



Everybody Has A Story

Fall 2005
HORSE WARRIORS

OUR MISSION:

To help create a safer and more sane world through empowering young people, individuals, and families to live and act with kindness, compassion, and wisdom in all facets of life.

HORSE WARRIORS™

P.O. Box 602

Jackson • WY • 83001

(307) 733.7464

(307) 690.6124

www.horsewarriors.com

horsewarriors@wyoming.com

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STORY

"Sometimes a person needs a story more than food to stay alive. That is why we put these stories in each other's memory. This is how people care for themselves."

- BADGER


CROW AND WEASEL, BY BARRY LOPEZ

What makes a story, but our experience of an event? And doesn't our experience drive who we are in the world? Aren't our stories, therefore, an integral part of how we create ourselves for others to see? We write them down, speak them over the phone, email them to friends and whisper them in the dark. We use them as incentives to become stronger, more certain, more demonstrative of who imagine we can be.

In this issue, as we share stories from each of our experiences, we invite you to witness the words of who we are and why, and to ponder the adage, "It's impossible to hate a man once you know his story." We use our stories to bond us together in our sameness, to celebrate our differences as the gifts we are to creation, and to inspire others to gather together the many facets of their own lives, and create a story and a life so compelling that all of us will remember it forever.

2005 MILESTONES

SUCCESS STORIES

- 
- JACKIE:** Professional Singing Debut at Warbirds Cafe
RVLYN: New Job at Albertson's to support her NEW HORSE
HILLARY: Western Region J-4 Alpine Ski Championships
KENDRA: Artistic Design: *The Refuge* Career Training Corps
BETSY: Grand Champion 4-H Presentation
KIRA: *People to People* Seminar Nominee, Washington, DC
KESTREL: 5th Place: Northwest Pacific Region Ice Skating Championships
BLANCA: Multiple JHHS Swim Team Firsts
SAMI: "String Fest" Performance with Utah Symphony guest conductor Barbara Scowcroft
AUSTIN: "Dead Eye" Marksmanship Shooting (working towards Olympics)

The "Everybody Has A Story" Project

V S A Arts of Wyoming & Arts for All

Hats off and pencils raised to VSA Arts of Wyoming and Teton County's Arts for All programs!! We thank them for collaborating with us through a grant to focus on stories through art and writing. This past year our students met in discussion groups and out on the trail to explore who they were through the stories they carried with them.

Guest artist Cate Cabot met regularly to help inspire student writing through flow exercises, collage and brief intro bits which students could run with however they liked. Even the most reluctant writers let their imaginations step forward and brought out great pieces to share with their groups.

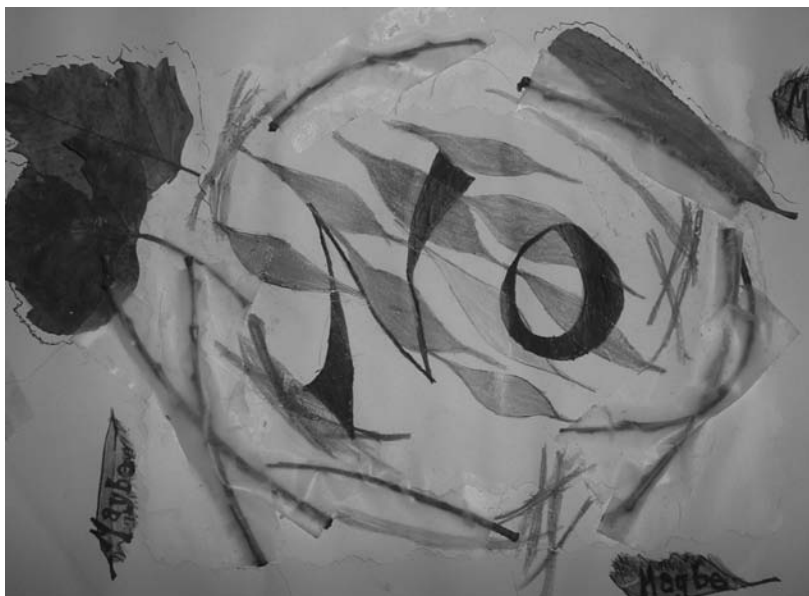
The project began in our discussion groups when we talked about one of our rescue horses who came to us very abused. We knew little about the circumstances of his past, but he was clearly afraid of people. In speculating about

Toner's reasons for his behavior, we began seeing that all of us had some parts of our histories that were unknown or unshared. As we began to share them, we came to see each person as an individual who had a different life experience, even though we may have grown up in the same town. Not only did we hear our differences, but we also heard our similarities, and through that were able to find more common ground than we had expected.

This issue contains some of the writings from the project. All are presented anonymously. Many of them could belong to each of us. We hope you enjoy reading them.

I stand for equality. I stand for kindness and care. I stand for people who don't have anything against you because of what you wear, who else your friends are, etc. I have friends who don't like each other, and I don't like my friend's friends. Luckily, my friends accept that, but I know that there are people out in our world who don't understand. We have a lot of violence in our world. Where does it come from? We have violent video games, TV shows, etc. Why? That seems like a universal question that will never be answered. Why, why, why? I don't know. Poverty, prejudice, violence, etc. Why don't we put more thoughts into our actions? Would our world be a better place if people had had better educations or if they were better informed? That's another question that can never be answered. Why not? Is there anything wrong with stopping to think? I don't see anything wrong with it. I don't. Do you? That's the question.

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**STUDENTS
CREATED
SCROLLS WITH
THE THEME OF
A "NEST." THE
NEST CONTAINED
ELEMENTS THAT
MADE THEM
FEEL SAFE,
AND ALSO
THINGS THEY
MIGHT WANT
TO NOW LIVE
WITHOUT.**

My explanation for my scroll:
In my central nest, I have written "NO." It is necessary in life to learn to say no strongly. Not saying no is what keeps many people captive in their own lives, doing and saying things they don't really want to. It is a trap that many of us fall into and cannot get out of so I have made a strong, safe nest built around "NO." Every now and then, "MAYBE" feathers float into the nest. They will soon be carried off into the wind and it is your responsibility to honestly turn them into a yes or no.

Whistling Winds, Rippling Manes

I am flying across the vacant field near my house. Feet pound the solid earth, leaping stones, weed bunches, gullies. I am sinuous along an uneven passage. Vibrations fill my legs, hips, chest filling, heaving. Lunging, my whole body buzzes the hard fluid rhythm.

I want to reach the open ground, meet my rider, feel the rope at my waist. Pulling my rider along, I will toss us both to the heavens. Joy.

My friend Leslie stands up ahead, waiting. A light rope dangles in her hands. The wind gusts, lifts my hair. I shake my head, forcing air between loose lips. A whinny breaks free. I dash to her, prancing.

Leslie is sick a lot. I don't understand it, except that her kidneys have problems. I don't think about it much. I just wait for the invitations that come on the good days, love her - and play when we can, share secrets, hold councils. Our main council is a constant. It is the Council of the Horse. This is the rare day we can play, rarer still that we can run and rush and be our wild selves, together. We have been let loose with caution, but let loose all the same.

Leslie wants a horse. Badly. And finally her family has been able to adopt a wild filly, taken from the herds of the Red Desert. I am still shocked by my first visit to her stable. The smells mixing manure, horse sweat, a litter of kittens, hay and all the tools of horse care rubbed against my senses, confusing. An aversion to the smells, the closed spaces of barn, stalls, corral and the multiple tasks of care for the captive horses, the captured filly, ripple through my body, leave me feeling dull, breathless. I understand absolutely in those moments that I do not want to "have" a horse, that I do not want the responsibility for "having" a horse. The knowledge confuses me at a level so deep I cannot know yet what it means.

Today, my feet are hooves pounding the earth. I run, kick my heels, buck, paw the air, tossing my head, shaking my hair. The wind tousles and pushes. Thrilling, I meet Leslie, accept the reins of my rider, rope quickly encircling my waist. And I run again, willing and wild and free.

h o r s e d r e a m s

If I go deep into my dream of senses, there is a part reserved for horses. If you look at them one way, they are simple, but take a second glance and they are complicated. They have small brains and cannot even convert their memories. However, they can feel what you feel and know what you know. All horses are interesting. All horses have stories. All horses are different in their own, unique ways. Unless you have known a horse very well, you will not know what I am talking about when I say that horses have personalities. Unlike humans, horses like something or they don't and know something or they don't. You can learn so much from one horse. Not only will you learn their story and personality, but you will learn more about your own. In my mind, my dream, my imagination a horse is the only thing I can ever be sure of.

When I ride I think about how peaceful I feel. All other thoughts leave my mind. I don't need to worry about any of my troubles. I am one with my horse. I love to smell the air, feel the breeze on my face. When I ride, I realize how lucky I am. I get to live in a beautiful place, and those who live in the city might never see anything like what I get to see every day. Many people haven't even seen a horse, let alone had a chance to ride one.

