



NANCY THOMSON

A LIFELONG LOVE OF HORSES



***Nancy's mom
on a Thoroughbred***



***Nancy on Beapy, 3 year old,
Biddeford Maine Farm***



Nancy jumping Beapy

Horses make wonderful pets as they love to be loved; however, they are not like a dog or cat. To have a horse as a pet one must remember that the “pet” weighs 1000 lbs! Your horse must respect you as boss and you must respect her size and weight or you can get seriously hurt. That said, horses are very sensitive and they respond to your body language, your tone of voice and even your mood. You may not know the emotion you are displaying, but your horse knows and picks right up on it. If you are having a bad day, they will know it. Never try to work with your horse when you are angry; it will be non-productive for both of you. Going for a ride when you're sad or depressed, will be the best medicine for you. Nothing is better for the inside of a person than the outside of a horse! When I ride, my shoulders come down and relax and my blood pressure comes down. When I was working out a problem, riding was always the best way to solve it.

My mother grew up on a farm in Kansas and was a wonderful horsewoman; she could ride anything. She put me on a horse when I was three. While we did not own horses in Manitou Springs, CO, we did ride every week. She and I would ride in at a stables in the mountains and later my brothers would join us at a stables near our home. We used to chase the rabbits through the yucca cactus up on the mesa. Needless to say, I was horse crazy. I begged for a horse, but we did not have the room or the money to keep one. Mom made sure I was able to ride as much as possible. Eventually, I met an older couple and I would stay weekends with them and ride their fifteen horses to help exercise them. I even broke and trained a three year old mustang for them that they were able to sell. I finally owned a horse when my step-father bought a lovely black quarter-horse mare named, Babe. She was terrific and could walk-out (singlefoot) like crazy. I had the joy of keeping her in Manitou one summer and had glorious rides through The Garden of the Gods.

After I married, I had horses on our farm in Maine. I had an Appaloosa mare, named Beappy, that I trained as a three year old. I showed her in Western Equitation, Western Reining and Western Pleasure and have some ribbons trophies to show for it. I used to barrel race as a teenager in Colorado, but I never raced in Maine.

After my children were born, we had a Shetland pony named, Molly, and a Connemara pony, named Pebbles. Both children learned to ride on the Shetland and then moved to Pebbles. My daughter loved grooming and loving the ponies from the ground, and my son love riding them.



**Wyoming - 3 kids on a horse,
first ride**



Heather on Molly



Paradigm



**Son Jim and grandson Graham on
Paradigm in Nancy's barn in Maine**

After the horses passed, I had a beautiful registered quarter-horse named Paradigm. *(It should have been named Paranoid as he was afraid of every thing!)* I had Beappy for 24 years and had to put her down when she developed heart failure. The hardest thing I've ever done is plan my horse's death, but if you own an animal you must be prepared to do what is best for them and putting them down when it is time is one of the hard things, yet kindest things, you have to do. Molly died at 50 on her own; just decided not to eat and went out in the pasture and died. We found her the next morning. Pebbles had colic and his intestine ruptured. He couldn't be saved and he had to be put down. *(Horses have very, very delicate stomachs; they cannot regurgitate.)* We think he had cancer or a dorsal twist in his intestine that made him colicky. As of my last horse, Paradigm, I left him in retirement with my ferrier as he was 23, had lime disease and would not be able to make the trip to Washington. We put him down two years after I moved here. Horses' average life span is 25-30 years.

I thought I was done with horses when we moved here, but I learned that you're never done with horses. I found a horse here to ride called, Thunder and was able to ride him once a week up on Centennial Trail. Sadly, his owner moved to Winthrop and has retired him. Now, I get my horse fix from riding with Kelly of Equineescapes.com. Kelly is a marvelous horsewoman and her herd is as safe as horses can be. She takes excellent care of them and it's truly a pleasure to ride with her. One can do an hour ride or a two hour ride. She rides up a small mountain south of Issaquah, on Summit Landsburg Road. The ride is so pretty and cool even in the summer as it goes thru an old cedar forest. I have taken Anita with me and she loves it, and Ginny and her granddaughter have also gone. Kelly takes very good care of beginners and people who have never ridden. We plan on taking Graham, our grandson, 11, on one of her rides this summer, and even though he has Cerebral Palsy and will need help getting on the horse, I know Kelly will take good care of all of us. My son loves riding and goes with me to ride with Kelly. Kelly has a great website where you can easily book a ride; www.equineescapes.com. She has six horses for each ride. Happy Trails!

If you want more riding fun and mountains, go over the mountains on Rte 20, glorious scenery, stay at Sun Mountain Lodge in Winthrop and ride Red's horses at Sun Mountain. She even does BBQ evening rides and those who don't ride can go to the dinner in the horse drawn wagon. Lots of fun! If you haven't been to Winthrop, give yourself a treat and go as it's all Western themed buildings, with a museum and even a parade for Pioneer days. The author, Owen Wister, who wrote *The Virginian*, lived there for awhile. Yeehaw! The best place to see the world is from the back of a horse!

Cheers, Nancy Thomson