

Horse Stories

I ran into my cousin Melvin Schroepfer last week at Joan Brandt's funeral. Melvin had been in the hospital for some months. He is our oldest cousin, the son of Pa's oldest sister, Alistine. I do not know exactly but I think he is ten years or more older than I am.

I had gone three times to visit him in the hospital and nursing home but missed him every time. The last time I had even called him ahead and set up a time.

Melvin is a very gentle man and he apologized for missing the meeting. He had been delayed in the dentist chair.

He proceeded to recall a visit to my parent's farm on a day when I was breaking a horse. He had a very vivid memory of the day and the event.

It took a while before I could even recall it. Even now, I am not certain whose horse that was.

Melvin was quite impressed. He said it was the first time he had ever seen anyone break a horse. The horse was bad a one. He was amazed that I kept mounting back up.

In those years people used to bring spoiled horses to me or talk me into coming to their place to ride their spoiled horses.

I have forgotten how many.

I have liked to think that I have never legitimately been thrown but that is not true.

If not that, I would like to say I got back on until every horse was broke, but actually, that is not true either. My son, Joel, remembers Dave Lindell's stallion that cut us both (the stallion and me that is) to shreds on a fresh barb wire fence. After we got over that, he ran us into a barn wall.

I sold him for meat. Never rightly ridden.

Maybe, I would like to say I would live life differently now that I know those wounds do not ever go away.

But, the truth is, I would not do any of that differently.

We are who we are.

Tom