STARTING *Bare Back*

FALL 2005

FOURTH EDITION

I would like to fly from one point to another. Fly around the world, and while flying around the world explore and discover. Look at the nice places I can go. France, Paris, Germany, Tropical Rain Forest, wilderness, desert, to nice sunny beaches, over the bluish-green oceans, Australia to see kangaroos, the North and South Pole to see penguins & polar bears, go to a forest to see koala bears, giraffes, zebras and more. I would like to fly away from danger like war with Iraq, and the bomb threats at the middle school and high school. I would like to fly away to visit my family, learn Dutch, discover my cultural background (which is Irish, German and American Indian). I would like to fly and see my dad in Wisconsin. I would like to fly away to Neverland and hang with Peter Pan. I would like to fly away to a fantasy world and create a fantasy life. I would like to fly away from (____) forever...

"THIS MORNING I REALLY LIKED THAT EVERYONE BROUGHT THEIR HEARTS AND COURAGE WITH THEM. I REALLY LIKED THAT THE HORSES TRUSTED THEIR PEOPLE SO WELL."

I am flying towards a dream that doesn't seem to be getting closer. No matter how hard I try, for me it is never enough. So many expectations. It's so hard to reach that one glimmer of light that some days I want to scream and hide away to try and escape it. But I see that glimmer every night before I go to bed, outside my window. I feel the pressure when I look at my siblings and think of my future. What path will I take, at the forked road which side will I tread? When I fly I feel myself flying toward my dreams, the dreams of my future. Will it be star studded? Will I be remembered as someone great when I am gone? Or will I simply be like bones turned to dust? Forgotten.



It was an ordinary day when they left me. I can remember the sun out. There wasn't any clouds in the sky. My older sister ____ made breakfast just like every other day. I had to wake my brother ____ and my other sister _____. If we weren't up in time then we would have to do more work around the house. Not that that didn't matter 'cause we had to do whatever work my grandparents wanted us to do. They didn't get up until noon so we had time to do work. When we were done, we went out and played with our dog who just had puppies in the back yard, but that didn't stop them from coming and taking us. They stormed through the house past my angry grandmother and grandfather and my cousin who was living there. They came to the back door and all my relatives were yelling at us to run, but ____ was falling behind, so I ran back and pulled him up, but we were caught by the people who were trying to catch us. Why were they doing this? Where were we going? Why can't we stay? These thoughts were all going through me. Then finally one of them spoke and said, "You are safe now."

"What do you mean by that?"

"You're not going to get hit any more."

The big journey began and we ended up getting adopted.

I know where I am now is a lot better than my real home and I know that I am safe.

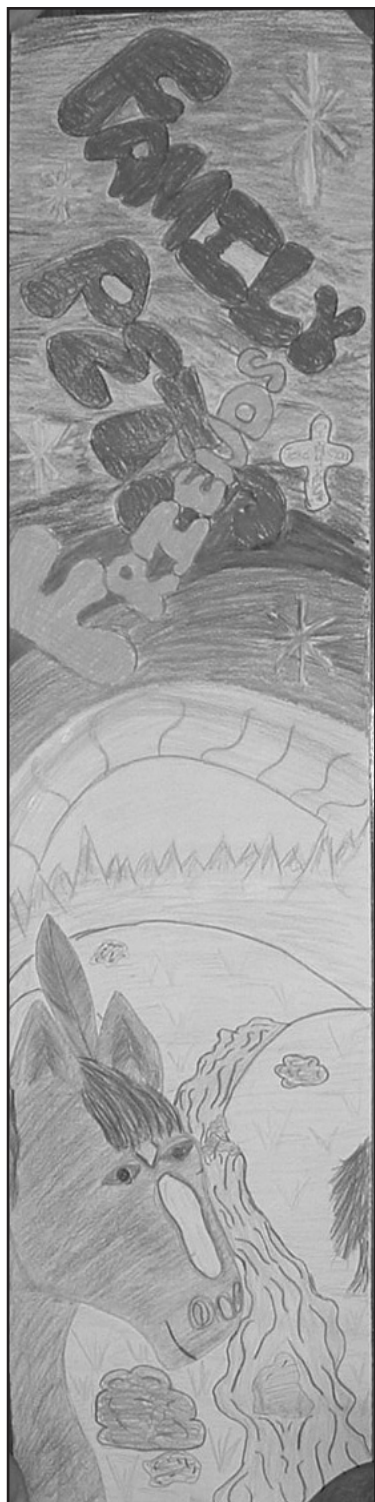


Uhat I stand For: Horse crazy, Horse lover, Animal crazy, Animal life, animals is a part of my soul. No animals, hard life. My animal jungle soul describes me the most - not girly-girl. Nothing but animals, friends and family. They are my puzzle pieces put together which is shaped like my heart. God gives me pieces of the puzzle as I go on in life. He gives me random life pieces for me to put together throughout life. It is like a mystery to solve as we move higher in life.

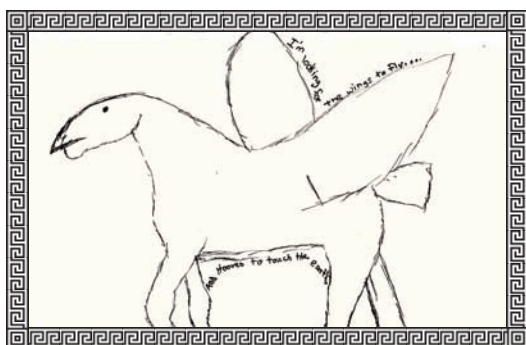
My limits: My limits are so little then they are so big. I am limited to what kind of fun I want. I don't want to go the bad way so I work hard and try hard to stay in my boundaries and keep straight. My boundaries are not so big because there is a lot of bad things out there that you need to know how to react, defend, protect, help, and be safe. You need to know how to say no. When it comes to certain questions, know what's right from wrong, good or bad, how to react, attitude, etc. My boundaries are big on the weekends with my family because I know I am safe and I won't be so frustrated and so tightened in my muscles. I have the courage to say no. Now the only time I get tightened up in my muscles and buffed is when I protect my friends, family, and Myself.



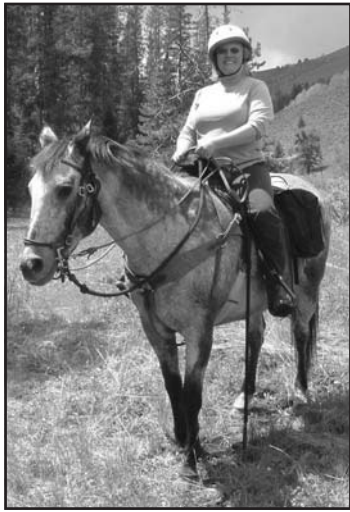
I am flying toward a world where everyone is treated equal. There will always be hate and anger and all those other things. There will always be people who don't think before they act, but we can try to avoid that as much as possible, can't we? People in other countries aren't so self centered as Americans are. They know what they want and if they try hard enough they can usually get it. That is possible for anyone. I feel that someone somewhere has the power to make it happen. Maybe even I do. Wait. That's not true. ANYONE has the power if they persevere and have patience. It doesn't take a genius. You can pick anyone off the street if they have the right moral values. And if they don't, HEY! Can't you try to help them learn it? Why not. Back to that universal question. Why not. I wish that people would think about that more often. WHY NOT?



The wind whispers, slicing me with cold. The finger-like tendrils of fog twist around my trembling legs. It is so easy to become lost in this thick, suffocating cloud, impossible to see far in any direction. The icy wind brushes by, each time telling me a different path to take. One way leads to safety and security, another pain. Then the wind whips past yet again changing the paths that were so certain moments before. Nothing is certain, in the fog, in the dark. It seems to take hold of you, this translucent mist, choke and smother you until you breathe in and live its uncertainty, its panic stricken ideas. Which is truly the right path? What shall happen if I choose wrongly? And so I stand, in the cold uncertainty of the fog, waiting for the paths to merge together.



I stand for the courage to be yourself. Sometimes it's raw and in your face, sometimes frustrated at how lonely and alone it is to be authentic, to be who I am at the core, without looking over my shoulder to see if someone approves or disapproves. I stand for fairness and things being truthful and equal. Political manipulations are disgusting to me. I stand for creatures and humans to share the spaces and resources of the world, to be able to have a future. I stand for people being kind, being willing to work out problems and differences without going to war or inflicting pain or harm on others. Clean water, clean air, cancer-free living spaces. I stand for telling the truth and allowing people to make decisions in their own best interests.



GUEST WRITER: Betsy Hesser, Psy.D.

Betsy is a Horses of the Goddess participant with first hand experience in learning many new skills! She graciously allowed us to reprint her story in the hopes that we all are mindful of the challenges many of our students face on a daily basis.

To Knot or Not: That is the Question

When I was in my late forties I traveled with a group of women to North Carolina for a four day hiking/climbing trip under the auspices of Outward Bound. I am a clinical psychologist whose practice is concerned with diagnosing and treating children with learning disabilities. Little did I know that on this trip I would have firsthand experience in what it feels like to be a person who learns differently.

