

WHAO Summer Classic & Ohio Regional Futurity Saturday, August 17, 2019

We're Off... to the 2019 WHAO Summer Classic & Ohio Regional Futurity. The horses have been washed, brushed, combed, and clipped. The manes and forelocks braided. The tack and show clothes prepared and loaded. Everything checked and rechecked. Have we forgotten anything? Do we need anything else? Have we got "all" the horses loaded? The people gathered? Could we have forgotten anything?

The truck, trailer, and people are pulling out, leaving the farm for the day's adventure. Drinks and food are shared, conversation and planning of the day's events are gone over once again, memories of past shows are replayed and the laughter begins. Music and karaoke erupts from the truck's back seat. Conversation from different sources at the same time, singing, shouting, laughter, story-telling emanates from the back seat where resides Megan Shock, Allison Fraser, and the infamous Allie Deck (ring leader). As the driver of said truck, I thought about removing my hearing aids to lower the level of ensuing insanity while wondering what happened to my own youthful exuberance or did I ever have it to this degree.

Following us and completing the caravan was Allie's mom, Brenda, and Keith—they were carrying our lunch and adult conversation to keep us older folks grounded. Allison's parent, Steve and Carrie, joined us at the show. They offered help in preparing for the classes, taking pictures, cheering and clapping for the girls' successes.

Joyce was the usual show time wild woman. Enthusiastically making sure all the paperwork is in order, signing each girl up for her specific class, wielding brush/rag/comb on the horse, adjusting attire/tack, escorting to the class on time, shouting encouragement to the horse and rider alike, directing, serving—a regular wild woman.

The girls—Allison, Allie, and Megan—were superb. Preparing, laughing, joking, changing clothes in empty stalls, final spot-cleaning of each other's horse and clothes, pinning on of class numbers, and entering the class with a winner's attitude. They presented themselves and their horse in the positive posture of I'm here for the Blue Ribbon—I've trained for it, I've worked for it, I've earned it, and I'm here to own it and take it home! We—my horse and myself—are winners. Do you as judge and observer recognize it as do we? They all were winners!

Competing against three such young women was difficult. They overcame experienced horses, experienced exhibitors, professional trainers and not the least themselves. They didn't achieve the Blue Ribbon each class but they always clapped for and congratulated the one who did. We are all so very proud of these three young women! These "3" joining ranks will definitely create a positive difference in our future culture.

They achieved and brought home Blue Ribbons, silver plates, and memories of a great show day and adventure as a team. Way to go, Ladies! Proud of you!

We returned home in the same manner as we left—shouting, laughing, reliving the day's achievements and mistakes. Realigning memories. We pulled into the farm, returned the horses to their pasture-mates, and scattered to our own homes, showers, and bed.

Tomorrow will be soon enough to unload and put everything in its place.

We had a good Day!
Thanks, everyone!
Penned by Terry Moyer

