

Tribute to Jessy

It's been almost a year now since Jessy died and I still think of her. I started riding at the age of 6. My parents tried everything they could to spark my



interest in other activities such as music and dance. However the ballet shoe never did fit like the cowboy boot. I still remember the look of relief on my dance instructors face when I told her I was quitting to take riding lessons. I believe, at times, I have taken more riding lessons than my father's paycheck would cover. You would think all these lessons would of made me a high level

rider.

However after over 40 years of riding I have realized ... I'm not that great! I have also realized that's ok. I may not have a natural ability to ride but I love every minute I am in the saddle.

I have tried to figure out what it is that draws me, and many like me, to horses. There are two things that remain constant about horse people. I believe we love living in the moment.

When you are on a horse you are not thinking about tomorrow or what happened yesterday but rather that next stride. Number two is a sense of freedom, connection and energy you get with an animal that will always tell you the truth. Anyway... back to Jessy. I bought Jessy when my 2nd son was

two years old. By that time I had been away from horses for about 10 years due to school, marriage and babies. Jessy come into my life when I really needed a friend who would just listen. She has carried me over many miles. Jessy patiently taught all 3 of my sons to ride and cleared fences during my eventing days that I admittedly closed my eyes over. I miss her. There will never be another horse like her.

Jessy died last winter in my arms on a cold 40 below winter day. She did not want to die. She was a fighter in death as she was in life. To those of you who still own horses like Jessy cherish them. I have been fortunate to own some wonderful horses over the years but have quickly learned there will never be another Jessy.

Submitted by: Betty Ann Durocher