I have always loved outdoor adventures, particularly those that occur in wilderness. As a child my most precious moments with my father, who was an accomplished outdoorsman, occurred in such settings: canoeing, fishing, and camping throughout the lower 48 states. After my father died when I was in my early forties, I started seeking out wilderness as a way of keeping a connection with him.

Thus at 48 years of age I found myself hiking a steep trail in the Appalachian mountains with a 50 pound pack on my back, sweating, breathing heavily, wondering what I had gotten myself into. I should back track for a minute. I came of age in a time before Title Nine ensured that money was available for the athletic development of girls. As a result, my athleticism in high school consisted of trying to get a medical pass from the doctor saying that I couldn't participate in gym class. I never played on a team of any sort and didn't have a workout routine until I was in my late forties. One Christmas my husband gave me ten sessions with a personal trainer as a gift. I didn't know whether to be happy or to belt him with my feeble arms. As it turned out, I really liked training and had done it for about a year before the Outward Bound trip.

As I huffed and puffed up the mountain I complained aloud, "What was all of that working out for if I still feel like I am going to die?" It did occur to me that if I hadn't trained I would probably be comatose by this point. So up the mountain I went, feeling like I was in the transition stage of childbirth at each step.

After resting in a beautiful clearing, our fearless leaders handed out ropes to begin the next phase of our adventure. Unless we demonstrated that we could tie a bowline and a figure eight effectively we wouldn't be cleared to do the rock climb the next day. "Oh, please let me climb that sheer 100 foot wall," my brain screamed.

We stood in a circle as our leader demonstrated the sequence of movements. Hold both sides of a rope parallel to one another with the right hand holding the end of the rope and the left hand holding the rope at a distance of one and a half feet. Cross the right rope over the left rope. Create a loop with the right end over the left side. Hold the right hand at the juncture of the two pieces of rope and push the right end of rope under the left rope, leaving it to stick straight up. With the left hand create a loop with the dangling end pointing outward so that when you're holding that end in your left hand it will be parallel to the right rope. Take the right rope and bring it behind the left rope and over the loop. Have it drop down into the circle loop. The two pieces of rope should now be in your right hand. Pull them down while pulling up on the top left piece of rope and tighten. That's all there is to it.

"HUUUUUUUUUH?"

"Ok," I said to myself, "the first time is bound to be tough." Fearless leader proposes,

"Let's try it again." Repeat sequence. I started to hear sounds of self-satisfaction coming from my fellow hikers. "Oh, I get it. It's not so bad." People began to step away to practice the maneuvers on their own.

Eventually there was one lone woman standing in the circle fumbling with her bowline. You guessed it. Yours truly. The instructor patiently proceeded to give me one on one instruction - a tried and true solution for slow learners all over the world. I really didn't start to panic until I realized that I wasn't able to remember the combination of moves even with one on one instruction. At this point the instructor said that it was time to go on to the next event. I felt humiliated and thought that I was the only woman who probably wouldn't be able to do the rock climb. Instead of "everywoman" I had become "onlywoman."

Later that night, after sipping a delicious dinner of yummy carbohydrate energy gel called Chocolate Outrage GU, I removed myself from the group to work on my rope sequences. After all, I was not a total idiot. I was the only woman in this group who had earned a doctoral degree. Surely I could learn a simple sequence of maneuvers designed to tie a secure knot. I tried talking out loud to myself, I tried memorizing sequences of lefts, rights, overs and unders. A few of my fellow hikers noticed my endeavors and sidled over to offer encouragement. They stood in front of me demonstrating each motion separately. I could do it watching them but could not generate the proper sequence on my own. I remember saying at one point in frustration, "I just can't learn this way."

STARTING *Bare Back*

FALL 2005

FOURTH EDITION

"Why don't we try it this way?" A gentle and patient voice on my right started to tell a story about a rabbit which made sense of the disjointed movements that I had been trying to memorize earlier. "Hold the rabbit's tail in your right hand. Form a hole and bring the rabbit's tail up through the hole. The rabbit comes out of the hole - goes around the tree and back into the hole." By memorizing the sequence of the story, I was suddenly able to perform the moves in the proper order. The person who belonged to the gentle voice was an environmental educator who had taught ropes to many people of all ages over the years.

My panic started to subside. Maybe I could learn this way. I thanked my friend and walked further away from the group, realizing that I needed silence in order to say the sequence and match the rope movements at the same time. I probably worked on this for about an hour all by myself. And I GOT IT.

The next day I was practicing my moves right up until the moment I went over the wall of the cliff. Going down the cliff was nothing compared to the terror of not being able to learn what others seemed to learn so easily. I suddenly understood viscerally for the first time what children who learn differently experience in classrooms every day. The uncertainty, the frustration, the panic, the public SHAME, the feeling that things would not improve. How easy it would be to just give up, act like a clown or a bully, blame the teacher, blame the parents, or blame the dog that ate the homework.

I had had enough success in my life to know that it would not be the end of the world if I did not learn to tie the rope or to go over the wall like the others. I stuck with it out of sheer pig headedness. Can children really be expected to persevere in the same way when they experience failure? Without life experience that has shown them their own special niche, that they will be good in some things and not good in others and that the world doesn't stop with their mistakes or failures - I WONDER.

At the end of the Outward Bound trip, we sat in a circle and talked about our experience on the mountain. Each woman was given the name of another and asked to talk about her contribution to the group. My reviewer started out by laughingly saying, "I know that you must be an intelligent woman but you were a real klutz out there." (Did I forget to mention that I fell off the trail during a night hike and threw up on everybody while swinging from a rope many feet in the air?) She was right of course, I was a klutz and it wasn't pretty.

We as adults sometimes forget what it is like to face challenges on a daily basis. We can engineer our lives in such a way as to do mostly what feels comfortable, and avoid whatever does not come naturally. Kids in school don't have that luxury. They are required to sit in a certain class at a certain time on a certain day and do specific work. Some of them have difficulty doing the work within the time constraints allowed, are unable to write legibly, can't process information presented primarily verbally or visually, have difficulty processing and remembering the sounds of words (phonics) and/or can't remember how to spell the words they know how to pronounce.

I challenge each person who reads this piece to go out and do something that they have never had success with in the past. Experience the emotions that come up in such a challenging situation. Then remember those feelings each time you see a child whom you have labeled as unmotivated, underachieving, lazy, or stupid.

Without an empathetic teacher or parent, children with learning differences often give up hope and begin to engage in self-defeating behaviors. If you look up the prefix "dis" in the dictionary it is defined as "deprive of." So learning disabled children can be described as deprived of ability. I would strongly disagree with that. They are instead people who need certain accommodations in order for their abilities to flourish. Such accommodations might include: being able to take tests untimed, being able to use computers for all written work, establishing a maximum time for homework each night, reducing the amount of work assigned, tutoring in school for concepts that are taking longer to internalize, using a tape recorder in school to record the teacher's instructions, having the teacher present all lessons in both a verbal and visual format, and/or allowing students to have two sets of books so they can keep one set at home and avoid the frustration of forgetting the book at school.

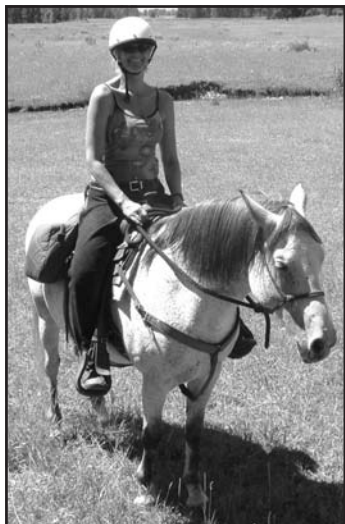
I was able to conquer my "rope tying" disability with some perseverance and the help of a friend. In this experience I learned that the most debilitating learning disability of all is to be without hope rather than without ability. Make it a point to fail a little yourself - you'll quickly see how important hope is. Let's make sure that we don't deprive children of the hope that they need in order to risk failure and learn.

**O.F.O.F. STUDENTS LEARN HALTER
KNOTS, WHILE INSTRUCTORS ARE
MINDFUL OF BETSY'S STORY!**



JANET GARRETT:
Horse Warriors Instructor

INSTRUCTOR STORIES



It's one p.m. and simply a mind-blowing day: crisp air, icy blue skies, with screaming yellow, red and orange leaves dancing in the wind. It's a day to be outside, revelling in this splendor, galloping freely of course, on a horse. Instead, I sit like a lump of clay on the couch, a jar of peanut butter clutched in one hand, a spoonful of the gooey stuff in the other, ready to be dipped into a mega-bag of M&M's, with Oprah blaring on the tube, her handsome Hollywood guests sharing their "life stories."

Do I really want my life defined by peanut butter, M&M's and Oprah??? Some days, life just seems impossible. I have my moments of self doubt and at times lack the confidence I need to move through my fears. But for today, I am going to choose how I want to live my life, and it does not include peanut butter, chocolate and TV.

