is the stuff of a child's dream, the kind that doesn't die with time. Always there are the horses.

I ride because the seasons call to me. Each unique in its appeal and all quite frequently best viewed from the back of a favorite horse. I ride because of all things, horses are my passion. They inspire and encourage, energize, and challenge in ways I cannot explain to the un-initiated. I ride because of the rush of stretching one's self just a bit farther today than before both mind and body. Always there are the horses.

I ride because of those briefest of spans when the partnership comes to full promise. When the path twists and barriers fall, each footfall is measured and balanced between the two as a dance. There are no others...only this moment and this single step to ride. The memories of those times stand vivid in my mind to be recalled with all the freshness of the day at will and in times less grand.

But if I must choose, I ride because I have dreams yet to live. I ride because I have dreams yet to have and what exactly they will be tomorrow I cannot say...but always there will be the horses.

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