Instead, I'm going to create a new story to add to my collection. One that involves horses and wind blowing through my hair and laughing and remembering to keep my mouth shut to avoid eating bugs while I race along next to the Snake, breathing crisp air, under icy blue skies while screaming yellow, red and orange leaves dance in the wind. This is my story and I'm sticking to it.



MARTHA BEST:
Power Ponies Instructor

I'll always remember my 7th birthday. My Mom wasn't home when I woke up. She had left several gifts I remember - roller skates, a new bookbag, to name a couple. She telephoned from the hospital later that morning and told me I had a new baby sister for my special birthday present. My response was "...but I wanted a pony!" I honestly remember being very disappointed; I already had 3 sisters and I certainly didn't need another one. What I really wanted was a horse.

I'm fortunate now to have my sisters (and brothers) and a horse. I realize I can never have too many people in my life to love and be loved by, but I also admit, sometimes its easier to love my horse!

CRISTINA MORMORUNNI: Horse Warriors Instructor

My grandmother died when I was two and a half. One of the final preparations she made before leaving this world she so dearly loved, was to go Christmas shopping. She and my very pregnant mother went to the biggest toy store in San Francisco—FAO Schwartz. And there she picked out for me the most fitting gift of all—a nearly life-size pony.

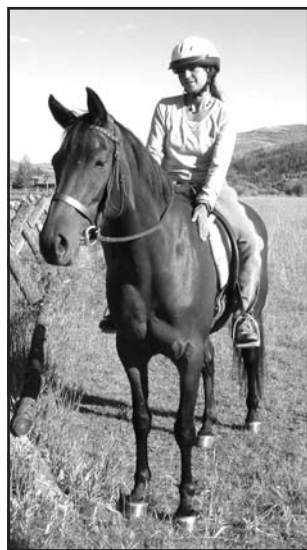
Now this is no ordinary stuffed animal—black as coal, with a thick white mane and tail, an eye-shaped patch of white on her rump—she is saddled and constantly on the ready for adventure. This amazing creature is so lifelike that to this day I always do a double-take, wondering what in the world a pony is doing in the basement.

With seemingly unknowing purpose, my grandmother's last gift was a gift that allowed her to guide and protect me from the other-side. And if you knew my wild, Texas-bred grandmother, you would know that she would have had it no other way. She knew that the horses were the passion that would save my spirit. She knew that the horses would run into a heaving lather trying to stay ahead of my demons. She knew the horses would coax this wild creature into being. And she was right.

For it was only in the rhythm of horse that at long last, I found the peace and grace to just be. So if you ever happen to be peering through the dusty panes of a basement window and wonder what the heck a grown woman is doing bowing to an old, bedraggled stuffed pony, you will know.

COURTNEY MARVIN: Power Ponies Therapist

As we become adults and life becomes more complex, the opportunities to develop personal relationships that teach us about the hope and goodness in life occur less often. However, all about us are unexpected willing teachers: Children. As adults we often forget to listen to the inner thoughts and dreams that define our youth. Animals do not. They listen intuitively to the youths' spoken and unspoken words and respond to them in their mutually exclusive language. Children are enthusiastic and exciting teachers. If we could follow the animals' lead and learn to listen a little bit better, who knows what exciting things we might learn?



A SLIPPERY SLOPE: The Tragic Tale of a Driven Director

(content gleaned from notes found
in a dusty journal out on the trail)

When she was a little girl she was pretty normal. All she wanted was a horse. Her parents took her to pony ride concessions in the hopes that it would be enough to feed her passion. Alas, that was impossible, and they were forced into getting her a horse of her own.

But she was an imaginative child and soon tired of merely riding her horse around the ring and on the trails, so she started trying other things. The first warning signs came when she started the series of Stupid Dog Tricks. ("We weren't stupid, just the tricks," said the Dog.) She thought it was very clever and had her first taste of living Outside the Box. Little did anyone know where it would all lead...



DIRECTOR AT THE
TENDER AGE OF 6

DIRECTOR AT THE WILD AGE OF 15



("Because there is no money in it," whispered the Tricky Dog under his breath while on the lookout for old bones.). "It will be fun and I can ride all day with the kids!" she rationalized.

Little did she know how much she would hate the paperwork! Insurance Forms! Grant reports! Bank reconciliation! Payroll taxes! And little did she know that the contact, day after day, with all those adolescent hormones would rekindle her *Wild Side*.

Despite the fact that her parents nearly did not survive hers, she found that the teenage years had great appeal. So, she pursued a career of working with young people. ("She thought it would rub off on her and she would never get grey hair, and would get used to acne," chuckled the Dog).

"Why not start a non-profit?" she said one day out on the trail.



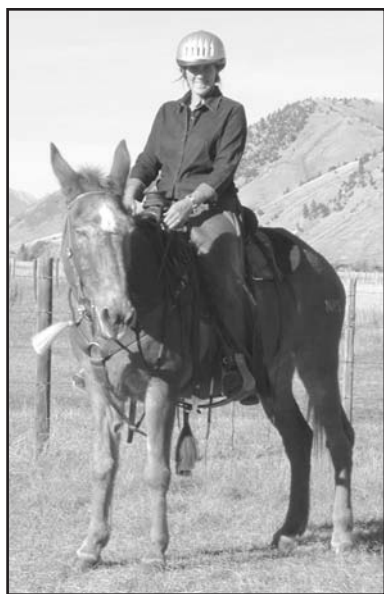
TRICKY DOG AND HIS HORSE
AGES: DOG: 1 HORSE: 6

Suddenly, she stopped riding horses. Regular horses. Instead she took up with an uppity Mustang and missed a couple of grant deadlines. She preferred racing along with the wind in his mane to sitting at the computer. She started hanging out in school again, saying she was a tutor. ("No," said the Dog, "it was really to check out the latest tattoos. That's why she went for the Mustang. It was his neck tattoo that hooked her.")



DIRECTOR AT THE RECKLESS AGE OF 51

She started getting more stubborn, mumbling about improving kids' lives while her own went downhill. ("When she got that Mule," said the Dog, "it was like a lighted symbol. The whole town knew she'd never give up. It was pretty evident she only had one focus: *Helping Those Kids Believe They Could Do Anything*. It wasn't enough to just help them ride horses. Oh no, she wanted to show them there wasn't a thing in the world they couldn't achieve.")



DIRECTOR AT THE DETERMINED AGE OF 52

Some people said she took it all too far. One hot summer day, after slaving away in the tiny



office, trying to raise a million dollars to cover the increases in gas and pasture lease fees, she just cracked. She was last heard shouting, "It's not *just* a Horse Program! It's about **EMPOWERMENT!** It's about finding you can do more than you ever imagined!" And she tore off into the sunset on the back of a black & white spotted cow, just to show everyone she could.



"So if you see her anywhere," cried the Dog, "please tell her to come home. We need her, and we sure do miss learning her Stupid Tricks!"

Jackie is a Fourth Year Horse Warrior. She is a singer, a member of the Demo Team, and one of our Power Ponies Mentors. She is an excellent teacher and public speaker, sharing her experience, perception, and self awareness with candor and compassion.

Haikus

BELLS CHIME DISTANTLY,
ECHOING THE FUTURE TO COME
GOOD OR BAD IS SET

A SOUL CRIES, WANTING
EVEN IT DOESN'T KNOW FOR WHAT
STILL IT IS WOUNDED

AGAIN A VOICE CRACKS
EMBARRASMENT ENCLOSES
NEVER GOOD ENOUGH

PRIDE HURTS MORE THAN PAIN
WHEN BRUISED AND WOUNDED IN LIFE.
WHY MUST I CARE SO?

STUDENT SPOTLIGHT: Jackie's VOICE

My Life at Last

My heart beats faster as that day approaches,
That day of hopeful release and liberty.
No longer shrouded with those looks of reproach
My life shall be mine, with grace and dignity.

My life at last,
My life at last,
Soon my life will be mine at last.

Sixteen years I've waited, now two more to come,
Soon off on my own, to explore the unknown.
Now what to do with my newfound freedom sprung,
So much to see, how will my knowledge be grown?

My life at last,
My life at last,
Soon my life will be mine at last.

Now I have a job, boring and tedious,
To pay for the bills, that seem to come weekly.
I hope my future isn't so fastidious,
That it turns out as I hope, and not bleakly

My life at last,
My life at last,
Soon, my life will be mine at last.



What I stand for is justice and courage and life. That is what I wish I could say truthfully. Those are the things I wish to stand for, but am afraid to show it, to truly stand up for what I believe in. I stand, in truth, for family, friendship, love and comfort in hard times. I suppose those are just the things I want though, not things that I stand for. But is there really a difference? If you live and love and feel for something strongly enough, doesn't that mean that you stand for it? Or are they as different as the ocean and the cliffs it beats against? Or is it a moderation, true and false? My thoughts seem to be drifting, ideas are no longer coming. Perhaps I am distracted or maybe, for once, I have run out of Words.

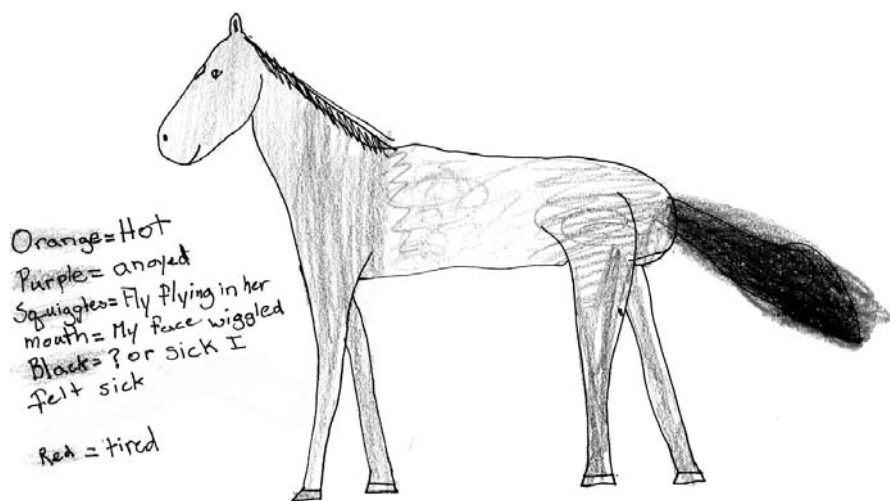
HER STONE EYES GAZE AT ME, PENETRATING EVERYTHING. I CAN HAVE NO SECRETS THOUGH SHE KEEPS MANY. HER MOUTH CURVES INTO A SMILE, BUT THOSE COLD, ENDLESS POOLS OF GLASS NEVER CHANGE.

THERE SEEMS TO BE A SADNESS IN THEM. LIKE A WOUND CUT SO DEEP IT REFUSES TO HEAL EVEN NOW. SHE SEEMS TO SENSE THE SAME PAIN INSIDE OF ME THAT ALMOST DESTROYED HER. THAT IS WHY HER GRAY EYES SEE THROUGH THE VEIL OF DISSOLUTION I PORTRAY TO THE WORLD, THIS SHEEN OF LIES THAT SEEMS TO SUFFOCATE LIKE A MOTHER'S OVERPROTECTIVE ARMS.

THAT STRANGE PALLID FACE FINALLY TURNS AWAY FROM MINE. THE TENSION OF FACING MY SILENT TRUTH DISSAPERS. I CAN GO ON TO LIVING MY LIFE OF INVISIBLE ENTANGLEMENTS IN PEACE. OR AT LEAST UNTIL THAT GHOSTLY WOMAN RETURNS, THAT PASTY THING THAT HAS FOUND A HOME DEEP WITHIN ME.

The hidden message is something deep inside your soul. It's something that you keep locked inside so no one else can see. It is something that can scare you so much that you can hardly breathe or [be] so loving you feel your heart will explode. Sometimes if you let your hidden message stay hidden it can tear you apart because your emotions are so strong. The feelings you have because of this secret message one day may explode like a firework display. Or it can make you feel that the sun itself is shining on your soul. We all have a hidden message though we may not want to admit it. It can bring something out in us we never knew we had.

STORIES WITHOUT WORDS



How do horses tell us their stories without using words? Sometimes they suffer a long time in silence, unless they are fortunate enough to have a good intuitive listener as a human friend. This summer we spent time listening to our horses, noting what happened in our journals. Whether the horses communicated to us through feelings, pictures, colors, sounds, or sensations, we noted what came to us as we spent solo time with them.

Betsy is a gifted intuitive. When she listened to her horse, Sophia, she translated what she "heard" into colors and drew a rainbow-like picture of her horse. She was concerned about the black color and the bad feeling that came with it, sensing there was something painfully amiss with her friend. We used muscle testing to isolate the pain area, with Betsy being a surrogate for Sophia. It turned out that Sophia had pain in her leg. Showing no serious lameness, but moving a tiny bit "short," the only thing we could see that was wrong was a slight difference in the shape of her front feet, so we called our farrier, who helps us on every aspect of horse care. It turned out that Sophia, who has a slightly clubbed foot, was really in need of a new shoeing as her feet had grown out unevenly. With regular, good hoof care she has stayed sound for 18 years, and she "told" Betsy that it was time for an appointment with Ken, even though her six weeks re-shoe time wasn't quite up.

Jackpot sent Kira a crabby bellyache message. Not colic, not a sickness, but a pain in her belly. Kira listened and decided to check her cinch and found that it was really a little too tight. Kira had made it very snug as she had been practicing mounting with her one leg by herself. It was uncomfortable for Jackpot, so Kira loosened it a bit and Jackpot's discomfort messages ceased.

Wyatt sent Priscilla "PLAY, PLAY, PLAY" messages, so she got up and dragged a plastic barrel over from the side of the arena. Immediately Wyatt began to push it towards her with his nose, so she pushed it back. He nudged it again and pawed at it with his hoof, and they played for 10 minutes passing the barrel around the end of the arena. Wyatt is a mustang from the Red Desert, and he is very bonded to Priscilla. While he was nuzzling her, he sent her a mental picture of his mother, a brown wild horse with some ribs showing from parasites. It was a very clear picture and the feeling was happy.

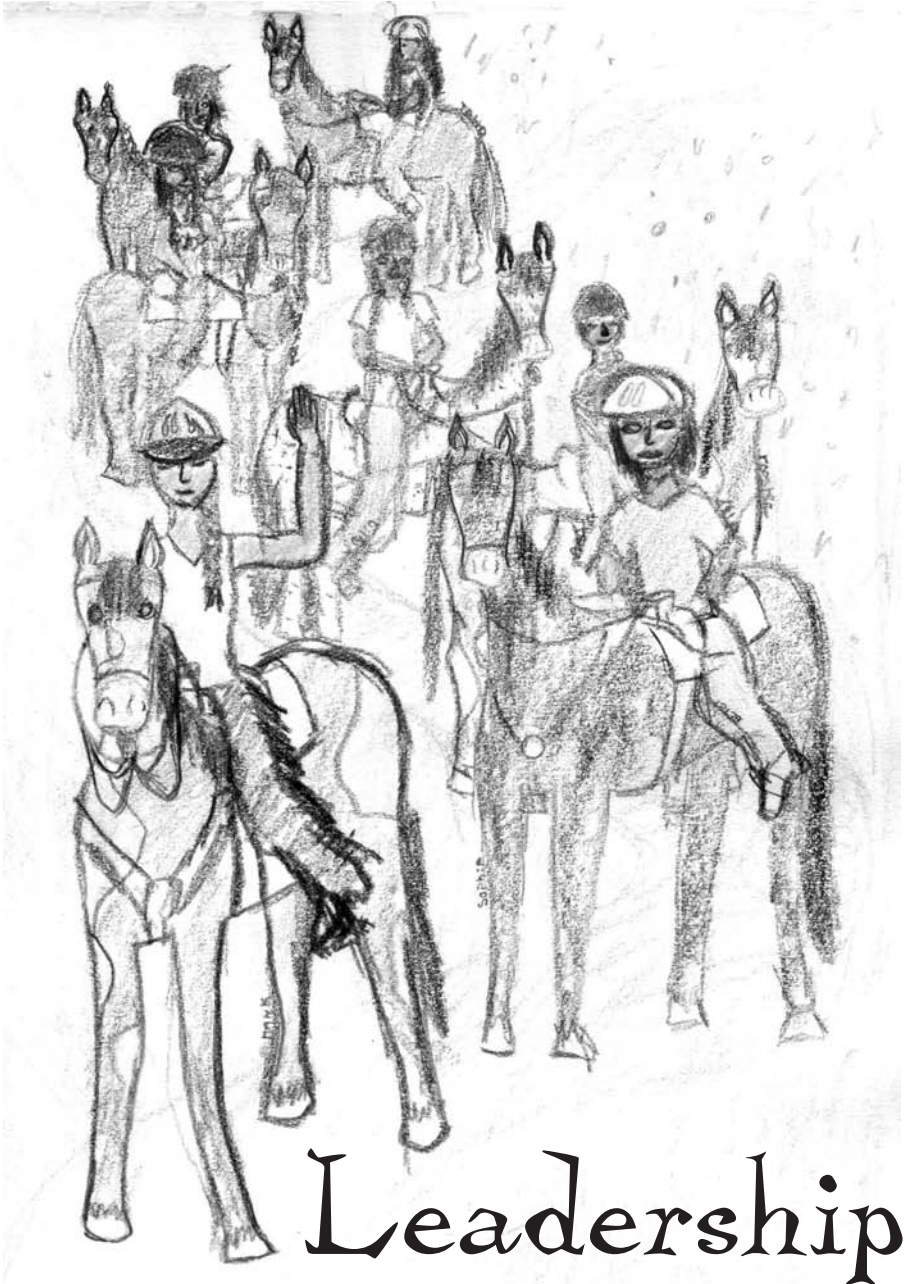


Animals process their world through pictures. Sometimes we can communicate with them by sending mental images. One day we encountered a large herd of bison out on the trail. They were right in the trail, so we stopped at a safe distance and stood together as a group. All of us sent the bison a picture of them walking away from us up the hill, and guess what? They all began moving slowly up the slope and out of sight so we could safely pass!!

STARTING *Bare Back*

FALL 2005

FOURTH EDITION

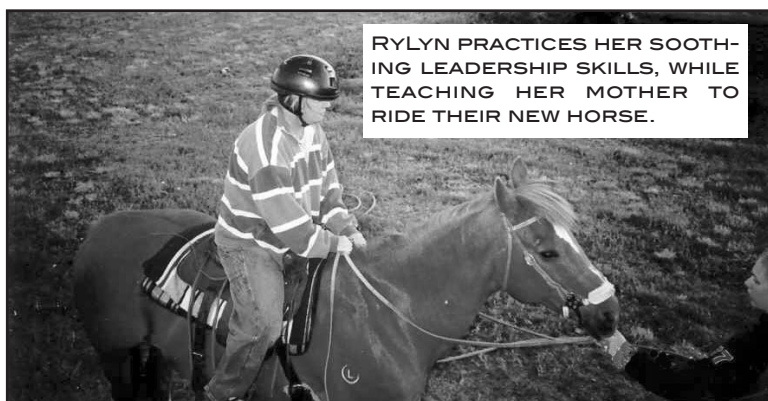


Leadership



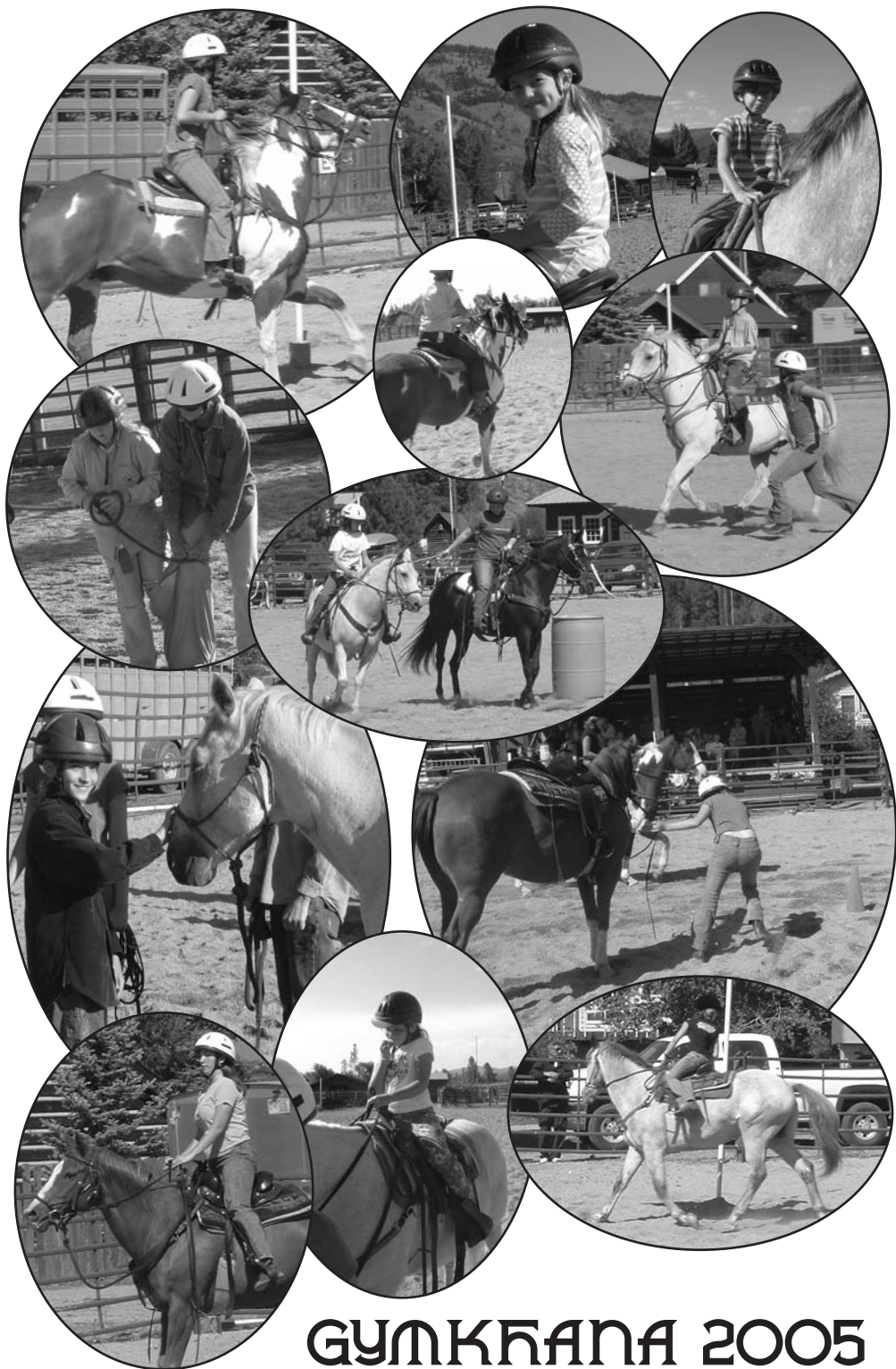
The qualities a leader should have are a keen eye, patience, love, a strong mind, keen senses, a loud voice, a mouth to speak their mind, to be stern like steel, to be strong and to

never, ever, ever, ever give up. And don't forget to make sure everyone is happy!



A GÖÖD LEADER ψILL:
 • LEARN ÖTHERS' SPEED
 (MENTALLY & PHYSICALLY)
 • KEEP THE GRÖUP SAFE

A GOOD LEADER:
 HAS A VISION
 HAS ENDURANCE AND STAMINA
 FOLLOWS A PATH WITH HEART
 LEADS WITH KNOWLEDGE AND INTUITION
 IS NOT AFRAID TO TAKE A STEP ALONE
 LEADS PEOPLE SAFELY TO ENLIGHTENMENT
 MAKES INTERNAL CHANGES AND ADJUSTMENTS
 STANDS ON A SOLID FOUNDATION OF PRINCIPLE



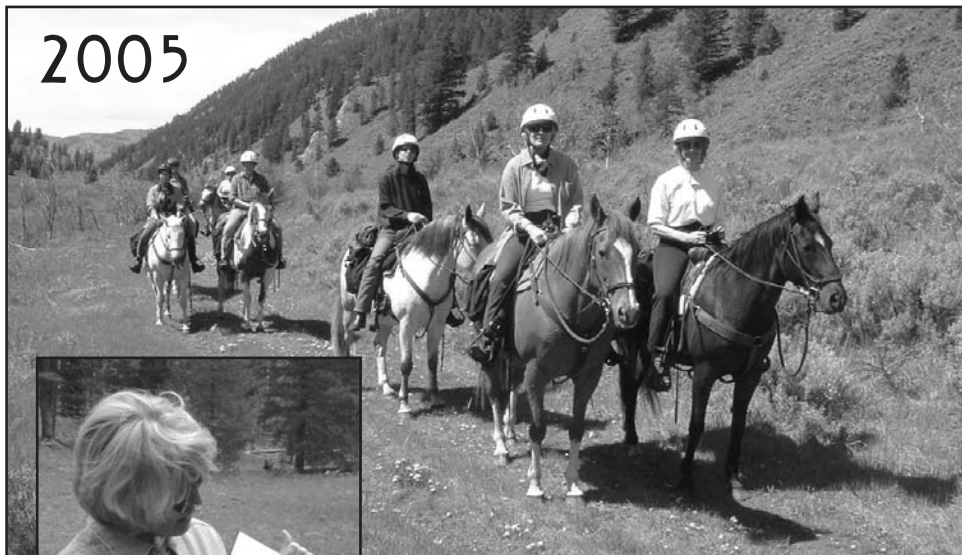
GYMKHANA 2005

GYMKHANA RESULTS

High Point Upper Level:	Jackie Nelson
High Point Novice:	Betsy Palmer
High Point Mighty Mustangs:	Bean Shindell
High Point Power Ponies:	Chelsea Holcomb

HORSES OF THE GODDESS

2005



Magic happens in *Horses of the Goddess*. Four days of immersion in the language of the Horse, along with three nights of lively discussion, dining and journaling transport the participants into a world of joy and discovery. The women and horses partner together

to create relationships built on trust and nurturing, not force and fear. Concern turns to creativity, apprehension to awareness, and fear melts away into delight. It's just as much fun for those with lots of horse experience as it is for those who have never had the treat of communicating effectively with a horse.



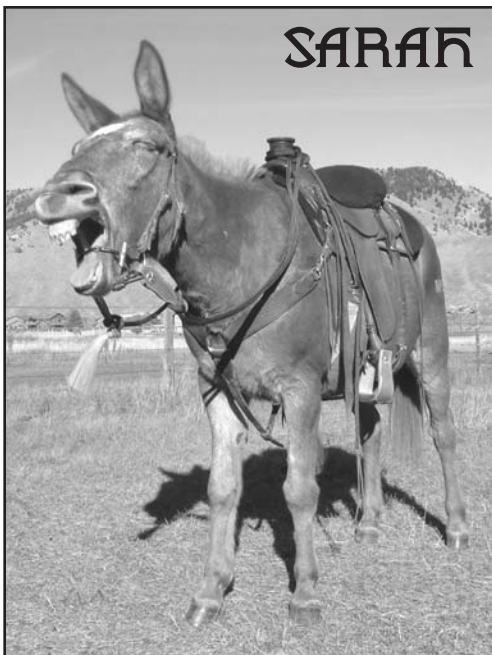
STARTING *Bare Back*

FALL 2005

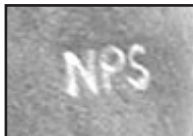
FOURTH EDITION

**"Psssst!! We have
some New
Arrivals!!!"**

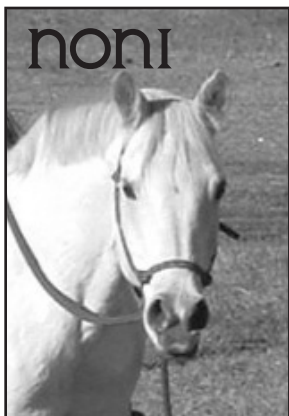
Sarah came to us from the Park Service! In her old job she hauled gravel for the trail crew and carried visiting dignitaries into the backcountry. She worked long and hard and learned lots of *Lovely Good Manners*. Sarah is a true delight to be around. She is loving and kind and a peach to ride. She is happy eating all day out in the field and nuzzling for licorice treats.



Sarah's Park Service
freeze brand now
stands for "NICE,
PATIENT, STEADY."



BLACKIE belongs to Roger, our Horse Landlord, but he loves to go riding with Priscilla. He thinks he's a Horse Warrior, too!



Dressage, dressage, dressage. Noni was a star in dressage and has been donated to us by Link Hibbard. Noni is a 14.1h Polish Arab. We needed a very responsive upper level horse for one of our students who has surpassed her former horse's abilities. Noni can be ridden with just a neck strap! She's also very safe and calm for our Power Ponies, and is just the right size for our short students.

OUR FAMILIES, OUR FUTURE

new PROGRAMS

What do single mothers and horses have in common? **BOUNDARIES.** Single mothers have to set them, and horses (and children) have to respect them. In May, Horse Warriors collaborated with Our Families, Our Future, to kick off a 5 month training session for young women to be job-ready, obtain GEDs, set long-term goals and learn to be good parents. Starting with ground work in the arena, the women learned to follow through with their intentions, pay attention to details, use effective body language to convey communication, and listen to a partner who spoke no human language. Frustrating, scary, thrilling and ultimately empowering, the workshop helped participants see how similar their relationships with their horses were to their relationships with their children, and also how to make the relationships work well.



MIGHTY MUSTANGS

No, it's not a terrorist exercise - it's Trust Building 101. Mighty Mustangs is a program for former Power Ponies participants who want to continue to fine tune their communication skills, both with horses and families. One exercise requires kids and parents to co-create a maze from arena obstacles. Then they have to guide each other through it while one partner is blindfolded and leading the team's horse. It is challenging!! Lots of good listening and patience are required to be successful. Thanks to the expertise of our therapist, Courtney Marvin, and excellent teaching by Ropy, Kanga and Jackpot, our pilot went very well and we look forward to continuing next summer.



ROPY, KIMBERLY AND
MCKINLEY USE ALL
THEIR LISTENING
AND TEACHING
SKILLS TO
SUCCESSFULLY
NAVIGATE
THE MAZE



new TRUCK



Angels to the Rescue! ♥♥♥ Vehicle Dream Comes True!

Thanks to the Incredible Generosity of an Anonymous Donor, we now have a brand new truck! No adding transmission fluid every morning! No slamming the doors 3 times to make them really close! No cracked plastic poking us in the you-know-whats! No whining heater fan! Smooth ride for the horses!! No door dings! No shredded carpet! Tunes!! WOW!!! We are thrilled!! Thank You, Our Guardian Angel!!!

Special Thanks To:
OUR ANGEL
TETON MOTORS
MIKE'S BODY SHOP
for making it all
happen!

Nichols Foundation Matches \$6,000 Anonymous Donor Challenge

The Nichols Foundation, on behalf of Peter and Amy Coxhead, generously matched a \$6,000 anonymous challenge grant this summer for Horse Warriors. The challenge had to be met by July 31, 2005. Peter and Amy, loyal supporters of *The White Horse Social*, (and lovers of finger paint stains on their children's summer clothing) came to the rescue. The funds support summer horse pasture fees, financial aid, and program development.

GRANTS • GRANTS • GRANTS

What's the best use of a computer for any non-profit? Writing Grants!! That's what we do during the cold, winter months at Horse Warriors - write grants to support all the good work we do in the field.

This year, as always, we would like to thank all the many foundations and service organizations who share their resources with us through a variety of interests in our programs:

The Community Foundation of Jackson Hole:
Winter Board Horse Care Grant

The Greater Cedar Rapids Community Foundation
(on behalf of the Steve and Sara Brandenburg Foundation):
Scholarship

Kiwanis of Jackson Hole:
Scholarship

Rotary Foundation of Jackson Hole:
Equipment and Scholarship

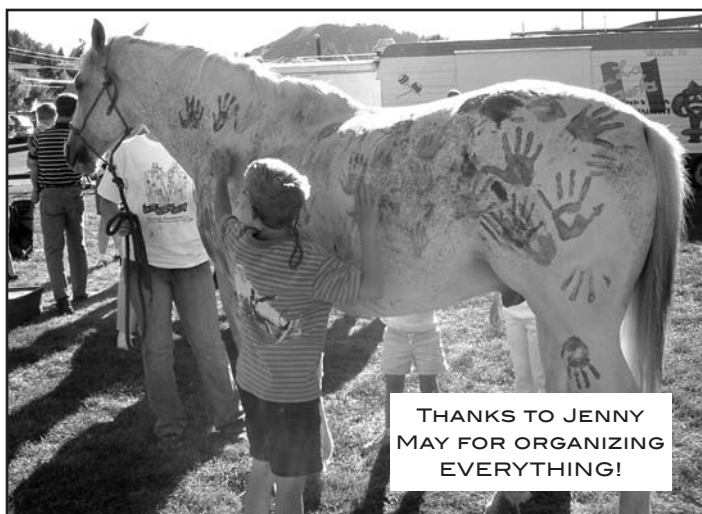
USA Arts of Wyoming:
"Everybody Has a Story" Arts Program

Cultural Council of Jackson Hole
(Arts for All):
"Everybody Has a Story" Arts Program

C A L E N D A R 2 0 0 6

- | | |
|------------------|---|
| March 31: | Applications for all programs and scholarships are due in the Horse Warriors office |
| April 15: | Notification of acceptance and scholarships |
| April 22: | Animal Partners presentation at Fairgrounds |
| May 20: | Volunteer training - call to participate |
| June 7-10: | Horses of the Goddess Spring Class |
| June 12: | Horse Warriors Sessions begin |
| June 13: | Power Ponies and Mighty Mustangs begins |
| July 25: | <i>White Horse Social</i> fundraiser at Fairgrounds |
| August 26: | Gymkhana at Wilson Arena |
| September 9: | Old Bill's Fun Run |
| September 20-23: | Horses of the Goddess Fall Class (tentative) |
| October 2: | Discussion Groups and School Tutoring begin |

W PONY H PAINTING S



The following sponsors brought you an unforgettable evening of:

Goosey Finger Paint,
Dripping Chocolate Sauce,
Gummy Bears, Oreos, M&Ms,
Chopped Nuts, Whipped Cream,
Foot Stompin' Music,
Childhood Delight
and a Very Small Amount
of Horse Manure...

**HOBACK SPORTS
LOWER VALLEY ENERGY
FIRST INTERSTATE BANK
MIKE'S BODY SHOP
SOTHEY'S
HARD DRIVE CAFE
DOMINO'S
KMTN
LAURIE INTERIORS
THE ART ADVISOR
WYOMING WEST DESIGNS
ANTLER INN
FARM BUREAU INSURANCE
AUTO BROKERS
SMITH'S & ALBERTSON'S**



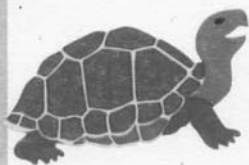
The 3rd Annual White Horse Social was another fabulous success! Kids and parents painted horses for 2 hours straight, to the lively music of the Terry Bart Band and Lori Carlson. Silent auction items flew out of the Fiddler's Tent, gracing lucky bidders with a year's supply of dinners, activities, clothing, collectibles and a wide variety of services. It was a happy, alcohol-free event for families and kids of all ages. And all the paint washed off!

Thanks to You, The White Horse Social made over \$8000!

TERRY BART & BAND • CITY KIDS WILDERNESS PROJECT •
TC FAIR BOARD • MEADOW GOLD • DAIRY QUEEN • YIPPY-I-O
CANDY • KMART • BAGEL JAX • BURKE'S CHOPHOUSE • BOB
CAESAR • MARTHA BEST • ALISON BRUSH • BLUE LION • GUN
BARREL STEAKHOUSE • MOUNTAIN HIGH PIZZA PIE • MAIN
EVENT • RENDEZVOUS BISTRO • BUBBA'S • BUNNERY •
CASCADE • CHILI PEPPER GRILL • HARVEST • HORSE CREEK
STATION • JEDEDIAH'S • PEARL STREET BAGELS • NYC SUB
SHOP • PIZZA HUT • VILLAGE CAFÉ • TIGER TAN • CAMP CREEK
• THAI ME UP • ILLUMINATI BOARD SHOP • JOLLY JUMBUCK •
TETON THAI • DORLYN TALCOTT • AIMEE EPPS • MCNEILL
WATSON • KAREN RASMUSSEN • DONDI TONDRO • KIM YOUNG •
NANCY ARKIN • VALERIE SEABERG • SARAH STURGES •
GLOBAL TREASURES • CHANGES • HAAGEN-DAZS • TRAVIS
RICE • AMANGANI GRILLE • NANI'S PASTA HOUSE • PICA'S •
SNAKE RIVER GRILLE • MILLION DOLLAR COWBOY
STEAKHOUSE • SNOW KING ALPINE SLIDE • ANTHONY'S • BAR
J CHUCKWAGON • DOWN ON GLEN • MANGY MOOSE • OLD
YELLOWSTONE GARAGE • OFF BROADWAY • SHADES CAFÉ •
SNAKE RIVER LODGE • SWEETWATER • TETON PINES-GOLF •
TETON STEAKHOUSE • WORT-SILVER DOLLAR • CAROL BLACK
• GRAND TETON PHOTO • TETON TRADERS • SUSAN DREW •
THE STORE AT FISH CREEK • JH TRADERS • TOYS & TOGS •
BOBBI EVA/COWBOY PHOTOGRAPHY • MASTER'S STUDIO •
FLAT CREEK SADDLE • GINGER ROOT • TETON SPORTS CLUB
• FLOWER HARDWARE • SKINNY SKIS • RUE DE BIJOUX •
SHEAR DIMENSIONS • PURE • TETON PINES TENNIS CENTER
• JH GOLF & TENNIS • VALLEY BOOK STORE • LORI CARLSON

TETON TURTLES

Deliciously Decadent



JANET GARRETT
307.690.7151

For Any Occasion

Speaking of Sweets...

OUR BELOVED RIDING
INSTRUCTOR, Janet,
MAKES THESE INCREDIBLE
LITTLE (Big) TREATS AND
DONATES A PORTION OF
HER PROFITS TO Us! SO
CALL HER UP AND INDULGE
ALL YOUR CHOCOLATE
CRAVINGS, ~ AND HELP
FEED THE Horses, TOO!

“An ounce of mother is worth a pound of clergy.”

SPANISH PROVERB

As part of our involvement with the Teton County Task Force on Substance Abuse Prevention, Horse Warriors™ is asking all our parents and adult supporters in the community to join with us in setting appropriate role models for our youth. Many of you are aware that Teton County's controlled and illegal substance use among minors is above the norm for both the state and nation. We also have a very high perception that *adults in the community condone and support this behavior.*

Horse Warriors™ has been committed to providing alcohol-free fundraisers to demonstrate that it is possible to have fun without drinking. We are saddened at the recent injuries and losses in our community due to both underage and adult drinking and driving.

It is a misconception that parents and children can't have great fun together. Certainly adolescence is a time when children are separating and individuating from their parents. But this can be accomplished with love and compassion, not just tears and strife. Humans have evolved into societies by learning from role models. To create a new generation of mature and responsible parents, we must model those skills to our children.

Parents make a difference! Children learn their behaviors and attitudes primarily in the home. We are asking you, as adults, to follow these simple guidelines and give your kids a chance to learn good habits from the people they know best - YOU!!

- Don't provide alcohol to your children or their friends, even on a limited basis
- Don't allow your children to host or attend parties which are unsupervised by adults
- Don't send a mixed message - if you are drinking at a party or an event yourself, take a cab home
- Talk with your children about what goes on with their peers
- Provide alternative venues for fun without alcohol or drugs such as river trips, museum parties, movie nights, music jam sessions, hikes - use your imagination and involve your children in the brainstorming
- Take part in your children's fun times
- Set clear boundaries and follow through with consequences
- Listen more and lecture less

Statistics show that 1 out of 10 drinkers runs the risk of becoming an alcoholic. For children from alcoholic families, the risk increases to 1 out of 4 (Curran-Seeley Foundation). Let's work together to keep everyone safe!

HELP US KEEP UP ALL THE GOOD WORK!



ANNUAL GIVING TO HORSE WARRIORS HELPS US:

- IMPROVE LIFE SKILLS FOR KIDS AND FAMILIES
- TEACH RESPONSIBILITY AND ACCOUNTABILITY
- PROVIDE FINANCIAL AID TO STUDENTS
- CARE FOR OUR 13 PROGRAM HORSES
- MAINTAIN EQUIPMENT • DEVELOP PROGRAMS
- SUPPORT OUR COMMUNITY THROUGH SERVICE

PLEASE SIGN ME UP AS A SUPPORTER

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY, STATE, ZIP: _____

PHONE: _____

DONATION AMOUNT: _____

STARTING *Bare Back*

FALL 2005

FOURTH EDITION



Visitation Privileges

Please come visit us at the arena next June! We would love to show you all the many activities we use in the arena to build strong relationships with our horses and our families. You can call the office to schedule an observation day:

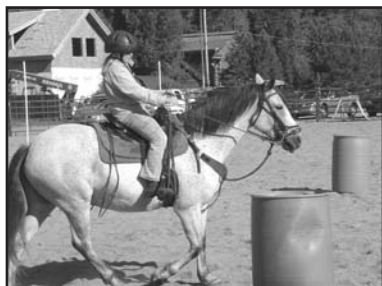
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Arena Activities:

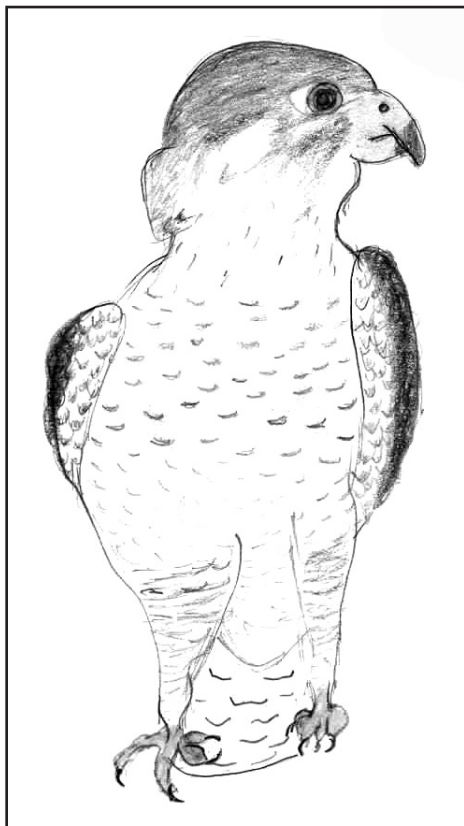
GROUNDWORK
BAREBACK RIDING
OBSTACLE WORK
STUDENTS TEACHING THEIR
PARENTS HORSEMANSHIP
INDEPENDENT RIDING
PEER MENTORING
JUMPING
GAMES



Arena Based Programs Include:

POWER PONIES
MIGHTY MUSTANGS
HORSE WARRIORS
(INTRO: LEVEL 1)
(REFRESHER: LEVEL 2-4)





Raptor Visit Sparks Art and Discussion

Piercing yellow eyes locked onto the Horse Warriors students as they sat motionless in the dimly lit room. A great Horned Owl, a Peregrine Falcon and a Red Tailed Hawk took turns staring intently at every subtle movement in the strange surroundings.

A visit with Roger Smith, Director of the Raptor Fund, included stories of how each of the wounded or rejected birds had found their way to his refuge. Horse Warriors students shared their own experiences of learning how to communicate with animals (their horses) without words. They found that their experiences of building trust were similar to what Roger had to do to be able to work with the wounded wild birds. While they dis-

cussed the moral dilemma of captive wild animals, the students sketched the birds. Roger showed the intricately made tiny hoods each bird wore while traveling to protect its head and to help keep it calm in strange surroundings.

FAREWELLS, THANK YOUS, AND WELCOMES

*We sadly bid Farewell to two of our long-time
Board Members:*

KATHIE BRAZINSKI AND ALISON BRUSH

*who are going to be sorely missed,
and extend a Hearty Welcome to:*

MARGOT BELDEN, MARK HASSLER AND FAITH MAY

who have already generously donated much time and assistance

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